

Adak, Alaska

19 Oct 45

Dear Mom -

I'll try to keep you posted as the wheels of progress turn toward home. It's going to be a long slow grind - but I will eventually make it. Today marks some sort of a milestone - or whatever such things are called. Anyway, I'm no longer a member of the dear old 331st. It grieves me deeply to leave the outfit of course - you should see the tears in my eyes. I'm still housed with the 331st, so I'll continue to use that as a return address. Actually, I'm assigned to the ATS Staging Detachment. ATS means Army Transport Service, a branch of the concern that Dorothy works for. As I understand it, I'm placed on a list, priority being given to men with highest point scores. Then the top men are picked off and sent home as

transportation becomes available. I don't know how the situation is just now - I'm just keeping my fingers crossed and hoping that something turns up soon. There's no air transportation at all now except for emergency furloughs - so it will have to be a boat.

Meanwhile, I'm "resting". I have no duty whatever to perform. I just eat, sleep, read, go to movies, play ping-pong, etc. The radio keeps ^{me} good company as long as I'm in my hut. Instead of saying - "This is WXLB, on the Northern Highway to Victory" as they used to, it's now "your station is WXLB, Adak, Alaska." The war must be over.

Hope you've heard from Russell since the Okinawa typhoon. Also that Johnny is at least in the US by now.

Love to all,
Bill