

Wednesday 6 June 95
14th ad Command
APO 322, Tusco.

(49)

Bunny Honey;

I'm quite alone here in the tent as I write this. I have only you for company. It's just as if you were really here when I write a letter to you. Just as if, for a little while, I were speaking to you. Of course you can't be touched and that is the regrettable part of it for I'd love to just hold you very close to me once more, holding you hard against me and breathing in the nice sweet you smell. I like you so very much honey and yet I can't seem to find the words to tell you just how very much I do love you.

All the fellows are gone to the show but I decided to miss this one too, since I was warned that it was a stinkeroo. I'll go Saturday night though. Some of the fellows in the office are just on temporary duty from some outfit near here and they see the show before we get them. They are my critics and I have learned from experience that they are quite accurate in their estimates of the various shows. The one tonight was definitely not recommended.

I received a letter from you today. It was a very nice one and quite long too. You had enclosed a clipping on the cigaret situation titled "The Cigaret Buyer's Guide". It was very amusing. I particularly enjoyed the explanation of how a woman can get a package of cigarets by leaving her purse on the counter and having the clerk sneak a pack into the purse. By a strange coincidence that was the exact method you outlined in describing to me the method you used to get cigarets.

You had quite a time finding out what kind of lettering set you used on those maps. I gather that it was a Leroy set because that is the last variety you mentioned. That is the kind of set I have not yet learned to use. I guess I will just have to abide by my lettering by hand. I'll have to do some lettering on the cover of this new booklet we're putting out. I've now finished more than half of the illustrations and am still going fairly strong. I have four more to do. This includes the cover. It ~~has~~ has been a lot of fun working on these and I think they'll be claimed good when reproduced.

Love.

As soon as I finished coloring the guide to rotation, I will send it to you. I'll do that tomorrow if I think of it Honey. I'll try to think of it, honest. I did finally think to send you those shipboard sketches I did. Of course it took a little time.

Now I know why you got your birthday present early and the explanation is quite sufficient. I'm glad that you got it in time anyway. I hope the card also reached you in time for your birthday, although if you were at the camp during that time it was probably waiting for you when you got back. I hope you liked it. I made that particular card because you are always giving me the devil for forgetting your birthday.

I guess that tale of possibly being transferred to the air corps was stated a little too strongly. I said that because in the explanation of redeployment they explained that men would be drawn from the ground forces as replacements for the air corps. What I meant was that, since I have an air corps spec member, I stand a remote possibility of being put back into it. I do like my present assignment though and would be very well satisfied to retain it for the duration because it is work I like.

You certainly must have done a lot of reading while at the lake if you took all four of the books you mentioned up there, excuse me, it was five books. Did you like any of them? At present I am reading "25 Modern Stories of Mystery and Imagination", an anthology compiled by Phil Dineig.

I read me very good story in it called "The Pipes of Pan" by Lester del Rey. It was a fairy tale sort of thing which was very nice. It concerned the God Pan whose last worshipper dies at the start of the story. It is a fact, according to the story, that when a ~~good~~ god loses all his worshippers he must work like a mortal man or die. Pan decides to work and tries to get a job. After several unsuccessful efforts, he finally lands a job playing his pipes of pan in a small orchestra. He rises to fame in the musical world and as Tin Pan Fannas, Idol of the Jitterbugs, he once more becomes a vital god because of all the bobby sox worshippers he has. It struck me as being very clever and an entertaining short story.

So Jack Asgood is ~~going~~ coming to New Guinea is he. I'm not quite sure what J.C.C. is, but I hope he isn't going to have to stay here long. I doubt if I will be able to run into him here because, with all the places he could be stationed at in New Guinea, it would be very unlikely that he'd land in this particular one. Send me his address if he has the same APO and I will look him up. If he's in the Air Corps yet and does get up this way he could check up on me because he shouldn't have any

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trouble finding the 14th Command. In the Air Corps I'd be quite likely to roam from base to base and may possibly get to this one.

Thursday — Finschhafen

Again the lights cut short my letter Honey. Am right back this evening though. I have just finished a fairly good meal of meat loaf and fresh potatoes, and was even able to get seconds. Wonder of wonders.

An order came out today allowing us to give the ~~new~~ name of the place we are stationed at, if it is below the equator, so I am now able to tell you that I am at Finschhafen, that dot that looks like a town on the end of the Huon Peninsula. Does this coincide at all with any ideas you may have had as to my whereabouts? It is a rugged forsaken part of the world. I guess they now figure that this place is safer from harm than even the States are since the Japs are using some of those balloon bombs to bomb our western states. To be sure, this place is way behind the last vestiges of fighting except for the job the Aussies are doing at Wewak but there is no danger here because I doubt like hell if even a snake could crawl more than a mile through this damned jungle

foliage that overruns the island. It is really dense. I have never been in it very deep, and don't care to, but I have seen it. That's enough.

I'm afraid that finding out about the MSC Reunion at Manila in July 10th will not help me at all because it is now July 7th and I am still safely ensconced here. Did Mac write back about it, or just how did you find out anyway. There you are way the devil back in the States and yet you know more of what is going on over on this side of the Pacific than I do.

Speaking of MSC, there's a fellow in the battery who went there. I have not met him yet but Kowalechuk was on KP with him the other day and was speaking to him about Lansing and MSC. I'll have to meet him and find out if he knows you. Of course he will have heard of you for your fame must have spread far and wide. It was enough to make me go all the way from New Hampshire to Michigan to meet you and to marry you. I'll bet you didn't realize just how famous you were now did you Sweetheart?

Tell me, did you accomplish everything you set out to do at the lake? You were to get a nice tan, clear up your complexion, lose eight pounds, and write to everyone you owe letters to. That's a lot for a little girl to do in the short period of two weeks. How well did you succeed? How high was your weight that you find it necessary to reduce? Here I thought you would just waste away to a shadow grieving over my absence and instead I find that you're putting on weight. Tch, Tch!!! Don't try to change the subject by mentioning the weight I put on.

Speaking of weight Darling, every Stateside newspaper I pick up has very alluring ads for girdles. Of course they are all large city papers but couldn't you solve your compression problems in Detroit. Or are those ads just lures to draw unwary ~~and~~

customers? You haven't had any luck in getting one have you? If I ever run across one, unlikely as it is that I should, I will see that you receive it post-haste. War certainly is hell isn't it Honey?

I know that it is hell for me being away

from you. Sometimes I can just close my eyes and
picture you just as you were when I was with you.
That wonderful expression when I arrived to spend
a week end with you, the beautiful look in your
eyes as we sat up together and I held you very
close. You looked just as happy as I felt at that
time. It seemed so very nice and so natural that
you should be here beside me with your head
on my shoulder and with my arms around you.
It was just where you belong and where I hope
you will be before much more time elapses
my Darling. I love you Sweetheart and shall

Forever —

Freddie