

Jan. 17.  
Sat.

Dear Marjorie,

I think we've been neglecting each other. We really are being pressed for time now. Tonight I go on guard and will be on till 6 AM tomorrow—so there goes the week-end. I'm expecting notification for a physical exam date next week, but you never can tell about those things.

Last night, by gosh, Frank and I got off to see Rochmanioff—I needn't say how wonderful he was. I thought he was going to pick up the piano and throw it out of the window. He did everything beautifully—especially his own compositions and the Sigst. The Chopin, there's no [?] it, fell short of Ruhenstein. I doubt if old Rube could have equaled him on the others, Rochmanioff is like a magician—I still don't believe some of the things he did. This was just about the highlight of my career in the army. Frank and I made a big occasion of it—dinner before and lunch and beer after, we had a good talk about the war situation afterwards and he agrees with me on about everything.

The 608<sup>th</sup> goes on for ever. Pleasant radio—works in the morning—unpleasant, [?] and boring detail work in the afternoon. The work isn't hard at all—in fact the worse part is the pointless standing around—there are always more men than tools. This morning we had a parade and got an award for being the best unit in the 8<sup>th</sup> division for combat efficiency. Only the high-ranking officers could tell what was going on. Yesterday afternoon I turned plumber and fitted pipes together. I have to look my best for guard and shave.

Adios,

Robert