

Nov. 14, 1942

Post T.H. 39260192
Flight B, 31st T.S.S
Jefferson Barracks, Mo
U.S. Army

Dear Nannie.

The sweaters arrived in perfect condition. It's a beauty. I can't figure how you made it so quickly. It seems to be about a waist band too long now, but like ladies quiddles and japs, sweaters do have a way of creeping up on you and it takes a good yank to put them in their place. I'll let you know if it does not shrink into correct size.

It is a consolation to know that other soldiers, besides we present, consider J.B. a lousy place. The greeting one receives on arriving here: "You'll be sorry. You won't like it is not a joke, as we all find out by experience. However, I am becoming a little smarter of late about getting out of details. Instead of trying to do three things at once I find that I can get by half the time doing nothing at all by putting on the act of great industriousness at the correct moment. It doesn't trouble my conscience at all, because most of our details are perfectly insane anyway. I am beginning to understand the aimless idling of the old W.P.A. workers. I am still pleading to be allowed to learn

P.S. This PM. I wrote the sweaters + found it fits well under my flight jacket without chafing and was just the thing this pretty afternoon.

the manual of arms, but since ex-service men
are supposed to know it already, my case doesn't
fit into the pattern. so I continue to pick up
cigarette butts.

My classification has made no definite progress.
The local camouflage can plan no increase in
personnel, as the whole post, ^{except administration} may be turned over
to negro troops within a month. For the same
reason a proposition from Public Relations may
come to naught; that I do script and 'act' for
a film on the history of Jefferson Barracks.
There is no word of my transfer to Medics. But
the Military Intelligence: Capt Mallette has sent
my papers on to two M.I. in Washington where
he thinks I belong. He hinted that personal
recommendation in this case would help, but
that is not so simple for me now since I
have been out of contact with my acquaintances
of the diplomatic for so long.

About half the group with whom I came
here from Fort Mac Arthur have already been
shipped and others are going soon. The bunks
are being vacated and the white mattresses neatly
folded at the head of the beds. I may be one
of the last, but I hope not permanent party.

There is such a racket going on about me
that I shall give up continuing on this dis-

Jeffer's letter
More anon
Love
Tom

Nov. 14, 1942

P.S. Has my trunk and box arrived from San Luis Obispo? If so, could you please open the box and find, in a Manila envelope 7 photos of India types, also clippings of my photos from Asia Magazine. Add to these a few of the loose photos of portraits from the portrait album on the shelves in "my room". Also, from box of "Clippings": the Asia four pages of my North India types, or other clippings at your discretion which might give me prestige with the Army as a portraitist. Send to me here at your earliest convenience.

~~Do~~ Not too much bulk please, because all my possessions have to be carried on my back at one time!

About the slipper you remember well I do wear $10\frac{1}{2}$ socks, and shoes size 7, the the army has given me size 8, width medium-narrow. I think I would like the red and black check flannel tops

If the S.L.O. box has not arrived, please make approximately same selection of photos + clippings from material at hand and send on without waiting.

Yrs Tom