

12 December 1943

Dear Mama—

I'm not exactly up to par on account of a slight cold— not sick just feel sort of sluggish. It's breaking up nicely without going on sick call— or "riding the sick book." I've been very fortunate thus far. Haven't missed a single day's work. And I'll soon have two years.

Guess I shouldn't have said what I did to Alice; about Xmas. Nevertheless, I am very appreciative and grateful for the kind thoughts expressed in your letter— I know it came directly from your heart. Thanks a lot for the certificate

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and all. Now I've got to complete a questionnaire, or application form, take a physical, and patiently wait.

Russell hasn't written in a long time - he must be busy. A letter came from Billy - calls his location the "Land of the Arabs". Jewell writes regularly - seems to be getting along fine.

You haven't mentioned Uncle Henry recently - how's he doing? I should write him.

Will write more later - I'm behind, as usual, with my correspondence.

Love & best wishes to all,  
Bill