

FROM:

VOL. HENRY P. CHANDLER, JR.
AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE,
A. P. O. #885,
% POSTMASTER, NEW YORK, N.Y.

TO:

MR. + MRS. HENRY P. CHANDLER,
OWL'S NEST ROAD, R. F. D. #1,
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE
U. S. A.

Dear Mother + Daddy;

March 28, 1944

None of us here ~~has~~ received mail for over a week, so when a big bunch came in this morning it made quite a stir in camp. I got 5 V-mail letters from you, two from Aunt B, and a "Progressive" from Aunt Tilde. In ^{your} ~~my~~ most recent letter, Daddy's of March 6th, I learned that John won the Harvard scholarship. This is wonderful news, especially when he gets the full amount.

Reports that snow is falling at home is such a contrast to the weather here where every thing is hot and dry. The heat, however, ^{doesn't} ~~doesn't~~ greatly exceed N.H.'s heat in August, but it's much drier.

Mother speaks in her ~~of~~ letter of Feb. 25 of remembering Washington's Birthday 16 years ago when we were in Florida and the experiences we had on that day. This year on that same day I was walking around on shore in the only port ~~one~~ where we were allowed to get off the ship in our entire trip to India. And while on shore I met a boy whom I ~~had~~ ^{had known} quite well ^{and} who had graduated from Bard College a year before me. He was in the Merchant Marine and it was by the greatest of good luck that we met in this tiny port.

I'm glad to hear that gas rationing is not causing you great inconvenience. It seems so strange to hear of rationing here, for we get gas whenever we need it, & without paying for it.

With lots of love

Henry