

a-bouts are not out, even one side of the street is darkened- and why?? because you are away and we are lonesome for you. They might as well go ahead and roll up the streets and side-walks and await your return, for all we care.

We picture in our minds lots of you guys, with your shirt tails out, out at the ball park, yelling for Snake Henry to clean up Wilson, or Greenville - cussing Ben Mooney for not beaming some guy, 'cause' "I AM UP HERE IF HE STARTS ANYTHING," cheering Soup Campbell or Buster Maynard for their dazzling catches, or giving Henry Webb hell for hot Coca Colas or burnt peanuts, or Shack in the press box for robbing Solly of a hit. We recall scores of you up at the swimming pool either "bank-walking" or on the high board, showing the dear people how Tarzan should do this one. And some of you used to visit the old Farmers Bank when your editor was laboring there, coming in with dad or granddaddy to get that pay roll (or renew that note).

Yes, we too are missing you, but our money is down that your faces are now turned in the other direction, every muscle taut that jaw firmly set, just looking for the b-----d that caused this thing. Well, hurry up and get up with him, "scoffolize him from the records" and come on back. We've got lots of celebrating to do on the real "D-day", and brother, we plan to do it in a big way.

Write us often, for we love your letters. Our promise is that your letter will not go unanswered. Good luck, fellows.

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA

Somewhere in New Guinea
Where the rain is like a curse,
Every day is followed
By another slightly worse.
Your tent is always muddy,
And your clothes are always damp,
Where shaving is a fortune
And where a man feels like a tramp.

Somewhere in New Guinea
White women scarcely seen,
The sky is always cloudy
And the grass is always green.
The mountains jut above the clouds
Their slopes so very steep,
Where there ain't any whiskey
And the atabrine is cheap.

Somewhere in New Guinea
The moon isn't made for Love,
The sky is streaked with search-
lights
Spotting Tojo's planes above.
Here the flashes like a comet
Show the ack-ack in the night,
The Zero, whining downward,
One less tomorrow night.

Somewhere in New Guinea
The mail is always late,
Christmas cards in April
Are considered up-to-date.
Here we never have a pay
And we never have a cent,
We'd never miss the money
For we'd never get it spent.

Somewhere in New Guinea
Where the rats and lizards play,
A hundred fresh mosquitos
Replace every one we slay.
So take me back to the States.
Where the drug store cowboys yell,
For this God Forsaken outpost
Is a substitute for Hell.

LETTER FROM MARY HOWARD IN

SOUTH PACIFIC:

This is a busy spot..I feel our work here is by far the most important we have ever done..you have no idea how much we are needed..there are still many boys that just won't believe we are really here..many are shy and won't wave at you, but once you wave and smile at them, they almost fall over themselves yelling at you I have a wonderful job and so delighted I got it! I work with two other girls- Doris Ames and Jenny Fox The three of us have our own jeep which we are allowed to drive ourselves. We go all over the island visiting the different outfits and arranging parties for the enlisted men. So far we have been very busy and as the news of us spreads we will have more than we can handle. When we drive too far out we have some officers pick us up here, for we never go anywhere after dark unless we are in a large group. Yesterday we visited a seabee outfit..had lunch with the boys, even got in the chow line with them then eating with them in their mess hall..which they thought was wonderful..honestly it is worth all the heat, dust mud, rain and discomforts, to see how much they appreciate us coming and being with them.

Rewritten and submitted by:
Sgt. Lester Phillips of Macclesfield.