

July 20, 1941

Dear Mother;

Here I am again writing to you from the Canteen. Not that I have gone to work here again, but just that I much rather write on a typewriter than by long-hand. Fortunately I can use this machine every now and then.

I received the package yesterday and thanks a lot. The brownies are being enjoyed by the tent and I will wear the glasses from now on. They are much better than the ones I bought.

These days we are having a series of 'alerts'. The other day we were awakened about twelve and took a ride in the black until four. We were a bunch of tired boys the next day. I am still working in the supply room. The work is regular and although long its not too hard and I can stay out of the hot sun. Its pretty hot down here these days and I guess August will be even hotter. However it rains now and then, and the breezes usually blow so it isn't too bad. Last night it rained in the tent and everything got wet. I didn't even wake up. You really ought to see what I can sleep through. With radios blaring, lights burning and five people talking, I go to sleep.

The boys that went home on the first group of furloughs have now come back and they bring with them big talk of New England. As you probably know, there is still nothing definite about getting out. It sure is a big problem and the subject is the favorite for conversation. I am fishing around for the heck of it, nothing definite in mind but I wish you would forward any mail I get as soon as possible.

Well I have to eat now, so I'll say good-bye. Thank Julia for her overwhelming generosity and give her my best wishes and luck in her new job.

Love ,

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