

Sunday Evening

Hello Again,

Pardon the use of air mail paper when I am not really using air mail. I hope that before long I'll have some really exciting news that I'll want to send air mail. I hope and kind of think that you should be able to count the Sunday letters I'll be writing after this one on about two fingers. Don't get excited if it doesn't happen quite that soon but things look favorable for it.

Well tomorrow will be New Year's eve. I think that New Year's eve and New Year's Day will have an added significance for me in the future. It'll be the anniversary of when I became eligible for discharge.

Now let's see what you asked me in your letter written of Christmas. I'm glad the money you sent me was mostly my own. I don't believe there was quite enough of what I had sent to take

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care of it all but it sort of lessens the debt.

Waldo may be right about getting out sooner by re-enlisting but I doubt it. It looks to me like he would have been out by sometime next summer anyway. If he was going to re-enlist, he should have done it when the war was first over and had a couple of months served by now. I expect the furlough and mustering out pay looked pretty big to him.

As near as I can describe the weather now is that it seems like March. For the last couple of days it's been cool and damp but it hasn't been down to freezing. It snowed for a few minutes last night (of course you couldn't see any of it this morning); and right now it is raining.

I'm working days all the time now and naturally today was no exception. I did get off at noon though to go to church at eleven. For that I was very thankful.

I don't think I'd better start another page so - so long for now.

Donald.

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