

Saturday, Nov. 25, 1944

Sweetheart;

At present I am in the process of remaining away from the company area because if I were to be found there just now I would have to stand inspection despite the fact that I have the day off. It would be foolish of me to stay there so I went to the creek and did a sketch of some fellows washing clothes. I am now at the beer hall where there are benches I can sit on to write this letter.

The creek I spoke of is quite a place. It's a fair sized creek about three feet deep at its deepest place. There are boards stretched across the stream to wash clothes on and barrels set up to boil clothes in. Lines are stretched from the trees. The fellows just strip down and wash clothes and bathe at the same time. I don't care much for the deal though because it's too much work. I'd rather just soak the clothes.

Last night I worked till 11:00 P.M. checking payrolls and funding service records. I checked my service record and found that they had mixed my allotments up so that my allotment for home was to be sent to the government for war bonds. I don't know how in hell they ever made that mistake but it was hastily rectified.

At 9:00 PM we ate a light lunch. It consisted of bread, tuna fish, butter, and peanut butter, and coffee. We just made ourselves some tuna fish and peanut butter sandwiches. They were very good. I had two tuna. It reminded me of how you and I used to raid the ice box at your house. That was a lot of fun. I always enjoyed everything we did together Sweetheart. It seems as if everything was fun if you were included in it. At present I can't enjoy anything here and am afraid that I won't until you are with me once more. I never dreamed that one person could make such a world of difference but have found out that it can, much to my dismay.

after inspection-

I just took a nice cool shower and am now seated on my cot - am naturally drying off in the nice cool breeze and writing to you. I wish you were here now. I feel very nice and fresh and clean and I miss you like blazes. I just thought of the day we went to the beach in Lynn and got oil all over our feet and how we had to scrub it off with the brush. We certainly must have made a very funny



picture with you seated in the bathtub with your feet over the edge and me scrubbing away with the brush. I did learn that the soles of your feet are very ticklish. You shouted and shrieked something awful. I wonder what the neighbors thought. Not that I cared a damn because I was just enjoying myself immensely being there with you. That was a wonderful furlough and was probably more fun than we ever had, but not more than we will have. Remember how I had to make you drink the Tom Collinses and beer so you could sleep on the way back. It worked beautifully though didn't it. When I get home and we travel to Lynn we're either going by car or will go Pullman with a bedroom for privacy. No more coach travel.

I just got two of your letters Sweetheart. The ones written Nov. 12 & 13. They were wonderful but I am somewhat mystified. You say that the last letter you had gotten at that time was the one I wrote on October 25th. That was on the ship. Yet you have my new address. I don't see quite how that can be. Oh! Oh! Wait a minute. I remember now. Those must be the letters I wrote on shipboard and mailed ashore. I think I remember changing the address

on them and writing my new address on.

The gifts you got for Mom, Beverly Ann and Morris sound very nice. Did you return the snake up ket you got for Pauline? If so what did you get? I'm also anxious to find out what you got Dad. He does have to cut down on smoking but I think the pipe might have been all right since he couldn't smoke that as much as he does cigarets. The doll you got for Beverly Ann looks very nice. You did a good job of sketching it. Why didn't you tell me you are an artist? Are you sure you didn't buy that book for Morris just because you liked it? It sounds that way to me. If you enjoyed it though Honey I'm sure he will because he's about seven years old and has all the inherent intelligence to be found in the family, that equalizes the difference in age between the two of you. Ouch!!! I'm sorry Sweetheart I was only fooling. Honest I was. You're as brilliant as you are beautiful and you are the most beautiful person in the world. Am I forgiven? I didn't just say that to appease you because there just is no one who can ever hold a candle to you. You are my idea of a perfect personality and I love you so very much that it hurts to be away from you.

Three more letters followed the first two by about fifteen minutes and I am now almost caught up on my old mail from you. It was nice to get it but I guess it means that I won't hear from you for awhile now.

You are right in thinking that it would not be a very good idea to live with your family. We could visit them but I want to have you all to myself when we're married. I guess I'm just extremely selfish where you are concerned but I can't help it. As for the statement I made about sleeping on the floor, you sound rather determined to still sleep in that cherrywood bed. Well, I guess I'll just have to get used to all that comfort again. It will be hard though. I'm breaking myself in by sleeping on a rather hard, but softer than the dick, mattress using one blanket as a mattress and my barracks bag filled with linen as a pillow. Not a Beauty Rest but it will do for a start.

Your measurements came through and I have copied them and filed them for reference. Very interesting indeed Darling. The two thirty four inch measurements intrigue me. Everything about you does for that matter Beautiful. Thank you very much for the measurements, you were a nice girl to send them so promptly.



I was very glad to hear about those 50 cans you found to pack things in. When I am assigned I'll send you my APO # and you can, if you will, send me something such as smoked cheese and cookies and/or anything else you think I'd like. Our diet here is rather restricted and has little variety. Tourte's meal was very good though, we had spaghetti and meat balls. I suspect the meat balls of being made of Spam but the sauce hid the taste very effectively.

My Aunt Blanche wrote me a letter in which she said (I quote) "So you have a girl out in Michigan? Tell us what she looks like. She must be some baby because you always did like nice looking girls." Very aptly put. You are quite "some baby" and who should know better than I.

Give Dr. Felber and Mr. Gallacher my regards and tell Mr. G. that I would like to get a card from him with the scenes of Utah. I'm glad he approved of the sketches, I thought they might be too sketchy to give a good idea of what everything is like.

I haven't mailed the sketches I did here yet but will mail them the first thing in the morning since

I bought some stamps today. The envelope is slightly small for them but I think it will be big enough.

Mom said that she had to get rid of the dog. He just wouldn't be house-broken and kept her tired all the time following him around. On top of that he had a very bad case of worms. All in all she felt that she had to get rid of him and vowed again ~~never~~ never to let another pet in the house.

Sunday Morning Nov. 26

Good Morning My Dearest Darling;

Come, come! Don't just lie there smiling up at me and stretching like a kitten. It's time that we were awake. I'll get the funny papers and bring them up and we'll read them right here on the bed. You're such a very lazy little girl, and so lovely. It's a very wonderful privilege to be married to you and to have you loving me as much as you do. As soon as we finish reading the funnies you've got to get up and to make breakfast, well, at least you'll have to get up to make dinner well, all right then we'll just stay here and have all our meals in bed today. Here's a nice big kiss for an entree. O.K? I love you so very much Sweetheart.

Last night I worked at the office. Hmmm! Sounds like an alibi for a card game doesn't it, but alas I am one of those people whose lot it is to toil after the setting of the sun. I was terribly sleepy and dozed off several times while I was reading of lists of names on the payroll. The meal we had at 9:00 helped wake me up though. We had hamburger sandwiches made with some canned meat. They weren't bad at all. For today some of us had planned to go to the beach, bringing a lunch of tuna fish and canned salmon in lieu of dinner, but then we discovered that dinner today would consist of turkey and we decided to postpone the trip till immediately after dinner. The canned food we can eat tonight at the beach. After bathing, we intend to go see the horse races. They should be very amusing. Tonight is my night off so I don't have to worry about getting back.

Although it is only 6:30 A.M., we have already been visited by the Haba Haba boys (natives) with coconuts for sale at a florin apiece. They really don't miss a single bet and are as



shrewd as Yankee traders.

Whether Dorothy Dix approves of your confessions concerning that date I had with Linn Mott is a moot point. I think it was quite sweet of you to tell me that because I often wondered. I know Knipple said that he thought you were very much hurt by my going with her. As long as it helped you make up your mind, and satisfy yourself, that you really did love me I think that date served its purpose. If it's any consolation I must confess that I did it to see if you would be jealous. I didn't enjoy myself very much because I was too busy thinking of you. That's all past history though and she has long since been forgotten.

Our local genius, the flat world boy has now gotten everyone in complete agreement with him. The world just can't be round. It's impossible. All his tent-mates keep after him constantly to discover other beliefs he holds. The latest one is that the nearer the sun is to the earth, the colder it is. As an example of this he cites the case of mountain tops, which are nearer the sun than the surrounding land, being covered with snow. I sometime

wonder if maybe <sup>10</sup>he isn't right and all  
the rest of us wrong. He sincerely be-  
lieves all the theories he advances.  
He is about the only happy man in the  
whole of New Guinea. I know that I  
definitely am the most unhappy and  
shall remain so until such a time as I can  
awake one morning to find you at my side  
brightening the day with your very beautiful  
smile. Just go right on writing me Darling  
telling me that you love me. Your letters  
are the only things that make me realize  
just what I have waiting for me. That  
and the memories I carry of wonderful  
moments spent with you. The most won-  
derful of my life.

Goodbye my Darling, remember  
that I am

Yours Forever  
Freddie