

Netherlands East Indies
12 October 1944

Dear Shiltz:

good lord, what in blazes did I write in those letters? They couldn't have been that good. I guess the truth of the matter was that I had no job & was bored. Thanks for sending the junk home. I'll bet you hated me.

What a place this is. We live in a so-called warehouse. It's bigger than the Oglethorpe theatre. For walls we have to six foot high strip of burlap. An old beat up burlap bag serves as a door. all day long Negro engineers wander in & out & goggle.

Just to keep you posted on our latrine situation. We now have six holes better than the Brisbane bucket variety I must say. Cold showers keep us clean. Everyone below the rank of general does his or her own laundry. No irons either.

~~##~~ Before I forget it let me tell you about the boat we came up on. It went so slow that a butterfly passed it. One day we passed a ship midst much cheering only to find that it was anchored. It took 4 days & nights to go ~~from~~ two hundred & fifty miles.

In order to go out we have to be escorted by a 45 caliber gun with a man. ^{Owing to} ~~considering~~ our present costume & ~~our~~ appearance it's not always

4 easy to get said gun-

We wear mens sun tans, rolled up to avoid the mud, & smart green fatigue hats.

Some dope only got half way thru the malaria lectures. ~~They~~^{He} got far enough to realize that Malaria is caused by mosquitoes, but not far enough to realize that Annie only comes out at night. So sleeves will be rolled down at all times. Its practically a court Martial offense to roll them up & Lord are Capt Gardner & Capt Koehl getting 91.

Last night we discovered how to get around the beeing ascorted by a man attached to a gun angle. We signed out for the movies, met a couple of GIs in a jeep and toured the country. This place is lovely. It is very mountaneous. The engineers have built some remarkable roads especially considering the length of time they were allowed. All along the way are little camps, CBs GIs etc. Everyone except the Wacs who have a warehouse live in tents. About all they consist of is a floor and canvas top. Laundry is hanging all over the place. and GIs appear in the strangest garb. We drove to a lake and then went back to one of the boys mess hall where we had fruit juice (worth its weight in gold) and cookies. We got in five minutes late, minus a pass but so far noone has caught on. Life is good. Gmmmmmmmm

P.S. There was no movie that night

Gone are the days of the Brisbane commandos. Most of the boys I have met here are gentlemen and just like to talk. Maybe ~~hmm~~ its because they never had a chance to study the tactics of the USO commando. And they are awfully nice about getting us soap etc (Our PX is closed for repairs or something) anyhow the only thing it sold was toothpaste) building us footlockers and generally beeing handy men. Doty its pathetic, some of them have been over here thirty monthes, and the stories they do tell. Most of them are very nonchalant and apparently unemotional about their experiences. It has matured them though. I'm mighty proud of beeing an American and I ain't just kidding.

Today I am paying my monthly visit to the ~~major~~ powers that be to ask for reassignment. Its really become quite a ritual. We have a new staff director, Major Bailey who was my Basic CO and is a swell egg which helps. You see ever since I've been here T.C has expected me to transfer out and hence has given me stinking jobs. My present job consists of typing W/Ind. (wrapper indorsements) another form dreamed up over here, and signals. The W/Ind consist of a short sentnenc (forwarded for your information) plus the usual long winded addresses. Signals are fun. (CHARLIE ABLE BORUS CLAIMS REURAD STPA SIX FIVE TWO ONE WILL BE INVESTIGATED AND WILL BE FORWARDED SOONEST) I like that will be forwarded soonest clause. You put it in whenever you don't know what else to say, noone knows quite what it means. You have to make 13 copies of signals which really confuses me esepcially since I usually have to recopy the thing four or five times.

if look important but it isn't

To make things nicer, in the process of moving we have stowed away somewhere all of our files and one typewriter. Since I am distintly not good at typing they let me sit. Oh well I have fun. I bum rides hither and yon with people going places on official business, write letters and sit and absorb this lovely hot sticky climate.

Our two greatest problems here are the climate and malaria control. Do you know where I can get some Chinese powder? My skin has turned bright yellow from Atrabin. Mosquitoe nets are a nuisance, it takes 15 minutes when sober and an hour otherwise to put the things together at night. You might as well give up any ideas of getting up in the middle of the night.

It takes two or three days for things to dry. Hence our whole barracks is strung with laundry. The engineers ~~or~~ someone strung a lot of wires around on which were to be hung some curtains (burlap no doubt) to be used ~~as~~ as partitions. Since the burlap is in England or Alaska we use the wires for laundry. Capt. Gardner complains that it looks like a chinese laundry, but then we look like Chinese. Our envelopes get so damp that they all stick to gether and can only be unstuck by placing on top of the mosquitoe bars at night which makes them damper yet and unsticks accordingly.

Its muddy here, so we don't shine shoes, I have gotton some dirty looks from Captain Gardner but then who cares.

Who is your present CO? Have you gotton a transfer? For Gods sake get one. Until you get away from the place you do not realize what a rut you ~~are~~ in. Besides its fun, even if you do get a stinking job. Just sit back and relax and let someone else do the worrying.

There is no news. Marion and Westy are still in Brisbane, they had best move soon as ~~one~~ of them owes me a bottle of Shenleys. From what little gossip I have heard Mary has some chance of coming here. I hope so as her set up sounds pretty deadly. Oh yes Marion and I have been requisitioned as 290s five times since we have been here but some dopey Wac captain keeps snafuing the situation.

Write, but for God Sakes use Air Mail or V Mail, Your letter took aproximately 6 weeks, Hell I may have moved on to China or England by the time your ~~next~~ letter comes.

Love and luck on your promising army future. I wish you would come over here. There are some people that we could do some beautiful Social work on.

Nancy