two years later.... Our trip across was uneventful, but quite interesting. My particular project was lucky enough to fly across, therefore we had the opportunity to see within a few hours many different lands and peoples and customs.... During our brief stay in the British West Indies someone was frantically looking for me, but he failed to find me. I realized later that it must have been Oppy.... In Natal we did absolutely nothing but swim and eat and buy a lot of junk called souvenirs, as is the American tourist custom. It seems to me the families of servicemen must suffer more from the influx of souvenirs than the servicemen suffer from the hardships of being overseas.... Once in India, we spent two weeks in a replacement center.. Our orders finally came out, and now I am actually working on radio equipment and enjoying it. What, if anything, I learned in school has long been forgotten, so I am in the process of relearning, this time from actual experience.... Life here is quite easy-going and lackadaisical, although quite efficient. We are living in a four-man tent. We are quite fortunate in having been sent to a country where the natives do all the dirty work. For instance, our bearer makes the beds, shines our shoes, gets water, sweeps, looks after our clothes and does any other menial jobs we have -- all for the sum of six dollars a month. So you see, we have nothing to do, but tend radio equipment that needs no tending. It is all very nice and comfortable.."

Lieutenant George Hendrickson writes from India, "I have changed addresses again. This is not a permenent change, as I expect to go back to Calcutta soon. I was sent up here to open a new office and press filing paint. After getting things moving I am to return to the fleshpots of the big city and take up where I left off.... In a way it has been a vacation for me. The weather has been very cool, and I have had a chance to see some of Assam. The officer's mess here is very good and is a wonderful change from the endless round of chicken that the hotel served in Calcutta.. I had my first ride in a plane on the way up here. I cannot say that I am enthusiastic about flying.. I rather enjoyed the flight though, once I was sure that the wings were not falling off and that the bottom was quite firm. Last week I flew down to Myitkyina.. The town was not the shambles that I had seen in photographs taken right after the fall. It had been cleaned up by the Chinese troops who had moved everything that was movable... Many of the Jap dugouts remain. I counted as many as seven layers of heavy logs and rock on one. It would have taken a direct hit by the largest of bombs to put a dent in it. With the Japs dug in so well it was a laborious process to get them out and liberate the town. At one time it was a beautiful little town, resting on a large elbow of the Irrawaddy River.. The weather is mild, and the scenery is quite peaceful. It is difficult to realize that there was a battle here that lasted for months, and that the Japs are still but fifty miles away.. We ran across a Burmese temple set off from one of the roads. We got out to look at it and discovered that the Japs had dug a fortification under it. The temple was well scarred with rifle fire and grenade blasts..."

Junelaine Smith writes from Long Beach, California: "I saw Oppy one night last month. He was on his way to San Luis Obispo.."

Mrs. Mildred Wentworth writes from New York City (68 Perry Street): "Tommy had been transferred, after leaving Camp Shelby, to Infantry Reserves and was sent to England last June. For a month or more he was held in reserve after reaching France, and, judging from his last letters early in September, he was probably in action only a week or so before he was killed on the thirteenth of that month. He wrote nothing of actual battle, nor of his exact whereabouts; he was probably attached to the First Army."