

net, mend & presses your clothes, shines brass belt buckles & other metal ware, keeps your clothes in order - hanging them up etc., runs errands for you in town, arranges for your laundry to be done, gets you hot water, etc., etc. It's beneath his dignity to do laundry or sweep out the toilets, but he does practically everything else. Dhobis, or laundrymen, are cheap also, and being of a different caste don't have much to do with the bearers except in the matter of collecting wash. The sweepers who clean the toilets and sweep the floor are the real social outcasts, though. You can see I live in luxury, but it won't last, I realize.

I've been here such a short time that I haven't really started to train yet. When we do we'll be studying one of the better known native languages, auto mechanics, & a little first aid. We have quite a bit of free time which may be spent in town at old U.S. movies, etc. You get in town by riding in a two-wheeled horse drawn buggy. It's the custom to argue over the price of everything you buy, & they ask about twice as much as they expect to get.

We have a library and a bar (Café La Trine) where the drinks are powerful & expensive.

I don't know how long I'll stay here training, probably for quite some time. Please thank Johnny Florence, & Alice for their v-mail letter to me. Glad to hear that you heard from Miss Collins, & that Daddy is going to Harvard this June. I hope both John & Betty there together.

I find the fellows here, almost without exception, an especially fine bunch. The commanding officer is a competent, straight forward, just, & popular man whom we haven't got to know very well yet, but I doubt if my opinion of him will change. Don't worry about me at any time, I'm in the best of health.

With Lots of Love,

Henry