

Jan. 22, 1944⁴⁵

Dear Folks,

Just after my last came two from each of you, and since then others, so I've done very well indeed by you. I then come less often, to put it mildly, but on the whole I'm afraid I may not produce as much as I receive. One big trouble is of course not being able to contribute much news from this end. Though that is a pretty poor excuse for limited output.

Yes, I can barely remember Xmas above Elba Beach. The most vivid thing now is a "set" to make blocks out of a sort of cement, a disaster of major proportions occurring when someone shut a window on top of someone supposed to be drying in the sun on the sill! At La Plage what stands

T. Richards

out dearest now was dearest then.
The "Two-tone" (black roof, brown
body) sedan with a "spotlight" that
really worked.

The salt and pepper shakers
(perhaps only one of them) and the
blotter are supposed to be of box
wood, the book ends of some kind
of burl. If any pictures of me
ever arrive, they will doubtless
be disappointing. The best available
place was somewhat seedy, but
I had some proofs taken just
before leaving and asked a friend
to have some finished pictures
made, picking out the two least
bad and giving him some money
and your address.

No books have arrived yet, but
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P.S. Could you send the letter to Auntie M and along (don't mention husband's name).

They should arrive a late. Seems to me you may as well cease bothering to send the N.Y. Times News of the Week. It's a nice idea, but they haven't been arriving regularly (only one, Dec. 3, since our arrival here), so they'll probably all get here as a tremendous bunch of old news, especially as Time for Jan. 15 (Pony edition) has already been available several days. The V-mail letter of Pa's arrived OK, one day late. Then Mai's of same date.

Terms of duty are no longer of any particular length if they ever were, by the way, replacement of groups being ^{determined} ~~by~~ by their condition, etc. Love T. T. Richards