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Dear Mama--

The last letter is as a general rule the best letter---but I think I can make an exception in this case and say that your last letter to me was the best you have ever written. At least it contained a higher percentage of news about all of you, and it didn't have even a slight note of sadness or loneliness. I am always ok myself---so as long as I know everything is running smoothly there, well, everything is fine.

I haven't heard from Johnny yet, but I expect to hear pretty soon now. I wrote him some time ago. I have also written Dorothy several times from here but haven't hit the jack-pot yet. Does Russell have my address? I think he owes me a letter, but I have his address now and will write him. Billy should have heard from me too by this time---in fact I think I have written practically everybody I know since my arrival here. There isn't much else to do except work---of course there's plenty of that.

The letter "p" on this machine refuses to return home after using it, and gets in the way of the next one. It's worse than the one Dorothy told me about---the one without an "r". She finally wound up by saying, "the moe I wite the wose it looks."

Somebody is due some thanks for a nice box of cookies which I received in the mail the other day. It was mailed from the company in New York, and there was nothing inside or outside to reveal the giver. I've considered Blanche, Dorothy, Jewell, and you, but I can't make up my mind of course. After all. . . . . If you know who it was, I would like to be enlightened.

I just lighted an immense cigar, so don't be surprised if I make mistakes from here on. I can hardly see the machine--I have the cigar in my mouth. It might be of some use though. By leaning slightly forward I can reach the keys and knock that confounded "p" back in place. I missed it that time. I think my elevation was a trifle high. Oh for a nice draft to sweep away this smoke-screen!

I have tried in previous letters to give you an idea of the beauty of this country, but I am a very poor hand at descriptive writing. I might sum it up by saying it is much like our state, except for the difference in the vegetation---especially the timber.

That's all folks---you'll have to pay another fare---in the form of a long, long letter. Terms are strictly cash. So long

Love to all,

Bill