

Sunday, Nov. 29, 42



JEFFERSON BARRACKS
MISSOURI

Pvt Thos. S. Handforth
39260192

Flight B, 312nd T. S. S

Dear Nannie -

The slippers are the envy of every one in the barracks and they are a great comfort to me - exactly the right thing - But my sweater is even more envied - as yet there are very few among the new buck privates. They tell me the length is just right for me - or for them - for that matter.

There were a good many homeside packages of cakes and candies, but none of those that I sampled, had kept as fresh as your box of juicy cookies. There was plenty and more of edibles on Thanksgiving Day. Our own Mess Hall dinner was excellent supreme - all that could be desired in the way of food - but as usual we had to wait in line to get it - this time over an hour in in cold wind and then gulp it: to the numbers! Eat! Morning was spent marching about from Clothing Issue - to Supplies - and waiting in line to see the foot doctor who has now prescribed 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ A shoes instead of 8 B shoes for me.

Most of the afternoon was consumed in a Grand Parade, and devouring more food stuffs. So much for Thanksgiving.

The portrait photos which you sent on were shown at the "Hub" office, then to the M. I. Capt. who took them to Colonel Kimberly who is in

March of this Post.

On Wed. 10.30 A.M. I reported to the Colonel at the Administration Building which is one of the red bricks of the U.S. Grant period. In the large entrance hall I was stopped by a Captain who ordered me to fix my tie. I fumbled with it, and with my collar, unsuccessfully, until the Capt. in despair, tied it correctly for me. As I mounted the grand staircase he growled out "And see her, Pvt. button that top overcoat button!"

The Colonel was genial & informal. We found that we both knew a girl named Tilly back in China. We left his office together and as we descended the grand staircase, we were chatting like old pals. Suddenly I was struck with horror. That Capt. down below, was glowering at my, somehow, again unbuttoned overcoat. I closed my eyes in agony and marched the length of the Hall, which seemed unusually long and hot, and out the door, without daring to take another breath.

Nevertheless, the next day, I was again ordered to report to the Colonel, this time at his residence. We drank whiskey sodas while he showed me his carved ivories from China & Japan, his shells from the Philippines, his Corot, his Diaz his Watteau his numerous other art treasures — a portrait of himself by a visiting Lt. Later he had had the



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him lifted on the portrait by a St. Louis artist for \$35.00.

As a personal favor he offered to have me transferred to the Artists Unit of the Camouflage. I did not accept on the spot, because I did not relish the idea of becoming permanent party at J.B. There are only 3 or 4 men now in this unit and as they are the Colonel's special pets, they more or less make their own jobs as it pleases them.

On Friday, at last getting the idea that the only alternative would be Weather Observing I phoned the Colonel's secretary who said orders for my transfer had already gone through. I will probably get them during this week. This does not prevent me from getting into M.D. later, if I am ordered to Washington - nor does it mean that I am otherwise here for the duration, but it seems that any move would be a result of my accomplishments here.

The biggest kick from my visits to the Colonel I got from the reactions of my barracks buddies. Half of them thought I was a damned liar, the others were quite bewildered and now treat me with

much more deference.

You did not enclose the \$35⁰⁰ check from
Jr. Red Cross. If you can cash it without
my signature O.K., but I don't see how that
can be done.

Adieu for the moment.

Yr

Tom