

Dec. 13, 1944

Dear Folks,

Your letter keeps rolling in, and my how welcome they are! Often they arrive in bunches, and doubtless this will continue, the bunches soon, however, getting bigger though, and further apart.

So Lempi came on Thanksgiving. It must have been nice. Ours was nothing to complain about. They give us steaks here every so often, and sometimes they're pretty good, though

T. Richards

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not up to those at a rather
ramshackled-looking place a
little way down the road.

I love to hear about
snow (except from poor old
J.C.S., who rather over does the
weather) not having seen
anything, but a small
amount recently.

That was rather typical
of me wasn't it, to overdraw
the bank? I wonder, Pa, if
you could send me a sort
of abbreviated bank statement
and also ask The Savings
Bank to send me (why not
via you?) ^{written} a statement showing
T. Pizzardi

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their willingness to accept
allotments (in my case all
except flight pay or something
over \$200.00 monthly).

I hope Grandma is
better and can spend Christmas
at Toyn Lane. I'm packing
presents for both her and
Nance along with yours,
though good news know when
they'll arrive.

I haven't seen anyone
you know since dining at
The Gray's, but have more
recently run into a couple
of the boys from my old
Squantum class. Curiously
enough both got out here
T. Richards

about the same time I did
and also for the first time.

This has been a
wonderful place for sleeping,
having refreshingly cool
nights, and often the rain
patter a "lullabye" on the
roof.

The other day I explored
the littoral area nearby
and was surprised to see
so many weird little fish,
sea urchins, etc. Unfortunately
where we are has no good
beaches within a good many
miles. Come to think of it
I haven't swum in the Pacific
since the icy plunge the
T. Richard

Three of us took in 1937. This would be less dull
if I'd said all I'd like to.