

Netherlands East India

24 April 1945

Dear Miss Henry,

I am writing this letter to thank you and Mrs. Dudley for the books I received from you yesterday. They were quite a surprise and all of us are enjoying them.

I've been searching my memory trying to place one of you but it looks like I'll have to give up. I asked another fellow, Ted Ingersoll if he could help me. We both agree on the almost exact location of your house but we are lost otherwise. I've guessed that you got my name from the school.

In case you are wondering about this part of the world, I'll tell you something about it. I'll grant that Netherlands East Indies is a rather romantic name and no doubt you, like I used to, have a story book picture in mind. I can't speak for all of the Indies because I haven't been all over them. Right here there is a large piece of coral rock projecting from the water representing this island. On the island there are soldiers galore, Paupans (the natives), Japs, movies every night, and plenty spam and dehydrated eggs. A blazing sun covers everything. But in spite of the seeming unreasonableness of some of our components, we all get along together fairly well.

I managed to get some Japanese money from one of the natives. We are paid in guilders that are similar to the Japanese ones I'm sending. The Japanese ones are worthless but ours are worth about fifty three cents. We aren't allowed to send ours.

I'll say goodbye for now and thanks again for your thoughtfulness. I'm still wondering who you are so perhaps a letter would solve the puzzle of your identity.

Sincerely,

Clarence