

June 2, 1943  
"Somewhere in Alaska"

Dear Mama...

I received your letter and your card from Knoxville on the same day. Air mail does travel a little faster. You say you feel like you have been neglecting us, but I don't think so...when you do write, it is something worth reading...worth more to me than any other letters I get. So cease worrying about neglecting me.

I finally got an album today for my pictures...I've been working on it tonight. I've got scenes of Obed River, the mountains, horses, barn, corn field, and everything. Do you go back there quite often? How's Floyd doing? Does he farm and teach school at the same time? You've probably told me all about the set-up, but I always forget what I read.

I'm glad you liked the flowers. I didn't know I was getting something that would grow and last a long time, but I'm glad I did. Maybe I'll get to see it before it dies. Jewell drew me a picture of it...just a hasty sketch. She promised to take more time and draw a good one.

I got a raise in pay yesterday. On official records I'm listed as a technician grade four. You may call me sergeant though, if you wish. I wear sergeant stripes with a "T" underneath. I'm so far behind Russell and Johnny, I don't think congratulations are hardly in order.

Everytime Dorothy writes she wants to know if I can get a furlough in July, because that is when she will be home. It's a game of chance...several names are placed in a hat and one is drawn. If I'm lucky, I should be home early in July, but if I'm not it may be anywhere from 3 to 6 months or even longer...or maybe not at all. Nobody can say definitely. There is hope, at any rate, so I have something to look forward to.

Yes, I heard from Billy. He's getting closer and closer. I know some other fellows at the same place he is. I hope he can get in touch with them. He can learn more than I am permitted to tell him in a letter.

Bernice is home I suppose. She sent me on of her invitations. I would have given anything to have accepted it. She said she didn't want me to think it was a dun for a gift. She needn't worry...I would have gotten her something whether I got an invitation or not, if I weren't saving my money for the hoped-for furlough. I sure am glad she will teach at home. It will be nice for you as well as for her.

I have a few more pictures...some of which are so goofy looking I don't want to give them to anyone. I'm thinking of sending them to you in order to get rid of them...I'm sure you wouldn't mind. You can use them in the victory garden to keep the crows away.

You gave me the dates of everybody's birthdays, and then I didn't use them. I wrote Jewell within a few days of her birthday and didn't even mention it. Harry sent Dorothy a wire of congratulations on her birthday. Dorothy was wondering how he knew. I'll try to do better from here on.

And so I close...with the wish that everybody is well and happy.

Love to all,

Bill