

AIR MAIL



APD 980-29 May 44

Dear Dorothy—

Glad you liked my letter—still wondering what was so good about it. It's the same old story again—playing volleyball, basketball, etc—going to the movies and reading until there isn't much time left for writing. I keep putting it off until one day we get mail—rather, they get mail, and I suddenly realize I owe nearly everybody a letter. Then I make myself do it—I cram them in between ball games, movies, etc. Result: hastily scribbled pages of nothing. I call them letters and expect an answer, of course.

Thanks for the diary—and the fasteners. It's just what my friend, Chaney, wanted. I'm inclosing a MO to cover postage and handling—you

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2/ may be getting more requests. You've been so accomodating I would almost feel justified (and confident of your ability) in asking you to send a blonde along next time. "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—" in my case "going home."

This is Sunday evening. I'm going to church in a few minutes—

Back from church— I haven't attended as regularly as I should. Our new Chaplain is an OK fellow— sincere in his work. I said new— ~~at~~ he has been with us about two months I believe.

Bernice writes again from Chatta— attending a Conservatory and working in a dime store. Some combination. She says she likes to work in the

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store - maybe she should be a sales-
lady instead of a musician.

I am bound to agree with you -
there is such a thing as too many
letters from different people. I learned
that from experience - six or more
letters bring nothing but more
melancholy unless that particular
one (or two) ^{is/are} ~~isn't~~ included.

If I had something good to
talk about I'd ramble on for
pages and pages. Fortunately for you,
I'm calling a halt right here -
so long 'til another time. Take good
care of yourself - and Alice when
she arrives - and write again
when you have time.

Love,
Bill