

Sunday, November 29

Dearest Yvri,

It's about time the ole' gal got
down to writing that letter she was
going to ^{write} right after she gets down there.
I guess that's me all over - do it
tomorrow - or maybe I'm catching
the Mexican atmosphere down here -
"manana" - everything put off until
tomorrow.

Every thing is much nicer than
I thought it would be. One terrible
thing is the housing problem. You

of the soldiers and their wives, we have a nicer place than the average soldier. Besides having a nice apartment free - the ole' gal gets \$12.00 a week. Not so very bad after camp life.

The weather down here is perfectly lovely except for the terrible north winds we have quite frequently. El Paso is in a low valley between high dry mountains, which are the end of the Rockies, and the valley is known as Paso del Norte - or pass of the north wind. Directly behind this home is a small string of high mountains. They are pretty in a way and yet

^{can't} get a decent thing on place to stay.

It just so happened that the day I went down to the U.S.O. to get some information on apartments, the lady at the desk wanted a girl to work for her. Being in a rather desperate position, I took the job - It turned out very nice. Mr. Chagin is vice-president of the El Paso Natural Gas Co. and very very wealthy. They have a lovely home - swimming pool, tennis court, hand ball court and every thing. I have a living room bathroom and bedroom to myself ~~and~~ and Lon. So according to many

very ugly, — barren, dry and full of
cactuses. In ~~front~~ front of this place,
a little below is ~~the~~ St Bliss.

For miles as far as one can see is
the St. It is one of the largest in the
world. At night, looking out over
the foot, one gets a lovely feeling and
craving for San Francisco. You know
how the Bay Region looks from Coit
Tower don't you? Well that is how
it is. There are times when I feel
that I am back in San Francisco
and not in El Paso, no war, no family
in camps — but that feeling lasts only
a short time. Life here is very

dull compared to the city life. No night clubs, ^{no} good theatres, parks, very seldom have symphonies, just two nice stores. But it's a peaceful place. One doesn't feel that there's a war going on at all.

The other day, we ~~say~~ ^{saw} silk stockings something rare, plenty of candies being sold everywhere, lots of coca cola, and practically everything that can't be bought in California or Colorado.

The people who want extra sugar, go across the border to Mexico and buy 100 pound sacks of Mexican sugar which is very coarse, but still fills the purpose. Coffee, too, can be purchased

helped make life pleasant down here.

Say I forgot - the main ^{purpose} thing of this letter - my pass - I received that blank, filled it, and returned it. So far, I have heard nothing - I remember you asked me to write in order to remind you that my pass will be up Tuesday December 1st but it slipped my mind and here it is - two days away.

Chaplain Isbell, who married us, told me that we would not receive the permanent pass until we sent a certified copy of our marriage certificate to Washington D. C. - and it will probably be the end of December or the first of January before we hear from D. C. So, I am not worried

over there. If there is anything you Wacky or the rest of the family would like, please don't hesitate asking me to get it for you. In fact, I'll feel hurt if you didn't ask me. So please do.

How was Thanksgiving in camp? Mrs. Craigin was very nice and let me use her kitchen, breakfast room, silver ware dishes and everything and told me to invite the soldier friends in. So the old gal went out - bought a 18 lb. Turkey and had all the trimmings too - even the before dinner highball. I had 6 soldiers altogether and had a very nice time. Those boys have been like brothers to ^{me}, and they certainly have

at all. - I forgot to tell you about the
ceremony. It was a double ring ceremony.
Just before it began, my sis got nervous,
tripped ~~in~~ ^{the ring} in her bag and couldn't find it
so, there she was, rummaging thru her
bag of junk and finally got it out.

Captain Height gave me away and a boy
named Keilchi Takei of Santa Cruz was
best man. One of the guests a very close
friend of Tom's and incidentally very very
wealthy - and slightly drunk at the time
grabbed me and gave me a resounding
kiss & was the ole' gal' pop-eyed.

Will not much more room so

I'll sign off until a later date -

With lots of love to you & the

Always

James

P.S. My best wishes for
your lab. Watch
him for me
too.