

19 December 1944

Bryant Service Club
Bryant College
Providence, Rhode Island

Dear Folks:

It has been some time since you have heard from me out here in the middle of the country, hasn't it? So I have gathered from a letter from home a short time ago, informing me I hadn't written to you to tell you how much I enjoyed the last gift package you sent to me. I want to tell you that I have received everything you have sent out here to Dayton and really appreciate what you are doing for the fellows away from home, but at certain times, I am not permitted to write out letters to anyone. No, I am not in the guard house, as one might suspect, but if you use a little thinking ability you will probably discover what I am trying to put across to you-all. There will come a day when I shall be glad and willing to tell you all, but at the present time, the War Department says "NO".

Very recently, I received your swell Christmas package and it certainly looked good. A fellow in the Service really remembers such kind thoughts from the gang back home. This gift was shared with members of my "gang" and they expressed their wish and desire that I might extend their thanks to you at the Service Club. They all wished they had such good friends to send them something once in a while, and they "threaten" that if you people send me another box some time in the future, they will sure get their "innings". So you can see, folks, how we boys appreciate everything.

The weather out here has taken a turn for the worse. We have had about six to eight inches of snow with more threatening as I write this letter. I think some of the fellows in the fox-holes and steaming jungles would certainly appreciate a little of this cold and snow. It must be terrific over there in China and India. I have several friends here with me who have just returned from India and the CBI Theater of operations and the stories they have to tell would keep you up half the night. You not only have to watch out for the yellow Jap in the jungles, but wild animals often pay you visits out of nowhere.

Emery

Has anyone heard from ~~Henry~~/Cormier or Carlton Burnham? I believe I asked this once before in a letter but have not seen any addresses coming this way. They graduated with me in the B.S.S. class of 1940. Boy! If Mrs. Stickney could see this typing, she would take my degree away from me. If you knew from where this was typed, you would be rather proud that an old Grad can still bang the keys once in a while. Well, thanks again, folks, for the swell packages you have sent out to me. They are really appreciated.

Best regards, *Robt. H. Dumber, Jr.*