

(11)



Wednesday Dec. 13, 44

## AMERICAN RED CROSS

Hello Beautiful;

You're looking very gorgeous today aren't you? That twinkle in your eye is even more bewitching than usual, if that is possible.

After awakening with a terrific headache this morning I thought today would go down in my personal history as one of the blackest of my black days. With the departure of the headache I feel much better and can even look about me at beautiful New Guinea without wincing visibly - Inside I still, and always will, wince.

The mail situation here becomes deplorable by the day. We moved about a hundred yards away from the 5th Replacement Depot and a week later they still don't have any mail over here for us. I can imagine what it will be like if I start hopping around the islands. We never get my mail. I think that's what happened to the letter I wrote to Arthur. He must've left his old address. Since I will be here at APO #111 for at least a month more, I stand a ghost of a chance of getting my Christmas packages here - I hope.

The rains have disrupted our supply routes here and the washing out of a few bridges by our torrential downpours has left us without access to the source of our food supplies. Consequently we are eating Craton chili and other canned foods. The engineers have either got the bridges reopened or have just about finished the job because I note an increase in the volume of traffic. I'm glad our camp isn't right on a river because these rivers think nothing of rising ten feet or more overnight washing everything away.

My heat rash is back stronger than ever. I've resigned myself to being bothered by it for the duration. There's nothing that can be done about it except trying to wish it away. That, incidentally, doesn't work. I've tried it.

Your husband is quite an accomplished typist Sweetheart. After only four days of instruction I am able to locate, by instinct and not by sight, all the letters of the alphabet plus the period, comma, semi colon, and question mark. Of course I'm not particularly speedy but then Rome, and I, weren't built in a day. It takes a little bit of time to get a superior product.





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This evening, Hoppy, Sgt. Hopkins, and I are going to the Depot to see the fights. I'm becoming quite a fight fan. Only and always a fan, never anymore. Some of the bouts are fairly good and the boys make up with enthusiasm for what they lack in skill.

My standing guard for Hoppy Monday night paid off with dividends because last night my turn came up and I was supposed to be on from 11:00 PM till 2:00 AM. Hoppy pulled this guard for me and I got a good night's sleep. I guess we'll each draw guard about three times during the course. One sixth of the course has ended now and it hardly seems that I've been here anytime. It's been just about a week now since I left the 270th. I'll have to drop by tonight to see if any more of my friends have shipped or are going to ship. Some of them have been on orders quite awhile now. I hope I'm on orders as soon as I graduate from here and am assigned to an outfit. I don't like the

idea of just hanging around the Depot any more.

Your officers aren't just trying to boost our morale or aren't misinformed; we're scheduled to go to USA SOS, to the layman this would be U.S. Army Services of Supply, and this means a headquarters somewhere. This is all right by me. I'd much prefer to let my brain take precedence over my brawn—you don't have to laugh, I only used that as a figure of speech. The mere thought of manual labor tires me. Of course under compulsion, and there's no one can compulse like officers and non coms, I have been known to do some work but work and I have signed and armed truce and agreed not to bother one another.

There's a fellow here who reminds me an awful lot of my very good friend Swift. I'm anxious, and so are they, to have you meet Mr. & Mrs. Swift, her name is Maria or "Babe". They are a swell couple. I'm quite anxious to make the acquaintance of the young Swift too. From all Swift tells me about him he must be almost as smart as Michael will be. And that's plenty smart.



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Finally was able to take in the clothes I washed Sunday morning. It took them all that time to dry out since it rained Sunday and Monday. The rain did a wonderful job of rinsing all the soap out of the clothes, something I have a hard time doing since our water is so soft here.

Our organized athletic program every afternoon has hit a snag. There are over a hundred of us and there's only one softball diamond (taking care of 30 men), one volley ball court (18 men), and horseshoe pits (8 men). What we have to do is alternate so that everyone gets a chance. The showers certainly feel good after a workout on the volleyball court.

According to an article I read in the New Yorker, the post war home will have a shower and no bathtub. We're going to have both though because although I do prefer a shower, it is very nice to lie in a bathtub and soak once in a while.



I guess I told you that I didn't get paid didn't I? It was raining quite hard and I figured that I didn't need the money bad enough to be drowned getting it. I'll get paid at the end of next month or the month after, or some time, so I'm not worried about it. I don't really need the money since I have almost four pounds left and have hardly any expenses.

When I do get paid I'll send you some money for another place setting and for some small items of that cherrywood furniture you want to get. We'll have quite a bit of that stuff bought by the time I get back from the wars. We'll be all set to take up <sup>house</sup>housekeeping right away. I'd much rather get something like that ~~and~~ silverware for ourselves because then there won't be the possibility of our getting some that we don't like for a wedding gift. All we have to do is let people know that we have it.

I'll close for now 'cause I have to go to my afternoon classes but I'll be back to finish this afterward. Here's a hug and kiss for you till I get back.  
I love you -

7. After Sports-



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Just got through two games of volley ball and a shower. The team I played on won the first game 17 to 21 but in the second game were given a good lesson in the art of playing volley ball and lost the game 21 to 4. It's just as well because that gave me time to shower up before supper. There's nothing quite as refreshing as a shower after exercising. It's not worth exercising for though. I have to stop expending all this energy uselessly. I'm down to a mere shadow of my former self now. I'm not sure just how much weight I've lost since I last saw you but now I've got this much room to spare around the waist of my trousers. Seems unbelievable doesn't it? See what being separated from you is doing to me?

We had a trial run in typing today to see how many words we could type. We typed one paragraph and were supposed to see how much we could type in three minutes. I did fairly well and the first time I got 15 words per minute with no errors, the second time I did sixteen words but had two errors. The third time we took a new para-

graph and stopped my previous efforts with 19 words per minute, with two errors however. They'll make a typist of me yet. Then I'll show you; no more will I have to ask you to type for me. I just happened to think that I'll be hurting myself by learning to type. I had planned on having you do my typing when I had school work to be typed. Maybe I can unlearn by the time I'm home with you. Maybe I could just hire a public typist to do my work for ~~you~~ me then I could spend all that time just making love to you, which, incidentally, is going to be my major work when I'm with you. It won't be work though, that will be pure pleasure.

The mud around here has once more started to dry out to dust. After each rainstorm we have mud knee deep which changes to lung deep dust after a couple days of sunshine. I've yet to decide which is the worst of the two or the lesser of the evils.

I've started wearing a handkerchief over my collar to save ~~the~~ the shirts from being dirtied unnecessarily. It does a pretty good job and saves me much work. I'd much rather wash out handkerchiefs than shirts. I still think we'd better plan on sending our clothes to the laundry rather than have you wash them out. It's too





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darned much work for the money we'd save. You may gather from this that I don't like washing clothes very much. Give that Lady 64 silver dollars, she's correct, absolutely correct.

My tentmates are talking about the injustice of the Army officials allowing the NACs to roam around the beaches necessitating the wearing of bathing trunks by all g.i.s. Before they arrived we were allowed to bathe in the altogether just like the good old days.

The announcement was just made that we would have to wait an extra half hour before supper. I just hope it's worth it. The acting first sergeant tried to appease us by telling us that the delay was due to the fact that the cooks were preparing an extra good meal that required more time to fix. I just hope they are right and that it's worth waiting, not that I could do any thing about it.

Well, Darling, I'll leave you now telling you again as I'll that I miss you like the blazes and that my love and thoughts are with you

Always  
Freddie