

Sept 28/43

Dear Russell -

Rec'd your letter several days ago, but have been getting established at a new station (I like it here) - you know how busy we have been. We've only been here a few days so are at present in tents, with candles for light. We'll be better situated before winter sets in.

You've done plenty of maneuvers - I should think your outfit is about ready for action. But now you're in the Air Corps - good.

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As you say, we are beginning to go places now—the Allies are winning on all fronts I think. My paper comes a bit late, of course, but it has been painting a pretty good picture. Some big stick in Wash. (I can't recall who it was) predicted in Life Magazine that we could end it all in 1945— I hope so.

My score on the rifle range wasn't so hot, but I was proud of it simply because it was much

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letter than my Claiborne
score. 216 out of 300 I
think is what I made.

Too much standing and
rapid fire - not enough
prone for me. I'm just
not cut out for a rifle-
man anyway.

Send along Alvin's address
if you can get it - would
like to sling a little ball
with him.

Say, you must have
a drag with one Miss
Turpin of Harrison - she
mentions you in nearly

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every letter. Do you write her? She sent me a very nice color photo - about 3 by 5. Cute as the devil, isn't she? Maggie is my best friend of course - I have a real large one of her in a glass frame. It's no joke now - some of the guys thought I cut it from a magazine - and even compared her with Lana Turner. Go ahead - laugh. She has improved tho, no foolin'!

Enough bull for once -
Good luck in your new assignment.
Yours - Bill