

Tuesday, 6 February 1945
14g Bldg, 14th AACmd
APO #322, 90 PM, J. Francis

(54)

Darling Sweetheart;

This is another morning of sad disappointment, of waking from pleasant dreams to find that you are not beside me as I want so madly to have you. The only consolation I have is that each of these mornings without you is one less that I will have before me. I'm terribly anxious to be back with you my Darling, and hope that we won't be separated too much longer. I love you.

New Guinea looks a lot better from the air than it does from the ground. I just happened to look out at our private patch of ground and it reminded me that from the ground it could stand much improvement. From the air the jungle looks like a thick soft moss that covers the ground leaving some bare spots that look quite velvety. Then when you reach the ground again you realize that it's still the same dark, dark, damned jungle that it always was. I was fooled one time. I looked out the opposite of aperature across the plane and looked out on what seemed to me to be a big farm laid out very symmetrically with rows of trees separating the various fields one from the other. As I sat there wondering

how such a thing came to be on New Guinea it dawned on me that what I was looking at was the other wing of the plane the surface of which was my broad fields separated by trees formed by the rivets on the wing. It did make quite a convincing farm though, even to a long scratch that looked quite like a river.

I haven't been much of anywhere around here except to the Red Cross building and, last night, to our combination chapel, gym, and theater. Last night it was a theater. We have two projection machines here which allow the show to go on uninterruptedly. At all the other theaters I've been to in New Guinea there has been a break between reels while the new reel is put on. The screen is high enough here so you can see what's going on. At the 5th Depot all you got was whatever you could see around the head of the fellow ahead. All the seats were on a level and the screen was quite low.

My mail should be getting up here soon, I hope. It's been so damned long since I've gotten a letter now. I haven't heard from you in well over two weeks now and that is

lad. I imagine that when your letters do get here they'll all be in a bunch. I'll have to get out the old letters you've written and reread those again.

The beer situation here isn't bad at all. We are allowed one case of beer a month. Rumor, good old rumor again, claims that at some early date arrangements will be made to have our beer chilled in which case I'll have to indulge again in the quaffing of ale. This beer, when cold, almost tastes like the real McCoy.

The Washington politicians are trying their damndest to get all men under the jurisdiction of the government aren't they. I see where they are now busily engaged in trying to pass a universal manpower program involving labor and the armed forces. Old Jim Martin had better look out. I'll have to kid him. I'm quite sure he couldn't be put into defense work because of his lung trouble. A lot of these other boys who are having themselves a time

will be on a spot though. I think that it is a good idea to keep workers on their war jobs until the end of the war instead of letting them get back into civilian work. If we have to stay in the army for the duration I think they should stay at their jobs. And I also think that to help this program they should have guarantees for workers who have done their work well during the war.

Speaking of rewards for good service, I read in a recent issue of *Yankee* magazine that the government was offering returning g.i.s a chance to get themselves homesteads in Alaska. I'm sure your mother would be quite interested in this. The g.i. has to reside on the land he wants for three years, in the case of a g.i. all his time ~~up~~ in the army up to two years counts toward this three year residence period. He can claim 160 acres of land and at the end of his residence it is all ^{free} his, lock, stock, and deed. This is a ~~double~~ ^{pronged} offer because, by doing this, not only are they giving the soldiers a chance

to get a good start on a farm, but they also guarantee rapid colonization of Alaska and finally they hope, by getting some of these soldiers out of the States, to relieve the the task of finding jobs for all these men. In time I believe Alaska will be quite an important source of food and minerals for this country. It has many possibilities. If you read this to Mother I'll bet all my savings that she starts giving you pep talks trying to sell you the idea of pioneering in Alaska. Wanna bet?

I managed to keep quite busy today by doing some filing ~~for~~ of the other sections. I did a hell of a lot of work if I do say so myself. Just sitting around doing nothing makes me nervous as the devil. The fellow in charge of this other section looked at me as if he thought I was crazy to be asking for more work. As long as that makes time go by a little faster I shall ask for more work. Time can't go by too fast for me until I'm back to you again my sweetheart. You're so very darling and lovely that I hate every minute I spend without you.

Since I've gone to work in the office I have to shave every day, much to my dismay. It's a damned nuisance. Still, we all have to look pretty for the Colonel. At least when I get back I'll be used to it and won't rasp your pretty cheek when I kiss you, and depend on it my Sweet, you shall be very much kissed and loved when I do return to you with all the pent up feeling created by all these months of frustration. The Army just doesn't understand, or care, about how very essential you are to me. You are my true alter ego without whom it is as if I have been deprived of half of my being. You are the dearest and sweetest person in the world Honey and

I love you with all my heart
 Your own
Freddie