

Oahu
July 6, 1944

Dear June,

The past two weeks I have received only two letters and they have both been from you. Either you are the only one writing me or something's gone wrong with the mail again.

You said the mosquitoes are bad there this year. Well if they are as bad there as they are here I know how you must feel. We have quite a selection of mosquitoes, every thing from fighters to the heavy lumber types. It's got so bad here that I have stopped using repellents as I find they drink all my blood and then use mosquito spray for a chaser.

I just received a letter from Mom and she said that the Gushies' might move. That would sure be swell if we could get hold of that house.

Nothing new going on around here. She was looks a lot better and it may not be too long before it ends. The Army in Saipan must be having a tough time of it but that looks like the only way to ever get it over.

In case you haven't seen this month's "Esquire," I am sending you a poem about mess kits and it

fits us to a "T".

How is Mary and everything at home? I am sure looking forward to the time when we can all be together again. Tell Mom I got my membership card for the Mason.

I'll give you every chance you have because I sure enjoy hearing from you.

THE RHYME OF THE MESS KITS

The Chinese use chopsticks,
The natives use a shell,
The officers use dishes,
The C.P.O.'s as well,
But when it comes to eatin'
Most anywhere or when,
You'll find the bloomin' mess kit
Is for enlisted men.

So sing a song of mess kits
The muckin' fussin' mess kits
The canteen cups and mess kits
That serve enlisted men.

Civilians eat in order
And never reason why
They have so many dishes
From soup clean through to pie
But those who did the choosin'
Of the tools we use to eat
Just thought it made no difference
If the mixing was complete.
Invention of the mess kits,
The soupy, sloppy mess kits
The hashin' mashin' mess kits
They thought was mighty neat.

It really doesn't matter
If soup or meat or bean
Is piled in first or after
Or sandwiched in between—
Dessert may find the bottom
Or maybe stay on top
But gravy gets on everything
And flavors every drop.
Hooray, hooray for mess kits
To mixin' jumblin' mess kits,
For pre-digestin' mess kits
That make all chow like slop.

We get the nicest victuals,
Likewise the finest cooks—
They make a perfect menu
One for the record books,
But when the chow is splattered

And stirred up in that can
It makes goulash of dinner
No matter what the plan.
And all because of mess kits
Of rattlin' bangin' mess kits
Of mixin' messin' mess kits
That plague enlisted man.

—Norman Bull Horn.

for
Lynn