

Vicinity of Davao
July 12, 1945

Dear Folks,

I suppose I am about due to write another letter. This one shall be a bit less verbose. Did I hear a sigh of relief? It should also be easier to read; I am using a decent typewriter.

Life is pretty dull in a place like this when the fighting is all over. The work continues, of course, but there isn't the excitement that goes with a campaign. The time passes so much more quickly when we are on the move. At present, every day is just like the last one with not much hope for a break in the monotony. I suppose I shouldn't complain about settling down for a while, in fact a long while. We have certainly been going pretty strong for the past year. But I want to get home as soon as possible. The faster we can keep moving, the faster we get home.

As far as comforts go, we have no complaints. Our present setup puts to shame anything we have had since I joined the Division 13 months ago. For the first time we have a mess hall in a regular building constructed solely for that purpose. The food has taken a sudden turn for the better. Imagine getting fresh eggs and meats for three days running. That just doesn't happen, at least not in the Army in the Pacific theatre. But it happened and may continue to happen, I hope. We have regular showers and hot ones at that. We are bivouaced alongside the beach and, when it isn't raining, we can go swimming. Our post exchange is open with its assortment of cookies and knickknacks. Right now we are sweating out our next cigarette and beer rations. Cigarettes, of course, are issued without charge; beer is a bit more expensive - something like six or seven cents a can. You can't spend money here no matter how extravagant you are. Even our laundry charge is only 75 centavos per bundle. That amounts to 37½ cents in real money. And so, I kill two birds with one stone. I send Etta my surplus money and she thinks I am the considerate husband. She more than makes up for it with the packages she sends. The stuff comes in handy of an evening.

I'll bet I see more pictures than you people do. We have the shows a week, all with the compliments of the motion picture industry. Most of them haven't even been released in the States. Now don't get the idea that I am enamored of this sort of life. I'm not. I'll take rationing, shortages and what have you. Just let me be a civilian and have my family.

I hear regularly from Sam Silver. He appears to be doing very well. He has extended several invitations to me to visit with him. Unfortunately, the Army can't see it our way. Unreasonable people!

The chapel is right next to our office so that, whether I feel like it or not, I go to services. Chaplain Jolt, the Corps Chaplain has been down on several occasions. He is swell. And a good chaplain in addition to being a swell fellow. He has a very good voice. Also, he has the best assortment of jokes I have run across. On Friday nights when we don't have a chaplain, we conduct services ourselves. There are quite a few different outfits around and the fellows bring everything from cake and fruit juices to GI (180 proof

We are going to have a Bar Mitzvah next week. There is a German Jewish family in the area. They have been on Mindanao since 1939, having escaped from Germany a little earlier. The youngest son is about 17 and has never had the opportunity to be confirmed. So, he is leaving his prayers, Chaplain Jolt is busy trying to get a Torah from Tacloban and we are all looking forward to the first Bar Mitzvah to ever be held on this island.

That's all of any interest now. I'll write again when I dig up some more dirt.

Sincerely,

P.S. I still can't get time for individual letters Ed.