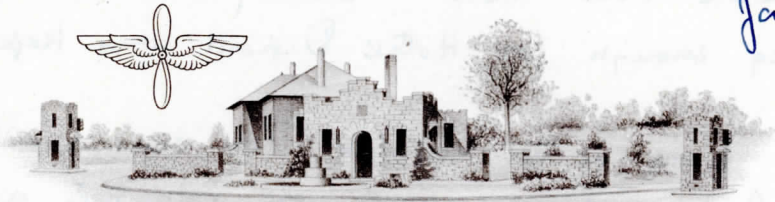


Jan 8, '43



JEFFERSON BARRACKS
MISSOURI

Dear Nannie -

Brian's letter was very interesting - thanks a lot for sending it on. From his description of Tacoma I'm sure I wouldn't recognize it. - And the cards from the Lawsons - and James tho the latter's address is not on the card. Is it the same as before?

The sad story of your Christmas Stomachs sounds like a sabotage plot but badly timed. They should have got you all at once if they really wanted to put your fun out of joint. As it was you seem to have had a good time out of it at least some excitement and lots of mess which is a necessary ingredient to any Christmas.

I almost envy your freezing to death at the Fire Hall, and wish we could send you some of our artificial heat. My most vivid impressions of my first days of J.B. were the over heating of barracks and halls and the lack of ventilation in the "theatres"; and at mess halls always eating jammed together in heavy overcoats with usually a blast of hot air on the back of the neck. And I have continued to be astonished at the little device for fresh air while indoors among our American mass. I used to think that it was only the French who believed that night air was unhealthy and that a draft meant sudden death. We are just about as bad in that, but added to it we must have hot house temperatures. In our Art Section one of the 'boys' always puts on his overcoat if the thermometer drops below 80°. In the Paint

Shop where I did the Santas. The temperature was never anywhere near that low usually nearer 90°. The enormous furnace big enough for Hotel Dupont was kept at full blast.

Now I am in the hospital. The men swelter all night on their beds without sheets or blankets and like it. Maybe that's why I'm in, since after California I'm less than ever accustomed to it. I came in on the 29th with German measles. After a week in isolation they decided it wasn't measles, but they don't know what I'm in with the Itchers but I don't itch, in fact I feel quite well. At first my eyes were very tired and I was conscious of that night kidney — and a measly looking rash, which as I say, may be a heat rash. At least I've done some reading, and could have for once caught up on my correspondence if Laziness did not beget Laziness.

More bundles of food arrived until after the New Year. I was touched that Mrs. Seeman, (Seeman School El Monte) should have sent me anything at all, but especially by her selection: 2 tins of li chee nuts, 3 boxes dried ginger, 1 tin Chinese jasmine tea, and bags of sliced & candied Chinese coconut. My Avila Tenants — the week enders sent cookies and chewing gum. As I scarcely knew them it seemed a gesture that they were pleased with their bargain. Your plum cake had not yet been eaten, and only now I had it fetched by a 'runner', from my things which were quickly packed and stored after my hasty departure to the hospital in an ambulance. The ambulance was one used for gold brickers, not much in the way of springs and it hit only the high points in the road and the lowest — nothing between. All this does not imply that I feel any less healthy than when



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my photos were taken. In fact after this gold breeding nest cure I probably look more like the photos than I did then. I haven't gained weight at all. It's just my military bearing - and the overcoat!

I've heard twice from M.I. in Washington this week. First that in spite of the great desire of all concerned to have me there, it could not be arranged because only limited service men can now ~~now~~ ~~given~~ be given army jobs in Washington. That just burnt me up because over-40 men are only given limited service jobs anywhere now - to all practical purposes. So this 'illness' seems just a stroke of luck; Maybe I can be just a beetle sick but not too sick to have the transfer arranged. The second letter from the same officer ^{said} that he had recommended me to "Special ^{Services} ~~Duties~~" who are looking for artists to go overseas ~~to~~ to paint war scenes; so shall I be very healthy or what?

Now I am going to ask you to do another job for me. Could you please find the small envelope of negatives mark Sadhus and send them, registered, to Prof. J. Marshall ^{PLUMER} Plumer, 1505 Golden Ave, Ann Arbor Mich. ? And lets hope he doesn't lose them as Schuster did the Mongolian negative!

I'm glad you like the 'Wings' well enough to wear them. There should be something inside the Cochet but what? My curls are shown. Perhaps a tooth? It would be the easiest thing in the world to persuade an army dentist to pull them all out.

Now I must off to our elegant chow. We here have plates again to eat off of, and even paper napkins. I've always joked about our breakfast creamed hash on toast. (in army vernacular it is called something very obscene). For pretense of ^{legitimacy} luxury I called it mushrooms. Well, by gosh we did have mushrooms on toast this morning, which proves the power of mind over matter!

Your

Thomas

P.S. Enclosed are two cancelled checks which I would like you to put in very safe keeping for me as Cecil & Madge Ditmas remain mysteriously silent about sending me the Raven's Cliff deed.

Tom