

on Quam
but no
info re same

Jan. 8, 1945

Dear Folks,

At last I got at the Christmas presents, which for quite a while were out of reach. They could hardly be better, and I am most grateful. The razor has already provided two shaves, as good a shave as could be expected with cold water and a small piece from a broken mirror (which I broke, and unfortunately it wasn't mine!). The map measure was an inspiration, Ma, for both the present and the future. There are of course all sorts of maps to examine these days and for me always will be. We don't see anything ^{these days} to equal U.S.G.S. maps for large scale or the C.A.A. for medium scale, but I have my Nat'l Geographic maps along, and they are ^{almost} undoubtedly the best small scale maps in the world. Sabine, by the way, gave me the Atlas of Global Geography by Raisz, of the Institute of Geographical Exploration, another fine job.

T. Richards

Nance came through with a nifty box of
 stuff, a balm pillow being about the
 most choicest item, especially as the little
 sprig of pine had pretty well dried out.
 A few Christmas cards also came, but
 only one, from Bob and Nouch, came from
 near home. No! I almost forgot to give
 credit to C. Lowell, so I may well have
 forgotten them!

Recreational opportunities continue. Two
 days ago the squadron's ensign beat the
 rest of us in a high scoring softball
 game. A volley ball court has been
 rigged up and also some horseshoe pits.
 At horseshoes I find myself rather out of
 practice, as was the case with softball.
 where, by the way, I held out at first
 base (one error, batting mediocre, but at least
 no strike outs). Doing laundry and building
 shelves for the Quonset but are other "time fillers".

T. Richards Love T.