

Somewhere in New Guinea
16 April 1944

Darling,

I was so glad, yesterday, to receive your letter of April 2, enclosing those of the girls, in which they said you had received my first letter written after we landed here. I had been very anxious to know that you had word from me. It has eased the tension considerably, I know. I feel you must have written a letter on the 1st, since you didn't mention my letter—but it will probably reach me by and bye.

I thought the kids would enjoy the first impressions I received of New Guinea and no doubt they made many guesses as to ~~wh~~ just what strange land this "somewhere" was.

The cable you received evidently was the first of two I sent about a month apart. This one, sent at our only port of call enroute, evidently was held up until our safe arrival here. I sent another about a week after we landed here and I'm sure you have received it by now. Also you should have received by now a great deal of mail, written enroute, and some more letters from New Guinea. I certainly hope they have gotten through as I realize what letters do mean this far from loved ones.

After three days of rainstorms the sun is trying to come out this Sunday morning. The mountain streams which flow hereabouts are raging torrents and our camp area, which is quite low, looks much like Perry county used to look when the Leaf river went on a rampage.

In the past few days also we've had other excitement, and if you'll remind me, I'll tell you about it—after the war, I suppose.

We've become acclimated, I think, to New Guinea's weather—I'm glad this is the "dry" season—and we're actually beginning to enjoy it here—all things considered. Our construction era has about come to an end and the boys are proud of the results of their labors. The colonel tells me I'm to move, however, into the tent with LeDoux, so I've got to remake my little home. With LeDoux, I'll have considerably more room, though, and also will be able to have many conveniences impossible to have here in troop officers' row.

We had the usual large crowd at Protestant services this morning, and the Catholic Mass, now being said, seems well attended. Our new chapel is almost completed and Hussman plans to have a dedicatory service next Sunday. It is a nice asset to our little village.

I've written you what a fine fellow I think the chaplain is. He works harder than any chaplain I've ever known and is doing great work. His sincerity has won the respect of all the men and he is always eager to be doing something for them. His library now includes several hundred books, good books too, and the circulation is very favorable. He keeps the library open until 1030 at night and always has a number of customers around.

We were very fortunate this week in being allotted three ~~man~~ quart cans of orange-grapefruit juice each. Also, believe it or not, we had FRIED CHICKEN for dinner yesterday. Tough as a crow, it was yet the most delicious meal we've had yet. Without refrigeration facilities, fresh meat is a rarity. Twice we've received oxmeat from Australia. But, it's amazing the things the cooks are learning to do with corned beef and salmon—their camouflage jobs are improving every day. For breakfast we have dehydrated-egg omelets (not too often, thank goodness) and hot cakes with sugar syrup and occasionally salt bacon. Tomato juice nearly every morning, and some kind of canned fruit at one meal each day. I'm not gaining any weight—in fact am losing some belly—but we can't complain very much about the food, I suppose.

Darling I do pray you all will be all right—and that I can come home not too long from now.

Loads of love,