



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Friday night

Dear Jack & Jane -

How much I enjoyed my visit with you last week-end you will never know. All that I found most enjoyable in civilian life has to be put aside here and I find it none too easy for I am getting set in my ways. I still find my work very enjoyable although I am not yet very skilful at it. However I get fewer corrections than most of the men who came in with me, and so, in the eternal phrase of the C student, "I may not be very fast, but I am accurate."

The aspect of life that one gets here is amazing. I never cease to marvel at the easy adaptability of the Southerners and the Negroes. The Jews, too, (there are many of them in my particular section) do very well, but with their peculiar racial "against the grain" quality. There is one strapping adolescent lad straight from the Bronx who is my particular aversion. He looks like an assistant manager in a chain movie palace and talks loud and frequently in that peculiar combination of a gangle and cackle which characterizes the Bronx Demite whenever one finds him. One almost expects to hear the distant roar of the El when

"To furnish volunteer aid to the sick and wounded of armies....." and "To act in matters of voluntary relief and in accord with the military and naval authorities as a medium of communication between the people of the United States of America and their Army and Navy....." The Charter of The American National Red Cross. By Act of Congress January 5, 1905.



he stops talking. The Oklahoman who is instructing us is, on the other hand, one of Oklahoma's most typical sons and ardent boosters. He is a fine fellow personally but with a truly magnificent contempt for the finer points of spoken American. He is also profane in the anatomically meticulous way which characterizes the Southerner. He was orating yesterday very entertainingly on the follies of "petticoat government" and predicted (though himself a Democrat) that our next president would be a Republican. This naivete is combined with a real knowledge of his subject and a healthy contempt for the academicians of the subjects who draw up the rules in Washington.

The other types one meets here are on a very much lower <sup>intellectual</sup> ~~academic~~ plane, and include a former English teacher from Oxy - gaunt and precise in the true literary fashion of an English teacher, a brawny young journalism man from a San Pedro high school who looks startlingly like Oliver Rogers and behaves like a sophomore, and a sprinkling of ex-college students who are just - ex college students. The Army to them is one great big happy frat house, and they will talk about "deep" subjects if one so much as gives them a kind look.

Barack-room companions are something else again running a gamut whose top note is the college-boy glad hander and ending with some pretty sub-human stuff at the bottom.





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I am hoping to get home for Christmas, but we have heard nothing officially so far. The grapevine has it that we will have leave, but I am waiting until my pass is clutched in my hot little fist before I let myself believe anything.

This about covers the news from Mac Arthur. Do write me what goes on in San Diego. My address is:

Pvt Harry E. Jones  
Co. D. D.C.U. 1959  
Fort Mac Arthur, Calif.

That's all  
Harry.



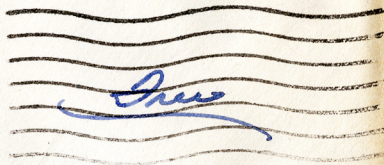


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FROM PVT *Nancy Jones*, U.S.A.

Co. *D* Roster *—* S. C. U. 1959

Fort MacArthur, Calif.



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*3147*