

Dear Ones,

Well, the typewriter tells you that I am in an office once more. It is just a few moments since I sealed my last letter to you; since then I have been officially welcomed and introduced to the Ordnance Office here in the Service Command Headquarters. That is now the address for use: Hqrs, Sv Com, Ordnance Section, APO 708, S.F. It is still not certain whether I will be here in hqrs or out with the company; the c.o. is out at present and I will wait for his return. The office is a swell (compared to a tent) hutment and appears very complete; the mess is fine - reputedly the best Army mess on the island; we have a club and all the facilities like PX and shops you could ask for in the area. As for my work I am still in doubt, it is my first contact with an organization of this nature. Under any condition it does not look to be a bad deal at all. The New Hebrides at present are not exactly the front lines by a long shot - it is a well established station; I am sure that I will get into the swing of things quickly, be able to make the most of this good break as long as it lasts. Today (I just found this out - I was gradually losing track of time) is Sunday so things are functioning on only half the cylinders; tomorrow will be a better time to get my bearings and pick up the few odds and ends I need. I certainly have a lot of stuff with me - like soap. In a week I'll probably feel like an oldtimer, I hope.

There were only a couple of other officer passengers on the trip up and a couple of them were Medical Captains; their function of course is primarily their medicine but every now and then they like to pull the authority of their Army rank. All our baggage was put in an unused stateroom and when we docked we had trouble getting a detail to get the stuff ashore. So the Medics took it upon themselves to rustle up the men - how?? - naturally by ordering one of the second looies to get the men. It gave me quite a kick. Fortunately all the baggage got unloaded with a minimum of sore feelings and sour enlisted men. On the whole the Medics are a good bunch - and they always let you know about the swell practice they sacrificed for Uncle Sam. Of course, I get a great big kick out of everybody - I enjoy watching people and their various reactions. A sidelight on Army life: the enlisted men play a much stiffer and steeper game of poker than the officers.

From now on (I guess I have written this many times before - proof in itself of the truth in it) I will be back in a routine of work; and now even the details of that routine may be of such a nature that I can not describe them. It is going to be tough to think up writing material. I know you will make this clear to one and all - what I seek is lots of mail, and letters provocative of thought and material. And my promise of an answer to every letter still goes. As far as news goes, my being here is about the only item, that is, the only item of interest to those outside of the family. What I must do is to keep up my contacts. You know what I mean.

The wind in the palms rustles so that it sounds just like rain and I'll bet it can rain like hell here in the rainy season. It is a pretty green spot.

Love,

June 11, 1944

Summary