Monday, November 20, 1944

Dear sweetheart:

I love you and long to be with you more than anyone ever wanted anything. You're absolutely the very sweetest person in the world and I am sorry that I didn't write yesterday, but as I will explain later in this letter, it was impossible. Right now I want to tell you that Sam got a lot of peace with the world because I received thirteen (count them) letters from you all in one day. They were dated from September 32nd through October 13th with a few letters missing in between those dates. I should get these tomorrow. It was so wonderful to hear from you and to receive so many letters. I only wish that could happen every day. The days would pass quite pleasantly till we are together again. I do so hope your Quinacrand was right on the date of your wedding. I was right in every other respect with the possible exception of your meeting train and bring her. You seem to be quite sure that you won't like her. You were right, she was very nice but that was before I met you. Then I learned how much nicer you are and that's all there was to it. You're the warmer hands down.

When I first received your letters I was perplexed: I didn't know whether to read them all at once or save them and read one every day. The idea of reading them all at once was the one I decided on. I figure that I can read them every day and that will be just as good as not very much good. Don't you agree, sweetheart? Tell me how close you came in your guess on how long it would be before you heard from me.

Letters also came from Mrs. Dahl, Bob Kennedy and Howard Stuegerman. Howard was still at Fort Lewis when he wrote but he expects to be over here soon. He said that a whole
most of A-3T boys from MSC were there, Dave Warren, McManus, Mario Gonzales etc. and that Knappe was on his way there as Hackett wrote. Maybe I'll run into some of them out here. All my letters today were very good for the morale - yours, infinitely more so than any others could ever be.

Oh, yes! I must tell you just why I did not write yesterday. Well, all morning long I played rummy and had a pretty good time, then after dinner a couple of the other boys and I went to the beach. We played there till about 3:00 PM. and then got a ride right back here in a jeep some friends of mine had. When I got back I was told that I should have eaten at 3:00 since I was on a detail and had to get to work at 4:00 PM. Since I was late I had to go without eating - I didn't miss much on that meal though. The detail turned out to be one of unloading sacks of mail off trucks and stacking the sacks in a warehouse. I think there must have been millions of them, at least it seemed that way to me and the work was quite rough. We did have quite a few breaks which I spent curled up atop the mail packs sleeping. We were through at 11:00 PM, came back, ate and then got to bed. We didn't have to train today though as it was worth it. Tomorrow I'll have to go on a call instead of going out for training. I have developed a sty on my eye, just like the one I had in Lansing, remember? And it's bothersome as the devil. I hope they can get rid of it as well as you and your mother did the last time. I would say much more love to have you here. Nursing me though, I might never recover just to have you with me. Pray you more every day than I thought possible the day before.

I don't mind your wearing my pajamas at all, my only regret is that I can't be in them with you. Of course there isn't much room but things are crowded everywhere these days. You must
look very nice in them. I can just picture you in those red and yellow stripes—a beautiful picture—lying there on a nice soft blanket, God inviting me with those provocative eyes and lips to come live with you and let you be my wife. You do make an wonderful a wife as ever conjured upon in my most fantastic and farfetched dreams.

I had quite a chat with a native at the beach yesterday. He just sat down beside me and tried to sell me a coconut. When he saw that I didn’t want one he started telling me about himself. It seemed that before the war he worked on a copra plantation here and during the Jap occupation he took to the hills. When we retaked the territory he came back and went to work digging graves in the cemetery here. He complained that the work was hard because it was so hot. Of the natives, who have lived here all their lives and know no other climate, complain about if you can see that it is hot. He had some dog tags and a small crucifix on a bead necklace. The dog tags gave his name, Japhet Makeno, his number 446, the location of the camp he worked at (Cemarol), and stated that he was a boss boy. When S commented on this he really puffed up with pride. Some boys here are Chinese and Filipinos, some of our soldiers and when Japhet and some of them coming he wondered suspiciously if they were Japs. Apparently the natives make no distinction and, border matters were explained to them, the natives made a habit of zaching them around with businesslike manner. I asked Japhet if I could sketch him and that where friendship ended and business began because he wanted to know how much he’d be paid. We finally settled for a shilling. I’ve never had a model who was more nervous and mobile. I finally had to be satisfied with doing a sketch that was far from good and gave him the shilling. I got back at him though because after he left to talk to another group of natives I did a couple of other sketches with more success.

One native came into our tent yesterday morning to sell grass skirts. We told him we didn’t want any. He then looked at Redman—the boy with the fair complexion, clandestine
hair and pale blue eyes and said, "You go home with me, many like you. He must have been interested in adding some flesh & white blood to his tribe. Any rate poor Redman just blushed to the roots of his hair. We killed him about the possibility of his being adopted by the tribe and being placed at hand if he accepted the natives offer.

There was a native chief at the beach. He was in a truck with a lot of other natives. It was an Aussie chum. The old chief was really decked out in his Sunday best too. He had a head dress made of horns and feathers somewhat in this manner. He was quite an ugly and spiky character. The natives referred to as the "Hula Hula Boys" because the usual greeting to G.D. & Hula Hula Joe" accompanied by the flash of their red, betel nut stained, teeth. I'll send you some sketch of them.

I will have to leave you once more to go to bed Darling. God will be thankful when the mighty prospect of returning is one of being in bed with you. Mmmm! Mmmm! That will indeed be a time for rejoicing and if you happen to think that I would ever be apart from you for even one night when I get back just chargel them notions sweetheart and don't even think such nonsense. You will be the most creating love person in the world, bar none. I believe that I might love you. Darling, it has become much more than a fad; belief now though, and the idea of being in love with you and being loved by you has become an obsession so that every passing day just goes down in the books as one day less for us to be apart.

Goodnight Sweet Darling. My Thoughts and all

My love are

Yours Always

[Signature]