

Lt. JOHN O. GOODIN, O-1010821
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John O. Goodin

*Mrs. T. C. Goodin, Sr.
RFD #1
Erwin,
Tennessee*

Sunday, May 28-44.

Dear Mom,

Sunday mite, 11:30, German popogade going full blast, my candle flickering feebly, laying in my wonderful bed roll, propped up on elbows sunk in my rubber mattress - dreaming a bit - Louis picture - always smiling, always looking at me - straight, honest - trusting me. Wondering Mom - how I can convince her, or prove to her I do love her - and me too. I think she still has a little doubt about me - and I don't blame her. But - if for nothing else, Mom - she makes me be good, just looking at her - and remembering kissing her and what a feeling of trust I got - something new for me, Mom. And to think, it took me months for that to soak in. Remember when I was home last for several days - being "unusually" good as someone remarked - well, she had as much to do with it as Jean I guess. Don't regret losing Jean - even yet, but still think she's an angel.

Mom - I know about George David - I got a letter back from his base (the one I wrote) marked simply - "Missing". I don't believe Mrs. Swingle would give up hope - but if she does, just tell her that nearly 80% of them are saved. I'm trying to get time to find out more details, as I know they'd want to know. Some of our men show up months afterwards, and if he happened to land in Switzerland or a dozen other possible places, he'll be o.k. - Somehow, I'm not worrying, as I feel he's all right. Andy, by the way, was in a peep crash, and broke a collar bone - but is getting along o.k. - worse than Jack Brown with the nurse!! What a hay. Had another lousy letter from

Mr. Francis today - isn't she nice??

Missing Kay - Stinky whines and moans for her soft easy voice, her ready smile and ever-friendliness - a deep friendship Mom, which sorta tugs and pulls and makes you curse this damnable war all the more. She was so tied up with Lou - told me so many things - kept me contented in our few moments - if not happy. The winter seemed much longer, so much colder than it actually was - and yet - she always seemed glad to see me - no love (as was it in a way??) - just common ideals, principles, likes and dislikes. Always the boundary of Lou and age between us, accepted - and still - we got along fine.

But - that's the Army - here today, gone tomorrow - just a memory.

A big red ant is manuevering around a spot where I just killed a spider - maybe his after a midnight snack - but damn if I feel like opening up a restaurant in here!!

B. I. humor - and our honey-pots (theater - maps to you) there's a sign "Do not urinate when urine is 4 inches from top" - some bird has hastily scribbled - "Bring your own measuring stick" !!! What a lot they are.

My tent - looks like home - boxes, sabs, shirts, everything all over the place - I need a wife, alright. And two red heads to clean up after me!! Miss boys, Mom - and we can probably do it too!! Tom + Reg would have kittens - but - ha, I might as well dream, hadn't I??

Well, gotta be getting back to camp - the ride to Unaka was swell (you missed the kiss I stole when you weren't looking!!) and the water - nice + cold, but I never did like iron!! The dreams - they'll come true anyhow. So Mom, kiss me goodnite!!
Yours, Good lady..