

280th day

Sunday, January 27, 1946

My dearest Marian,

Actually it's Monday morning, but I'm going to pretend it's last night and write the story of the day's adventures.

We woke to find that the weather was bad - it was a little discouraging. All week long the weather had been beautiful and we had sat at our typewriters, then along came Sunday and rain! Larry was not feeling any too well - I'm afraid that he caught my cold - so he decided that he would not go along with Ed and me on any adventure. After breakfast was over the rain was still coming down, but there was some indication that it might stop. Ed seemed very anxious to "take off" for somewhere, and although I was not as enthusiastic as he, I decided it was foolish to waste the day just sitting around.

We packed some cans of "K" rations (which Captain Shute had obtained for us) in our musette bags and boarded the train. We had to take a local train from the station which is near the Forestry Building up to another main station called the "Ueno" station to catch the train we planned to take to a city called Kumagaya. We thought that the train was to leave at 9:50 but we were surprised and we sat there in the station until 10:35 - obviously the one who had advised us was pretty badly informed. The train had a G.I. car so we had plenty of room; also the car was heated and clean (quite a novelty on Japanese railroads these days.)

Going out of Tokyo on the train we passed through the most devastated section of the city I've yet seen and again one can only ask, "How did the people ever withstand it?" As usual some tiny wooden houses and sheet metal shacks are springing up. It's interesting to see how much of the land formerly entirely occupied by houses has been cleared up and planted to crops. I think I mentioned once that the growth of the cities had taken away valuable land - well, the bombing has partially compensated for that!

We arrived at Kumagaya just in time to board another train - this time an electric train with three coaches - to go to a small city up in the mountains called Chichibu. No car on this small train was reserved for soldiers (that's quite obvious) so we had to fight our way onto it along with tens and tens of Japanese. If we thought the train crowded on the way to Chichibu we had to change our mind when the time came to return. Wow, how these folks can jam into a coach and to add to the difficulty about every other person is carrying a pack on his back which takes up as much room or more than he does.

The trip up to Chichibu was quite interesting we passed through the intensely cultivated area of the Kwanto Plain. It seemed to me that we saw more mulberry growing out that way than I've seen elsewhere. Sometimes the mulberry shrubs were growing in fields and at other times we saw them arranged as hedges between the fields - the latter method of growing them is an interesting method of making complete utilization of their meager land area! Again we saw men at work in the fields "plowing" them with the long bladed hoe like tool I've described before. Once more I saw no farm animal being used to cultivate a field.

We travelled up a valley into the mountainous region. The stream in the valley at times traversed picturesque gorges wherein the bed rock which appeared to be a metamorphic type was prominently displayed. I was surprised how clear the water of the stream was. Although there was some terracing the slopes were in most places too steep and were mostly wooded. We began to see numerous saw mills producing for the most part small dimension timbers and boards. There were also many wood yards where small trees were cut up and split for fuel and for making charcoal.

I noticed too that all the branches (and twigs even) were carefully saved and tied into bundles and made ready for the market. Along the tracks we saw freight cars loaded with these bundles of faggots. Nothing goes to waste.

I stood up on the train all the way to Chichibu; Ed sat down for a little while but finally got crowded off his seat. A funny thing happened - when Ed sat down at first, he had his musette bag sitting on the floor. A Japanese woman sitting beside him decided that wasn't right and she motioned for him to pick up the bag. When he did so, she gently took it from him and put it on her lap along with her own bundle and she held it all the rest of the way. When we arrived at our destination we found that the rain had increased in amount. The mountain tops surrounding the city were covered with low hanging clouds; there was a chill wind blowing. All in all it was a pretty miserable day.

It was time for lunch and we found a building which had been fixed up as a Red Cross canteen for the troops stationed in Chichibu and ate there. We were the only ones around - apparently the Canteen was not entirely finished and ready to be used. Our lunch consisted of a can of corned beef (product of Paraguay) some hard tack biscuits, a can of tomato juice, a cocanut chocolate bar (much like a Mound), and, for dessert, a very good fruit bar of ground up raisens, prunes, dried peaches, nuts, etc. (very good).

After lunch we walked along the paved but muddy mainstreet of the town. We looked in a few stores and noticed that the prices of things were a little less than in Tokyo. We were very cold - the Canteen had not been heated; neither had the train (in fact some of the windows were broken out of the train others were boarded up) - so we sought shelter in the local M.P. headquarters where the fellows had a stove going. While we were in there it began to rain harder than ever so we decided to beat a retreat.

We had to wait about 20 minutes for the three coach "interurban" to show up. You should have seen the crowd. There were tens of people on the platform waiting for the train. Ed said, "the train will have to be empty when it comes to accomodate all these folks." But when it came, there were already standees! Believe it or not everyone got aboard. We managed it quite easily because we happened to be standing on the platform right opposite where one of the door opened (the doors of the train are like those of a N.Y.C. subway). But others fared not so well. It may sound like I'm kidding but some people literally climbed through the windows! One of their party got aboard and opened the window and children and bundles were handed through and finally fully adult individuals climbed through the opening! What a time! Quite a few of the women had children strapped to their backs and they began to cry - they seem to cry surprisingly infrequently here - but I certainly couldn't blame them. As usual the people with huge packs were plentiful. One man and a woman had especially large ones. At first they both kept their packs slung onto themselves - they must have been very uncomfortable because the packs had only ropes, not straps, across the front of their shoulders. Finally a man who was sitting down and who was almost holding the woman's pack in his lap (he was quite patient about the matter) said something to her. He must have suggested that she set it down on the floor because she began to climb out of her harness. I was standing right beside her and I sorta helped ease the pack down and I'll bet it weighed 75 pounds if it weighed an ounce. She looked quite distressed once the load was off her shoulders and I thought for a moment she was going to faint, but she quite quickly recovered and at the end of our journey she again picked up the burden.

Again the train from Kumagaya had a G.I. car and it was not overcrowded although there were a number of soldiers on their way to embark for the states on board - they were a pretty happy lot believe me.

We arrived home about 8:30. I had to wash out some hankies which I had put to soak in the morning but went straight to bed after they were finished.

(CONTINUED)

281st day

Monday, January 28, 1946

My dearest one,

This Monday morning was made pleasant by the fact that waiting at the office for me to read were three letters from you (in two envelopes). They were your letters of January 14, 15, 16. I note this moment that the one of the 15th was a 2nd one for that day. (I'm having trouble with the ribbon on this typewriter - just installed a new one and I can't make it work right, but I guess I've solved the problem now.) The letters came yesterday - Larry knew they were here but he forgot to tell us when we came from the train to the office (he was over here writing a letter). He remembered them when we got over to the Finance building and then was very apologetic but it mattered not to me because it was nice to go to bed last night knowing that they were here waiting to be read in the morning!

Along with your letters there was also a very nice letter from Donna and Dick Harvey. Donna wrote most of it - she said that there was some chance that Dick would be discharged at the end of January. It was a pleasant surprise to them because I know that they had not thought he'd be out that soon. Donna also said that she had written to you and that your letters crossed. As soon as I answer the letter I'll send it on to you.

First concerning my day (sounds like Eleanor) then some comments on your letters.

Ed and I had that stencil cutting job which we were handed on Saturday to finish up. We took turns working this morning; this afternoon Ed got sidetracked (he had a chance to drive a jeep somewhere for a Lieutenant) and so I finished the task. Just finished it at quitting time, however, so we'll have to check it tomorrow morning.

You say in your letter than Francy has asked if I've seen General MacArthur. This morning the answer would have been, "no" - tonight the answer is, "yes"! As we were coming back from our usual noon shopping tour - this noon we went over to some very ritzy shops in the arcade of the swanky Imperial Hotel (where the Generals except MacArthur live) - we noticed that Mac's Cadillac sedan with his five-star emblem on it was standing out in front of the Dai Ichi Building and a crowd had gathered to wait for the great man to emerge. I told the fellows to go on that I was going to wait for the General - and wait I did - waited for one hour and five minutes! Much too long a time because it was cold. I had a choice location, however, from which I felt sure I could get a picture so I stuck it out. The longer I waited the more I hated to leave for fear that he'd emerge just after I left - so I stayed on and finally he came! There is no fan fare; he simply comes out the door (today he was accompanied by a major) receives and returns the salutes of the M.P. guards, looks not to the right or left, and climbs into his auto and is driven quickly away. He looks like his pictures (that's a trite thing to say) but did not seem to be as tall as he actually is. I think I got a pretty good picture. So let it be known far and wide - I've seen MacArthur! Yipee!

We found out today that Saturday is moving day. We also found out that the building to which we're going - the Mitsubishi-Shobi (sp?) has no steam heat - it's in the process of being reinstalled - and we'll have to heat our office (a room 34 x 34) with an oil burning heater which are quite ineffective and which stink to beat the band!

However, here's the latest rumor. This afternoon Captain Shute told Larry and Ed that our whole organization is on the spot! The Chiefs of Staff do not approve of us because they have no authority over us. Colonel Northrup works directly out of Washington you see and we're also assigned to the Military Intelligence Division in the Pentagon. So on February 7 there is going to be a hearing before the Chiefs of Staff

and at that time Colonel Northrup, Col. Berry, and the Captains are going to have to justify their existence! And I guess Captain Shute thinks it's going to be hard to do it (personally I agree with him - I don't see that we'll be doing any work that isn't already being done by offices which are responsible to the Theatre commanders). Captain Shute also told the boys that's there's another angle to the affair - Colonel Northrup would like to have our office located in Hawaii because then he could have Mrs. Northrup with him. Captain Shute also told the boys that he's getting letters already from Mrs. Shute urging him to come home - that makes me smile!

So what now? Well, Hon, there's simply no telling. The whole thing may settle down and amount to nothing. If our organization should be disbanded, I don't know what would happen to us. A person can imagine a lot of things - we might be brought back to Washington and assigned to work at the Pentagon; Colonel Northrup might have us transferred to the Natural Resources Section here; they might consume us here in the office of the Chief of Engineers; or, as Larry said with a sarcastic laugh, they might declare us surplus and discharge us!

At first I was tempted not to write to you concerning the above, but then I thought that you might like to sweat it out with us. Actually by the time you receive this, something may already have been settled. If anything striking breaks I'll send a cable at once - I promise.

Now for a comment or two on your letters. I was sorry to read that you were cold the first night you slept in your room. Sorry because I know a cure for that difficulty but it's impossible to put it into effect. Georgie has been giving you a few troubles, eh? Well, it's no more than a person should expect to have - you probably notice it a little more because previously I've sorta taken care of auto troubles for the family. I enjoyed the news concerning the various moving which is going on - I can imagine that there is really a severe house shortage. Who finally rented the apartment in the other half of Mr. Nichol's house? It was good to hear that you have not succumbed to any of the ailments of your bridge group - a lot of them sound like hypochondriacs to me! Boy, that's really something about Harlan Betz - yes, I suppose it's possible that he was released as surplus. The Navy's recruiting program has been very successful and it is said that everyone of their "drafted" personnel will be out of the service by July 1. What about Kenny Dustman?

I agree with you that Dick Burts seems like a very fine fellow, but I can also see that he has some characteristics which might make the students dislike him. Boy, oh boy, what a job - trying to be a well-liked dean of men or women! Tell me some more about the play sometime, won't you? I had not previously heard of it!

It's Tuesday morning now and I'd better finish this up and get it in the mail - Larry and Ed are proof-reading the stencil cutting job. I have a letter to type for Captain Shute.

And so, so long, my Marian, you know, don't you, that I love you with all my heart.

Forever yours,

Dick

282nd Day

Tuesday, January 29, 1946

My Dearest Marian Janet,

Tonight it's snowing here - it's the first since we've arrived and I think its the first of the year. The weather man's prediction is coming true - he promised that toward the end of this month and during February there would be more rain and then probably some snow! So far tonight, however, no snow is accumulating on the ground.

We were fairly busy today. I had two cables to type up for Captain Shute. I did them first in draft form and he made some changes and then I did them over again. Each one has to be typed twice because 14 copies are needed. Captain Shute doesn't know very much more about the correspondence than I do so we have quite a time. Luckily there are some people around we can ask questions. I think Captain S. is just a little disturbed that he has been left behind here to do the work while Captain Dolk is with Colonel Northrup and Colonel Berry down in Guam. As far as I know they're doing nothing down there other than enjoying themselves.

There is no additional news tonight regarding the matter I wrote about last night. Don't suppose anything will break until February 7 when the hearing before the Chiefs of Staff is scheduled to occur. (Hope you don't receive this letter before #281 because you'll be mystified!)

Larry and Ed both received two letters today, but there were none for me. It's funny how it happens that way - I don't believe there's been a single time when all three of us have gotten mail at the same time. One of Ed's letters was postmarked the 20th. The last one I received from you was postmarked the 17th.

There is a movie tonight "Wanderer of the Wasteland". It didn't sound very good to me so I decided to skip it. We have a couple of pretty good ones coming up. "The Lost Weekend" is Thursday night - I'm very anxious not to miss it. I see that it won the New York Critics Award. On Sunday night "And Then There Were None". You read that book, didn't you? Did you ever see the movie? How many times a week do they have movies at the Opera House? Does Mr. Pierce still run it?

Went on a "shopping" tour again this noon; over to the Imperial Hotel again. The shops there certainly have some very lovely things, but the prices are very high. There was a Navy Lieutenant in one of the shops looking at some carved ivory. He seemed to know a great deal about it; was explaining all the facts concerning it to his friend. The shop keeper had gotten a lot of pieces out for him - each of the pieces is kept in a padded, especially made wooden box. This same shop also has for sale some of the nicest kimonos I've seen. They have some bright colored ones, but they don't appeal to me as much as some of the lovely black silk ones which have beautiful silk print linings. There were some of that description in the short (about 3/4 length) style on display today - these shorter ones are called "houri" (pronounced - how'ry). It occurred to me that they'd make lovely evening wraps - what would you think? One of them which took my eye was all black except for some tiny white spots - each white spot has a black spot inside it. I mention this because I want to describe how the spots are produced - when the silk is dyed from white to black a tiny little "tit" of the fabric is gathered up and very tightly tied before the dying commences. When the dying is finished, there a little circle where no dye has been able to penetrate because of the string or thread binding the tit. The tip of the tit is dyed of course and this accounts for the black dot in the center of the white circle. The white spots on this houri we saw today were no more than 1/8 inch across so you can imagine what a job it must have been to tie up all the little tufts of cloth! Do I need to add that these garments are pretty expensive - expensive even when reckoned in cigarettes! But the silk is so nice - real heavy and it seems to have a luxurious feel!

We had a good meal at the mess hall tonight. Swiss steak and mashed potatoes and gravy, string beans, fresh rolls (they were hot enough to melt the butter).

a piece of cake, some sliced pineapple, and coffee. Today for the first time in a long while there was a bin of apples - they really tasted fine! It doesn't seem to me that the meals have been quite so good these past few days, but I suppose that's partially because we're growing a little tired of them. There is still no room however for complaint!

Things haven't been quite so smooth at the Finance Building either. We haven't been having hot water very consistently. For three mornings now I've had to shave in cold water - it's not really so bad once a person plunges in. The think I miss most though is a shower frequently. The rumor is that the boiler is broken down, but will be repaired soon - hope it's very soon.

Well the sweepers have just arrived - they sorta take the place by storm. There are six of them working in this one room right at the moment - how the dust does fly. They'll leave when they're finished and then after the dust has had a chance to settle they'll be back in to dust off the desks. The last scene in our little playlet will involve the appearance of a G.I. who walks through the office trailed by the foreman of the sweepers. The G.I. wipes his hand along the tables and chairs to see that they've been properly cleaned while the foreman watches anxiously. I forgot to say that the opening scene is played by an individual who comes through with a container and empties the ash trays - I suppose he takes the cigarette butts down stairs somewhere and salvages the tobacco!

Have been going through the Christmas cards which you sent. I'd like sometime to write to Catherine and Charles Carlton. They're doing this year exactly the things I wish with all my heart we were doing - haveing a baby and teaching school! It is very bad to be envious of them?

Oh, I almost forgot - I got my pictures back from the developers today and I'm very disappointed in them. Guess only about a third of them are really any good, there are some more which are not so bad, and there are quite a number of out and out failures. I'm really ashamed. Don't know what was the matter. They're underexposed for the most part. The only thing I can say is that I've learned some lessons and perhaps I'll be able to do better. I really do think that some of the negatives will give better positives than the ones the Japanese photo shop made - I doubt if they take much care with them. As a matter of fact I don't think I'll take the next roll to the same shop - will try elsewhere! Don't think I'll tell Professor Wright all the details of my failure although I'll have to admit to him that I had only "fair" success! I'm beginning to wish I had my other camera here (don't send it though!) But that does remind me - why don't you get a roll of film for it and take some pictures for me? I'd certainly like them a lot.

Think I'm running down - it has already taken me a long time to write this - don't mind though; have little else to do. Will say goodnight, however, - let's see - it's 7:15 p.m. here, that would be 5:15 a.m. your time. I can just see you snuggled down in your chilly room - can you feel me? I'm there with you, Darling and will be forever

Your

P.S. Note that the "Advance Echelon" no longer appears on our address. The entire APO 500 has now moved up here from Manila so we're no longer "advanced".

Dick

The rumor persists that because of a shortage of personnel a lot of our "air mail" letters really go via ship.

* 7-12 days to Seattle

283rd day

January 30, 1946 - Wednesday

My dearest One,

Supper over again. Time now to sit down and be with you for a little while. I received two letters from you today - one mailed the 18th and one the 19th. It looks very much as though the ten day rule is going to rather consistently apply. I hope that in spite of the rumor to the contrary my mail is getting through to you via the air and in about the right period of time.

I enjoyed hearing about the play, but do you mind if I say that I would like to have heard a little more. "Naughty but not dirty", you say. How naughty? What happens? Who does what to whom? etc. etc.

I hope that by this time you have managed to have Georgie repaired so that he doesn't stall when idling. For a long time I've suspected that the trouble may be with the gas pump. Did they ever check that? The reason I think that is that he always seemed to idle better when the tank was full of gasoline - have you made that observation. You see when the tank is full the pump wouldn't have to work so hard to get gas from the rear up to the carburetor.

I was just a little surprised to hear that Dusty was home. I suppose though that it's logical. The Navy is really getting rid of their reservists. I'm wondering if he's going to be changed any. When we saw him that time just before they broke up their house I thought he had taken on a mite too much of the pseudo-sophistication of the officer class. (Isn't that a typical enlisted man's statement? But you watch for it on his part and let me know, will you?)

It was nice to hear how you reacted to the special letter I wrote. I've been thinking again those same thoughts, my Darling. Last night as we went through the park on our way home, Larry was saying how much he wanted to be with Rachel and I replied, "Yes, it wouldn't be so bad to be away from one's wife if his life with her had been unhappy; but it was terribly hard to be away when they had been constantly happy together." I suppose Larry is beginning to worry more than he shows about the coming baby. Think that it's just a little over two months off now - or perhaps it's less than that.

I shall be wanting to hear how the Administration Rating Scales come out. What kind of questions did they ask, anyway? I can't imagine quite what such a test would look like. Who all was included in the testing - were the secretaries included, for example?

Now for the news here. Well, the biggest event occurred last night - really early this morning at 3:50. We had an earthquake! Yessir, and it was quite a severe one. The Finance Building shook enough so that our beds wiggled and woke us up. I couldn't imagine what was going on when first I got awake, but quite quickly I realized the truth. I imagine the shock lasted altogether only 15 or 20 seconds, but it was pretty frightening because I couldn't quite keep from thinking, "my golly, what will happen if the shaking grows worse." Another index of the amount of trembling was the rattling of the windows which are in steel sashes. They really made a lot of noise - several times worse than they have rattled when the wind has been blowing hard against them. It was sorta funny in our room - I think I was awake first, before I knew what I was saying, "Earthquake, Fellows!" By that time Ed was awake and said, "Holy gee, I should say so!" Bruce spoke up then and said, in true Bruce fashion, "It's not as severe as one I experienced one time in Cleveland!" Bruce, sorta like Francy, always has a better story! Then there were some other remarks but we quieted down quickly, each one, I suspect, waiting for the next shock (I know

I was) but it never came. So that's the story of the earthquake. I've been wondering whether we'd experience one while here in Japan and it has come to pass.

Didn't have much work to do at the office today. Larry and Ed did practically nothing and I had only a little typing. I finished up a letter to Donna and Dick Harvey.

By the way, I've been meaning to ask (it'll take about 20 days for your reply to arrive), did you ever show that Bulletin which came from Tom Bates to the Dean or to Prof. Wright. I assume that you didn't. How does it happen you wrote "Mahard" on the first sheet of it then?

I don't quite know what to do about the whole discharge attempt. I'm inclined to wait until around April and then ask the Dean and the President whether they will provide me with a letter to support my application. On the other hand, I'm wondering whether they'll be taking some action before that date toward filling my position (that is assuming that I have a position). As you know I can't quite get over thinking that I'm just away from Denison for a year. Oh, golly, Hon, how I wish I could talk it all over with you. Perhaps I shall write a letter to the Dean partly as an Administrator at Denison and partly as a counselor and ask him his opinion. I've not mentioned the matter to Prof. Wright - I have no notion what his thoughts are. Perhaps he's thinking that there is no possibility that I'll be able to make it back by September and perhaps he doesn't want me back, wouldn't know.

I'm enclosing a picture which Bruce Hughes got back today showing the five of us around the table at the inn in Atami. Bruce is the one with the top of his head cut off, George Burridge is on my right. Some fun, eh?

Don't think I'm going to get to the bottom of this sheet tonite. Going to have to widen out the margins I guess - too little happens during the day at the office and there's little to talk about.

Will bid thee goodnight, my Sweetheart, am lonesome for you tonight more than usual. I do love you so much!

Forever yours,

Dick

284th day

31 January 1946

My dearest Marian,

Have just a few minutes before time to take off for the movie and I'll get a start on the nightly letter. Think that I told you that the movie is "The Lost Weekend." Am looking forward to it.

Had a little busier day today. Yesterday Captain Shute asked us if any of us had G.I. drivers licenses. We told him that we didn't and he asked us then if we'd investigate the possibilities of obtaining one. We found out that we could go out to the 64th Engr. Topo. Bn. motor pool and be examined. So this morning out we went. The 64th is the unit which is billeted on the upper floors of a big suburban department store called the Isetan Dept. Store. It's about five miles out of the heart of the city. There was no transportation out there except the streetcar which is very slow so we hitchhiked a ride. Got a ride first with a couple of G.I.s in a jeep, but about a mile out their jeep stalled on them and we had to try again. Got a ride then with a couple of R.A.F. officers. We had a good time joking with them concerning the manner in which they had "winterized" their jeep. You should see all the ingenuity which is displayed around here in turning drafty jeeps into snug (?) sedans. After some of the usual maneuvering around at the Isetan we finally found the right people and they assigned the motor pool sergeant to give us our test. He took a jeep out of the motor pool and drove it a little ways and then turned it over to Ed who drove for a while. Larry took a turn then, and finally I tried my hand at the job. Actually by the time I took over we had come way into town so I had to wiggle around a bit in the congested traffic and then I drove all the way back out to the Isetan. Of course there's no trick to driving a jeep - in fact they're very easy to drive, have a lot of pick up, have good brakes, are easy to shift, and they're so small it's easy to dodge in and out of traffic. The thing which bothered me most was to grow accustomed to driving on the left - the rule one has to follow is to keep the curb always on your (the driver's) side. The left hand turn becomes the simple one to make and the right turn requires cutting through traffic. Driving over here is also made more interesting by the presence of hundreds of bicycles and carts both man drawn or pushed or horse or oxen drawn. Pedestrians also show a magnificent disregard of traffic!

Well this jeep driving story is turning into quite an essay. The point of it all is that we all qualified as drivers and tomorrow we have to go back out to the Isetan to pick up our licenses. They could have been sent in to us but we said we'd come out and pick them up - it's a chance to get away from the office for a little while and the bottom two floors of the Isetan Store are doing business and they have quite a lot of nice things to look at. Guess I didn't say that Captain Shute wanted us to have licenses because he's trying to have two jeeps assigned to our office and he has to be able to say that he has drivers for them. I'm just a little dubious about his chances of getting the vehicles - it's pretty hard to have a jeep actually assigned permanently, mostly they insist that the personnel of an office draw one when they need one from the motor pool. The three of us are hoping the Captain will have good luck though, because then we might have a chance to use the jeep ourselves now and then.

Had a bit of alarming news first thing this morning. There is a rumor and I think it's a certain rumor that we're going to be moved out of the Finance Building this weekend. I'm quite downhearted about it because I can't be optimistic regarding the new place where we're to go - I don't know anything about the new place except that again it's rumored that we'll have only canvas cots and that the rooms will be heated only with oil stoves. Have no notion why we've been the ones

selected to move. Only one Company is moving - the rest of the men are staying in the Finance. I suppose that part of the reason for the readjustment lies in the fact that a very large bunch of men is due one of these days from the "rear echelon" in Manila. Think I told you not long ago that the Manila section of GHQ was officially closed down the other day.

Will write you more of our new quarters just as soon as I have some more information myself! Darn it all anyhow - we were so comfortably situated at the Finance. Had a small room, good beds, good roomates, etc. This would have to happen!

Had a letter from you today. It was yours of 1/21-Mon. Don't know why it should have gotten here before 1/19 and 1/20 arrived but it did. Sounds to me like you're back to your old tricks of not getting to bed early. That one o'clock stuff is not even for the birds! Have a notion that your late hours tend to cut down on the length of your letters too. Those small pieces of paper and that large type of our portable makes a bad combination.

Sounds as though the Executive Council sorta cracked down on the fighting crowd from Fox's. I'm hoping you'll write something of how the campus reacted to the expulsion of the one boy. Think maybe it's a good thing to throw someone out now and then - because now and then there's someone who needs it!

Going to make me a little diagram of your rooms some time? A diagram with all the details? Tell me where all the chairs and tables are and tell me what you have on the tables, etc. etc. I want to be able to picture you there. I'm sorry that I can't describe my place to you so you can picture me too. Perhaps after we get moved I'll make a map showing where the buildings are with regard to one another and I'll make a diagram of our room!

I can imagine that Uncle Bert Nichol is enjoying having you in the house a great deal. The letter in which I assume you tell about renting his place and how much rent you pay, etc. etc. is one of the missing ones, so I feel I'm not entirely up on the story. At first wasn't he going to rent his rooms to someone else? That was when you had pretty definitely planned to move into the Sigma Chi apartment. Who took that place?

Am very interested in the news concerning higher salaries. Let me know if anything more is done about it. Do you have any notion how much some of the new instructors are getting? Do they have their degrees? Be sure to follow up with more news on the Administration Rating Scales. (It's really sorta silly of me to say some of these things because there are probably about nine letters on their way to me which answer some of these questions or which do follow up on the letters I've already received.) More and more this ten day delay grows exasperating!

As you no doubt have gathered, this part of this letter is being written after the movie. I certainly enjoyed it - the film however must have been in very poor shape, there were skips and cuts and the sound track was bad. But still I enjoyed it - I thought Ray Milland did a super job, the direction was skillfully done too. I wonder though what the Prohibitionists thought about the one crack ^{concerning} about the fact that it was prohibition which had started a lot of the men who were in the alcoholic ward off on their drinking career. I think to some extent that's a true statement, but it's certainly not wholly true.

Must not start another page. This is your ^{allotment} allotment for tonight. Oh, Marian, I love you so much and I miss you so!

Your, Dick

The Japanese call this kind of a short Kimono a "houri" (how'ri). The white spots on this one are obtained by tying the silk before it is dyed.

Do you think it will make a nice evening wrap for you? That was my idea when I bought it; for that reason the short type seemed more practical.

Like the lining? I do particularly!
Are your eyes sparkling? I'd like to see them. Love you so!

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Like the lining? I do particularly!
Are your eyes sparkling? I'd like to see them. Love you so!

Tokyo, Japan
February 1, 1946

Marian, my wife,

Here's your birthday gift and, my dearest one, it comes with all my love. I'm so sorry we must be apart at this time and I hope with all my heart that we'll not have to be apart for so very much longer. To be again with you is a dream I dream constantly.

I hope that this little plot I've hatched along with Betty felt and the other girls doesn't backfire. I wanted the gift to be a surprise - I thought that the Bridge Club would be having a cake for you so I sorta crashed their party. In the package is a very small gift for all the girls - they're all about the same so it doesn't matter how you distribute them. There are nine of them so there should be one for you too.

As for the "big" gift to you. I wrote to you about it once - does that tell you what it is? Are you anxious to open the package now? Very anxious? O.K. Then go ahead and think as you do it that I love you dearly and will forever be yours.

Dick

Happy Birthday, 1946

285th day

Tokyo, Japan
Friday, Feb. 1, 1946

My dearest Marian,

You'll suspect because I'm not using the typewriter that there has been a revolution - well it is so. Tonight the O.C.E. office is in a shambles and the moving is under way. It's not a very good night for moving because all afternoon heavy wet snow has been falling and enough has fallen so that at the moment the streets are like a sea of slush. The weatherman said that we could expect snow in February and he hit it exactly right.

Our office - that is the MID Map and Photo Branch - is scheduled to move in the morning. It will not take us long. Almost all the stuff we have is our own personal stuff or that of the officers. Colonel Northrup, Lt. Col. Berry, and Captain Dolk got in from Guam with their B17 this afternoon. I guess that they had quite a time making a successful landing - the weather was pretty "thick". In fact they never did find the field at which they wanted to land - they sat down at another one.

Earlier this evening I was over to the new building. It's a very nice place but the big disadvantage is that there is no heat other than that provided by oil stoves. I'm sure I've told you before that the Japanese took the steam pipes and radiators out of almost every building in Tokyo for use as scrap metal during the war. I suppose they'll start to install the heating equipment in the building again, but it will take a long time! We'll get along all right with the stoves I'm sure, but it'll not be cozy.

Have heard no more news concerning the time we're to move out of the Finance Building. A lot of the fellows are moving this Sunday but O.C.E. personnel were not on that list. It is said that Monday will be our day. Rumor has it that the building to which we're being moved is not so good - has only recently been taken over and that usually means no heat, no hot showers, no American type toilets. Will just have to wait and see but it's sort of a discouraging prospect.

By golly tomorrow's Dad Heir's birthday isn't it. I should have remembered and dropped him and Mother a line. I'm sorry I don't get around to writing to them. Will do it one of these days.

There was no mail today probably shouldn't expect any now for the next couple of days because everything will be in such a mess. After we get moved we'll probably receive our mail directly rather than through the O.C.E. There'll probably be a slight change in our address.

Have no plans for the weekend. There's a U.S.O. camp show playing tomorrow night. May try to get into it. Will probably mean a long wait in line. But then that's taken for granted!

Getting on toward two months now since I kissed you goodbye there at the station in Newark - seems like an age ago. How many more months do you suppose it will be? Oh, Darling, I wish it were only two minutes more and that would be 1 minute 59 seconds too long. Love you, Sweetheart, with all my heart. Goodnight now. Will try to keep the letter writing going over this hectic weekend.

Forever yours,
Dick

286th day

Saturday, February 2, 1946

My dearest Marian,

This office moving has certainly snagged up my letter writing schedule. Actually this is being written Sunday afternoon. But I'll tell yesterday's story - that is Saturday's story.

Well, we're all installed in an office of our own - have parted company with the O.C.E. That means there's a change in our address. Use the new address as soon as you receive this, but you don't need to worry about the mail which you've already sent because it'll come through to the O.C.E. and we'll pick it up from them. The O.C.E. office is just one floor down from our place. The first thing which happened this morning was that Colonel Northrup called the three of us in and told us again that he was very willing for us to be transferred to Natural Resources whenever he could manage to obtain some men to take our place. He really takes a perfect attitude regarding the situation - that is a perfect attitude as far as we're concerned. He told us that one reason that we ought to be in Natural Resources is that sometime around the first of July (the beginning of the fiscal year) the Army will be wanting to rid itself of some of its financial burden - to do this the Army will probably be willing to discharge some of its personnel providing they agree to go to work for some other government agency. The Colonel said, "Hell, you men would be working for peanuts as enlisted personnel; if you could be discharged and go to work as civilians you could really make yourselves some money, and just between us I think that's about what will happen in Natural Resources about July." The Colonel told us he'd see Tom Hendricks and Lt. Col. Schenck again and whet their appetite for us. I hardly think that'll be necessary, however, because as I've said before Tom Hendricks is really anxious to have us if he can possibly manage it.

Of course, you're wondering the same thing I'm wondering. Suppose that the Army would agree to discharge us about July first if we would go to work for the Geological Survey - how long would we have to agree to stay with the Survey? I suspect that is would be for a period no shorter than six months! In other words, that plan would not help me to get back to teaching by next September no matter how one looks at it.

It took us only a short time to move our junk from the Forestry Building over to the new location at the Mitsubishi-Shoji Bldg. The two colonels, the two captains, and the three of us were all present and believe it or not everyone pitched in. We had quite a lot of fun moving desks around and arranging the other furniture. There was a lot of furniture around so we really had our choice. And we obtained a superabundance for ourselves - everyone has a desk, and we have cabinets and bookcases and tables. We had a couple of Japanese men around to dust off the furniture and clean up the floor and clean out the drawers of the desks, etc. By noon we had our corner pretty well set up. The big difficulty is going to be the matter of heat. We have only one little oil heater and it doesn't work very well and it's pretty ineffective at heating such a large space. Unfortunately our windows face north and west so the sunshine does not benefit us as much as it might.

Larry and I went to lunch together - we have to walk about five blocks to eat - while Ed stayed at the office. I guess one of us will have to stay every day because of answering the telephone etc. The one who stays will have to go to eat early so he can be back before the other two leave. We'll take turns.

We did little all afternoon. I helped Captain Dolk write up a draft of a letter he's sending to Ohio State to try to get credit for his Army training in

order to qualify for his A.B. degree. He's going to apply for a regular Army commission around the first of June and he'd like to have his degree by then.

There's a big safe in our new office; the door of it was open - was locked open. We couldn't find anyone who knew the combination so Ed took the combination apart and darned if he didn't succeed in figuring out the answer to it. The Colonel was really surprised when he returned to find that we had the safe locked but was more surprised when he found out that we could open it. Ed is really pretty clever with things mechanical. Of course, he never could have gotten in if the safe had been locked and closed!

There was some typing that needed doing, but we have no machine of our own and we were not able to borrow one from O.C. E. so we put it off with the Captains permission. It is going to be really cold for typing anyway - we had a dickens of a time keeping warm all afternoon. Had to practically sit on top of the stove and it was giving off so little heat that one would not have been very much harmed had he sat on it!

And tonight we had fun. Ed and Larry and George and I went to a performance of the "Copacabana Revue" one of the U.S.O. camp shows. It was playing at a place called Hibiya Hall which is a very large theatre - sort of a municipal theatre before the war. The theatre has just been refurbished by the Army and last night's performance was the first since the job was completed. The revue was good - there were some excellent performers - jugglers, dancers, singers. And of course the main attraction was the pretty girls who were dressed in very lovely costumes. The girls certainly looked a lot different on the stage than they did when we saw them at Hamilton Field although I'll admit that we didn't see the troupe of this particular show. "Panama Hattie" is scheduled to come here in about three weeks; we did see that troupe. Wonder how they'll look?

Well I didn't get very far with my letter writing before I was again interrupted. It's now almost nine o'clock Sunday night. I'm at the office with Bruce Hughes and George Burridge. Before I, or we, go over to the Finance Building I'll try to tap out the story of this day (Sunday)

So turn to the next page ---

287th day

Sunday, February 3, 1946

Hi Darling,

Well first of all I awoke this morning at the usual time - 6:15 but immediately had the happy thought that I didn't have to get up right away. I did wake up Larry and Ed though because they were going out on another excursion. They wanted me to go but somehow I just didn't feel like it. Although we did little all last week, it seems to me all we did was rush around (that sounds like a screwy statement but it's true) and I wanted to have some time to just putter around leisurely. I slept until 7:30 and then got up and went over to breakfast without shaving. Sat for quite a while reading the paper (Stars and Stripes) and then walked back to the Finance. (Incidentally all the moving which was scheduled to take place this weekend was cancelled for some unknown reason)

I fussed around and tore my bed completely to pieces, shook out the blankets and then re-made it. Straightened up my foot locker and stored some clothes away in my duffel bag. Then I shaved. After that I had some socks to wash out. Guess I told you that I don't send them to the laundry because they shrink them so darn badly. By the time I had my shirt back on again, to my surprise, it was time to go to lunch. I went and got George Burridge out of bed and we rode over with a couple of other fellows in the jeep which they had at their disposal. After lunch we came here to the office and I started to write the Saturday letter which is inclosed. There were several people around this office though (it was nice and warm because the stove was working well and also (and more important) the sun was shining in the windows,) and there was a lot of conversation and we got into a big discussion about how much we hated the Army etc. etc. and all in all I didn't make much progress with the letter writing.

Finally one of the officers, a Captain by the name of Harris, asked us if any of us wanted to go souvenir hunting with him. We thought he meant did we want to go out and look around in the few shops which are open on Sunday so we said, "no, thanks." Then he explained that he didn't mean that but instead meant to ask if any of us wanted to go with him to look around in a warehouse where a lot of Japanese military equipment had been stored. Equipment which had now been inspected by our forces and which had been more or less released for distribution to whoever got there first. That was a different story indeed - you can imagine how I reacted to an opportunity to visit what amounted to a super deluxe junkshop or junkyard - so George and Bruce and I climbed into our jackets immediately.

We went by jeep about five miles out into the suburbs to this great series of warehouses. The place used to be an arsenal for the Japanese Army and is now the headquarters of an Engineering Technical Intelligence outfit of the U.S. Army. The M.P. at the gate did not question our right to go inside the grounds and we soon found the open warehouse. And, Marian, you would not have been able to believe your eyes if you had seen it. There were two floors. On the ground floor they had stored a lot of machinists supplies such as files (there were thousands of files all in cardboard boxes of a couple of dozen each, there were cartons of files, wooden boxes of files, files lying loose on the floor, files of every possible description) and grinding wheels, and sharpening stones. In another section of the warehouse there were chemists supplies, in another section there were great quantities of sledge hammers. All of this stuff was lying around in great confusion. The boxes had been torn open and the stuff was strewed all over the floor. We went upstairs in the building and the situation was even worse. Upstairs there were great supplies of paper in packages of all sizes - there was tons of paper, wax paper, quadruled paper, wrapping paper,

rice paper, drawing paper. There were cartons of bottles of ink, Japanese writing brushes by the thousands, pen points, etc. etc. And then, to my amazement, there was a stock of leather belting. Leather belting ranging in size from the kind which is on a sewing machine (there were several great rolls containing hundreds of feet of that kind) to the heaviest and widest leather belting I've ever seen. There was one roll of stuff which was about 1/2 inch thick and about twelve inches wide (there was enough leather in that one roll I'll bet to put soles on five thousand pairs of shoes). And like all the rest this belting was just strewn around - everything was in the worst possible mess. At the back end of the upstairs, we came to the place where parts for electrical equipment such as radios and telephones was stored. There were hundreds of sets of earphones, dozens of field telephones, magneto generators, transformers, telephone head-sets, portable switch boards, telephone lineman's repair kits, vacuum tubes, cathode-ray tubes (used in radar equipment), etc. etc. Oh yes, there was also a great quantity of rope of various sizes stored right in amongst the electrical equipment for some reason.

Well, I don't know how well I've succeeded in painting a picture for you of the warehouse, but it's simply impossible to accurately describe it. A person is simply overwhelmed, apalled by the waste of all that material. I have no notion what they intend doing with it. Suppose nine-tenths of it will just disappear just as a lot of it did today - we all came back loaded down with junk. Actually a lot of the material would be useful - is useful - if only it were rescued in time, but what a job it would be to rescue it now. War and waste certainly go hand in hand! It's all the worse to think of all that waste in the face of all the poverty one sees every where he goes in this country.

We got back from our excursion just in time to go to dinner. After dinner we went at once to the movie, "And Then There Were None". I enjoyed it a lot. After the movie back here to the office with George and Bruce. They're writing letters right now too, but it's getting late. Almost my bed time now and we've got to walk the three quarters of a mile or so over to the Finance Building yet.

Mail has been snagged up because of the moving. I imagine the O.C.E. mail clerk has some for us which we'll get in the morning - hope so anyway. I feel I need a letter from you to get me back on the beam again. When my writing to you is interrupted as it has been these past few days and when I do not hear from you I begin to feel a little out of touch.

And now I'll say goodnight, my dearest Marian. If only you could be close to me tonight how marvelous that would be. Darling one, I love you with all my heart - never forget that for an instant even.

"Night,

Forever yours,

Pvt. Richard H. Mahard, 35985568
MID Map and Photo Section, GHQ, AFPAC
Tokyo, Japan , GHQ,
APO 500, San Francisco, California

Dick

288th day

Monday Afternoon
February 4, 1946

My dearest Marian Janet,

Not a very busy afternoon at the office. Ed is using the typewriter which we borrowed from O.C.E. to type a letter for Captain Dolk so I'll start your letter with pen and good old purple ink.

A good day today - six letters! three from you not including the copy of the Denisonian and a letter from Mother & Dad Hein, one from Beulah, and one from Mother and Dad Mahard. Oh, golly, it was so good to have them. I thought to myself that I ought to save some of the letters to read later but the temptation was too much and I devoured them all at once. I have your letters now complete through Jan 21 then Jan 22 + 23 are missing and today I got your Jan 24th one. It's funny how it works! Of course the APO 4260 mail is still missing. On last Friday we inquired about it here at APO 500 and they advised us to send a card down to the main mail depot at Yokohama which we did - perhaps that will get some results!

In your Jan 24 letter you say you were worried about not receiving my letters. By now you probably know the probable explanation. Probably a bunch of my letters right in a row missed the plane and went by boat. As you say, you must not worry about the irregularities!

I enjoyed your letter telling about your Sunday. The Sunday Dr. Gee's son preached, the Sunday the Dustmans and the Woodburn's were both in church, the Sunday you listened to the nice radio programs. Yes, Darling, I know what you mean when you say that the songs seem to have a special significance for us. I've thought that time and time again - thought that the other night at the "Copacabana Revue" when they played "And there You Are".

Glad to hear about the Carlton's baby girl. I read in the Stars and Stripes the other day of a cold wave which swept the Nation and Canton, N.Y. (Where the Carlton's are) was reported as the coldest place -22 below I think the temperature was. Kay will have to stay inside with the baby with temperatures like those!

Did Ginny say in her letter what they had done with the film which Prof. W. sent?

Hi dearest One,

As you were! - we're moving this morning at ten o'clock. Will write about it tonite.

So long,

Dick

Tues. Morning

288 th day (Con't)

Monday, Feb. 4, 1946
9:00 Finance Building

Hi, my Dearest,

Didn't finish the letter I started at the office this afternoon and then tonight after dinner I got to thinking how cold it was at the office so I decided not to go back. Came right on over here instead and have had a nice evening. Ed, Larry, and I all took a shower while there was still some warm water - I say warm, well just barely warm - it was right at the point where one could get all soaped up with some degree of comfort but then had to really take a deep breath before getting under to rinse off! The worse part of all though is wiping in a room with a window entirely gone and the temperature outside stands at freezing!

After the shower I read a little while from an Armed Forces edition of "The Eight Million" a collection of stories about U.S.C. by Meyer Berger. It's a nice book to pick up and put down. I started to read "The Razor's Edge" by Somerset Maugham but didn't get far in it; may tackle it again sometime!

A little while ago over the radio was coming the program "Spotlight Bands". Jan Garber was featured tonight. I remembered the time Lewie Sharland and Ruth Rawson and you and I went to Detroit to hear him - that must have been 12 years ago. Just think of it. Oh, how we have so many nice memories - don't you agree?

A little more news tonight on our moving away from here. Tomorrow morning all of the fellows in the A.G. (Adjutant Generals) office are scheduled to move. No word concerning us; I'm somewhat optimistic now and thinking we may stay put. The A.G. group is a large one and there are a lot of A.G. men coming up from Manila so they may be filling the new building entirely with that bunch and they may let us alone. Three of the eight of us in our room are in the A.G. section. Suppose we'll have some new room mates!

A snack bar has recently been opened here at the finance - they serve cokes, hamburgers and hot dogs. Haven't had a "bugger" yet but they certainly smell like "home". We've not been here long but already I can appreciate how the fellows really feel when they get back to "the states" again - back to icecream sodas and maltese milks and hamburgers. Boy the U.S.A. is a grand place!

Time for bed - goodnite Dolly - Love you so
forever your

Dick

288 th day (Con't)

Monday, Feb. 4, 1946
9:00 Finance Building

Hi, my Dearest,

Didn't finish ~~the letter~~ I started at the office this afternoon and then tonight after dinner I got to thinking how cold it was at the office so I decided not to go back. Came right on over here instead and have had a nice evening. Ed, Larry, and I all took a shower while there was still some warm water - I say warm, well just barely warm - it was right at the point where one could get all soaped up with some degree of comfort but then had to really take a deep breath before getting under to rinse off! The worse part of all though is wiping in a room with a window entirely gone and the temperature outside stands at freezing!

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Time for bed - goodnite Dolly - Love you so
^{forever} your

Dick

289 th day

Tuesday, Feb 5, 1946

Dearest Darling,

Did not think that I would be writing to you from the Finance Building tonite. As I told you in a note hastily added to the letter I mailed this morning we were supposed to move today. At first they told us we were going to move at 10 o'clock just as we were getting ready to come over from the office about nine we got word that the moving had been postponed until one o'clock. We ate lunch early and came over but when we arrived here we discovered that the whole thing had been called off again! Some fellows had jumped the gun and had moved early and they made them move back again. Doesn't it all sound like fun? Don't know what the trouble is for certain but rumor has it that they've been unable to get the new building in fit shape to move into. It is said that whoever is in charge of getting the new place ready was given just five days to do it and that's a ridiculously short time of course.

So we'll be moving later - the word is now that it'll be around the 15th. Incidentally the new barracks building is just across a narrow street from our new office building so that much will be nice.

Little going on at the office today. Spent most of our time trying to keep warm. This morning we went with Capt Shute by jeep to the Supply Warehouse to try to get some typewriters. They just about laughed in our face - trying to get a typewriter here is about like trying to get a discharge. They promised that they'd put us on their list! Same old stuff! Don't know what we'll do for a machine - O.C.E. let us have one of their's which is just about impossible - won't space properly. But then don't know why we should worry, but it pretty hard to be a member of this d— army. What a stupid organization it is!

Went to the movie tonite Richard Dix "Voice of the Whistler" a pretty stinky one. No good ones coming up either!

No mail today - too much yesterday - but can with reason hope for some tomorrow!

Tomorrow is the day our officers have to appear before the powers that be to explain themselves. Think it's apt to be quite a battle. But the colonels are pretty shrewd apples. They mentioned again today that their office ought to be in

Hawaii. Wonder if anything will come of it?

Thought I'd get a chance to write more on this this morning but for a change we've been busy. I want to mail it now when I go to lunch. I'm going early today and will be C.Q. during the noon hour.

So long Dolly, love you dearly, don't forget.

Yours

Dick

290th day

Wednesday, Feb. 6, 1946

Hello Dearest One,

Am at the Office tonight, but Ed is using the typewriter so I'll take trusty pen in hand.

Thought sure that there would be a letter to answer tonight but alas 'tis not so. Ed was the champion today three he got, Larry one. It's very funny, I don't think there has been a single day when all three of us have received a letter. Larry's letter had been delayed because Rachel had not put San Francisco on it. It had Tokyo, Japan on it but some stupe held it back and had put a little inquiry on it, "which way?" Apparently the APO 500 S.F. is much more important than Tokyo, Japan in fact the latter is not needed and is not I guess strictly legal although all APO numbers have long since been "declassified". Mark wrote to Ed that she had tried to send a package with "Tokyo, Japan" on it and it was refused.

I was reasonably busy all day today with typing for the Captains and Colonel Berry. Ed took over late this afternoon while I went for the mail and to get a haircut. Larry has a very difficult time keeping busy at all although he has turned into a "file clerk" and he keeps the fire burning as best he can!

Our two colonels have turned out to be really swell gents! They are all the time joking and razzing each other and the Captains and us and best of all they're the kind of men with whom one feels very comfortable - we even razz them back now and then. They're very good to us. Brought us each a carton of cigarettes from Guam and today they told us that they have some film we can have. Black and white 35 mm. is all they have; said they'd try to lay their hands on some 35 mm. color.

We were down to talk to Tom Hendricks yesterday and were surprised to learn that he's in the hospital with kidney stones. Guess he may have to have an operations - sorta appropriate for a geologist to suffer from such an ailment, eh? We wanted to talk to him about our transferring to Natural Resources. As long as we couldn't see him Ed went down today to talk to Col. Schenck. The Col. says that without a doubt by July 1, 1946 Natural Resources will be 100% civilian but he says that if they still wanted to keep us they could