

Somewhere in New Guinea  
27 April 1944

Dearest Inez,

I've neglected writing for several days, but press of duties have been too much. In the meantime I've received several letters from you—dating up to the 15th, which I think pretty good. I received Carol's V mail written just before you all went to Jackson.

I appreciate the clipping regarding Andrew. Mamma sent me the same in a letter I received also this week. I'm certainly glad she got to talk to him. I'll try to call you all from Manila or Tokyo or someplace sometime. Right now the only method of communications I could use other than this is parrot.

~~Another~~ Another thing that has prevented my writing you in the past few days is because of some conferences I've had similar to those back at Shelby—There is possibility that I may be moved again and frankly it looks like this time Smilin Jack has found a way to do what he has been wanting to do for me. It's too early yet to even think about, though, so I won't say anything about it. I've been disappointed so many times that I just won't count on anything until it happens anymore. But, my evenings have been spent in trying to get the ~~thing~~ ball rolling. I'll let you know of course of any developments concerning my personal situation.

You said I hadn't mentioned LeDoux and Chavez. Well, I'm tenting with Marion now. Our tent and the Colonel's next door is sitting off in the edge of the jungle and we're getting it fixed up pretty nice—that is, the colonel and I are. LeDoux is afflicted with bunk fatigue most of the time. Chavez is running our lab now and enjoying it tremendously.

You remember Chaplain Smith. He is sick in the hospital, but today when Morel and I went down to see him he had gone out on pass. So apparently he isn't too sick.

I cannot imagine why Pauline hasn't heard from Luther—but of course they came over after we did. If I ever get a chance I'll try to locate him.

I'm sending home what few woolen clothing I have and tell Gene I'll send the hat in the box. It will probably take forever to reach there, though, as I will send it through the QM.

Your letter about the chicken dinner made my mouth water. For dinner that day we had delicious bully beef and stewed carrots. I can't figure out whether the letters written at sea that you received were those mailed here or those we mailed enroute. So far noone has heard that the latter were received. I'm afraid they're just laying around some port.

I am glad you received the cablegrams sent from here. Service on these EFM cables seems pretty good, so be sure to send me a message whenever the occasion seems to warrant it. I hope though nothing will happen to require it.

I hear-through Jiggetts and Jack—that Bette is marrying a Flying Dutchman and moving to Australia. Wonder if that had anything to do with her going to Washington, or is the marriage deal just a rumor? If you do see Jo tell her to "have one" for me and to write me a poem or something sometime.

Yes, I read C/o Postmaster and thought it pretty good. Much of the stuff he described would apply to New Guinea as well as the wilds of Australia. Especially his story about the Chic Sale conveniences.

I'm sure the Boyds were glad to hear that Loubet C was safe, even if a prisoner of the Nazis. Have the McGuires heard any more from Mac? Being in a Jap prison camp no doubt is a horrible experience, and I hope he is still there when we get to Manila.

Has JS gone yet? (I'm answering the fourth letter now). Looks like Thomas Purser has gotten a nice assignment. I'm glad for him. Sounds like the best possible assignment he could have.

Does Mr Stedman know Alb rt Wellner's address? I'd like to have it for you never know who you'll run into.

I feel flattered that Gene was taken for my brother—and by the time I get back there I expect you will look like my daughter—I wouldn't be surprised. Sure enjoyed the letters—keep em coming. Loads of love, *CL*