



**ALEUTIANS**

APO 980

15 Sep 44

Dear Alice...

Sorry I've waited so long to write. Your letter is dated August 26. Another thing I'm really sorry about is forgetting about your birthday... It was August 10th wasn't it? But never you mind, I haven't completely forgotten you. I have bought you a little something that I will wrap for mailing in the next day or so. I hope you like it.

I just finished off a long, long letter to Jewell, so this one to you must necessarily be short. I told her almost everything I know - plus a few things I didn't know. I owe Dorothy a letter too. I sure have a time keeping all my letters answered, and still don't get nearly as many as some of the other guys around this joint.

I know this will seem to you a terribly foolish question for me to be asking. But - (hold your breath) - Are you a Junior in high school - or a senior? And what is your age? Wait a minute, I believe I know your age - 28 plus 100 equals 128. Add 2 and I get 130. Subtract 114, and I arrive at the age of 16. Am I right? I graduated at the age of 17, or thereabouts, myself, but I can't judge others by that, can I? So I still don't know whether you are a Junior or a Senior. Will you please enlighten me?

One of the Sunbright News Letters arrived today. The front page contained a story called "The Fable of the Pet Squirrel" - and, so help me, they used the whole page to tell me that one Bob Stewart killed a pet squirrel belonging to a Mr. O. C. Duncan. Bob fired four shots in rapid succession from a double-barreled shot gun. Will you explain that one? They counted the echoes perhaps. But an echo never killed a squirrel.

I'm not sure I told anyone that I received the pictures Dorothy sent. Suppose you pass the message along that I did, and that I like them very much. I have them pasted in my album now.

I have hopes of being present at your high school graduation. What is your opinion of the war? Do you think I stand a pretty good chance of getting home that soon? I left just a day or two after you graduated from grammar school, did I not? Golly, surely I can get home, just once anyway, before you are ready for college. What has happened to all these years?

Adios, Senorita... Write me again real soon... much more than you did the last time. Even the longest letters wear out soon enough.

Love,

*Bill*