

Netherlands East Indies
5 Nov 44

Darling,

I'm going to recommend the postalf officer for promotion--giving me four letters today, plus one from Mamma. I also received a V-Mail letter yesterday.

The package for the kids certainly got there in a hurry. Did yours? It was sent at the same time, also air mail. Gene's was so big it couldn't have gone air mail, so I'm sure it will be late getting there.

In your letter of Oct 18 you mentioned Carolyn's and Sue's grades, but you never did tell me how Gene and Nancy made out. Or is Gene too busy with football to think much about grades? Seriously though, I know both of them are doing well. Their mother always did make good grades.

I've had a rather trying week and didn't get to write you as often as I'd have liked. But, I've been relieved of some of my worries, and have moved back to division headquarters again. Everybody seems to like General Martin very well. He's a quiet, very polite sort of fellow and tactful enough to be cautious about changes. So everybody's happy. He's only a Brigadier, but of course I expect, he'll get his second star soon. He's a West Pointer and his home is North Carolina--which could be worse.

We've been keeping our ears glued to the radio ever since the landing on Leyte. The news sounds good and MacArthur seems to be coming into his glory. I hear many of the fellows say they wish they had been in on that landing, but I'm perfectly contented to be getting a little rest before pushing on. Of course we all would like to see a civilized city again. You cannot imagine the deathly monotony of this "life in the country." The beauties of the trionics become less appealing every day.

Another thing that gets on my nerves--the constant, day and night association with the same people. They're good guys, most of them, but when you work with a fellow all day, then have to look at him every night, it gets mighty boring. I don't think I'm developing claustrophobia--it's not the crowd I mind, but the being in the midst of the same crowd all the time. But, I know from experience it's much more unpleasant to have to live army life among a bunch of strangers. I reckon it's just army life I'm tired and sick of.

Well, I won't go on in this vein because you will probably think I'm blue. I'm not particularly depressed. I think this same way all the time. Although I'm sure that if there is any trend in attitude, it is constantly toward the depressed side the longer one remains in this way of living.

You asked if you knew Col Williams--I don't think so. He's from Alabama and an infantryman, but I don't think you ever met him. John Garner knows him well, though having served under him since we were at Shelby, I think. I yet haven't seen Leroy Magee since our D-Day. I keep thinking I'll get time to look him up, but so far something has interfered every time I plan to start out.

I can't imagine what letter it was that Jack Hancock used, nor what the picture was. I don't recall any picture of me being included among those ~~mem~~ I sent him--unless it was the one taken with "Peter" the Paruan police boy down in New Guinea. That must have been it.

The more I think of that brainstorm I had about the book the less I think of it. So I won't be surprised if Jo and Carver both agree that there wouldn't be anything to it. I've started an article about "Father John"

for the "Walkabout", Australian national journal, but haven't finished it. I believe I sent you some copies of this magazine but I don't suppose you received them.

Morel took over the medical supply job I had for a few days, which makes me very happy. While I was down there I lived with a Collecting company. Four officers, three of them Jewish and from New Jersey. They were some characters. The boy I succeeded, Lt Meekstraugh, was a very nice fellow. He has been on nearly every landing in the Southwest Pacific and I think it secretly was disappointing when he didn't take part in the initial landings in the Phillipines. His biggest kick seems to come from "getting something for the doughboys," as he terms it.

It's about time for lights out, so

Good night my love,

CC