

Somewhere in New Guinea
23 April 1944

My darling,

I was awfully glad to receive your letter of the 10th today—and that was certainly a handsome picture you enclosed. The most interesting part was the mention of Andrew—just what did he get for doing what? I didn't know he was in the Marshalls fracas at all. I'm just not keeping up on the news, I reckon.

Your cablegram certainly came quick—or was that a second one you spoke about? Have you received two from me? There's an awful lot of mail knowking around somewhere for you—and a lot for me, too, I hope. Your first cable arrived here last Sunday—the 16th—which makes it only 7 days enroute. And your letter today only took 12 days—that's good service.

I attended New Guinea's first night softball game last night—can you imagine a brightly lighted field over here while I suppose you're still practicing blackouts there? I'll write more about the game later, but I must say that I got a touch of homesickness—one team was composed of boys who are being transferred back to the States after many months service overseas. You can imagine how happy that bunch is—and how I'd like to be among them. But, I suppose I'll have as many months here as they have had before I get to go home—perhaps more. But I do want to hurry.

I'm enclosing a copy of a letter I wrote to Fred. It turned out so long that I'm afraid it's cut into the time I should give this one to you. But, reading the copy, you can get some idea of what I might also write you.

From this letter alone, though, can you get this—I love you so much. It's raining again tonight—not too good for the old morale, I can tell you.

I'm enclosing a copy of the chaplain's program today—it was quite an event and the chaplain was very proud of course.

As you can see from the Jungle Juice, the handlebars have gone—too much trouble and I know you wouldn't like it anyway.

Give the girls a great big hug for me and tell Gene to write.

Goodnight honey,

