Dolores Sweet;

Hello again from sunny, and terrifically 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 taking out what will be written on the reverse side of this sheet.

Last night was another beautiful moonlight nights though. I could just look up and imagine that I was sitting out on a nice little hill with a cottage nearby, and most important of all with you beside me sharing in a honeymoon, 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 except 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

2.

I understand that the censors frown 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 too much clothing by the officials here because of the danger of disease. The fancy head dress on the hawk-nosed, pot bellied individual is made of feather from the bird 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 [scratched out word] gaudily colored, some having added yellow dyes to their colors (they steal atabrine 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 shy contour peeping out from under all that jewel.

3.

Your letter of Nov. 16th just arrived. It was so nice 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 I and of the fun we had together and hour 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 minute – 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 in the tent of a night but do not chew our feet. The insect situation is terrific. 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 shaving, I’m sorry but I have not heard that rumor and, even if I had, here 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

4.

I’m only 33 1/3 % 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 rear view affords the following picture of the typical Red Cross girl here.

[sketch of woman with large behind] 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 so 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 on that said that the man must commit suicide and it was probably thought up by some female Sadie Hawkins who wanted a man quite bad.

5.

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’s 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 first letters? I’m curious because I’m sure I made 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 would 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 transportational facilities here are just nil 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 amounts to are villages or plantations. It’s easy to see why the fighting here was so fierce because the jungle is extremely dense and

6.

the level stretches are covered with tall kunai grass. Even now we can wack along and almost fall into destroyed pill boxes 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 impassable they become. I understand that the natives helped quite a bit in our victory by harassing the Japs. The Japs didn’t treat them very well at all. They raided native gardens, fooled around with the women and very generally made themselves unliked. One of the fellows swears he talked to a native man who told him very indignantly that “Jap bad, pom pom Mary, pom pom little girl” and then he added quite ruefully “and pom pom me.” I can’t vouch for the authenticity of this but it sound quite possible.

Last night I had just about the best coffee, g.i. or otherwise, I’ve ever tasted. It was served one at the head quarter’s 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 PM every night I can’t seem to keep my eyes from dosing. I go over there eat and have some coffee and am ready to work again from 9:45 till 11:00.

7.

Thanx [sic] for getting that drawing equipment Darling. You’re very sweet or haven’t I told you that before. You are though so it won’t hurt to tell you so over and over again. I also want to thank you for getting the Christmas presents for everyone. 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 left over for the silver fund. At the rate I’m spending money I will be able to save about $15 of the $17 I get every month. There just is nothing at all to spend it one. That will be an extra $150 or so in a year’s time. I’ll try to earn some extra money to swell the accounts 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 Jere 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 over board for her. I couldn’t picture Mac getting serious that way. Don’t forget to send any addresses you have of John’s, 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

8.
am more firmly convinced than ever that it is something nice to remain out of. There are wonderful monetary angles to it all, which are being capitalized up on to quite an undreamed of extent. Not only by those particular people either but also by the ones you warned me away from. This is not only propaganda on my part either I assure 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 rummy. I am becoming quite a hand at the game and beat some of the veteran rummy 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