

June 21, 1943

Dear Mama—

I know just how you feel about letter writing. After a hard day's work, a fellow likes to do something to rest the mind as well as the body. Writing is not the remedy, definitely. I read, play pool, "bat the breeze" with the fellows, and a number of other things when I should be writing. Right now, I am under about 8 or 10 letters, and as our mail service keeps getting better, I ~~keep~~ keep going further under. I've not done so bad tonight—this is the fourth—one is to Dorothy, who is "up in the air" about moving to Cincy.

As for not remembering "to whom I told what"—of course I have that trouble. I write to so many of you right at home my situation is even worse than yours. I seldom write two of you at the same

time—that makes it that much harder.

I read in the News Letter I get from the Sunbright Church about Mrs. Summers' death. Sorry to hear of that.

Saturday night I made a trip to a point about 7 miles from here. I can't tell you about the mode of transportation or mention any names—but I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it. I drank two big glasses of honest-to-goodness cow's milk—my first since leaving the States. And it was served by a gracious old lady with white hair. We had coffee and sandwiches, too—and real butter. Of course the Army manages to feed us all the necessary vitamins, but there's nothing like the real McCoy.

Russell needn't worry about my getting a furlough in less than a month from

the time he had his. In fact, he may
be on foreign soil before I get there.

I've been playing a lot of soft
ball the last few days - I'm so sore
right now, I can hardly walk, but
it's just what I need. I think I'll
feel like a new man after a week or
so.

Well, it's getting late - I must hit
the hay. Hope everybody's happy!

Love to all,

Bill