Dear Jack and Jane:

I have been saving answering your letters until I could find time to write a really long letter, but now that I have more than five minutes to write, I am unable to think of anything interesting to say. It is too bad that the typewriter and other impedimenta of modern life have given us some much leisure to write trivialities instead of doing as the ads say they will and freeing us for good living (icluding good writing).

First of all the little news from here. Life in North Carolina goes on much the same—the tobacco is mostly harvested, the warm weather has left us and the days are growing definitely shorter. Unfortunately the Army, like the birds, is showing signs of restlessness and a desire to be on the wing, so I suppose that in a shorter or longer time you will be hearing from me at some new address—I won't bore you by listing all the places where rumor carries us. Ruby is getting quite fed up with her job here—and no wonder. If it weren't the means of our being together, she wouldn't have taken it in the first place. And the pay is cruelly low—about 17.50 a week for a full week's work. We can't save any money on it for mostythings here are as high as they were on the Coast and I don't know what will happen if she can't get a job in the post—war slump and I have to stay in this God forsaken Army for a year or two after the war is over.

I seem to sense from your letters that the war-weariness is overcoming civilians, too. I must say I am not too sorry because if enough people feel that way, we may get home the sooner once the end of the war comes. But at the same time, I know it isn't pleasant—and I suppose you feel as I do that the promise of an intelligent beace looks less bright every day.

Had an amusing evening recently with the record-collector in Chapel Hill. We heard some records: the Gadski "No yo to ho" with piano was probably the most agreeable surprise of the evening, with Schumann-Heink's "Tod und Der Mädchen" a good seend. He also played some imported records a Bohnen from "Parsifal" that I especially remember, and some others. I showed him my record list which I have been compiling and his most warm comment was to register shocked horror at my fast and loose treatment of the umlaut in German titles. Oh these schoolmasters!

I was terribly sorry to hear about your eye trouble. I know from experience that it can be the most maddening form of physical disability for it takes so much out of life. I hope that this will find you much improved and able to face another year of theme-reading with renewed health and equanimity.

Ruby and I both send you our best and hope that you will write soon. We have seen some mouth-watering buttons here in the Suth but even the most obvious junk stores have chaste signs reading merely "Antiques", so we haven't tried to buy any for fear we would be horribly sold. I haven't read Sat Eve Post's article on the owner of Hobbies yet but look forward to it.

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