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Mrs. Glenna Goodin
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Sunday afternoon, Mar. 5th, 1944.

Dear Mom,

Sunday afternoon, warm, sun shining for a change..snow all gone, after the lovely light blanket (about the thickness of an English wool blanket)which we had covering the ground last night. Don't miss it..the cold comes through anyhow without being reminded by the snow that there is a cold breeze in the air.Stayed home last night..went to bed after having a delicious hot bath, soaking like I used to do at home,then dashing across to my Nissen hut,and diving into bed-roll...one army blanket doubled over me (inside the bedroll and one English blanket underneath me--still in the bedroll).Then an army blanket over me.Ones inside doubled over on the bottom forming a little sack for my icebergs to freeze in. And they stay frozen the year round now. But guess it is all right. Occasionally, I honor them with the delicacy of a canteen of hot water--which keeps them snugly warm far into the night. Amazing..a canteen--use it for a hot water bottle;or even use it as an iron--by putting a piece of paper over the article to be ironed;and then of course, knowing me..its intended use of quenching my unquenchable thirst.Sometimes gets in the way, and must be discarded temporarily, but not for long..and always within one hours reach.

An interesting week--some of it would be censored naturally..so tell you what I've done "mostly": Guard Tuesday, problem on Wednesday night (and have licked the cold problem when we have our vehicles out--take the tarpaulin off the tank,put bedroll on it,and then fold it over the footpart of the bed roll--results are that the wind is kept out, and if it rains, you don't get wet--very nice!!), and then Thursday afternoon I got off for 24 hours--met Kay,and we caught the train--went up to the venerable city of Bath, to which I had been before. Had dinner on the terraces of the old Roman Baths..then through the baths, then to a movie (American-with that horrible looking Harry James and his trumpet which the angel Gabriel must have taught him to play and the sultry Lucille Ball) then to an out of the way place with the name of the "Sudan Chair"--former home of the redoubtable Beau Nash for dinner..after which we caught a train home--or at least within four and half miles of home,and we walked out to the hospital. A beautiful night; had we been in the Oldsmobile, with the heater and the radio...no doubt we would have stopped at least once before getting there and admired the night, the moon, the English countryside,worried about our mothers for a while, even maybe our fathers--and then drove on!! As it was..it was slightly cold..so cold that one would not dare stop for more than a moment, as my icebergs were cold even walking,and I knew that she was cold too. Anyhow, we made it o.k.--no transportation back, so I stayed in the receiving ward of the hospital till morning...then back to camp. Feeling much better.First time I've had a day off since Jan.19th. Last night stayed home,and wrote letters..went to bed at a little after midnight --didn't get up in time for dinner today, but went to church,and played the organ again. Am improving a little bit. Maybe with a little help and a little more practice, I'll be able to stumble through them.

Got the Erwin Record (two copies of it) last night. Good to get it. Why haven't you told me K. Broce was over here...didn't know it until I read it in the paper--a month ago!! Anyway, sure did enjoy it..reading where most of the kids were and what not.Congratulations to Mrs. Broce,and tell her that we all appreciate herefforts to get the paper out to us,and that we wish that we could get a daily paper. You know there are several of us here in the regiment from around Erwin,and I usually give my papers to one of them. They all appreciate reading them when they get the chance,and don't think that we haven't missed the layoff that has been present.

Wondered long and deeply about you on the bus the other day--several sergeants and what not got on and were taking off for somewhere or other...loud, boisterous,and what not.. was about to call them down,and then I remembered how and what you say about things that one does and actions they take to cover up something that they don't feel or that they don't want people to really know about. Let them along. They weren't doing any harm anyhow...though it seemed funny that they should be making so much noise and carrying on like they were anyhow.Saw an old woman who got on the bus...she would have passed for a man any day in the week..except for her her hair. About 65 or 70--keen blue eyes,and weatherbeaten face..moustache that I'd be proud of,and needing a shave generally. But sparkiling eyes that lit up the whole bus when a woman with a little baby got on the bus. Thought about her and wondered what her husband looked like. She sure ain't old,and never will be. Kind of person you'd like to know better..and yet you can't.

Speaking of kids.. guess you've read of the ATS girl with the quads--father is an U.S. sergeant, with a wife back home..no kids--and the wife says--no twins even-in his family for years. Also says that he made his bed, he can lie in it. In the meantime, they are getting plenty of publicity over here. Certainly nothing wrong with his diet over here, is there?? (I ain't going to suggest to Pop that he has some dried eggs!!)

Must be closing for this afternoon. Intended to write you more, but time has run out on me and must be closing for right now, anyhow.Take care of yourself and write when the urge hits you--should hit about now, again..it's been a month since I've heard from you now.Not many letters lately, anyhow...

'Bye for now,and love as always.Send me some candy when you get a chance to get some. Mine is about all gone,and by the time this reaches you, I'll really be needing some.

Love to all, just Johnny *Johnny*