Monday 25 December 44

Merry Christmas my darling;

A very vacuous greeting in view of the fact that we are not together but I still hope you had a merry Christmas, sweet. My Christmas day was better than I expected although the present you sent did not arrive. It should arrive soon though, I sincerely hope.

The Red Cross arrived at 9:00AM and the two Red Cross girls set up a small Christmas tree at the foot of which was a box containing small gifts for everyone. My gift turned out to be a couple of boxes of lifesavers. Then we were served ice cold coca and cake with pink frosting. It was quite a gala affair while it lasted. I did the sketch of the affair after hastily downing my refreshments. It should give you an idea of what it was like.

At mountain we had a very elegant repast with turkey, dressing, potatoes, giblet gravy, peas, corn, mustard pickles, sweet pickles, olive sour balls, mince pie, apple pie, bread and plenty of butter. We would have had ice cream too.
but the machine broke down. The dining hall
was very nicely decorated as were the tables.
There were confections on each table and it was
altogether very nice and much better than I ever
expected to have in New Guinea. I'm glad I had
found you in my stocking this morning. Maybe next
year, huh? I'll be expecting you.

Last night a chimp sang Christmas
music Carol at the Depot. They did quite well
even though it did seem a incongruous note
to hear them singing “White Christmas” and
“Jingle Bells” as we all sat perusing freely.
It with pricklely heat torturing me with its million
pointed barbs from time to time. It was a very
nostalgic evening and made me wish more
than ever that the war was over so I could
be right where I belong—with you.

Was the little bird correct when he told
you that you’d receive the chest for a Christ-
mas present? Tell me about it when you
write won’t you. You can send a sketch
of it along. Again I’ll say that I do hope you
like the present I gave you. I wish I were
there to see it on you. Don’t forget the photo
This morning we had a little game of touch football. It was fun and a lot of fun. I did take a nice spell once but it wasn't too rough a game. After the game I stood under the showers for almost a half hour. It was wonderful. Showers are the one thing I really enjoy here. I wish you were here to send my back though.

All the done this afternoon is lie here on the bed, quite unclothed, letting the occasional wave of breeze cool me off. That is about as much ambition as I have when I'm not going to class. It's the only thing to do when in a climate this hot. I imagine I'll have to become acclimatized all over again when I return to the states.

Having two consecutive days off is going to spoil me because it's making me lazy. We should have a holiday everyday though.

There's a gin running game going on in our tent now. I think I may get in on it. I haven't played in a heck
of a while. A little later

I got into the game and didn't do too well. I did better in the game of hearts we played though. When the final curtain rang Tals was low man. At the UNH we used to have some classical games which would start at 8:00 AM and continue till 1 or 2 AM the next morning. Fellows would be continually coming in and going out of the game. My cousin Foster never played cards until I inveigled him into a game and from then on he just couldn't play enough. Did I ever tell you that Tals was the person who induced Swiftly to take a couple of glasses of wine after he'd telt stalled the first 57 years of his life. Bate doesn't know to this day how I did it and thinks I have magical powers of persuasion since she had tried unsuccessfully for four years to get him to imbibe. Is what a low character jam? If you stick around with me long enough I'll introduce you to some nice
in which you have not previously indulged.
I hope to that is, he said leaning longingly
at the ah, and innocent maiden. I'm sure
there will be no regrets though. Honest!

There's a WAC show on at the De-
pot tonight which I think I'll go to see.
It probably won't be very much but I sup-
pose I should go to see our posters in arms
whose arms I would like to know, certainly
not mine— effort at entertainment. One
of the fellows from here is dancing in the
show.

I should have done my laundry to-
day but think I will put it off until I get
some more dirty clothes and do it all at
once. Don't you think that's a good idea? Why
should I have to wash my clothes twice when
I don't have to. There should be a laundry
here to do it for us. What this Army is trying
to is beyond me. Can you imagine expecting
us soldiers to do our own washing. I thought
maybe that's why the WAC was allowed to
overseas.

Goodbye now my dear sweet
Darling. All my thoughts are with you
today and every day and in all these
thoughts I plan our future life when we can be together

Forever,

I love you,

Freddie