

Somewhere in New Guinea

16 April 1944

Dearest Carolyn,

The best part of your letter was your promise that you girls would try to write regularly. I'd like very much to get letters from you often—and from Gene if you could make him write. I suppose he's pretty busy as a drugstore cowboy now, though.

I hope you and Mother and the other girls have received your presents. You can tell Gene I've sent him a neat little package—I won't say what it contained, but I want you to write me whether he recognizes what it is.

I've been trying to get some pictures of the natives for you, but they don't like their pictures being taken very much. I will send you some as soon as I can find somebody who has taken them. Today I saw a large crowd of girls, along with boys, walking down the road. No, they don't wear grass skirts but they do wear sarongs—a few bracelets and beads and that's all. These Melanesian people are about the ugliest race on earth and their women certainly aren't pinup girls. The small children are as chubby and smooth and shiny as a Mississippi pickaninnie—and naked as they day they were born. They always hold out their hands and call "chew gum" to the Americans. I think that and "cigaret" are about the first words of English they learn. Even the smallest child smokes apparently.

Don't forget to write me often—and I want you and Gene to help your mother lots. I know you will.

Love, from your dad,

