

June 4, 1943  
"Somewhere in Alaska"

Dear Alice...

Sorry I've neglected you. I think I've neglected most everybody. I'll tell you why. The recreation hall holds so many attractions for me now, I just don't get down to writing like I used to. You see, when I first came up here, there wasn't much else we could do to pass away the time. As a result I was getting letters from everybody and his or her brother. Now, besides being accustomed to being away from home, we have a lot of things to do in our spare time. Instead of encouraging new correspondents, and being enthusiastic about it, I just answer the letters I get and forget about it. It's such a difficult task to write anyway...can't tell you what we're doing or what happens. Always the same old stuff...playing ping-pong, pool, baseball, volley ball, hiking, reading. All those things, in addition to my work, really passes the time away. I've been up here over eight months; I'm beginning to like the place.

Too bad you had to pick up a nail...you'll have to be more careful. I'll bet it's well now, though. Let's hope it's the last as well as the first one.

Are you out of school now? You didn't say a word about it. Bernice wrote me all about her graduation and sent an invitation. Oh yes, I remember now...you told me about that some time ago. You didn't want to attend the graduation exercises...I remember asking you why. You didn't tell me.

Evelyn Smith wrote about three letters...then suddenly stopped. I don't understand...she had promised to send me a picture. Did Aunt Eunice say anything about her? Do you know where she is? She was in Danville when she wrote.

I just drew for a furlough a few minutes ago, but I didn't win. Better luck next time, I hope. I'll get to draw again in about a month. Dorothy wants me to come home early in July. I'll have to tell her to wait 'til the latter part of July...then maybe I can see her. It's possible. Only time will tell.

Do you hear from Russell often? That stinker has<sup>'nt</sup>written to me for months. Next time you write, tell him I'll expect a letter from him before the end of this month. I know he's busy with his training, and I hear he's doing well, but I still think he should take time out to write.

One page is usually my limit when I use the typewriter. Maybe I can stretch this one out with a bit of nonsensical rambling. With the last bit of energy I have I finally push this page to the bottom...I think I'm about there; going, going, going, gone... (Please turn to next page)

Hello, are you still there? How does it feel to be off to a flying start through high school. Do you feel any more intelligent? Do you feel an urge to get back, so you can continue? Or are you disgusted with it all...I hope not.

Did you hear about the little moron who put peanuts in his shoes to feed his pigeon toes? And there was another one who wore pumps because he had water on the knee. What do you think of the one who cut off his arms so he could wear a sleeveless sweater? And the one who cut off his fingers so he could write shorthand? The same one, later, killed his father and mother so he could go to the orphans picnic, and then he donned a cellophane suit because the doctor told him to watch his stomach. But this one took the blue ribbon, and he was a soldier too: He saluted all refrigerators in camp because he thought one might be General Electric? Some stuff, eh? I took them from Damon Runyon's column in a newspaper.

I hope you've enjoyed this letter a little...now sit yourself right down and write me one. Write a long one, please, just once. You did once, remember? It was one of the best letters I have ever received. I know you can do it again, if you'll just try.

Tell everybody hello for me...

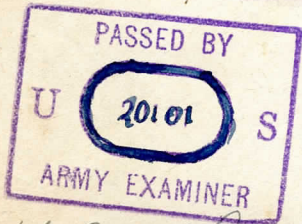
Love,

*Bill*

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