

Saturday, November 7th.

My dearest Richenda,

Well, we are back in civilized quarters again. This afternoon we moved back from the tent area to the permanent barracks that I told you about. In a way I am sorry to leave the tents. In the first place we had canvas cots and I had a very comfortable bed. The bed I have now is a French steel bed. Instead of springs, there are iron bars (five) about 2 inches wide and spaced 2 inches apart that run the length of the bed. If we had mattresses these beds would be fine, but we don't have such comforts. However, I am making the best of it by using all sorts of padding under my hips. The bars are curved and are springy so that go down when sat upon.

Another reason I am sorry to leave the tent area is that I often would step out of the tent and look up at the stars. I welcomed the feel of the earth beneath my feet. I could look out over the horizon and see a natural outline of the hills, the mountains and the valleys--God's scene without the ugly outlines of man's artifices.

However, here we are two in a room 9 by 15 with French doors opposite the entrance. The French doors lead out to a balcony, so that I can still look out at the stars whenever I want to, which is often. We have running water and a good mirror in the room. I managed to get a table and a stool, so that I can sit comfortably whenever I want to and write you as I am tonight.

Every Saturday, there is recorded music and a dance

at the officers' club. I can hear the music thru the open French windows, however, I don't like the atmosphere of Army dances. There is always suffocating, smoky air. Noise and bedlam from half drunk and drunk soldiers. So little talk that makes sense. So, I should rather sit and talk to you and when I am not doing that I am mulling over thoughts in mind for things to write about.

Our officers' quadrangle runs east and west. On each end are two red colored barracks, each 3 stories high. There are two rooms to the width of the building with a hall way in between. The floors are set with marble squares six inches squares. The marble is of a mottled brownish color.

The court yard is over a block long and about half a block wide. On the north and south sides (the-width-of-t (the long sides are other buildings like ours. On the north are two barracks and on the south just one, near the east end, which is used for the officers' mess, club, bar and dancing hall. My barracks is in the northwest corner of the rectangle.

The only thing that spoils this whole set up is the fact that the enlisted men are sleeping on the ground in tents. But you will hear a lot more of the class feeling amongst Army men. The officers get preferential treatment. Among the officers the field officers (majors and colonels,) get special privileges as distinct from the captains and lieutenants. The generals of course are in a hallowed class by themselves.

Now that we are settled and comfortable, I am turning to things to write about. Right now I am in quite a turmoil

the morals of our men. Can a man be unfaithful to his wife and still be a man worthy of being my friend? Can he and does he do his job to the best of his ability? These questions bother me and I certainly can't answer them at this point. I know many of these men and they are all right as men. Perhaps it is the old state of being amoral rather than immoral. However, I feel that if they were to deny themselves, they would become much stronger men and would find some worthwhile outlet and employment for their minds.

Another thing that bothers me about the lack of common sense in running affairs that are indeed quite simple. Most people believe that they are good managers and administrators, but in reality very few are. The effects of mismanagement are widespread. They can lose the war or delay it. In the long run the effects are felt too. If the enlisted men are neglected, they develop a selfish attitude of getting everything they can for themselves and they become non-cooperative because they can see nothing in cooperating. This attitude will carry over into civilian life and perhaps color the entire thinking of a man in later years. So I am quite interested in bringing out the best that is in man, so that we will all have the spirit of friendly aid and cooperativeness. Sometimes I have to laugh at my high ideals and purposes in life, man for these thousands of years have been striving for such things that I am striving for and we have such a long way to go. Often I get discouraged, but then I come back to the thought that if I don't do my best, how can I expect others to try even?

Today I give my major his second lesson in spoken Chinese and he is doing surprisingly well with the difficult Chinese tones. I am teaching him the tones in Mandarin because I believe that a good foundation will pay him dividends in the future. He is enjoying his lessons very much.

I am not rooming with Dan'l because he doesn't know me well enough yet. I told him one day that we were moving back to the barracks, but he thought I was just kidding him, so he said he wanted to stay where he was (with a medical major in a tine hut). Since Dan'l handles the enlisted men at sick call, I could understand his wanting to stay near them, so I didn't urge him to move over. Now it develops that he thought I was just passing or creating a rumor. I told, Dan'l, the next time you'll know that I don't pass rumors around, I find out the facts as far as I can. Anyhow, Dan'l isn't far off, he is just below me and I can thump on the floor and bring him out of his burrow.

Speaking of burrows reminds me of burros. Here in North Africa are the tiny beasts of burden sometimes less than three feet high. People ride them and use them to draw carts. It struck me one day that they are the kind that Christ used to ride on. They are the little fellows in the fable about the father, his son and the burro. Remember the tale? Somebody saw papa riding and sonny walking and said Shame let sonny ride. Then somebody else saw sonny riding and said Shame, you let your papa walk and so it went until both were walking and some one said why don't you ride. So it started all over again until papa and sonny decided to

carry the donkey. They carried it a while upside down until they came to a bridge when the poor animal got frightened and struggled and kicked until all three fell off the bridge into the wasser. Moral: Don't listen to other people.

To get back to my roommate. I have a Jewish lad whom every one has been picking on to the extent that he has taken the offensive and has become just that. On the boat I warned him not to be going around with a chip on his shoulder and making cracks at people. For a while he was very, very silent and then one day he realized that I was doing him a favor. He and I get along quite well together. One of the boys warned me to watch him and his selfishness, but I always maintain that if you give a person a break and show him you are *ye* his friend, he will come to trust you and be a very good friend especially if most people are his enemies.

The moon here in North Africa looks different from yours in NY. The waxing or new moon curves in the opposite direction. That's because we see it from a different angle I think. The moon is not quite a half moon yet. I think of you every time I look up at the moon and the stars. I wish I could just talk to you right now, my sweetheart.

Good night, my darling.

*With all my love, always.*

