

JEFFERSON BARRACKS
MISSOURI

Feb. 11, 1943

Pvt. Thomas S Handforth
39260142
Headquarters 31st T.S.S.

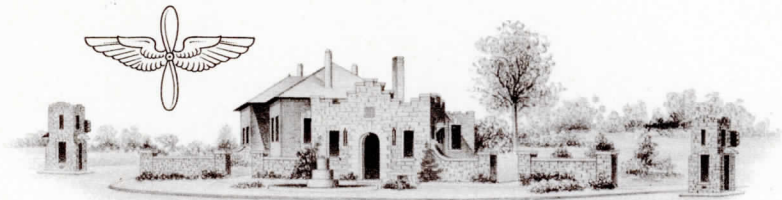
Dear Nannie -

You have been neglected by me. So has everyone else to whom I owe letters. I can't explain why I haven't found the time since there have been no extra activities. Keeping house in a hut does occupy one more than in barracks - running after coal in one direction and gleaning here and there for kindling wood in another direction - and to the wash room in another direction only to find it jammed like a subway at rush hour and having to come back at another time. Or finding on one's arrival that one is missing some article of the costume of the day and having to go back after it before one can even take a drink of water. Costumes must be complete with knitted caps under helmet, heavy overcoat and tie etc etc etc. even tho there are only a few inadequate nails (already occupied) for hanging things if you mean serious business about washing. Then the hot water supply is always exhausted at any convenient hour. So to get a hot shower one gets up at 5 AM instead of 5.30, or one naps in the early evening and showers after others have retired and the water has had time to warm up. Every where everything is more crowded than before. Last week 10,000 fresh young 18-20 year olds came in from high school and Jr colleges as potential pilots - They are by far the best pickings I've seen. Far superior to our crowd - clean cut, lively, bright and eager. I was Corporal of the Guard one night when 600 of them came in next door

to us. There were not enough blankets, mattresses or beds to go round and the temperature was near zero. It was reported to me that some were caught stealing bedding from our huts. I sympathized completely but I had to warn all my ten guards, and put extra ones. Then an arrest was reported. I hadn't the faintest idea what to do about it but went out to investigate. It was a poor frightened little boy who had relieved himself between huts, I turned him over to his Flight HQ. and made out a beautiful formal report of the affair to the Squadron Captain. I hope he didn't go to the guard house.

Mary Lawton was here for about ten days - She is on a five-week tour of inspection across the whole country - of Red Cross Activities in the post hospitals - for "Military Welfare Service". She and Peg and Bill came out two Sundays ago and I saw her at Peg's last Sunday. Did have a date with her on the Post, mid week, but failed to contact. She sure is a stunning number in uniform - a real knock out, and I suspect very capable. She certainly is well informed on her field in Washington. Still I might have thanked you sooner for the Kakuana Klub cheese which ^{was} even more delicious than the first and for the crackers and black figs. Some one else provided the beer and it was a tasty bed time meal. And I might have thanked you for the Arica and Red Cross News. ~~wasn't it~~. Arica comes to me now as a member of the East & West Association. By the way did Jim Plumer ever acknowledge the receipt of the Sadhu negatives? You sent the right ones, and I hope registered them. I've not heard from him.

Your letter from Hotel Victoria N. Y. started reveries of former ages. Yes, I would like to compare New York blackouts



JEFFERSON BARRACKS

MISSOURI

with those of Tokio, Cuzco, Santa Barbara and S. C.
As I told you once the dim outs in S.B. were startlingly
beautiful, but elsewhere they were too efficient.

My progress towards M. I. has made little progress. More
letters have been written to more important people and I sit
and wait for interviews. If it becomes certain that nothing
is going to happen, I shall start procedures toward
old-age discharge. But I'll have to find an essential job.
Our Air Section has been transferred from Camouflage
to Special Services by order from Washington, for which
we are all pleased as it gives us more scope and
a captain who is genuinely interested in our activities
in exchange for our prima donna of Camouflage.

Many of the T. S. S. Flights waiting to be shipped
to their schools, have now been turned into Air Born
Infantry, or Ye-hutis Squadrons and are going overseas
at once. Even permanent party men cannot remain on
the Post for more than a year.

Good night and sweet dreams to you both

Tom

The Auld Life did not arrive.