

APO 980

31 Jan 1945

Dear Mama -

I thumbed down through my stack of letters and they ran - Bernice, Alice, Jewell, Dorothy - then you - and there I stopped. You see, that was the last one. I owe letters to the whole Scott family. Too bad you're not all together - so I could make one letter serve the purpose.

Everything goes about the same here everyday - so there isn't much of interest to write about at any time. Some days I'm busy as a bee all day - others I find it hard to keep something going - makes the day longer. The last three days have been almost perfect as far as weather

goes. But it's snowing tonight. Winter here, thus far, has been much milder than last. It's been a little rougher than usual at home, hasn't it?

The guys in the hut are in a big argument about something - I mention <sup>this</sup> to fill in because I can't concentrate on anything else in all this noise.

Russell hasn't written to me yet - but I'm glad to hear he arrived safely. I have a hunch he's in the Hawaiians somewhere.

The war in Europe seems to be moving pretty well in our favor right now - most people are prone to get over-optimistic at a time like this and then the whole works slacks down again. But

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the news reports do sound encouraging.

Now the boys are about to eat some cheese and crackers - one is turning flips in the floor - another remarks - "what are the people downstairs gonna think?" - "we're all crazy but ~~we~~ we have lots of fun. As one of the fellows put it the other day - "you don't have to be crazy to live in this but - but it helps"

And so - the end of my story. Hope you have enjoyed this nonsense and that you're all well.

Love,  
Bill