

APD 980-29 Feb 44

Dear Mama -

This is going to be a little difficult - trying to out-talk Eddie Cantor who is blustering here via radio. He's describing a trip to Coney Island, N.Y.

For lack of something better to write about - here's a poem written by our Personnel Sgt. Major - my immediate "boss. man" from New Orleans - Tech Sgt George L. Winterich, Jr.

### Home of the Winds

There's a land of stark desolation  
That's apart from the land that we know.  
It is ruled by the elements of Nature,  
The wind, the rain, and the snow.

It is shunned by the animal Kingdom,  
And plants and trees will not grow,  
In this damnable land of muck and sand,  
Of a historic long ago

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Like a Fortress challenging encroachment,  
Surrounded by a turbulent sea,  
Whipped up by gales from the native wind  
like a howling menagerie.

With the might of right in its own domain,  
At home in the broken and torn terrain,  
Scattering with gusto the ageless sand,  
Unheeding the trials of puny man.

Yes, the wind, the wind, with its ceaseless wail,  
Is lord of the force of an Arctic gale,  
Whose howling fury is unleashed upon,  
The intruder of this land forlorn.

For this is the home of the wind  
The powerful, prevalent, ferocious wind,  
Hurrying unseen by the naked eye...  
Its eternal home --- the Aleutian sky.

How do you like it? I  
think it is a good poetical  
description of the Aleutians. A  
paper in Ellsworth, Minnesota  
made a front page story of  
it when a fellow here from  
Ellsworth sent it home.

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I enjoyed your letter very much - and I don't feel "blue" or bad when I read your line you called it. It proves to me what I have always felt - that I have the most wonderful mother in all the world. Of course all other fellows feel the same way towards their mother, but too many of them are reluctant to ~~to~~ tell them how they feel. I'm no expert at it myself. Dad must understand that he isn't forgotten, too.

I've met and seen several fellows in the Seabees - but I never knew I had a first cousin with them. He could have been right here and I would never have known it. Do you have his address?

I haven't heard from Johnny in some time - Glad

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he was fortunate enough to get together with J. D. & Kenneth. Must be cheering to meet somebody from home. I looked up the city they visited in a gazetteer but the information was very brief. It was listed as one of the principle cities of England and was noted for boots, shoes, laces, and curtains.

I still see Bernice and Alice - so you'll be hearing from me again soon.

Take good care of yourself - hope this finds everybody well.

Love to all,  
Bill

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**VIA AIR MAIL**

*Mrs. J. L. Scott  
Lancing, Tennessee*

