

Nov. 17, 1944

1:30 PM

Hello Family,

I'm on guard again today so I'll try to get a letter written between shifts. Last week or whenever it was the guard, ^{I was on} was only at night but this is from this morning till tomorrow morning. By this time you no doubt know that this means I'll be on eight hours out of the twenty-four - two on and four off. I've already stood two of my hours and I'll go on again at four this afternoon.

I still can't get used to getting mail only once or at the most twice a week. But maybe it doesn't bother me quite as bad as it did. I told you about the last letter I got on Tuesday, I believe.

I was wondering this morning if you've heard anything from Duane recently. Has any more news been received about Wendell? The last I heard he was missing in action. I believe that I've been in England longer already than either of them were. It seems almost a strange coincidence to me that we all came over so close in succession.

Without any letter to get ideas from I have to think pretty hard to find something I can say. Of course, I think a lot about and wonder how things are coming back there. I even miss just hearing news of what's going on at school. There's little question in my mind that basketball must be the big thing along about now.

I hate to think that right now I am due to be home on furlough but that just can't be helped. It was eight months before I got to be home last time and I expect it'll be longer than that this time. At least it's going to be more than six months, I know.

Whichever one of these letters I write along about this time reaches you nearest Thanksgiving will have to serve as my Thanksgiving greeting. Every one of them carries my best wishes.

I am getting along O K and if anything am better off than I was a little while back. I seem to be getting accustomed to the climate enough that my cold is getting better. Be good and God bless you.

Love
Donald

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~~VIA AIR MAIL~~

Box 96 U.S.A.

