

March 15, 1945

Burma

Dearest Mary,

I thought for sure I would get some mail today. When none came in I was a little disappointed. I have not been writing very long letters because I just can't think of anything to write about. I will do better soon as I get some mail.

The weather was hot today, although there was a breeze blowing most of the time. I still sleep under two blankets - it usually gets pretty cool after mid-night.

How is Diana? I think about you and her every day.

I love you as always.

Your husband,

Earl



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