

Taloma, Mindanao
20 September 1945

Dear Mollye,

Let's not apologize; sure, and it's a good idea this writing a form letter. After all, with a correspondence as large as yours, it's just about impossible for you to keep from repeating yourself constantly. The news is all the same and I'm sure the fellows feel that a mimeograph from you is still as personal a letter as an individual one. Incidentally, you cut a very pretty stencil. You can be my secretary any day!

We attended a lecture and demonstration regarding our new cold and wet weather clothing. The Captain conducting the class was excellent. He was more like a master of ceremonies in a night club than the typical army officer. And the cracks he pulled off were good. He started with the woolen underwear - that was from "scratch". He compared it with the stuff we used to get. This new underwear contains equal amounts of cotton and wool, the old contained one quarter cotton and three quarters wool. And so, the amount of "scratch" has been reduced a third. His description of the things we used to wear got me. After washing, they used to shrink from both ends and when salvaged, because they were too small, the army issued them to the Wacs as snuggies. There were quite a few other good gags too much on the shady side to mention in a letter. But I can't resist this one. He was explaining the use and care of the sleeping bags, how to keep them dry, etc. He concluded with "you wouldn't want to go to sleep with a cold wet bag". Hardly!

From what you say, the new Director, Mr. Bluestone should measure up very well. It takes a good man to keep all of the factions in our community pulling together. Mr. Sollid was the first ever to do the trick. He leaves behind him a record that will be difficult for any man to match. But, being an optimist, I am sure that Mr. Bluestone will be able to carry on as well. My best wishes to him for success.

Here, on Mindanao, we are still waiting. However, the story is that we shall arrive at Cochi, Shikoku on the 22nd of October. From what I understand, the city, which had a population the size of Wilmington, has been approximately 75% destroyed. Here's hoping that estimate is exaggerated. I was looking forward to a little civilization after all these months in the jungle. Regular sidewalks, streets and stores and homes would be a sight for sore eyes. The only towns we have ever seen have been heaps of rubble; the roads - muddy ruts; the climate - hot, wet and disease infested. I'll take my chances with a cold climate any day. (We shall probably freeze until we can again acclimate ourselves). We might even meet some Yidgeisha girls!

Unfortunately, most of the units around this part of the world are in the process of moving so our Yom Kippur and Rosh Hoshannah services in the Division were conducted without the aid of a chaplain. But, they came out very well, and I am sure that ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ our prayers were as well received. Think so?

That's about all for now. See you one of these months. Ed