

satisfy my original desire. There will be, I presume only one alternative; rather than becoming maddened with anguish and remain mentally idle will be forced to scrap my original and beloved desire.

Certainly I am as much a prisoner of mind as the hundreds of P.O.W's confined behind towering barb wire enclosures at Berkeley. I have often wondered how many more fellows are in a similar situation. Of course, I realize again that this reorganization is a tremendous task and placements could not possibly be effected in harmony with everyone's personal desires or likes.

This afternoon is drawing to an end so will be forced to close without a proper conclusion. Suffice to say that it is a poor complement of my love to you and sad to cause you to suffer these ramblings and peregrinations of thought.

Until possible next Sunday. Good by now-

Epit

Jarvis.

P.S. my regards to Louis & Dorothy and especially to Edith and the kids. Am expecting Dave to do all my fishing this year, so he will have to jerk double as hard. Say, Gloria, how is Beethoven's moonlight Sonata progressing along, you know you will have to practice for me too.