Hello Honey;

Again I must complain of the heat because it really gets me down. I was never meant for heat at least not for hot weather. We’ll have to see that I go to work way up north so we’ll have cold winters and cool summers.

The mail man treated me much less kindly today than he did yesterday. I got a letter from Kisner who came over on the ship with me and used to room in the tent with me. He just moved down the coast a couple of miles and yet it took me 15 days to get the letter. When I did get it there was a large section cut out of the center of it. They must really be fussy about censorship down there. Do any of my letters reach you incomplete. I just wondered if any of them were censored. About all I talk about is you and how wonderful you are so I guess they must all go through.

This afternoon I won’t be able to play volleyball because I’m on detail. A different squad has to do the detail everyday and my squad’s turn has arrived [sic]. I don’t know yet just what they’ll have us doing. I hope it isn’t much because I wouldn’t want to disappoint them as I most surely would if they expected any great amount of work from me.

Quite as usual, I went to the show last night as I am going to tonight and tomorrow night. The only break in this rigidly adhered to schedule comes on Wednesday night when, as a diversionary measure, we have a boxing show to go to. There’s nothing, absolutely nothing, else to do here. Great little place New Guinea. A person here at the fifth depot couldn’t even go astray if he wanted to. Alcoholic beverages are confined to some g.i. near beer and jungle juice which a a [sic] fearsome, and oftentimes deadly potion which you may rest assured I shall shun like the person it is. I can easily illustrate the chances we have of ever being induced to tread the primrose path by pointing out that they have even dispensed with the holy and solemn ritual of the monthly short arm inspection. When they do that you can rest assured that it just aint [sic] possible at all nohow [sic]. We’ve just got to be good boys. The Philippines adhere quite rigidly to the European system of having the family chaperon couples on their dates, so a helluva [sic] lot of g.i.s are going to see their fondest dreams shattered. Of course I’d behave myself regardless you understand I just thought I’d dispel any faint, lingering doubts you may have had about my moral integrity. You do trust me don’t you little girl. I’m much too busy thinking of going back to you to bother about any one else – ever.

Your mother is certainly quite a rambler these days isn’t she. Going way down South and now all the way out to California. You’d better not plan on going on any trips without me for at least the first 99 years of our married life because I just won’t let you. See. It’s with me along or you don’t go.

That oft promised Yank map of New Guinea has finally been sent to you. That’s what fell out when you opened this letter, remember? I hope you enjoy it.
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It was very amusing to me. Too bad there are no place names on the map. I don’t imagine there are many maps available with the names of the places here on New Guinea though. Let me know how you like the map. If anything on it stumps you I’ll try to enlighten you on it.

Flies are starting to bother me now. Flies in the daytime rats at night. About 2:00 AM Sunday morning Sczcepaniak, (he’s in my tent name and all, although it does make things rather crowded having that long a name on so small a tent) leapt out of bed armed with a flashlight, grabbed a broom and started flailing away at some rats who were in the tent. They had made him so nervous he couldn’t stand them any longer. I’m glad I’m a sound sleeper and they don’t awaken me.

This afternoon, instead of playing games, I had to do a little gardening. There is a garden in front of the main office and Hope and I had to weed and make the darned thing. It wasn’t a bad job although the captain had to rush out &

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rescue some of the flowers we had chopped down as weeds. To tell the truth I just can’t, tell the difference between New Guinea’s flora and weeda [sic]. As far as I’m concerned it’s all weeda [sic].

They doled out our tobacco ration tonight and I sold the Luckies I had ordered and got myself four packages of Kentucky Club tobacco. I just wished that I could send you the cigarettes [sic] Honey because I know that you probably can’t get any at home. I got three cartons of them too, enough to last you about a month. I guess some things are coming overseas. They should send you over here to me or vice versa to make me a happy man. I’ll never be happy until my arms are once more around you and I am once more giving you, personally,

All my Love and Kisses

Freddie