

APO 980-

28 August 44

Dear Mama -

I just returned from one of the worst movies I ever saw - But I attended church services before going to the theater so I don't feel that the entire evening was wasted. I haven't been going to church very much - I'm trying to get back in the habit. I went with Jimmy -

You read about almost everything I'm doing when you read my letter to Bernice - that doesn't leave much to put in this letter. (If it can be called that).

I suppose it's all right to tell you we have a radio station here.

We're getting a news broadcast right now - or an analysis of the news, rather. "The World in Review", it's called. He's a local commentator, an enlisted man, and very capable. He builds our morale, usually, with his charming manner of painting the picture from the brightest side.

(Change in color is the result of a

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refill).

I received the paper on Alaska that Jewell wrote. It's very good - a good reference, with facts and figures. Tell her thanks for me.

A new PX was recently opened here - a very nice one incorporating a restaurant (very limited menu, tho), a clothing department (most of that for officers), a general merchandise counter, another counter with candies, cookies, and magazines, and a taylor shop - and a barber shop. Yesterday Jimmy and I went out, for lack of something better to do, and bought some fixing powder to use in the darkroom - and a little box of mineral specimens. I'm not sure whether they are all found in Alaska - but they looked pretty nice. I'm sending them to you. Probably will get them in the mail tomorrow.

"And now we bring you organ melodies, brought to you by the Navy Welfare Department, Lt Gaylerd Carter at the console." So

goes the radio every night at this time. He plays old pieces almost exclusively - and plays them with a masters' touch, in my opinion. I enjoy the program very much.

It's getting pretty late - I'd better close and go to bed. I hope I'm in a better mood next time I write. When the end of next month rolls around, I will have completed 2 years up here without any breaks - or even missing a day's work. Something I would have told you was impossible (without going insane) about a year ago. Everytime I think about home I take a deep breath and forget it - I have almost reached the point where I can do that. When I can I feel better. Perhaps that explains my dull letters when I write you - I always take it out on you, don't I?

Anyway, I'm OK - and someday I'll see you -
 Love,
 Bill