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. We'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.

Killy 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. Eat the grapefruit the way you'd eat oranges. They're quite tasty this way. Try me 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 time 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 ratio. That would be bad. Forgotten used tolerating quite well on this new job and it would be quite a letdown. There's no question but that 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 wise-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 very cogent paragraphs through 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 drugbradnging you said you were going to do. Have you started on it yet, Darling? 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 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. Claus to see what he can do about it. Maybe you'll get something after all, who knows. I think one of these native Amongs 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 in 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 school OK and has been assigned. I hope he likes it. Remember 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 setup is much better than I had hoped for. We aren't here at this camp permanently because it's just a replacement post 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 I know are what I'm best suited for because I got all my training there.

We were greeted by a regular tropical rainstorm and I mean the rain came down faster and harder than any rain I ever seen or rather heard because I was in bed - and my tent sprung 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 effort of pushing this pen along.

Some very melodious birds provided my reveille call this morning. The fellows in the tent pay 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 drill sergeant.

The routine here resembles that of Camp Grant. I almost expect to look up and see Colonel McCook 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 eat dancing 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 well now. The pound is the basic unit and that's worth .75 American money. I don't see why in heck the British don't use the decimal system. They have the damnedest systems of money, weights and measure.

Kelly 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 Sam assigned I will get in an outfit with someone I know. It's a lot like picking out a boy of Chucker 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.

I'm here long enough I may be able to contact Pether. I hope so because I haven't seen him for three years now and since Sam is 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—pardon clack—out from the jingle growth. Contrary to public opinion, all of Red 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 constructors—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 loaded my

first shopping with it and bought 1) a cake of soap

2) some talcum 3) a gay magazine and 4) a bar of

Hershey's chocolate. It cost me a pittance in 1942.

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:

209 Poplar St.
5th Ave.
5th Dist.
A.P.O. 1117

70th Inf.
4th Div.
5th Dist.
A.P.O. 711

6 P.M. 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

OK to send but if you had intended to send another

package 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.

Love you with all my heart

Fredde