

Waynesboro Virginia
November 12, 1943

Sister Dear, it has been too long since I've written you, I hope Ria Lee has given you what news we had. It is good to be hearing from Edward regularly again, we had a letter this morning, but not so parently from Australia, at least, he is not where he was, and is now living in a tent "in the woods." And Conrad may by now be in an "alert" stage, in which he will not be allowed to write. The two weeks which he expected to be in this camp are over tomorrow, so he may have left. I'm still writing, thinking he may be getting mail even though he cannot write. But I have no way to know when he leaves except by silence. I found ~~the~~ the son of a neighbor, Fred McCormick's mother (Marshall's friend, they live three doors below us) is in the same camp, and expecting to leave just now too. So they may be going the same way. Each of us sent her boy the address of the other--the group number was the same, the squadron different--so if they do go together, they may exchange news of Waynesboro some times. It is not Fred, but an older brother, Billy, who is in Conrad's camp, I seem not to have written that sentence clearly. Fred has just taken the exam. as a naval reserve.

I'll give you some of Edward's letter:

"Dear Mother and Daddy,
There seem to be a bunch of horses running around, I don't know where they came from, but they don't seem to have too much sense of direction. But, unless I get run over, I should be able to write a little letter. Your letters have come up to the 19th, and how wonderful it has been to get them. I feel bad because mine have been so few in comparison. I shall certainly do my best to write, but there probably will be times when there is quite an interval between letters. I had, a very interesting letter from Conrad and two from Aunt Mamie, so I have felt in close touch with everything. And too, I had one from Makie, who never ceases to impress me with her friendliness and affection.

We moved from our first camp, and now are encamped in some woods. I don't know how long it will stay like this, but I like it a lot. I have a tent known as "small wall." Inside I have a cat, and my sleeping robe for cover. And a mosquito bar built like a small tent over that. Then I have a table one of ~~the~~ the men built for me, a clothes hanger I built myself, and the box I am sitting on now, that has my wool clothes in it. It may sound a bit rough, but

surely signs on the horizon of better things, even with the struggle in France and Italian affairs. Give your children my love, especially her.

actually I like it better than any other Army habit, and it is very comfortable and has a lot more privacy than I have had for a long time.

While I was at the other camp I went to a Church of England service in a Near-by town. Much of the service was chanted. After the service I bought one of their prayer and hymn books, and I've found it very interesting.

----- The sun has set and I have rambled on ~~en~~ enough. There is a bird singing in a tree near my ~~top~~ tent. I think it must have a nest there, he sings every night for about fifteen minutes, coming on within seconds of the same time each night. Write soon, all my love, Edward.

Oh, his A.P.O. has changed, it is now ~~#1~~ A.P.O. 442. I think that may mean that he has been moved into some section nearer the front, where a unit has been for some time, as the number is much smaller than the one he had. Will you let Ria Lee see this, and get the changed number? I had just sent him a letter, I hope they will send on what still will come to the old A.P.O.

Much phoning about the coming Parish supper has taken a good deal of time, that might have gone on letters, and I must not prolong this. We are having a busy time, between the Church program and community things, the house gets done at odd times. I shall be glad when the canvass and the Bishop are well over. But it serves to take one's mind off things on which it isn't good to dwell. I get four hours at the surgical, using that as rest time, for the work is so easy and is it pleasant to sit for that long, and the room is a lovely one, and the women so nice. Old Mrs. Hutcherson would take a lot of time, except that I just have not much to give her. Violette Burns is a great help, but she doesn't do anything without phoning for my advice and one word leads to another--all pleasant, however! But sometimes I'd like to have the phone go wrong and the man not be able to get here to fix it. Will you give this letter to Ria Lee, for it must do for hers this week, but I will let her know anything more I hear from either boy. I really think I have heard the last time from Conrad, as he warned me that they couldn't write any more after they were put on "alert." But I've gone through that once, so I know I can again. Tell me about your Edward sometime, and I should be glad for his address when you have a settled one. Thank Marguerite for me for writing to Edward, it does make so much difference to a boy. Let her know this new number, will you? My dearest love to you, honey, and to the two dear children downstairs. I think of you every one, a lot more often than I can write to say so. I was cheered by the Moscow conference, weren't you--and also by the Rehabilitation

administration getting under weigh. There are