

12:20 AM.
JAN. 20
24

Dear Bill —

GOT HOME ~~THIS~~^{YESTERDAY} MORNING — AND HAVE BEEN WANTING TO WRITE TO YOU EVER SINCE, BUT COULDN'T MAKE IT. EVERYTHING'S BEEN A RUSH. JUST GOT BACK FROM THE USO HOUSE.

FINALLY — ALONE AND SPIRITUALLY WITH YOU. IF I EXPRESSED MY FEELINGS TO YOU, YOU'D THINK IT SILLY, SO WILL JUST OMIT IT. AM ALSO READY TO DROP OFF TO "DREAMLAND" SO UNTIL TOMORROW, BILL GOOD-NITE

THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH SMOKE — AND IT'S GETTING IN MY EYES. . . .

SLEEPILY
my

12:45 AM.
JAN. 20

IT'S IN THE MIDDLE OF NITE AGAIN SLEEPY AND HUNGRY PER USUAL. TIRED TOO. MUST BE OLD AGE 'CREAKING' UP ON ME. AS FOR EATING, WHAT'S THAT SAYING: "EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY FOR TOMORROW YE DIET." WELL, I CAN'T WEIGH MORE THAN A HUNDRED AND PLENTY.

x x x x

WRITING WHILE EATING, BUT NOW, IN ALL SERIOUSNESS:

GEE, THANKS FOR THAT PURSE BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT. PLEASE, BILL, DON'T EVER SEND ANYTHING. YOUR PICTURE IS MORE THAN ENOUGH.

1:10 A.M.

AM AT THE INTERNAL SECURITY
NOW, WAITING FOR THE SHELBY BUS-
LOAD TO COME IN.

EXCUSE ME, BILL.... BUT MUST
GET SOME SLEEP

DOZINGLY,

May

1:00 A.M.

JAN
23

JUST GOT BACK FROM THE
DANCE, BUT SOMEHOW, SINCE VISITING
SHELBY..... ~~MY MIND~~ I DON'T ENJOY
DANCING AS MUCH AS I USED TO.

PUTTING IT STRAIGHT, I MISS
YOU BILL.

x x x x

As I WAS PREPARING ^{TODAY'S} TOMORROW'S
SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON, I RAN ACROSS
THE FOLLOWING POEM:

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

In solitude I walk my post;
The night is closing in—
Dear Lord, please teach me how to fight
Against the ranks of sin.

And when the battles over, Lord,
I pray it be thy will
That thou wilt teach me how to love,
Instead of how to kill.

Sgt. Richard Bagby