

August 15/43

Dear Fussell—

Today is a lazy day - Sunday. We're off today - plenty of time to read, sleep, write, or what have you - yes, there's a lot we don't have. We can't "go to town" - or across the street to "Joe's place". Still and all, we have plenty to be thankful for. We can't seriously and legitimately complain about conditions here. The radio is beating out a hot swing number - induces one to think of the life he used to know and makes him a bit lonely, but appreciated nevertheless. So many of the programs are "especially for Armed Forces overseas" - I think it's a bit overdone. Give us more movies and forget the radio.

Every letter you write contains something about business and field problems. Your outfit should be a crack fighting unit by now - and you are expecting to leave it. But I'm glad for you, for I know it's what you've always wanted. Congratulations are in order, I should think - you have my heartiest. I'm going to investigate my possibilities of doing the same thing - a WAC could do what I'm doing now.

Billy has an APO address in New York now. I'm not sure if he's overseas - suppose he soon will be, if not already.

Dorothy sent me an enlargement of the photo of you and Johnny - taken at the farm near the driveway entrance. You are wearing "civvies" - Johnny his uniform. I must have

have been in Maryville at that time. It's a very good picture - 5x7.

Edna Turpin writes regularly and asked in her last letter about you and Billy. I gave your address, so you may be hearing from her soon. You remember her, don't you? Her address is 605 Clinch St., Harrison. She sent me a nice 5x7 color photo of herself - I think she's real pretty.

I guess your outlook on the war situation is about as intelligent as any you could take. Things move so unexpectedly and so fast - you never know what's gonna happen.

I'm going out for a bit of exercise now - nothing new I can write you about anyway.

Good luck - and write -

Yours,

Bill