

21 November

Dear Ones,

Still no word on tomorrow's being a holiday - I still have a hunch that Truman's declaration that Thanksgiving will be a day of prayer and thanks throughout the world will not apply to Santo! I hope that I am wrong. Last night we saw Love Letters; except for a slow moving start, it is one of the best pictures we have had in many a moon. We certainly have had two good shows these last two nights. Cotten and Jones tell a wonderful love story. Most of these pictures are shown on the 16mm projector - the light and the sound are poor on 16 compared to the 35mm shows; last night with the changing of each reel there was lengthy trouble with the sound. It took almost three hours before the last reel was finished. Things are quiet here - I was told that a small part of the missing ammunition was recovered. There apparently is no shipping in sight; if the property doesn't get moved quickly - specifically the ammunition - it is going to be in such poor shape that it won't be shippable. The boxes and crates are simply rotting away. I think that this morning I will go up to the Navy dispensary and finish up my physical exam. It looks as though it will be a couple of days before any more big batches of mail come in, so I will be stuck for stuff to write again. The enlisted men around here are fairly cheerful - that is the men with 50 points; the air corps received word that by January 30th all 50 point or three year service EM will be on their way - and the same thing will undoubtedly apply to the Army when someone gets around to informing us. The men were hoping that the date would be the end of the year; but when you know you are leaving definitely one month doesn't really make a lot of difference in the light of that knowledge. But - BUT - the Air Forces radio said that for officers all 70 pointers and four year service men would be on their way by January 30th! A full 20 point and one year difference! How can that be justified!?? The 60 point officers, many of whom have close to 30 months overseas, are tearing out their hair. Charlie Fontenay really has a wild gleam in his eye. Hell...

We are on the verge of getting our bridge game started again; one of the Air Corps officers is a young Minnesotan named Emmons who is a good kid and swears by the shrines of Gilbertson. I guess that as soon as the current run of good movies is over (and it will end as soon as we see "House on 92nd Street") we will start playing again. It is now noontime and I just saw Sprague and Hughes off - the Ordnance keeps getting smaller and smaller. I told both Hughes and Sprague to see Major Godwin when they get down to Noumea and ask him to get me on orders for a trip down there. I really have no official excuse for the trip - I just want a chance to get away and get a change of scenery if only for a few days. Noumea can think of some reason for me to come down, and of course the request for me would have to originate from down there. We shall see. We aren't doing a damn thing up here anyway. Everyone is just killing time in grand fashion. It is now four in the afternoon - this is getting to be a regular blow by blow account; well the order came through and tomorrow is a holiday - Allah be praised. The movie tonight is a reprint of Astaire Rogers in Top Hat. And tomorrow is sleep.

It is now 11 o'clock on a South Pacific Thanksgiving Day morning - no football games this afternoon; and although it is your birthday, Daddy, I wasn't quite able to come into your room bearing my gifts to hear you say, "You shouldn't have done it." I got up at 730 for breakfast under Jerry's supervision - I think that I would have dropped off to sleep again had I been living alone. It is just as well that I did get up since dinner won't be served until 1. I read for a while - finished J P Sousa III's book "My Family, Right or Wrong" which was enjoyable; another one of these eccentric but oh so delightfully happy and carefree family stories. No mail has come in and the bridge enthusiasts are shying away from playing this afternoon - for some reason they seem to favor sunbathing. What is wrong with this era?? In the old days, a bright sunny afternoon and a day off were the perfect combination for a long bridge session. I still have a couple of letters to answer - I have put them off for a long time for lack of anything to say but I might just as well answer them since it bothers me to see them in my desk drawer.

All my love and Happy Thanksgiving.

Regards to Doris