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 set up. 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 PS’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 AM to 11:00 AM 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

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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: [drawing of layout] 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 got with you I because

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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 our 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 Ouija board or is that all though out in your own very pretty little head?

My! My! We have Wacs diving down the road in jeeps all afternoon long. This is bad for concentration since whenever one passes there are all sorts does that mean that you consult the Ouija board or is that all though out in your own very pretty little head?

My! My! We have Wacs diving 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 signs of interest in the passing parade. Whyinhell [sic] 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 picturing 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 filch a bulb somewhere, we shall have all kinds of light in our humble domicile. Until such time as we do come into possession of the bulb, two stubs of candles will have to suffice.

We’re due for a rainstorm tonight. 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 tents invariably do leak and its 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 I are going to the 270th and are going to see 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 bean 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, and was bitten by, my first mosquito since I’ve gotten to New Guinea. It wasn’t very big but made me think of the mosquitos we have back home which of course don’t have the potency of these babies.

There are no shelves around these tents to [scratched out word] 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. I
also swapped three packages of Granger pipe Tobacco for three of Kentucky Club. It’s much milder and easier smoking than the Granger is.

Gosh, Sweetheart, I miss you so damned much and feel so darned 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 ready to eat and remind you that I am yours.

Forever

Freddie