

Mindanao  
22 August 1945

Dear Mallye,

It looks like I am about due for another one of my mass production letters. At least twenty letters from you folks have piled up. Business has slowed down considerably since the war has come to an end. Actually we now have about one day's work a week. We won't start being busy until the outfit gets ready to move. Then things will pop.

Being under Sixth Army we shall probably be on the west side of Honshu. The rumours making the rounds are that we shall be stationed at a city of a million population. According to the Atlas that should be Nagoya. I expect that living conditions will improve considerably after we reach there. Not that we have been having it tough here. Actually things are better than at any time since we hit this part of the world. Fresh foods and even condiments occasionally aren't to be sneezed at. Beer is issued very regularly, one can per day. We have a small ice box for cooling it and ice isn't too much of a problem for us. We also have a Coleman two burner stove on which we cook of an evening when the regular chow hasn't been too good. We have excellent sources for supplies. Being in the medics we are in a position to bargain for just about anything we might want. We have a number one boy to make our beds, keep the office and our quarters clean, carry water for washing and launder our clothing. We pay him two Pesos (\$1.00) per week per man. Actually we are gentlemen of leisure. Every afternoon for a few hours we take off to the beach for a sun bath and a swim. Not bad eh? I'll still take home and all that goes with it in exchange.

One of the fellows is getting very short (being demobilized) so we threw a party for him Saturday night. We had fifty steaks, 15 pounds of hamburger, ten loaves of bread, ten pounds of cheese two and a half gallons of coke syrup, 12 quarts of you know what, etc. I can see you all drooling now. We must have fed 75 men. The shindig lasted until three in the morning. And it was the best organized affair we ever had. Incidentally, I was the butcher and chef's helper. None of us could get up the next morning. ~~That is, no~~ one but Mike, who doesn't drink. He is from Iowa. He took over the office in the morning and I struggled out of bed to hold it down for the afternoon.

Today, final arrangements are being made for me to go up to Leyte for a few days to see Sam. Tentative plans call for me to leave on Monday. I shall fly up by transport plane and return the same way. It sounds swell and I want to see him before we pull out. I probably won't see him again till both of us are home once more. I hope the latter will soon be realized.

Talking about getting home, I have the grand total of 58 points as of VE Day which puts me at the bottom of the upper third of the men over here. According to the poop the Army has been putting out it appears that of the 1800000 men over here 1500000 will be returned within ten and a half months. If that is how it will work, I should be out of here in about four months. However, I have seen too much of this Army to accept anything like that. If I get home in six or seven months I shall call it even. Anyway, the next few months should move rapidly.

Everyone at home seems to be fine; I'm sure the end of the war here didn't hurt them a bit. My next letter, no doubt will come to you from Japan. Till then continue keeping up my morale with your letters.

As ever

(Edward Budin)

P.S. Bear with me. My social life takes up most of my time. "Oklahoma" tonight Ed