I don’t know how that weirdly shaped third page got in there. It must have grown as everything does in this damned climate.

Dear Darling:

The days seem to drag by very slowly when I’m away from you. Each one is a little longer than the one before it. Perhaps when I am assigned to a regular job I will find that I fall into a daily routine which will help speed time on its way into oblivion so that the day will come when I am once again with you. Geen! That’s the beast in me emerging! Have I ever introduced you to him. He’s really quite likeable when you once get to know him. I’m sure you’ll enjoy his company as much as I hope you will because you’ll see an awful lot of him when I get back. His most redeeming virtue is an overwhelming love for you. Satisfied now that you’ll enjoy his company, Sweetheart?

This evening I am very tired. Spent a very full day. This morning we had classes and this afternoon a hike until 3:00 PM when we returned and Harwig, Redmon and I decided to do our laundry. We boiled our dirty clothing together in a large half drum under which we built a fire for about two hours. They came out quite clean and after rinsing we had a very respectable wash. It is now being hung drying as we sit in the tent praying that it doesn’t rain and spatter our clothes with mud. That is really a big job and don’t even think it isn’t.

I nearly assassinated myself tearing apart some boxes to build the fire. I grabbed a large board and split it in half. What I did not notice was that I had a nail in the palm of my hand and the
damned thing nearly went clean thru. It has swelled up and is quite sore. I'll have to try to get something to put on it tomorrow. To top off all this I went to the orderly room to get the machete and as I reached for it I tripped and fell, roaring my right hand with two nails. That wasn't as bad as the other though but was downright discouraging.

These machetes are very amazing things. They are a broad-bladed knife about two feet long. The general shape is this: [diagram]. It can be used for any one of a million things including chopping down trees, opening coconuts, separating enemies from their heads, and any other thing that might need doing. They are tough and can take all kinds of punishment.

My pipe smoking is coming along fine now. I have started pulverizing the Gargant tobacco I have into a fairly fine tobacco and it really burns quite well. It's a little stronger than cigarettes but isn't as bad as I thought. I'll be a pipe smoker yet. You can learn how to pack a pipe as that every evening when I come home from school at night you can light everything set out before the fireplace, pipe, shaving yourself—so, wait a minute — I just happened to think that if I finish early in the afternoon you will still be working and then I'll have to get things ready for you. The chief army cook I worked for on the ship told me that the first time he got home from a voyage after he had been married his wife met him at the door of their apartment all dressed up very chic. That night she confessed to him that she had bathed and dressed a housecoat to meet him and had then thought
that he might consider her presumptuous to she slipped out of the housecoat and dressed fully. I can layout your housecoat before you get home in the evening and you need never fear that I will think you presumptuous if a situation such as the one I described above arises.

We have two new men in the tent now. They are both in their thirties and are very quiet fellows. Today one of them bought a coconut and, after breaking it, shared it with us. The poor fellow just took one little piece and then kept urging the rest of it on us. Obliged him by eating my full share but I felt rather guilty about it.

Speaking of food, yesterday we had fresh eggs for breakfast and steak for dinner. Maybe I've already told you about this but it was such a treat that I'll tell you again. The steaks weren't very good according to standards at home, the meat was quite tough and stringy, but judged by new Guinea standards it was marvelous. I enjoyed it thoroughly, and well I might because today we went back to our standard diet of bully beef for mountaineer and salmon for tonight's meal. They do quite well to get up as good meals as they do over here though and do try to fix the stuff as it's appetizing. It still is a very monotonous diet however. I want to get back to your cooking.

One of the officers told a fairly good joke today. It seems that a little boy went up to his mother one day and asked "Mummy, where did I come from?" His mother, not having expected this question and not being prepared for it, told him to wait till his father got home and that
he would explain it to him. That night the father
came home and the little boy asked him the same questions.
The father took him aside and told him of the birds and
the bees and the little flowers and when he had finished the
boy still wore a perplexed look. His father very hesitatingly
decided that there was nothing to do but to go into detail
about the whole thing so he laid bare the whole of the facts of
life. Finishing, he looked at his son again and finding
him still looking perplexed asked him just what wasn’t
quite clear. The little boy said, “Well, Tommy Jones and
I were just talking and he said he came from Brooklyn
so I wanted to know where I came from.”

Well, sweetheart, since my candle is burning
myself I will close now and conserve what’s left of it
for future letter writing. Remember always that where-
ever I may be, I will always carry you with me locked
depth in my heart and that I love you.

Forever
Freddi