

No.



(SENDER'S STAMP)

Cpl. Wm. R. Hinckley/10116000

22nd Ftr. Con. Sqd., A.P.O. 505

c/o Postmaster, N.Y.C., N.Y.

Neil Robinson

(Receiver's name)

4502 20th N.E.

(Receiver's address)

Seattle, (5) Wash.

November 17, 1943

(Date)

Dear Russell, Your letter this morning, the second within a week, was doubly welcome. It told me you were all right, and also gave the solution for an embarrassing situation. I could have shouted with happiness when you requested films. I shall shake Seattle by the heels if necessary to find them. You see, I bought a book for your Christmas, but squeezed the title margin as I thought it was light enough to be sent first-class, only to find that it weighed 12 oz. instead of the allowed eight.. So your book will have to keep temporarily unless you can send a request for the book, "As You Were" that will allow me to send it. The films will be a substitute, and I also hope to get some of the prints of your pictures eventually. They can't be more vivid than some of your word pictures though. Yes, Russ, you are right---we don't dare think too much. (I could quote Shakespeare there). I think I've done a little too much the past few months. Now I'm trying to live each day as it comes; it helps in the preservation of sanity.

I often get a bit tired of the monotony of some of my work at Boeing, yet there is that vast community pride in "our" ships--they all call them ships at the plant. My new office (I've been promoted) overlooks the shipyard port, and we hear the hum of motors as the undertones of our nightly symphony. I could give you some word pictures too, but I want this letter to get through without too much delay.

November 28th--I'm sorry, my dear! Work, and a slight case of Flu had me teetering on the ropes for a couple of days. I kept going, but had to just nibble my Thanksgiving dinner. As that, our grace that Elma said for us included our fervent hopes for a better Thanksgiving for all of us next year. Her brother is in the Navy Air Corps, and I have all of you boys of mine everywhere. The last paper from Rexburg gave the news of Val Stoddard missing in action over France. I didn't know him so well as some of the rest of you. Also the last paper lists Laurence Browning as going into the army with the next group. He was very restless and unhappy last spring, with all his friends gone. I wrote a Christmas letter to Dean today, as well as a few others I know overseas somewhere. There is a young man in uniform, whom I met in Weiser last winter, who is quite serious about me, so I try to keep him happy without encouraging him too much. He is very splendid, but also too young for "future consideration." My engineer friend here at Boeing had the interesting experience of working on one of Gen. McArthur's planes recently. It is such a small world, yet you meet one person from Idaho. If you see him again, my sister there in Caldwell is Mrs. George Crookham, Jr. Everyone knows George; he is a swell guy. And my sis isn't so bad either! Whenever you get this, Russ dear, please know that I shall think of you especially at Christmas time. I won't be going home either. And I'll get you some films as soon as possible. No luck yet, but the Irish don't whip that easy!

Love,
Neil

NEIL ROBINSON, 4502 20TH N.E., SEATTLE, WASH.