Dearest Sweetheart;

I love you very dearly! And I wish more than every that you were with me. Then, and only then will I be happy.

In this letter I am sending you the money for Christmas present for Mom, Dad, Pauline and for Morris and Beverly Ann, There should be about enough left over for you to get the drawing materials I asked for. What is left if anything you can place in the silver fund. O.K.? We will have that fund quite well advanced before long Darling.

Some fellows came around here selling woodcuts made by a boy who has since shipped out of here. They are very good and I only paid $24 each for four of them. They are very much better than most of the junk offered for sale here. Fellows make small bracelets of sea shells and charge as much as $10 for the darned things. These woodcuts are of natives and one of them is of a great variety – a bald headed native. He had on a cloth to cover his bald head which he was very much ashamed of. I’ll send these prints to you along with some of my thumbnail sketches as soon as I get something to send them in.

This afternoon I spent relaxing. I just divested myself of all my clothing and laid down under my mosquito bar to read. It was a very well spent afternoon. The morning I spent making a Christmas card from one of the sketches I made here. It came out fairly well but yet I’m not quite satisfied with it. I’ll keep trying though.

Hmmm! We got some Baby Ruth candy bars in here today. I’m eating mine now and it tastes very good. I never cared too much about them before but here they are like water in a desert. We get a lot of food but do not get the delicacies to which I would like to come accustomed. If we get in a permanent outfit, I’m going to see what I can do about getting some sea food and having impromptu feasts. There’s a lot of food here if only we could get to it. We have coconuts, bananas and breadfruit as well as wild pigs, all of which are good eating. Now don’t tell me I’m a chowhound. You know it isn’t true – I have other interests in life – aren’t you?

Say, I wonder how I’m ever going to get you Christmas present. There are no department stores here you know. I could buy you a grass skirt if I knew your waist and hip size, then if you have me your bust size I could braid up a little bosom upheaver. That would be an interesting combination wouldn’t it? Or I could buy you a nice shell bracelet. You don’t seem to like any of these suggestions so I guess my only recourse is to tell K. Kringle to get you some little thing and just hope that you like it. If only I had time I could knit you a pair of woolen p.j.s, but then there’s no yarn. I guess I’ll just have to forget all about your Christmas present and get you two of them next Christmas. Don’t you think that would be best. What I would really like to give you for Christmas is a pair of stockings with me in them, standing right at the foot of your bed when you awaken Christmas morn. If you just look hard enough you’ll see me there. Be sure to look now Sweetheart.
Redmon was very nice and gave me the candle by whose light I am writing this letter. Our candle ration is my most serious problem. I believe we are allowed one ten inch candle per week which is rather skimpy fare when I write a letter every night. This one should last me three days and then our new ration should come out. I think I will lose Redmon soon because he is threatened with shipment. I guess everyone will leave here but Maurice and when the last peg is struck when this camp is ultimately dismantled, Maurice’s will be the hand responsible. I’m destined to be a perennial casual. You’re going to have a problem trying to keep me on the ball when I get back Darling. All I will want to do is rest, sleep and – what else was it I had on my mind? – oh yes! And make love. Especially making love, that’s definitely for me. When we get to Lansing after the war and I take you home triumphantly as Mrs. Maurice we are going Pullman with a compartment – see!!! No more of this sitting up all night long – see!!! Got any objections. If so, voice them now or forever hold your peace. I’ll kiss you goodnight now and, holding you tight, again bid you goodbye until tomorrow when I will once more return to give you

All my Love and Kisses

Freddie