American Red Cross

Thursday, Nov. 30, 1944

Darling Sweet,

Hello again from sunny, and ter-
rifically hot, New Guinea, the playground of the
South Pacific, so the guide book says. As far
as I'm concerned it is not quite a playground
and the only reason I do not tell you what I
think it is is because the censor would just have
to cut it out, thereby also cutting out what will
be written on the reverse side of this sheet.

Last night was another beautiful moon-
light night, though. I could just look up and
imagine that I was sitting out on a nice little
hill with a cottage nearby, and most impor-
tant of all with you beside me sharing in a
romantic, the forerunner of a lifelong honeymoon.

Why I must waste my time here when you are so
far away is quite beyond me, but there's nothing
much I can do about it--just go right along
with the tide and hope that it washes me back
to you soon.

Some colored boy came around selling
photographs, so I thought I'd get a couple for
the scrapbook you said you were going to
make up. I selected the ones in which the
natives were fairly well clothed because
I understand that the censors pounced upon pictures in which the breasts of native beauties are exposed to the beneficial rays of the sun. They do not bother about covering this part of their body and are discouraged from wearing formal clothing by the officials here because of the danger of disease. The fancy head gear on the hawk-faced, pot-bellied individual is made of feathers from the bill of paradise, the arm and leg bands are all woven of fibers from some small local vine. That is not a string of eggs but some small gourds strung together. Their costumes are very gaudy gaudily colored, some having added yellow dyes to their colors (they steal catarbene pills which are a coal dye and use those). The other photo is that of a young girl and a young boy. The girl must be quite young judging from the tiny contours peeping out from under all that jewelry. At the age of nineteen or so these robust figures have resolved themselves into long drawn and dreary affairs. The skirt she wears is made of dark brown cloth, a variety of the pounded thin and decorated with some kind of vegetable dye. I don't believe that the facial decorations are permanent although I could not bear to this.
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Your letter of Nov. 16th just arrived. It was
plumide to hear from you again, sweet. You
Know Bunny, I love you so much that at
times it just doesn't seem that it could possibly
be so. Then I just stop and think of you and 3
and of all the fun we had together and how nice
it is to be with you and then I realize that
I have only begun to love you and that I will
go on loving you more with every passing min-
ute—always and forever.

You were right when you said that the
woman's description of New Guinea in that book
was not in the least cheerful. There are rats
which trot around the tent all night but do
not chew our feet. The insect situation is ter-
rific. When insects were allotted to different
regions of the world, New Guinea went through
the line at least a dozen times. Regarding
the story about women witnessing a man sha-
vir, I'm sorry but I have not heard that rumor
and even if I had, there are no native women
around to see me anyway. The native men,
very wisely, keep them well out of sight. You
needn't worry about me at any rate because
I'm only 53.13% color blind, not totally so, and I think that anyone with designs on these women must be not only color blind, but also stone blind. They are rather gruesome. You must admit you can also forget about the Red Cross Girls because there are about one per 5,000 men around. Even with these odds, however, they don't interest me while I still have you. They wouldn't even if I didn't have you since a star crew affords the following picture of the typical Red Cross girl here. They all persist in wearing very tight riding pants which only make things worse. You have made me very critical of all other women, sweetheart. I always start comparing them to you which isn't very fair to them. You've just spoiled me for anyone else now. I'm very much afraid that nothing will do but that you marry me as soon as possible. After all you have seen me shaving and would probably rather marry me than be forced to suicide by that compromising factor. Maybe the ruling in that said that the man must commit suicide and it was probably thought up by some female judge Hawking who wanted a man quite bad.
The food here of late hasn't been any too good and I'm convinced that that's what is the cause of my stomach being upset. Several of the other fellows are complaining of the same trouble and they are all complaining of the food. Last night's meal wasn't bad but that was the first decent one we've had in ages.

How had you and your mother figured out that I must be going to New Guinea when you got my last letter? It's curious because Soo sure Sonade no reference to the fact. The mere fact that you don't land at one place on New Guinea, as we didn't land at our original destination does not mean that we wouldn't land on New Guinea because this is a big place, much over a thousand miles long. People just don't realize how big and how wild this country is.

The transportation facilities here are just rail except for the few military roads. There are no cities or towns in the usual sense of the word here and all the places on maps amount to are villages or plantations. It's easy to see why the fighting here was so fierce because the jungle is extremely close and...
the level stretches are covered with tall kauai
grass. Even now we can walk along and
almost fall into destroyed pillboxes and fox
holes before we even see them. Just inland from
the coast the mountain ranges begin and the
farther inland you go the more impossible
they become. I understand that the natives
helped quite a bit in our victory by haras-
sing the Gips. The Gips didn't treat them very
well at all. They raided native gardens, folked
around with the women and generally
made themselves disliked. One of the fellows
swears he talked to a native man who told him
very indignantly that "Gop lode, pom pom may,
pom pom little girl" and then he added quite
merryly "and pom pom me." I can't brush
for the authenticity of this but it sounds quite
possible.

Last night I had just about the
delicious coffee, g.k.i. or otherwise. Sir, I can't
taste it. It was served me at the headquar-
ters mess
hall where I eat during my work hours.
It was just right. It must have been good because
I went back for a second cup and I usually don't
drink half my first cup. That coffee does
wonders in awakening me every night. Just about
9:00 P.M. every night I can't seem to keep my
eyes from dozing. I go over there eat and have
some coffee and am ready to work again
from 9:45 till 11:00.
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Dear [Name],

Thank you for getting that drawing equipment! Darling, you're very sweet or have I told you that before. You are, though post wouldn't tell you so. Love you and want you to know how much I value the Christmas presents for every one. Don't forget to let me know as soon as you get that money order won't you? I'm sure it will cover what you spent with some leftover for the silver-hand. At the rate I'm spending money I will be able to save about $5 of the $17 I get every month. There just is nothing at all to spend it on. That will be an extra $50 or so in a year's time. I'll try to earn some extra money to swell the account and we should have a fair amount put away for our use when I get back to you!

Just what was the status between Mac and Joe when he left for overseas? They weren't married were they? I know that he had quite a case when I last saw him. It's still a mystery to me the way he just suddenly went aboard for her. I couldn't picture Mac getting serious that way. Don't forget to send any addresses you have of Goddes, Gene's, or Mac.

Remember what Eddie Desmarais' girl friend got into? Well I have not revised my opinion of that at all. In fact I
I am more firmly convinced than ever that it is something nice to remain out of. These are wonderful things to anyone, but I think it is being capitalized upon to quite an undreamed-of extent. Not only by those particular people, but by the ones you warned me away from. This is not only propaganda on my part, but also I assume you. While I wouldn't be worried about you, I would still not like you to be exposed to all this. Don't tell me that the other branches are any better either. Am I sounding stuffy now? I hope not. I don't mean to be. I just intended to state a fact bluntly.

About the only thing I've done the past couple of days is play rummies. I am becoming quite a hand at the game and beat some of the veteran rummies players quite frequently. Of course it's a heck of a way to waste my time, but it's quite hard to resist the temptation.

Goodbye now, my own sweet darling. Remember that my thoughts are of you.

Always

Freddie