

P.O. Box 23.

Readingly, Conn.

July 5, 1942.

Dear Joan,

Well here I am back in B.L. to talk with you (I hope I was). Thanks for your kind and most welcome letter. I received it on the 2nd I intended on writing sooner but since we're kinda late in thinning the huts I just couldn't find time to write. This is one letter I had enough ambition to walk four miles to get it. I couldn't walk or ride a bike on this sticky road so I took the C.P.R. which runs right through Readingly. I was sure glad you understood my letter and besides I was wondering if you still remember me because it was a long time since we seen each other.

Gosh I hate to be outside now, the mosquitos are buzzing outside like the bus buzzing around its hive. Boo that one bit me in the forehead. I'll get revenge with him yet. Oh That reminds me, have you ever seen a

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firefly: If you like I'll send you one. If I could grab hold of one. Oh boy, they sure give off light for the size of itself.

Rosie: there are millions of it here. Joan it's a swell time to come and see me now. The roses are in full bloom, the oaks, ash, poplar etc. are just loaded with bright green leaves. When we first came to the prairie everything just didn't look right. This here country right now isn't too bad at all specially if you're here. Gosh if I had enough money now I'll pay your fair in. There are hundreds of horse-back riders here. Gosh I sure like that. do you?

About 10 days ago we were moved from Headingly to a place called West-Winnipeg, which is about 5 miles south of where we use to live. This is between two tracks, the C.P.R. + G.N.R. It's a good thing we have trees around our house. because we have lots of strong wind here.

Talking about sunburn Josh you ought to sue me, I'm darker than any sun in a dark since I started on this bet. Josh I hope the sun to don't burn you up too much. What I think would be good when your picking strawberries are those wide brim hat.

Sure, I'll tell Yoshiyuki that. I like to see and talk to him now but we're both busy. I have written one to him just the day I sent you one I think, but he never wrote to me since I know his dad in a pretty bad health now.

Sure I'll write to you as long as we're apart. I know you were a swell letter-writer, I heard you were one of best in I.E.S. Before I forget Joan, I like to have a picture of yourself so I won't get so lonesome here. Well its getting on to 12 so I guess I'll sign off here. Hoping to hear from you soon Bye I remain
P.S. Please give best regards to Kirby and Yours Sincerely Ed.