Dear Sweet Darling;

Don’t you recognize me? I’m this drowned rat appearing fellow sitting on the edge of the cot writing you a letter by the light of a very flickering candle while outside the rain continues to beat down incessantly. It’s nice now that I’m inside where I can stay dry and just listen to the rain falling on the tent top. We’ll have to our bedroom right near the roof on our house because I like to listen to the sound of rain. It’s so very soothing. Ho! Hmm! As I was saying aahhh!! – before I so rudely interrupted myself with those rain induced yawns, nothing would please me more than being under the roof of a nice New England farmhouse in a nice soft bed, shared with you, with a fire in the fireplace and the rain beating down outside. That would make me the happiest man in the world my Darling.

As you may have gathered from the beginning of this letter, I did not spend the whole evening safely inside my tent. The fact of the matter is that Hop and I went to the Depot to see John Wayne in “Tall In the Saddle”. It rained all through the show but we just donned out ponchos and set it out. When the show ended I was soaked and had only to slosh back here ankle deep in mud to complete everything. It felt wonderful to get the wet clothes off and just lie here as I’m doing now, writing to you.

Saturday, December 30,

Surprise Darling;

I’ll bet you didn’t even know that I had left you last night did you? The mosquitos were just a little too much for me. The rain seemed to have driven them all in from outside. I was very tired and the rain just put me to sleep in jig time. As soon as I finish this letter I’m going to make my bed and crawl right into it to sleep far into the morning. There’s no school tomorrow, but Monday, New Year’s Day we have classes. There is nothing to do anyway so it really does not make much difference whether we have classes or not.

The latest issue of Yank has an article on small homes. In the article the prospective home buyer is told that for several years after the war the price of homes will be about 1/3 above the pre war cost because everyone is going to want a home and the fundamental laws of supply and demand will be in effect. I didn’t care very much for the small homes they pictured – one was the dymaxion house shaped like a couple of large corrugated gasoline tanks – but something in the article caught my eye. It was the reference they made to the “segmental house” developed by Harwell Hamilton Harris. It is, allegedly, “a means by which a young husband and wife can plan a house for their ultimate needs and achieve it gradually as their requirements and incomes increase”. That sounds very much like us doesn’t it Darling? He suggest buying a lot 100” x 150” in a good location and building the ‘basic house’ consisting of a small living room, bedroom, bathroom, kitchen with dining space, laundry and heater room. This part would cost about #3,350. Extra rooms could be added for about $4 per square foot of floor space. It can be enlarged to any size. There were no plans for this building with the article so won’t you check up and see
if you can get any more information on it in the library. Let me know what you find out about it won’t you Darling?

Our weekly typing exam came this morning and I did 56 words per minute for six minutes and had six errors. Not too bad. The mistakes were really just carelessness because I know just as soon as I made them what I had done. If I can reach thirty words per minute in the next week or more I’ll be satisfied. I don’t want to be a whiz at the stuff and just want to be able to type enough for my own personal use. If I have access to a typewriter after I’m assigned I’ll be able to type my lessons

in that history course I am one day going to take. I don’t want to apply for it till I get my assignment because it would probably take years in reaching me if I gave them this casual address. I’m anxious to get started. From what these officers tell us, it is reasonable to presume that assignments will follow closely on the heels of completion of this course. By way of compensating for the fact that I did not finish this letter last night I am sending you a sketch of todays work detail. A little malaria control work digging drainage ditches so that there will be [scratched out word] no stagnant water laying around. It’s a worthy cause I guess.

The natives working on this ditch digging detail are engrossed in a great adventure right now. They are nailing boards up the side of a tall [scratched out word] tree to make a ladder to climbing the tree. It seems that there is something up in the tree that they want. Various opinions have made of this elusive “something” a parrot, parrot eggs, and a possum. I don’t know just what it is but am anxious to find out. They seem to be in no hurry about it since they’ve been working at it for three days now and haven’t yet reached their objective. They do have a lot of patience.

I just had to pay a hurried visit to the patch of kunai grass. Tonight was beer night and as all good beer must, this beer had to run its course. The beer was good since two bottles of it were iced. Anything iced is at a premium here and tastes very good. I wonder what it will be like to be back where I can get cold drinks when I want them and where I can get you when I want you, which is all the time. It’s hard to explain, and terrible to experience, how much I miss you. Just to hold

you close to me and kiss you and try my damndest to just squeeze the breath right out of you in a wonderful embrace. Hmmm! Wonderful!!! If from this you do not gather that I love you very much I guess I’ll just have to come out and tell you. I love you.

It has stopped raining now and it is light as day outside. It would be a wonderful night for a walk together if we were on our honeymoon now. We could walk down to a convenient lake and just stay on the shore as long as we wanted to. Time just doesn’t mean a thing Darling. There’ll be no clocks or watches around, not even calendars because I don’t want to be reminded of time at all. Our lifetime together won’t be measures in minutes hours, days and years; It will be measured in kisses, embraces, mutual pleasures, and love, always. That’s the only yardstick that should ever be used to measure the lifetime of a love such as ours. I love you, miss you, and need you. Until I am with you again Sweet Heart

Yours
Freddie