

2:30 P. M.

Sunday

Dearest Hon:

It was wonderful to hear you and talk to you even for a few minutes last night, Hon.

We were sure lucky to get the call thru. Several sailors had been trying to get Seattle and Tacoma all day, without success. I was about ready to cancel the call and hop a bus back to camp when the girl called my name and said they were ringing my number. I had my fingers crossed for fear you had given

up hope and gone to church
or a show.

We are not going out on the
range this afternoon after all.
Too wet. We've been having a
good old Oregon rain for the
past 12 hours. Seems good
to me, for a change.

Instead we get up at 4:30
A.M. in the morning and hike
out to the range. I've got
my pack all rolled and I'm
not going to undo it. Will
keep most of my clothes on and
sleep under my overcoat and
comforter tonight.

I received a letter ^{today} from
one of the boys at Lewis. He
is taking basic half a day

(3)

and working in the office half a day. That would sure be a snap.

The boys are passing around Christmas candy, nuts, cake and etc. today. These Southern boys get lots of pecans from home. If I'm not careful I'll have all that stomach back again.

You'll be getting a State Income Tax form pretty soon. It should be easy to fill out since you have all the figures on the Federal form. I hear the new Federal form is something!

Did you get all the information
you needed about the car?
What are you going to do with
Pepper when you come back
here? How is the radiator
doing? Has it frozen up
yet?

I've got to run over to the
P.X. for the Sgt. and also
to get me some shaving
cream.

Tell my,

Love,
Harold.

P.S.

Your Dad sent me some G.I.'s
and I see its Col. Lazarus
now!

H.