

New Guinea
2 May 1944

Darling,

Quite a thrill today—four letters from you, one from Helen Maynard and a change of address card from Thomas Purser. Your letters were dated April 2, 3, 4 and 18—some assortment, wasn't it?

Thomas' address is APO 9907, NYC. The Maynards are now at Grille Beach, Fla., and Helen wants you and the kids to visit her—I'll enclose the letter.

No, I still haven't seen Luther Kelly but will try to find him soon. I may get a chance to run down tomorrow and see about him.

Did you ever find out Bobbie Wood's and Hilton Causey's exact address? You'll have to give me the entire address or it wouldn't help much. Of course I'd be glad to see them. Also George Byrne.

Have you received the money yet? I sent it—\$130—through the Finance Department about a week ago, to be radioed to the States and forwarded to the bank. Did you ever get the bonds? I hope so and that they are coming direct to you or the bank now. That will be less trouble in the long run, I think.

You sound quite the gadabout. But you know I want you to go as much as you like and have as good a time as possible.

Did Coker get his promotion? It's quite a jump from Sgt to Master Sgt, but I always did think he had ability if he'd use it. Send me his address, will you?

I've gotten completely moved now and although I'm not fixed up as nice as I was, I'm comfortable enough. I can see already that I have a real job cut out for me, but I feel that I'm going to like it. The mess here is as good as ours was—one improvement being toast every meal. That makes GI bread so much better. There's no letup from the bully beef, however, and I reckon there won't be as long as we're overseas.

Paul Morel took over my old job and Paul Hudson took his and Shorty Warner took Hudson's and Tom Crawford took Dexter's—and Pete Neilsen took Tom's—so four of the boys are on the way up just because I stepped out. So my transfer was very popular in the Medics. Only Morel isn't too happy—more work same rank. I think he'll do a good job, though. We have another deal coming up by which we hope to make Avrett a warrant officer. I sure hope it goes through. You know he was appointed once but turned it down because it meant transferring out of the division. He'll make a good officer.

By the way, I wrote you yesterday about being transferred but failed to give you my new address—it's on the envelope. Of course I just step across the road and get my mail anyway until the new mail starts coming in. In fact I've stepped across the road so often in the past couple of days that today Joe threatened to put his supply office off limits to me—"one 2½ ton truck load is enough," he said. But, really, I didn't move the tent screening.

I've got to do a little studying tonight, so I'll have to close.

We had a little excitement the other day. General MacArthur came to see us—and apparently liked what he saw. He came back to the Medics a second time. He looks surprisingly like his pictures and seemed to be rather good-natured. The troops were thrilled of course that he came to see us. There was no fanfare of formality about his visit. At our place he pulled up at the headquarters and walked in and said, "I'm General MacArthur" and shook hands with everybody, including the enlisted men. So, naturally, they like him for being so democratic. And, he isn't running for president either, I learned.

You said the girls wanted some stories about the native girls, but the only one I know is the enclosed clipping from Yank.

Good night and loads of love,