Sunday 4-18-43

Dear "Phog"

It was grand seeing you again, but somehow you didn't seem at ease, and it bothered me. I guess you were disturbed, but neither of us should have been. Myrl thinks you are grand, sincerely likes you, and I hope you like him, too.

He had a very nice, but short, furlough. Most of the time we spent in Iowa, and it managed to rain quite a bit, even got low enough to freeze. Living on a farm is wonderful, and I do believe I like it better than city-livin'.

Today the entire 88th division was called on "alert," pretty unusual for Sundays, and I'm practically tearing my hair, wondering just what is up. I never was any good when it came to suspense. There is rumor going around that the