



Dec 26, 1942

JEFFERSON BARRACKS
MISSOURI

Post Thomas S. Hanford
Headquarters 31st T.S.S.

Dear Annie -

I could visualize you all sitting around in your newly decorated living room, with your special Christmas decorations and the tree and gifts and wrappings spread all over the floor, and Mary Reed's babies making more of a mess of it and Stan trying to maintain some dignity between his elders and his youngsters — at 8 o'clock you start listening for the phone then as it gets later you take turns, after 4 you begin to wonder - at five you are not listening so intently - at 6 you believe there may be restrictions at 7 you think I've forgotten but you don't give up hope until the party breaks up.

The facts in the case are that we sat down to a good Christmas dinner at 2 - Peg, Bert, Bill, Bob, a horticulturalist - professor from Palo Alto ^(Stanford) who is a barrack buddy of mine and before 3 I rose hastily from the table to get you on time, - I had never considered that the operator would inform me that there would be a six hour delay before the call could be put thru!. We hadn't been asked to stay that long at the party - also we had to be back on the Post before then - so there was nothing to do but abandon the call. The

Delay excuse may have been just a trick on the part of the phone company ^{to reduce calls} because even on Christmas eve calls were going thru much more rapidly.

Anyway I was wishing you all the good wishes that I didn't send over the phone and that a jolly time was had by all. Our day was quiet - a few of the Steeles' acquaintances dropped in during the afternoon and we just sat comfortably and chewed the rag with assistance of a few drinks, which was a most acceptable diversion from routine life.

More packages of food and cards pile in - on Thurs they said there were 40 freight car loads of mail held up in St. Louis for J. B. alone. Today I got a card ~~from~~ with most familiar greetings from a lady who I do not know - and a large aromatic Rogue Port cheese, and stale fudge and cookies. Some of the boys who went in to the U.S.O came back loaded with gifts, but we still haven't our quota of radios, irons or sweaters!

I was especially intrigued by the personal Xmas tree in your big shipment which I did not examine until the proper time. Is it your own invention? If so you should copyright it as it's a very clever contraption.

The enclosed Hub has a photo of some of my Christmas art. My fourth and last set like this was by far the nicest -; in miniature 2 1/2 feet high - for the Colonel's house. He was

Hydroponics of Capt Sunday's St Louis
Hole Dinosaur Tot
It was in the



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well pleased, and has asked me to do a portrait of his son, a Major who has just returned from Guadalcanal to be married,

Your weather in Delaware ~~does~~ seem peculiar - but ours on the Mississippi is even more so. Today our four weeks of snow completely disappeared - there has been an almost tropical humidity, followed by a heavy rain like that of the tropics too. One ^{never} knows what to expect in weather and it is ^{often} impossible to be dressed for the occasion. Today our bunks have been double decked, with sheet screens between in an attempt to prevent the spread of colds. Hospital wards are being built in all directions, yet the library has to accommodate a goodly number of invalids. My cold disappeared two weeks ago & I've been fine since, tho I am writing this on my back in my bunk which give me excuse for the stichon scratches.

Good night

Tom