

Sunday October 29, 1944

Good Morning Dolores Darling;

Another Sunday finds me on the last day of our journey. At least I hope it's the last day. We're supposed to reach our destination (a military secret) but probably will not disembark today. It will be good to get solid ground under my feet again. If only we would stay there a while to get our things straightened out. I've got to get a haircut, take a real shower, and wash out my fatigues - they really do need it. This should keep me busy during what spare time I have - if any.

Kilby got hold of a can of tomato juice this morning and he gave me three paper cups full. It was nice and cold and really hit the spot. I'd like to get some every day. At least I get my fill of apples, oranges and grapefruit. I eat the grapefruit the way you'd eat oranges. They're quite tasty this way. Try one sometime.

These new fellows on the ship appreciate the food we have because it's fresh - I guess they're not used to that. They went through the line twice after time to get more food. I hope they don't get sick but if they keep that up they will be because they're not used to it. I'll probably have just the opposite trouble if they put me on C rations. That would be bad. I've gotten used to eating quite well on this new job and it would be quite a let down. There's no question but what I could live through it though. My very rugged constitution you know. That was meant to be a "r" in rugged and not an "a" so let's not wince crack young Lady. First thing you know I'll have to be putting you over - or on - my knee.

The Chaplain cut my Spanish study short by calling in all library books yesterday afternoon. I did copy some verb conjugations though so that I can look them over whenever I want. What an ambitious fellow I am don't you agree? Of course all this is still theoretical just like that rugbraiding you said you were going to do. Have you started on it yet, Dailing? Let me know when you do and how you are coming along.

I still haven't been paid and don't know when I will be, so until I am you won't be able to get the Christmas presents. You can look around though and as soon as I get the money I'll send it to you and you can buy them. I hope they pay us at this place so I'll have the money ~~by~~ before Christmas. I guess maybe you won't get a present in time for Christmas huh? I'll try to make arrangements with this mysterious Mr. E. Claus to see what he can do about it. Maybe you'll get something after all, who knows. I think one of these native sarongs or a grass skirt would look nice with the coat of that new green suit you got. You'd be the envy of the neighborhood.

There's a salt spray blowing in on me as I write. I hope it doesn't get on this letter to blur it. I'm trying to keep it off.

How is Tom? Has he left Tennessee yet? I imagine he got through the school OK and has been assigned. I hope he likes it. Remember ~~me~~ me to him if you write.

This water may not help my writing but it sure does feel good on my back. This is the coolest I've been in a long time. I'll have to leave here soon to go eat though. I'll be right back so don't go away sweet.

Darling;

We're ashore at last and as far as I can see the set up is much better than I had hoped for. We aren't here at this camp permanently because it's just a replacement pool but I hope to be assigned to an outfit soon. It would be marvelous if I could be transferred to the Air Corps. Such impossibilities as I dream of. Yet that's what I'm best suited for because I got all my training there.

We were greeted by a regular tropical rain-storm and I mean the rain came down faster and harder than any rain I've ever seen or rather heard because I was in bed - and my tent sprang a little leak just above the foot of my cot making my bed a rather damp one. I bailed out the cot and managed to get back to sleep. It was much softer than sleeping on the deck of the ship.

It's rather hot this morning and I'm doing a little bit of sweating just from the exertion of perching this pen along.

Some very melodious birds provided my reveille call this morning. The fellows in this tent say that they're parrots. They have all sorts of varied calls and some sound quite nice. It's a lot better than being awakened by the raucous voice of some first sergeant.

The routine here resembles that of Camp Grant. I almost expect to look up and see Colonel McCorkie riding around in his staff car. The camp looks pretty good though and is like tent city in any camp back in the States. There is a difference though I can't get to East Lansing from here.



I'll have to learn the Australian monetary system because it seems that American money is about as useful as cigar coupons as a medium of exchange. It won't be too hard to learn, and I think that I have it down fairly pat now. The pound is the basic unit and that's worth \$3.20 American money. I don't see why in heck the British don't use the decimal system. They have the damndest systems of money, weights and measure.

Kelley and Jack Viren are in another squad so I don't imagine I'll see an awful lot of them from now on. I hope that when I am assigned I will get in an outfit with someone I know. It's a lot like picking out a box of Clucker Jack and then looking through it to see what you've got, though. There's nothing much you can do about it except hope and wait.

If I'm here long enough I may be able to contact Outhear. I hope so because I haven't seen him for three years now, and since I am so near I'd like to see him before he leaves to go back home, which he probably will do before very long.

The scenery here is very much along the lines of the Hollywood version of a tropical picture. I expect to see Dorothy Lamour come tripping-sarong clad - out from the jingle growth. Contrary to public opinion, all of New Guinea is not dark steamy, swampy jungle. The sun shines on us here, a little too brightly perhaps, but we are not going to emerge from the dark jungle blind as bats. There are some drawbacks such as reptile life including large - 30 foot constrictors - but the worst menace,



the mosquito, has been quite well combatted here by the  
medics and engineers.

I went down this morning and changed  
my American money into Australian. I also did my  
~~the~~ first shopping with it and bought (1) a cake of soap  
(2) some talcum (3) a yank magazine and (4) a bar of  
Hershey's chocolate. It cost me a part of a florin - 29¢ I  
think was the total cost.

We had a censorship lecture this morning  
which decided me to go through my letters - the ones I  
have written to you and haven't yet mailed - to see just  
how much verboten matter I have written in them.  
I don't think they'll need much revision except for the  
addresses. The new address, by the way is:

~~270 Regt. Co.~~      270th P/Co.  
~~5th Regt. Bn~~      5th P/Depot  
~~A.P.O. #111~~      A.P.O. #711

9/6 PM San Francisco, Cal.

you can send all my letters to this address until I  
send you a new address but you'd better not send  
any packages here. The Christmas present would be  
O.K. to send but if you had intended to send any other  
packages you'd better wait.

I'll close now sweetheart, telling you again  
how very much I do love you and miss you. You're so  
wonderful darling and it is so damned tough being away  
from you for so long. I just hope they wind up this  
whole war soon so I can get back to you for good.

I love you with all my heart

Freddie