

Near Rosenheim
8 July 1945

Dear Jack and June,

When I came back from the radio station last night, there was the package of books from you. I was pleased very much with the selection and glad to see a copy of the N.Y. Herbert Tribune "Books". I'll send them back to you as soon as I get through them. That may be some time. I'd rather send them back since I can't keep them anywhere nor have I any place close to send them.

Last night our small radio station made it a debut. Actually it's just a plaything. Something to keep some of us occupied. It hasn't enough power to reach outside the camp and isn't even supposed to. I did a 10 minute newscast and a half-hour symphonic program. Quite amusing.

As I read the news I was quite nervous even though I know no one was listening - almost no one. I had the strange feeling of being glued to the miles and to my paper. When the symphonic half-hour came along I felt somewhat more easy. We're to be on the air each evening from 6-10. Even though it's just a game, I find it much more amusing than many of the games we've played in the army and I'm a little more adaptable to this one. It isn't often I find anything in the army either amusing to me or adaptable to me. Needless to say, the army is very worried about my being pleased or displeased, adaptable or unadaptable. But I am.

I've just gone through Yarves from Olympus which has provided me with a few topics for my discussion this evening on a program - round table sort of thing - about compulsory military education. It ought to be quite lively for us who take part. Thanks so much for the books. I still haven't got out of camp even once. To look for enlows, but I'm trying. The prison bars are strong.

John

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