

New Guinea
7 May 44

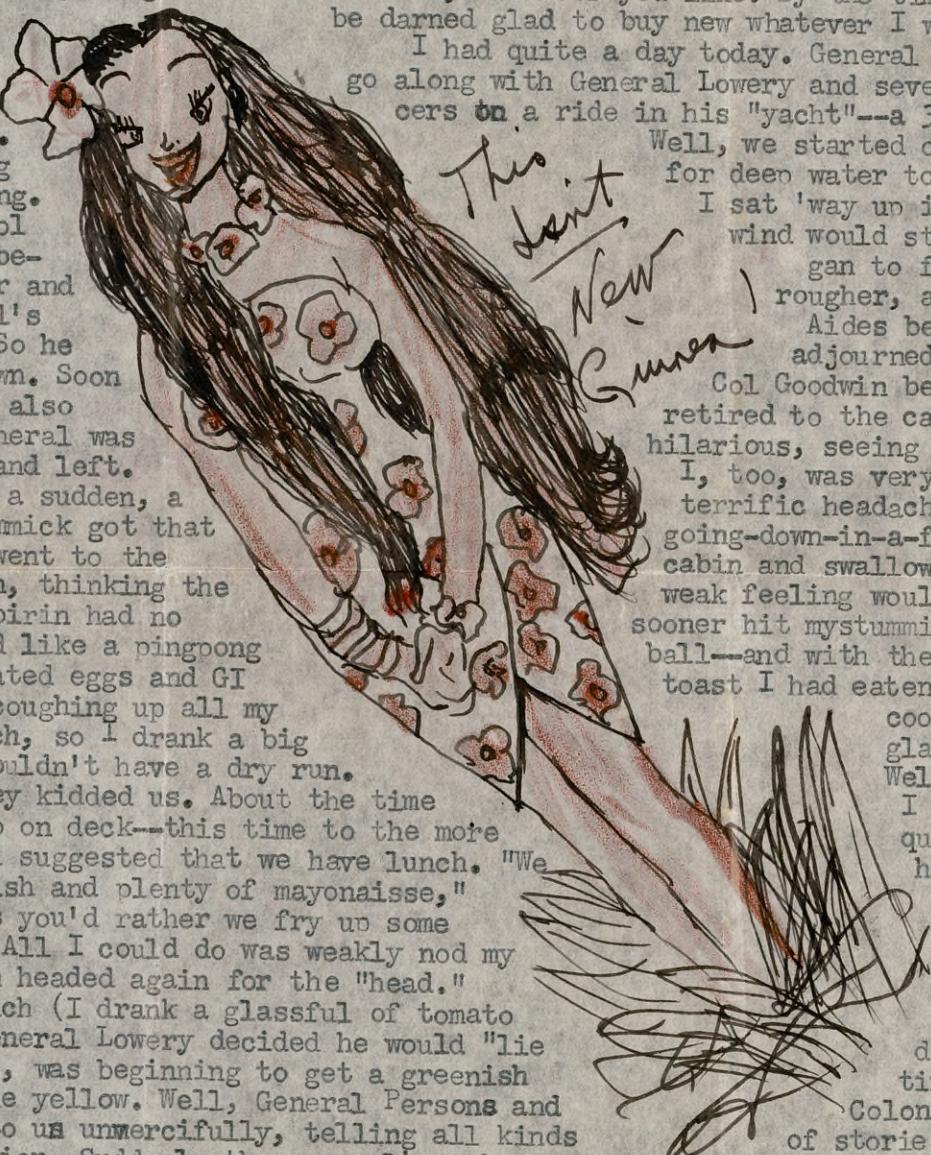
Dear Gene,

You could have knocked me over with a feather when I opened that V-mail letter and saw it was from you. I had an idea you could write a good letter if you just would stop long enough—and you did. I enjoyed it.

I enjoyed your story about the hike—and don't hesitate to use the sleeping bag, or anything else I have there, whenever you like. By the time I get home I'll be darned glad to buy new whatever I will need.

me to offi-
launch.
heading
trolling.
the cool
spray be-
rougher and
General's
sick. So he
lie down. Soon
and he also
the general was
right and left.
all of a sudden, a
my stummick got that
So, I went to the
aspirin, thinking the
The aspirin had no
bounced like a pingpong
dehydrated eggs and GI
After coughing up all my
to retch, so I drank a big
so I wouldn't have a dry run.
how they kidded us. About the time
back up on deck--this time to the more
general suggested that we have lunch. "We
tuna fish and plenty of mayonaisse,"
perhaps you'd rather we fry up some
bacon. All I could do was weakly nod my
Goodwin headed again for the "head."
ate lunch (I drank a glassful of tomato
away General Lowery decided he would "lie
He, too, was beginning to get a greenish
Atabrine yellow. Well, General Persons and
lit into us unmercifully, telling all kinds
corruption. Suddenly the general's other aide said, "Excuse me," and dashed for
the "head." From then on out Col Jiggetts, the general, and Col Dupre, none of whom
felt a thing—not even sympathy—razzed the life out of us. And we were much too
weak to do more than grin weakly and take it.

But, I felt okay after losing my cookies and the general decided to tie
up to a Navy ship, whose captain had invited us to come aboard. We somehow managed
to climb up the swaying rope ladder, with our little cruiser slapping us in the
pants with every wave. We came aboard with all the formality of saluting the ensign
and the Officer of the Deck and the ship's captain, and were invited up to the
bridge for "tea," which turned out to be the first cocoacola I've had since the
time I was in Panama. After drinking it, we all felt better, even poor Colonel



I had quite a day today. General Persons invited
go along with General Lowery and several other staff
ciers on a ride in his "yacht"—a 30-foot motor

Well, we started out into the bay,
for deep water to do a bit of
I sat 'way up in the bow where
wind would strike me, and the
gan to fly. The water got
rougher, and one of the

Aides began to feel a bit
adjourned to the cabin to
Col Goodwin began to turn green
retired to the cabin. By this time
hilarious, seeing his staff fall out
I, too, was very much amused. Then,
terrific headache struck me and
going-down-in-a-ferris-wheel feeling.
cabin and swallowed a couple of
weak feeling would soon wear off.
sooner hit mystummick when they
ball—and with them came all the
toast I had eaten for breakfast.

cookies I still had
glass of water just
Well, you can imagine
I got able to crawl
quiet stern—the
have some nice
he said, "or
nice slabs of
head—and Col
Well, the others
juice) and right
down for a rest."
tint underneath his

Colonel Jiggetts then
of stories of blood and

corruption. Suddenly the general's other aide said, "Excuse me," and dashed for

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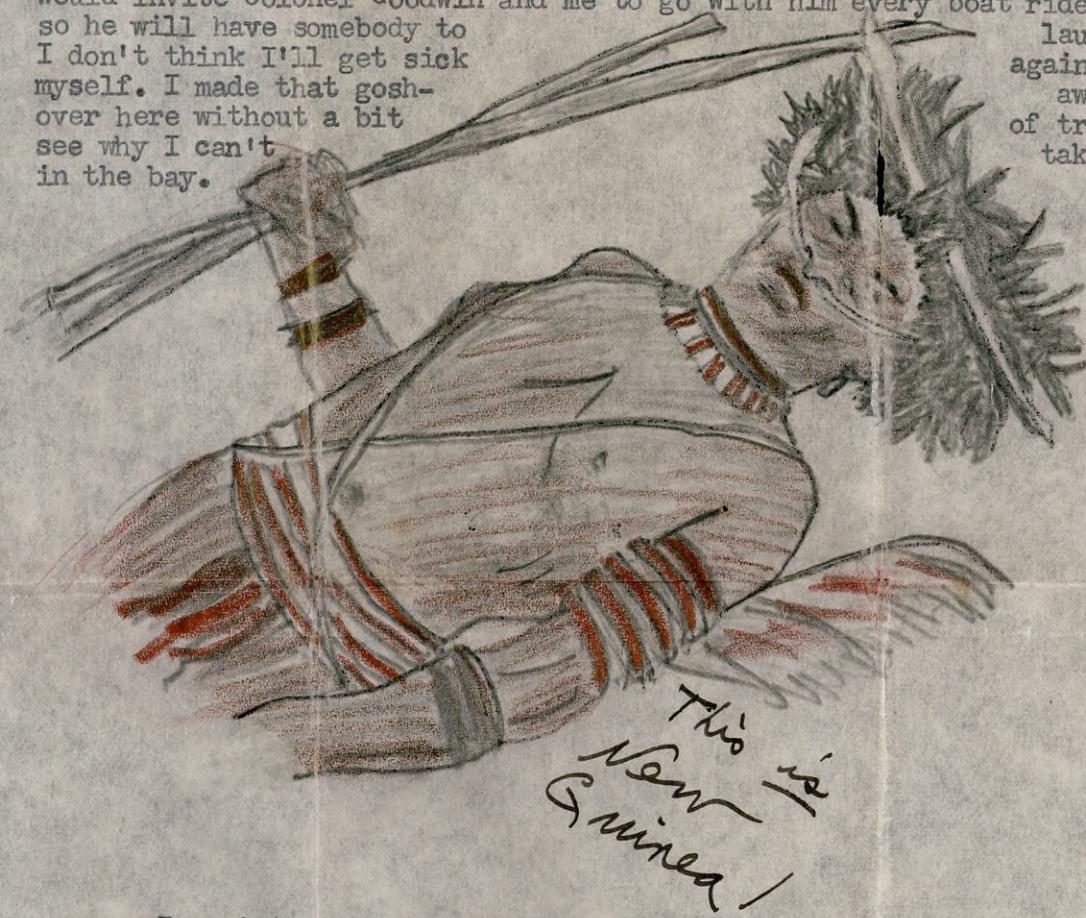
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Goodwin. Then, the captain's Filipino mess steward served the best boiled ham sandwiches I've ever eaten—also another "first" for New Guinea—and huge pitchers of icewater. We only ate about 25 sandwiches apiece—well, they were small—and drank a few gallons of that delicious icewater while the ship's captain and the captain from another ship told us tales of the "bushes" they have been in through the South Seas battles.

After a couple hours on the ~~steady~~ deck of the ship, we all felt much improved and, feeling up to it, boarded our small boat and headed for the shore. When we started back to camp Colonel Jiggetts said he was sure the general would invite Colonel Goodwin and me to go with him every boat ride he takes, just so he will have somebody to laugh at. But, I don't think I'll get sick myself. I made that gosh-over here without a bit see why I can't in the bay.

again (I keep telling awful boat trip of trouble, so I don't take a small ride



This
is
New
Guinea!

I went to an officers' dance last night and kicked up my ~~heels~~ a bit—maybe you needn't tell Inez—so, perhaps that had something to do with my weak stomach—loss of sleep. There were a number of pretty American nurses at the dance, some gorgeous Australian nurses and some beautiful American Red Cross girls. Of course I tried to dance with them all—and pretty nearly made it, I think. Colonel Lance was there and he introduced me around as "Captain, Senior Grade." Some kidder.

It looks like, from your letter, that McComb is going to have another hot football team. Are you out for football? Or, are you covering the games for one of the press associations? Write me all about them—and things.

Give the girls my love—and I'm enclosing a little souvenir for you. (I am going to send the hat and sword, so help me). Write me as often as you can find time.

Love from your dad,

CD