

May 9, 1943
(Mothers Day)

Dear Mama—

Would you think I was awful if I told you I didn't attend church today? I had the day off so I indulged in some much needed exercise by taking an all-day hike. I didn't realize the significance of this day soon enough — it slipped up on me. I didn't forget you, though — that is, if everything went thru OK. You should have received flowers — I hope you got them.

You are not the only one who feels relieved after Johnny's transfer. I thought he was due a bit of rest. Does he ever mention the word "furlough" or is such impossible with him? I'm expecting one most any time (I can't say definitely). Would be nice if we could both "hit" at the same time.

I wish I could tell you about my hike today, and how much I enjoyed myself—censership just won't allow it. This is a beautiful country—now go on from there with your imagination.

I heard from Dorothy the other day, but no pictures yet. She sent me some a few weeks ago of Willie and Charles Clark— I'll be looking for the pictures of Kenneth and his wife.

Blanche sent me a real nice Easter card—also a very nice letter. Billy has written me once since going to California.

Thanks for the information on birthdays. I have everybody's now.

Bernice's picture didn't win the contest— but I heard from reliable sources that it was considered very seriously. I think she looked a bit too sophisticated.

Here's hoping I'm home before
long for a visit, and permanently before
another Mothers Day— I'd love to see
you.

All my love to the best mother
in all the world —

Bill