Dear Ones,

For some reason or other that old feeling of depression seems to be creeping over me - this time I know very well what started it - someone - French, Tonk, native, Army, Navy - has stolen some 200,000 rounds of carbine ammunition from the dump! Maybe there's about to be an Indonesian revolt on Santo - who knows? It certainly is a lot of ammunition. And then a lot of odds and ends - things seem to be going wrong - hell, I'll shake out of it in a day or so, I guess. I have no compensating activity, no escape to counteract the affect which my nominal responsibility has upon me. Last night I moved over into Jerry Caples tent - so far for the first time in better than 30 months Abe Benioff's original tent is unoccupied. The movies continue to be poor and I continue to go to them for lack of anything better to do. Oh, me... I'll go up and have my teeth checked this morning so that I can have Doc Shumaker fix them up before he leaves. I wish I were leaving - the War Department simply has to come up with some officer release plan before December 1st.

Speaking of that, I wonder what the folks at home are thinking of when they cheer Eisenhower one minute when he says that we cannot demude our armed forces and the next they say by and do nothing as congress threatens to put off for another whole year the discussion of how to maintain those armed forces?? Even if the Truman plan isn't accepted, Congress must take action to insure the continuation of the present draft laws or to enact new legislation of national service. The news report last night said that the Gallup poll showed 70% of the American public in favor of peacetime conscription - allow him a 20% error and still a majority of the country favors it.

I don't quite know what there is to write about - I don't think there is any point or that it is fair to you for me to indulge in a long gripe session. Sometimes I wonder at myself - why I allow myself to sink into these low periods. In retrospect I can never explain them to myself - it is a little like the old story of anticipation's being greater than reality; most of my trouble seems to be that I worry over something that may or may not happen, when I know very well that worry does not a bit of good. The basic question is still the same; I have responsibility without any interest in that job. My lack of interest and knowledge leaves me more or less with my pants down when a problem arises. Maybe we will be given another holiday on Thanksgiving - that is something cheerful to look forward to!

The month of November is half gone; there is still a sizable group of sixty point enlisted men to be sent to the reception center at Noumea, as well as a couple of 75 point officers. We are still waiting for the big influxes of shipping from the Atlantic once the ETO is cleaned up. Current troop movements are being handled predominantly by air or by the Navy. We have an aircraft carrier due in - the Casablanca - which will clean out the current backlog of personnel. I only wish that our supplies were moving out at the same time ... From what I hear Don Harns, Charlie Leah and most of the others are already on their way home. I guess that Nate Wolfe has also left Noumea. I was just looking at the bulletin board - some of the Air Corps officers have challenged the rest of the command in volleyball and lo and behold! I am the only old time volleyball player left! Oh, tempora! With the closing of the base all the separate officers' messes where closed down so that now all the Air Corps units like weather and radio eat with us. The officers are young, college trained, and not very GI to say the least; they also thrive on the air forces policy that personnel get shifted around from one base to another with frequency - and that includes going back to Hawaii - you know that Neil in 24 months overseas has been at better than half a dozen bases while in 18 months I have been stuck on one. Anyhow, for these officers a stay of 11 months here is long and there are few who remain here for more than 5 or 6 months. But if I'm not careful I'll be griping again ...

That about does it for this morning - I hope I am more cheerful in my next note -

All my love,

Sunny

Regards to Doris