

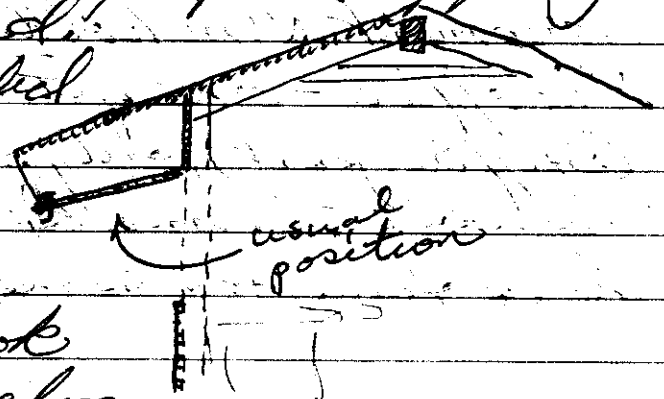
March 15

Dear Family -

I forgot to mention (I think) that I received the photographs - which are now taped to the side of my wall locker. I also forgot to number the letter I sent yesterday, which should be #2 (I hope). That makes this number 3 (logical).

It's raining today - which I don't mind, inasmuch as it's keeping the general who's supposed to be inspecting us away. (The above isn't an infinitive - but is it done to split a present participle?) Anyway, the rain keeps on pouring, with breaks now and then, in rather pleasant, since our tin roofs don't leak very much. It's been a bit windy - last night I had to get up, pull a nail out of the wall, & nail my shutter closed. They kept clapping up & down in the wind.

Anyway, the general did show up - & somehow managed to avoid noticing any of us, a talent I suppose it took him some time to develop.



Last night the power went off - for the nine-millionth time. This time,

Note: The other day I caught myself reaching inside my fatigue shirt for my glasses, as though it were a sport jacket - I'm still a civilian.

however, I had a candle. A hard one with little drip & a bright flame. When, after a few hours, they got the generator going, I was rather disappointed.

Re "This age of blasphemous anti-heroes" which Lois mentions; (before I run out of paper, so I can't develop) McCook's (though he is an actor) "Every hero since Christ has been a moral man." and Anthony Burgess: Remot of Intent (a spy novel) - in which the major character becomes a hero rather than a James Bond character at the end of the novel, when he decides that "the enemy" is not ~~any~~ ^{grey men} one political group - but those who have substituted ideology or technique for a moral stance. The spy deserts and becomes a priest. (Even so, it's not all that good a novel - interesting idea, though.)

Life is getting rather busy - at the moment I'm holding down two desks in the office - one intended to be run by an E-6 (Staff Sergeant), only there's no one available. However, it makes me go Grab and I still have time for some reading.

Love,

Rob