

Okinawa  
October 6, 1945

Dearest Folks:

Well, there is more definite news today and its all good. We are turning in all equipment and in a few days, maybe two weeks, we'll be on our way, bound for the West Coast. It looks like Southern California San Diego way. Just when we'll leave here and on what kind of ships and when we'll arrive inside the three mile zone is still unknown, at least, by us. But it won't be long! For a while we thought that we would have to take all of our guns, etc. with us, but the word came out this week to turn it in, and that made everyone happy. It sure will speed up our getting home once we hit the West Coast not having a lot of gear to worry about.

So this is the good news to this moment. I don't think that after you receive this there will be much use of your writing, although there is the chance we'll get mail in San Diego. As soon as I can after reaching the States I'll call you. And of course, I'll write just before embarkation.

Tomorrow is World Communion Sunday. We'll have communion here, although I'm doubtful the way things are whether or not there will be much of a turnout. I'm wondering whether a week from Sunday our service will be here or somewhere between here and there. I hope the latter. It would be nice to make it back before football season is over, but for more reasons than seeing a football game.

After a week-end rainstorm we've been having bright, blue weather, and cool nights. I'm sleeping under blankets for the first time since last May. The shower gets colder each day, the morning's chillier. But cooler weather puts a zip in the old blood stream, which has become rather sluggish in these South Seas.

Kirkland spent a night with me this week. He will remain on the island, taking over the administration of a Navy hospital over in the hills back of Yonabaru. Mail has been a little better this week, although I've not heard from Bob or Jim for a good while. Yesterday morning I took Doc Grimmett to the pier where he is taking an LCI out to an aircraft carrier which will take him home. He is a grand man and I hated to see him go. But that is the service. You get to know and like many folk whom you'll never in this world see again. Still, maybe you will meet some of them, and such meetings will be fine surprises in future years.

More the first of the week. I hope that your Sunday is as fine as ever. Lots of love to everyone, from,

*Gene*