Dearest Folks,

Good afternoon - how are all of you this Sunday of the new year? It is another lovely afternoon here in these islands, a little warm (95° just a short time ago) but I have become accustomed to that. There are large billowy clouds in the western sky - all that remains of the heavy tropical rain which covered the island during the night.

Any but we had a beautiful sunset last night. The entire sky seemed to change in its shades of blues, pinks, reds, and yellows. It seems strange - so much beauty - every night we seem to have a beautiful sunset and each morning a sunrise which is also lovely, yet they do not seem to be appreciated. I guess man takes all that for granted, expecting them to occur and yet not giving thanks for them. That must be the reason so few people take to going up and to hiking the hills - they know it is there, yet they do not want to have any response to that beauty. Rather they carry on their
seeming hand-woven life in the city, getting very excited when a fire engine clanged down the street, and often would say "wasn't that great?" But enuff of that.

Yesterday morning we had our usual Saturday morning inspection - brakes, shockers, our quintant box and the grounds of the base. I spent the afternoon sleeping which certainly seemed good. Around three thirty we had mail call - received letters from Ruth, Vard and Janice. Also a good letter from the whaler. It has been almost three weeks since I heard from mother, guess you must have been held up some where overseas. The letters carried news of all you - your Christmas and etc. Janice wrote and said how she appreciated the day spent at the house (Sunday the 24th Dec.). Getting home has meant a lot to her, the first few weeks in Chicago were quite tough others.

I was certainly surprised to learn of Bob's being back in the States. I certainly do hope that he is able to get out, he certainly needs some rest and the right treatment while being here. There is such a shortage of discipline here - the one we go to has from 4 to 7 services each sunday besides those during the week. Since coming over the place I have learned that it isn't only the
army which seems to be inconsistent (SP). I have written several letters to Bob but have not heard from him for some time. I trust that he is doing good - my I would like to just sit down for a while and talk with him. Often my heart gets so hungry for things like that - being at home in the first place - the whole family around the dinner table - talking together laughing together. We have had so much to be thankful for, so much.

This morning there were six or so who went up on the hill to the chapel there. There were about 35 men all together (small camp) but it was every good service. As the chaplain spoke, Chaplain Victor H. Hargrave, I could look behind him thru a screen door across the wattle water. It is really quite a beautiful sight - some what like the one from Salt water State Park upon the bluff there looking out towards Vashon. After the service we went up outside for communion (from last sunday). I guess some chums like to receive them for their books or something else. I am envying none - thought you would enjoy seeing it. His sermon was about women - how he had taken two people to a new land accepting hard ship etc etc he could have been a man of leisure in Egypt. then he said that we should accept our responsibilities, helping our country out of its moral hole.

JH. Alberton
and trying to build a great Christian notation. Of it. Only those pure in the divine and those at home who had been true to God could we accomplish this.

It did rain last night. Ha and they call this the dry season. I wonder sometimes what the wet season shall be like. Ha.

Say, Barbara and Richard. I bet you all enjoyed your Christmas vacation. What all did you do? How is high school now Barbara? Are you doing alright? How are the Trenors doing in football now?

I forgot to mention it. One of the

height lights last night were wild, crazy for Sunday dinner. It really tasted good.

I must draw this to a close now. You all close to me — we are all close together this Christmas. I am thankful for that.

With love

Jim

370 Albion R.T. (603-340)