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 9:00 AM 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 rolls of lifesavers. Then we were served ice cold coke 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 noontime we had a very elegant repast with turkey, dressing, potatoes, giblet gravy, peas, corn, mustard pickled, sweet pickles, olives, 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 song sheets on each table and it was altogether very nice and much better than I ever expected to have on New Guinea. If only I had found you in my stocking this morning. Maybe next year huh? I’ll be expecting you.

Last night a chorus sang Christmas carols at the Depot. They did quite well even though it did strike an incongruous note to hear them singing “White Christmas” and “Jingle Bells” as we all sat perspiring freely, I with prickly 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 were 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 Christmas 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. Don’t forget the photo

with it on.

This morning we had a little game of touch football – foolish in this weather I know – and had a lot of fun. I did take a nice spill 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 scrub my back though.

All I’ve done this afternoon is lie here on the bed, quite unclothed, letting the occasional rare wisp of breeze cool me off. That is about as much ambition as I have when I’m not going to classes. 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 every day though.

There’s a gin rummy game going on in our tent now. I think I may get in on it. I haven’t played in a heck

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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 I 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 into 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 I also was the person who induced Swifty to take a couple of glasses of wine after he’d tetotalled [sic] the first 27 years of his life. Babe 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. See what a low character I am? If you stick around with me long enough I’ll introduce you to some vice [scratched out word]

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in which you have not previously indulged. I hope to that is, he said leering longingly at the shy and innocent maiden. I’m sure there will be no regrets though. Honest!

There’s a WAC show on at the Depot tonight which I think I’ll go to see. It probably won’t be very much but I suppose I should go to see our sisters 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 today 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 slave over a wash table twice when I don’t have to. There should be a laundry here to do it for us. What this Army is coming 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 go overseas.

Goodbye now my dear sweet Darling. All my thoughts are with you today and every day and in all these

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thoughts I plan our future life when we can be together

Forever

I love you,

Freddie