

Tuesday 26

Dear Mom and Dad,

Here I am in Popoka for an unknown length of time. The town is very nice (about 90,000 souls) as is also the field, which is the most lenient I've seen. When we are not engaged on the post, we are encouraged to take off.

Our shipment was divided into two parts. While one of them is processing the other leaves for parts unknown for several days. I'm in the first group. Thus it goes.

The trip out was uneventful in that I was not kicked off my

plane. The pilot was pretty good too. I never woke up at any of the stops. This may also indicate a lack of sleep during the past ten days. I'm not complaining; I had a wonderful time.

The weather is somewhat mean in character, and thus are the uniforms for lack of post regulations on the subject. If you wear sun-tans, you are a bit cool and vice versa.

The young ladies in this town are the most wolfish I have yet encountered. It takes all my strength and constant vigilance to be non-chalant. In one instance four young ladies were in a booth

and four of us were at the counter observing through the mirror. I tried successively to stare each one of them down and ended blushing like a schoolgirl.

Today I did a little shopping. This pen and a matching pencil were some of the fruit thereof. My old one is bearing the load of Lyell's studies.

I really enjoyed M. W. Tucker's company this trip. I had looked forward to seeing her again after our lively and most pleasant correspondence. Eighteen months was a long time no see.

Due to the usual lack of
sacktime I shall stop.

Your loving son,

Gillman