



December 23, 1943

Dear B. S. C.,

I received a package from you today after it had toured the state of Texas. The candy is in fine shape and will be consumed rapidly. The box it came in must have been the plaything of every baggage-smasher from Providence to the Southwest. How it held together is one of those miracles. The PO here marked it "Received in Bad Order", but as long as it was bad order and not bad odor, who cares? All of us fellows here sure appreciate it, I assure you.

Do not let that ~~that~~ peaceful scene above fool you. Maybe at some times of the year a cowboy could sit down and watch the cattle from a hill, but right now he would freeze to death. The cattle and the horses have thick, shaggy coats and for the last two weeks they have had a tough time finding anything to eat because of all the snow. Of course I have had to do more driving around the country the last two months than ever before and none of the trucks have cabs. You might think it would build a fellow up but it doesn't. Just wears him out. And to think I went to Bryant so I could get a soft job, inside, and wouldn't have to be tough at all. But I can't kick. I'm still in a good country.

You ask for changes in address. It's on the envelope. The best of luck to all of you and may the draft board ignore all of you entirely.

Keep grinnin',

*Lew Crawley*