

JEFFERSON BARRACKS
MISSOURI

March 16, 1943
Pvt. Thomas S. Handforth
39260192
Hq. and Hq. Sg. A.A.F.B.T.C. #1

Dear Nannie -

They say cauliflower is 70¢ a head in California so what must it be in Wilmington? If you will go in for fancy vegetable in your freezer you'll have to put the whole thing in a robber proof vault. Wish I could send you some of our greens to pack away - there's not unlimited variety but more than plenty even on our now continuous "field rations".

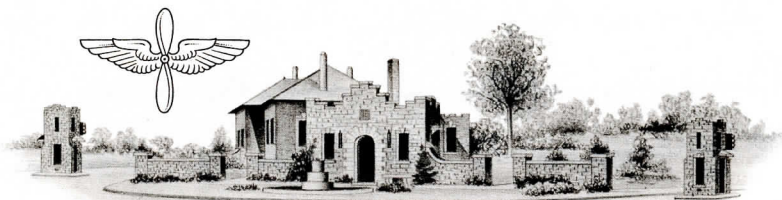
Just a week ago I moved (with many others) into Hq & Hq. and although we are about 150 men in one big room which was formerly a warehouse, it is comparative luxury after the huts and makes my daily routine decidedly easier. In fact I felt quite equal to three late nights in town last week, the first since I've been in uniform.

First night to meet Gavin Arthur, who had a few hours to spare between buses. He had gotten his C.D.D at O'Reilly Gen Hospital in Springfield, Mo. and was on his way to enlist in the Red Cross in New York.

On Thursday night Marian Anderson sang at the Opera House and I sat on the stage behind

two rows of sleek looking negro sailors. In Kansas City recently when Roberson sang, the whites walked out when they found niggers in the orchestra but here they painfully endured the mixture. On Saturday night I heard the final (alas!) Symphony Concert of the season. It was a glorious concert and I can believe the claim that the orchestra is equal to any in the country.

The possibility of my sudden shipping overseas has faded out. While the doctors were hesitating about my physical fitness for immediate departure, they found a substitute who, I am sure is much better qualified than I, tho that was never a point in question. I heard (indirectly) that he was a Chinese graduate of Columbia who speaks three dialects as well as Mandarin. To be honest, I was relieved that I was not going in that capacity, and so, with lost hope of the wheels of the army machine ever getting around to turn in my favor I put in my application for discharge, with the first offer of employment that I received: a letter from Mrs Seeman to teach in the Nut School at El Monte. The next day came an offer of a contract from Doubleday to do a good neighbor book in Central America, which I did not present, since the discharge office informed that old men know only how to do one thing and I didn't want to confuse them. So far no responses have come in from Lockheed, Vega, Douglas, or Geodetic, but in a way it's better to get out on the Seeman "plan"



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as I won't be 'frozen' - like your vegetables! It has been suggested that I reenlist in O.T.C for my choice of service. But — I'm convinced that the army less than tolerates us, they don't want us, even if some of us foolishly at moments have ambitions.

So it may be in four weeks or twice that time and I'll be a civilian again.

Later - March 17.

Yours of today has just come in. It is a relief to find that you can write letters the day after an operation. You certainly have what it takes! even with cysts. And what won't you have without them! Now if they could only operate on the hay fever!

It's swell of you and Stan to be job hunting for me, whether as F.B.I. detective or as farm hand to Milo Nice. I suspect I'd soon be fired on both of them. Another urgent letter has come from Mrs Seeman so maybe that's what it will be as a starter.

Spring has often come at J.B. (we have more climate here than anywhere in the world) but it always ends up with a snow blizzard and more zero temp. — and last night, Summer thunder and cloud bursts.

Mrs Seymour has written that she is back in Santa Barbara after a month or so in Arizona. She still manages to get around but she doesn't say that she is still solo driving.

All health to you!

I do.