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AIR MAIL

San Juan, Puerto Rico  
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Dear Parents,

I'm sorry that letters seem so few and far between; my experiences here have such a sameness that I can barely summon the creative energy to write about them. The weather: hot. The trainees: the same as those I first dealt with in December, 1961. However, they are very poorly behaved in this large cycle. The back of my mind is focusing upon August and my release (literally). I have taken to teaching again to relieve instructors on some afternoons and, surprisingly, my teaching ability seems to have flowered after it lay dormant for so long while I supervised. Now we are growing very short of instructors, and I will probably be teaching regularly again from now until I leave.

The Antilles Command has <sup>w</sup>changed so radically since I first arrived. Now there is physical training. There are continual inspections. There is an unusual amount of annoyance. The instructor who is supposed to succeed me as "English Team Leader" suffered a nervous collapse as a result of it all, was sent to the hospital over the weekend, and sent home on leave yesterday. I know that it is unfortunate for him, but in a way it was amusing to see him lying motionless in bed for several days, his arm thrown over his face, especially because he has always been the coolest and most reserved and composed person. His departure made our "faculty" even more minimal.

Friday afternoon I packed up all my cares and woes and left for the resort area at Condado Beach and a luxury hotel. Now that there is the off-season, rates are reasonable, and there are special military rates. I had a huge air-conditioned room for \$7.00 a day, a room that normally rents for \$30.00 daily. Between the couches and the beds in my lair, I didn't venture forth very much and chalked up fourteen hours of sleep at one stretch. I have never made a wiser investment. It is strange, but, in spite of the horrors of current life here, I feel very stable. Last week, incidentally, I was promoted to the rank of Specialist Fifth Class, a promotion that is almost unheard of within two years of military service, and it was the first time that such a promotion was given in the Training Center. However I could be made a General tomorrow and would still await August.

Enclosed is a photo of the corner of my room in which all the creative writing has taken place, a project which has been somewhat slowed at the current time.

I love and miss you both.

*Kew*