Dear North-

Another day done. Nothing really new or startling. We are starting on our second package of documents for reporters. This one is on enemy losses. We have quite a pile of documents, not many of which really say very much. The whole system of estimating enemy losses is being called into question at the highest level, so we really have to be careful with this one. We had a conference with the deputy ambassador the morning, and couldn't satisfy him—the politicians want us to say we know thing we are simple estimating, and on pretty shaky ground at that. However, we must do this, and people in their desperation can't rely on the estimate, which doesn't really exist.
The air conditioning will be out for the week - at least that is the latest word. The army issued us each a glor for tonight, which is better than no fan at all, I suppose, but it strikes me that for the price of several dozen large fans they might have fixed the bloody central system.

Had to wear field clothes today because the damn mud is so far behind with the ironing that I am out of khakis. I bitched but it remains to be seen how much good that will do. Did get a couple ironed today but am still behind several sets.

Do you suppose Tom would like a set of junk fatigue with name on them for his birthday? I emphatically say, yes. I can perhaps get some. It would be a bit of a hassle, but I can manage it. They would be good for camping but would
be good only in hot weather and don't look like anything you see there. I have some on in the picture of the first us in front of the airplane. Tops worn outside and always usually up but can be worn down. They will fit you in about 30 minutes even if you're soaked.

No mail for a couple of days. Must be screwed up again.

Love,

Jim