

Sunday Evening

17 February 1946

Dearest Folks,

The family hour is on the radio now - I believe it is the confidential hour there, with out the advertisement. The music it brings is good and for I like the program a lot.

This, as so many of them, has been a good Sunday. I am thankful that this day of the week means as much as it does - each one is different yet they have a trait that binds each to the other. It is on this day that more than others I miss you most. Sundays at our home do or have and shall meet a great deal - it shall be great when we can all be together once again.

There have been some interesting occurrences taken place here this past week. The ones I speak of have not been pleasant as a rule but from them I have learned a great deal. The reason for most of them has been our new C.O. In previous letters I have told some things about him. He is

what most gripping C.O.'s would call a "typical typical" officer - if you know what I mean. I try and keep out of his way and off his mind - so far so good - except for last Wednesday when an occasion occurred where I was asked an opinion, and gave it to him. It went "actions befitting a officer" - his reply I mean but did do me a lot of good. The cause of it has been this: most of our wiring (telephone, alarm system, and two way buzzer system between the tran hut & officers hut) has been above ground - on poles and palm trees. It has been satisfactory and operation has been good. In the new C.O.'s plan for beautification of the unit all wiring must be under ground, so for the first three days of the week all hands (19 men) turned to in digging a ditch a foot wide and two feet deep from the C.O.'s hut to the tran hut - about 800 feet - with picks and shovels. Then on Wednesday I was told to install the wiring for the new system. While I was working in the office in the morning, wiring the phone up one of the fellows (Smith) came in

and talked with me for about 10 minutes. The C.O. was working in the next room and soon he came in wondering if Smith had something to do, and if so to get busy on it at once. When Smith left he asked me what was wrong with us fellows. I asked what did he mean, and he said that we had a very poor attitude toward working here, and we should consider it a pleasure to improve the looks of "his" base. I told him that the majority of the men here are good workers, if the work they are doing makes sense in their own eyes - also that this is a small unit and in order to obtain cooperation one must have respect of the fellows - not demand it. Our conversation was held in a constructive manner as he didn't take offense - altho he did post a notice on the board that any one not "attaining the proper working attitude" would be handled accordingly. "Some boy" my friend said. Well - it all boils down to what Dad mentioned in his letter this week, about officers using their gold to cover up a lack of leadership. What the C.O. does also can be absorbed by all of us

here, for for us it is temporary and can take it  
until we leave. It is interesting to see the  
reactions that different fellows have toward it  
and I am ~~of~~ more thankful each day for what  
you have given me and all you mean.

I hope the above hasn't sounded as if I have  
been complaining - I haven't for it is often  
actually funny the things that occur, and  
I felt that you would be interested also.

Well the old Basket ball cage was held up  
me again. The usual crew (Kobler) next door was  
put in some good outside courts and usually  
in the evening some of us fellows go over and  
shoot baskets for 15 min or so. Ward - a new  
man from Creston Iowa - and I are playing  
on Kobler's team and it is good to be on the  
court again. They have been holding the Tri-Union  
play offs on the court next door, and there  
has been some excellent ball played. Tri-Union  
meant I suppose during the week and were  
defeated two out of three. On Wednesday of  
this next week Oregon comes up and they  
have a three game series with the local five.

I have been thinking quite a bit about playing B.B. in college - of course the decision would have to wait until I am settled in school and you see how things are, but it is something to think about. I feel that if I do go out for any sport it would be Basket ball - football is good but not for a person's health.

Your letters that came during the week were swell. Along with both mothers and Dads there was mail from Gene and Bob - and Janice.

Oh yes - I also heard from Gordon Hill; He spoke of seeing Andy & Gene, and also Uncle Jim. He is back at Alameda awaiting shipment. Now I enjoyed what you said about Dick's radio request - that brother of ours is growing up - heh Dick -?

I'm ashamed for not having mentioned receiving the pinion nuts - They came around Christmas time, and are just being completed. Oh - before I forget it - could you send some prints of the station that I sent home some ~~time~~ time ago - I mean prints from the negatives that I sent home - there! The ones from the tower

especially. I wish wanted some as I told him I  
would ask you about it.

Sally's pupa are really growing fast now.  
She has lost a lot of interest in them - that is  
until a stranger comes and it is surprising how  
motherly she can get.

The chapel service at the naval base  
this morning was one of the finest I have attended  
there. It did me the most good I know. The  
chaplain spoke on "What lack I yet" using the  
parable of the rich young ruler as his text.

As I have been writing this the sun has  
gone down, and the moon is bright in the evening's  
sky. I shall close now - good night all around  
God be with you always.

Love

Jim