Bunny Darling:

Yes to that Rain. We should be listening to it together under the eaves of our own home. It would be quite nice that way, and it will be. It is nice to listen to the rain anyway. It is a very soothing sound. Of course the big trouble with the rain is that where there is rain, there must be mud. And there is mud here. Oceans of it. I know because I carry around an acre of it in my shoes all the time. It is that very affectionate type of mud which clings ever so closely and is so hard to shake off. If it rains tomorrow afternoon, my afternoon off, I think I shall sleep all afternoon.

This afternoon I went out on the range to sketch the equipment. I had quite a time and got a few good sketches. In the midst of my sketching they started firing the guns. I must have jumped about a yard when they went off. My ears rang to beat the devil. I very hurriedly stuffed them with Kleenex to save them from the wear and tear connected with having guns go off practically in one's lap. You have no idea of how loud those damned things can be. No sooner got back from the tent when it started to rain to beat the devil.

While sketching, I nourished the inner man with Baby Ruth candy bars. I don't know why they gave us so many of them but at every single meal we
I have been practically forced down our throats at every meal for the past week. There have been dozens of cantons of the things laying on the serving table for us.

This H. Allen Smith book is very good. Every bit as good as his other two, I came across the little item in here which I like very much. It concerns the Slo-Grow product which is designed to slow the growth of hair down to a slow crawl. One of the reasons he gives for not making the stuff strong enough to stop the growth of hair altogether is that if instead allowing for a slow growth is to replace the hair that wears out from the growth. Brought about by the careless fingers of fat women. Erasure, where are they? There is stuff designed strictly for me.

This business of trying to read several books at the same time is rather like going around on a merry-go-round. It really doesn't work out badly though. At the present time, I am up to my ears in three of them: "Freedom Road," "A Short History of American History," and H. Allen Smith's latest stroll thru the land of nonsense. They are all very good.

Don't look now Darling, but I have caught something. I'll find out what it is tomorrow when I go to the dispensary to have my achy foot painted. It is some kind of skin rash which I am getting in my left arm pit—rather unromantic to write about, but it is nevertheless very real and very bothersome. It is rather a prevalent ailment out here and can be cleared up in a rather short
order. I'll get after it right away because these skin diseases have to be taken care of. This is the first one I had. I have been quite fortunate. Don't worry, I shall get myself home in good shape.

Since it is raining this evening we have decided not to go to the show. It is the picture "Bring On the Girls" starring Sonny Tufts and Veronica "The Eye" Lake. All in all, it does not sound as appealing as I would sit through a rainstorm to see it. If it is raining tomorrow night I won't bother seeing that all. I imagine that I must have seen every picture, good bad, or indifferent, which Hollywood has joined on the public since I got overseas. Just about now I am becoming thoroughly fed up with them all. It is a darned good thing that both library has quite a variety of literature and that Capt. Capron gets quite a few different books. This is about the only thing that I really enjoy doing, the reading is dream. It is very surprising that the library here has such variety. We don't have many books but they are almost all new. If I am here long enough I should be an expert on every subject from the making of knick knacks from rusty tins to the opera. I can learn a few of a lot more just doing reading like this than I ever could learn in a classroom. The trouble with most teachers is that instead of trying to give different sides of a question and allowing the student to form his own ideas on it, they try to tell the student that one certain thing is right and that all else so wrong. When I am reading on my own, I can get several conflicting ver-
sions of a question and can then form my own judgment. They do not give degrees for this type of work in most cases though. So a person has to go through the education mill. Tha great game though.

John is doing his homework now. I think I told you that he is taking a correspondence course in public administration didn’t I? He frames his answers and then reads them to me to see if I can understand just exactly what he is trying to say, and if not, what suggestions I could make to clarify the thing. I don’t think very much of some of the questions they ask though. One of them was, “Outline the economic and social factors which have affected public administration of late.” This could mean anything from one sentence to a book length report. I hate questions like this. I remember one prof I had for history in my freshman year. He had an abusive idea for teaching us history. It consisted of study questions and thought paragraphs. The text was divided into numbered paragraphs, he would give us a study question on every one of these paragraphs, and, using the text as our guide, we would have to answer the question. I figured that what he wanted was a summation, very briefly, of the main thought or theme of the paragraph, but it turned out that what he wanted us to do was to copy the whole damned paragraph verbatim. Then we were to write up a thought paragraph on each chapter as we completed it. This consisted of doing the same thing as above only this time covering a whole chapter. I shall
always believe that we were graded on that course on the basis of the weight of our completed notebook, and that the only reason I ever passed the course was because I wrote only on one side of the sheet and used very large handwriting. What a nightmare that course was. Haven't spared me from any more such ones. It is now the bedtime hour, my lovely, so I shall kiss you affectionately and leave you for another day. I'll be back tomorrow though. Darling,

With all my love.

Freddie