Hello again sweet,

Well, I survived the first day here and feel quite certain that I'll last it out fairly well. This morning we were divided into platoons and got an orientation lecture. Two lectures to be exact. One of the officers, a captain, oriented us in Pete Smith style. You've seen some of the "Pete Smith Shorts" in the movies, haven't you? Well, this captain talks just like him and has the same type of gadgets to use when he speaks of anything. I guess he's a pretty good fellow. The other two officers I've seen here are lieutenants and don't seem to be too g. i. so I guess all will be well here.

They do fix the food better than they did at the 210th. It's the same food with a disguise put on it so that it looks good and therefore tastes better than it would otherwise.

I'm anxious to get more mail from you sweetheart. I haven't heard from you in over a week now and it's high time they came through with a little more mail. Your letters are really quite wonderful to receive.
I went to that All Colored Jam-boree last night. It turned out to be very good. They had a nice little band and a few acts. The comedian was very good. He told the old one of the girl who, when she was brought into court and charged with vagrancy, protested that she earned money to support herself by dancing. The judge asked what kind of dancing she did. She told him that with her left foot she did the lindy hop, and with the right foot she jitterbugged and between them both she made her living. So it is old and corny, it still got quite a few laughs. There was a dancing team in the show, Rip and Round, who were quite good as well as a singer who made quite a hit with the song "On the Side of the Street That's Sunny"—that's the way he sang it instead of "On the Loney Side of the Street" and "Five Guys Named Moe." He was very good. All in all it was a very worthwhile show.

I forgot to get the numbers four and five on the outside of the last two letters but I'll try to remember.
on this one. A little later—

This afternoon I went over to the 370th and ransacked my old tent, coming away with two candles and my writing board. While I was there I also stocked up on air mail envelopes. It cost me a half pound for 36 envelopes $0.56 for the stamps and 47c for the envelopes, which is dear cheap. The fellow I went over there with played trumpet in the band here and he did a little practising in the afternoon. I listened to him practice and sketched him as he played. I'll send you the sketch.

He didn't play very well but he certainly loves to play and this like the devil. I guess it just about broke his heart when they took him off the 5th Replacement Band and sent him over here to clinical school.

The mosquitoes here are quite terrific after being in our mosquitoes area at the 370th. The damned jungle grows right to the back of our tents. Lots of trees and very tall. Monai guess it's just like having a very beautifully wrought sword of Damocles hanging right over our heads all the time. The jungle
Looks quite nice but looks are so deceiving.

It is now raining like hell outside and I had to rush around like mad getting my shelter half and poncho stuck up around my bunk so I wouldn't get washed away. These tropical rainstorms are very bad. One of the fellows just got back from the 5th Replacement Depot and said he'd had to walk a heck of a way to get out of the place since the bridge along the short cut was under water. Streams rise and fall much too fast around here. One minute you're on dry land and the next you're swimming. Great little island New Guinea. I've lighted a candle and am having a devil of a time trying to keep it from blowing out. I made a shield to protect it from the wind but the wind seems to come from all directions at once.

The more I look at that colored photo of you, which I was just doing, the more I like it. This is the nearest thing to having you here with me. Try to send me some more photos.
as often as you get them won't you. Darling? I want to keep right up to date with you as you grow up while so far away you're getting to be quite a big girl now aren't you? And there Tom way out in the Pacific letting you go waste back in the States. It'll be back sometime though, Sweetheart and we'll make up for all this lost time. It will certainly be wonderful making up for it since I do love you so very much.

Our mail hasn't started to come over here yet but I hope it does soon since it's just about due to get some more mail from you.

We have a nice little recreation room here where we can write letters at night. There are tables, benches, electric lights, magazines, and a radio in it. That radio is a very choice rare item over here. We can listen to programs broadcast from a place near here. They're all transcriptions of radio broadcasts from the States. They have some very nice dance
Music which reminds me how nice it would be to dance with you now. We haven't been to a dance together since I left Custer. Have we? That's something else on our list of things to make up for after the war. There are so many of them.

Did you know, my Darling, that I love you more than anything in the world and will continue to love you increasingly.

Forever,

Frederic