

Dear Family:

Received letter #20 (March 29) today, and the news that you'd finally gotten a letter from me. I really don't understand what the problem is - unless its because after a letter marked "FREE" reaches the World it travels by some absurd class of mail, as I believe is the case. Anyway, I hope it all reaches you eventually, although a little more speediness would be desirable. Until I received today's letter, I was steeling myself to visit the Inspector General and demand an investigation of the APO (a lot of other people have been experiencing troubles with the post office). However, that won't be necessary now, thank heavens. Even so, this whole mail thing is extremely irritating; Tricia's letter seems irredeemably lost - which is extremely annoying because it was rather long and (I thought) quite good, and I doubt that I could reproduce it.

If I don't write that often, don't worry. It's because I'm extremely busy these days. I'm temporarily back to night shift, because they were caught short-handed, and need all the help they can get. Needless to say, I'm rather happy to be back working nights; it's much less harried than the day, much quieter. I just hope I stay here a while. Tonight we bought a pizza from the EM club (a rather ramshackle affair that's only partially roofed). Apparently they were rather short on the materials and decided to use expedients - because it turned out to be made with American cheese and shredded bologna.

I just finished a new set of modifications to my room (cubicle) in the hootch. Our new 1st Sgt decided that the hootches didn't meet fire regulations and told everyone to tear down all the interior walls and rebuild them so that they had a two-foot space at the bottom and were only 5 feet tall above that (7 ft off the floor) so that one could go over or under them in a fire. Why one wouldn't use the door, which takes up 50% of the wall anyway, is beyond me. We tore down the walls and rebuilt them according to regs, and I used some of the excess wood to add to my ceiling (insulation from the sun, necessary under a tin roof). I also found a crate for 155mm shells, which has become a cabinet, complete with lock.

Just finished To Let (the third Galsworthy book) and the third and fourth Narnia books. Am still progressing rather slowly in the Louis XIV biography that Zach sent; I wonder if I'll ever finish it. Even so, there just isn't that much time to read lately - but hopefully (I know that's not correct usage, but this far in, I can't be bothered too much) things will be letting up soon. On top of that, our office electric typewriter just died a horrible death - again. This one is borrowed, and I doubt ours will ever be fixed.

I was delighted by your news about Susan and David moving to Chicago. Where exactly is he going to teach? Circle Campus (U of Illinois)? Northwestern? If they'll stay put for a few years I'll have to reconstruct them. On a slightly more reasonable level, it will be nice to have family around.

Another favor: Could you buy and save for when I come home the two books in the enclosed advertisement? Roland Mousnier, Peasant Uprisings in Seventeenth Century France, Russia, and China and Oron J. Hale, The Great Illusion, 1900-1914. Mousnier is the man whose article I translated over Christmas when I was home from Chicago, and the book is on my period. The Hale book is part of the Langer series, which is one of the best, and is on a period in which I'm interested. However, don't send them; please save.

That's about it for now. I think I'll do a little reading or nap a bit (it's a quiet night) before day-shift comes on. I love you all.



Has Dad read Barbara Tuchman's The Proud Tower yet?

