Thursday, Dec

My very Dearest Darling:

This is my first letter to you from my new habitat. I left the 270th at 7:30 this morning and rode across the road to my present location. At first glance I'd say this was a nice setup. It is rather small and compact. We have tents with wooden floors which are raised a couple of feet off the ground. In our showers we have running water. We sit down to eat in the mess hall and we have a well stocked PX. Speaking of PX's, last night I was fortunate enough to get myself a nice two bladed pocket knife at our PX. This is something I can use to good advantage here.

There's a wonderfully cool breeze blowing through my tent now. It feels wonderful. I don't think I'll be able to do all the lying around that I did in the 270th because we have classes from 7:00 to 11:00 A.M. and 1:00 to 4:00 P.M. I presume that they work on a six day week although I'm not sure. We're going to learn typing, for which I am duly grateful since I had visions of devoting some of my precious credits to the study of the intricacies of typing.
when I went back to school. I'll have enough courses to take without worrying about that.

Speaking of going to school, sweetheart, one of the fellows here has convinced me that it is better to do undergraduate work at a different school from that at which I intend to do my graduate work. What do you think of it?

One of the boys I was at Camp Grant with is here at the school with me. There is also a fellow who came over on the ship. I'm glad of this because I had visions of being among total strangers. There are five of us in my tent. I don't know any of the other fellows but they seem like pretty good fellows although one of them is a great little talker. With only five cots in the tent we have quite a bit of room in here. The cots are arranged thusly:

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Mine is the one with the x on it.

Our mail shouldn't be delayed more than a day in coming over here. I certainly hope it isn't. I'm anxious for more letters from you and also for the package you're sending me. Of course you realize that the only reason I go with you is because
you give me things. Things such as the privilege of being loved by you and of loving you, and also of being a part of your future. You are indeed the most wonderful as well as the most beautiful person I've ever met or could ever meet.

I just took a nice refreshing shower and feel like a million. I also did a sketch of one of the tents which I shall send you in the next batch of sketches I send which will be sent soon.

The address here is still the same Darling and will be for some time to come. I hope you used your usually infallible initiative and sent that drawing paper along to this address. You know it's so remarkable how when I tell you to do a certain thing in relation to sending me mail and you decide to do just the opposite, you invariably turn out to be right. Tell me, does that mean that you consult the original board or is that all thought out in your own very pretty little head?

My! My! We have been driving down the road in jeeps all afternoon long. This is bad for concentration since whenever one passes there are all sorts
of growls, howls, catcalls and other
disgusts of interest in the passing par-
dade. Why they ever sent the Wac
overseas is beyond my comprehension. They
are a very disturbing factor as far as
the G.I. is concerned and the morale
on the home front is shot to hell by wives
pictureing their husbands as being knee-
deep in Wacs.

Some more men are coming
in now. I guess they intend to fill
all the tents here. That still leaves
us with a small and -as classification
always assures everyone -select group
of men. Since we do have a small group
the food should be fairly good.

Our tent is equipped with an
electric light fixture and, if we can
pick a bulb somewhere, we shall have
ill kinds of light in our humble
domicile. Until such time as we do
come into possession of the bulb two
sticks of candles will have to suffice.
We're due for a rainstorm to-
night. A rainstorm here, when one
is sleeping in a new tent for the
first time, is always an adventure.
There's always the question of. "Will I have a tent when I get back? And if there is a tent, will my cot have been washed away? If my cot is still there, will it be filled with water? If --- etc. --- and so it goes. Despite all the worrying the tent invariably does leak and it's all a matter of trying to outwit the rain and move your cot around faster than the rain can find new places to leak through.

Tonight Hopkins and Dave are going to the 27th and are going back a stage show later. I forgot my handbag at the old tent and want to get that and one of the five gallon cans I left behind. I'll need the can for laundry purposes and can use the handbag as a laundry bag.

There's supposed to be an all colored jamboree at the Red Cross Pavilion tonight. They are supposed to be very good. I'll let you know how it is.

I just now saw a big, fat mosquito since I've gotten to New Guinea. It wasn't very big but made me think of the mosquitoes we have back home. I wish I didn't have the potency of those babies.
There are no shelves around these walls to hang lay all my junk on so I have to dump it all in a box. This is bad since I do have a lot of stuff. When I left the 270th I gave away a lot of it. Babe swapped three packages of Granger pipe tobacco for three of Kentucky Club. It's much milder and easier smoking than the Granger is.

God, sweetheart, I miss you so damned much and feel so damned helpless to do anything about it. I'd give anything to have you right here in my arms now so I could kiss you and tell you, and show you, how very much I do love you. It's a tremendous amount. Darling and if I were you I think I'd be rather frightened by it. Pleasantly frightened of course. Leaving you thus frightened I will get really to eat and re-

mind you that Dain yours

Forever

Freddy