



ALEUTIANS

25 April 45

Dear Mom -

As usual your letter isn't getting the prompt answer it deserves. "Procrastination is the thief of time" - and boy how it steals mine! Now say I'm not a poet. Last night I was reading some poetry to my friend, Hodge, from Florida, and he presently went to sleep. I don't know if I actually soothed his mind or if it was just the steady drone that did it. At any rate, he went into such a sound sleep that he didn't awaken until this morning. Now we can say of him "he slept with his boots on", for he wasn't undressed.

You fuss because Russell only writes one page - I would be over-jayed to get a line! He must be



ALEUTIANS

writing long letters to that gal. Spends all his time on her - the rascal. Can't say much more for Johnny, although he did write quite a newsy letter - about 3 months ago.

There was one sentence in your letter that pleased me very much - to the effect that you should be working but that you preferred to just sit and scribble. I'm glad you preferred the scribbling - and, I might add, you did a good job. I don't call it scribbling.

I have a letter from Dorothy that's been around long enough to collect more than it's share of Aleutian dust. She'll be ready to do murder I guess.



ALEUTIANS

Volleyball is getting under way again. The court may be reached by merely stepping out the rear door of our hut. We play for hours during the long evenings, weather permitting. I think they're going to get another tournament started, like we had last year. Then, if you recall, I was captain on the team that came through victorious - with not even a single defeat. I was more like a manager than a captain. I stood on the sideline most of the time and let the tall boys do the work. Our team had some good players.

Everybody else is in bed, and our radio station is about ready to sign off - I had better do likewise. Say hello to Blanche for me - I hope she's better.

Love to all,
Bill