

Alaska - 5 Sep 45

Dear Mom -

Tonight I can write you a letter and seal it up - nobody but us can read it. Effective today censorship of personal communications was terminated. If you've been wondering where my Minneapolis APO had sent me, stop, because here it is. Put your finger on a map of Alaska and trace a line along the western coast-line until you reach a city on the Seward Peninsula that they call Nome. (I think I'm right about my instructions - I haven't seen a map lately) Anyway, when you find

2/
Now, take a straight line
in a Northwesterly direction
until you find a village,
called Teller. Now you're
almost there but not quite.
I'm on the end of a narrow
strip of land, just above
Teller, that is called a spit.
Affectionately called Point
Spencer. I don't know who
named it but I could call
it something worse. But I
won't write much about the
joint tonight - it's getting
late. Suffice it to say
that I'm in the land of
the midnight sun and
doing OK, although I would
like to leave the North
country for good. It
wasn't bad when we first

3
got here. We even had
mosquitoes and had to use
a net over the entrance to
our tent to keep them out
at night. But winter is
definitely on the way now
and we're living in non-
winterized tents - not a
pleasant outlook. However,
we expect to be leaving
very shortly - the job is
about completed. I'll keep
you posted on my where-
abouts. In the meantime,
don't worry about me. at
all for there's no reason
for it. My regards to all
and hope to be seeing you
soon. I have 75 points
now.

Love,
Bill