

Thursday, November 2, 1944

Good morning my sweetheart;

This paper is fairly damp this morning because we had some rain last night. These tropical rainstorms are something very bad and the rain really pours down. I fixed my tent up and hung my poncho up so the rain wouldn't leak into my bunk. The poncho cuts the circulation of air down a little but also cuts out the circulation of rain water.

Last night Jack Vrein, Cohen and I went to the Red Cross building again and had a couple of cups of cold Coca Cola. The Coke syrup was just mixed with plain water and had no sparkle to it but it was cold and that's all I was interested in. I also got two sheets of their stationery. I can use that for my other correspondence and save this paper for your letters. My supply is fast dwindling.

This is the damndest place I ever saw. Everyone has a money making scheme and they are all money conscious. There's the constant din of hammer blows falling on metal as some of these fellows make bracelets to sell for a couple pounds apiece. Some of them are very nice though, particularly the ones made of Australian coins. These coins are quite attractive and when a bracelet is made from them and they are polished they look quite attractive. It's too bad you haven't got your ears pierced, I could make you a nice earring to wear. I say earring because I think that wearing one is much more attractive than two. One of the officers had his ears pierced on the way over here and wore an earring. It was quite colorful.

I just had a coconut juice bath. Herwig went out and got a coconut and brought it back. He gave it to me in exchange for a sketch which I am to make of him. I broke it open and the juice streamed all over me. There was hardly any meat inside the thing because it was too green. What little meat I did scrape out with my spoon was very tasty. I'll have to go out for some myself as soon as I get a chance. Try to bribe a native to go after them for me. These natives are quite crafty though and don't do nothing for nothing. They have become quite cosmopolitan and commercial and have a price on everything. I guess that means "everything". I've only seen a few of them and the native women live up to their reputation; huge pendulous breasts, bulbous stomachs, etc., just like the travel ads. They do most of the heavy work too. The men are privileged and lead an easy life unless they are corralled to work for the government. After seeing the bosoms on these native women I realize just what an important job the Maidenform company is doing. More power to them and may they continue to give staunch support to the feminine population of our country. Take good advantage of their wares Darling and I'm very sure that you'll always retain that beautiful figure of yours. You know, you're just right as far as that goes sweetheart. Right from head to feet you fulfill all my specific desires. I very particularly like your legs. Dnnnnnn!!! Despite the fact that you think they are a little

too large, I am forced to disagree with you. I like them because they go in and out in just the right places. What I'm trying to say is that there's nothing at all I ever want changed about you Beautiful. I love you so much just as you are. You're perfect.

This afternoon's activities have not yet been made known to me but I imagine I'll have to fall out for training or go to classification. I hope it's classification because as usual I feel quite lazy. I went on sick call this morning to have them dress a couple of spots where my leggings rubbed the skin off my Achilles' tendon. They took care of them and I got back here just too late to buy a knife at the PX. They sold them all.

At the Red Cross building last night I ran into a fellow from Berlin, N.H. and we talked about New Hampshire and of some mutual acquaintances we had in Berlin. Before the war he had never been any farther south than Concord N.H. and I had never been much farther north than that - I'm in the south central part. - So you can see what sheltered lives we New Hampshireites lead. A trip to Boston calls for a three column spread in the local newspaper. I love it though.

They also give musical programs there every Saturday night. I'll have to drop in on this one coming. Do you realize I've been here almost a week and the time seems to be passing fast because there are so many new things to see and everything is so different. I hope it continues to pass as quickly.

Some of the native jargon is fascinating. I particularly got a boot out of the phrase "pom pomming many". The many is any native woman and the pom pom refers to that very hush hush matter. That which nice people don't mention. Their way of saying it seems to me to be very genteel and proper and in no way obscene. That's the way they've always treated sex though until some of these bright G.D.s who make sex quite an obscene thing came over here. The poor natives, they just want to lead a simple life and here comes civilization crowding them in and sweeping right on over them. In a few years they'll have them all in Western clothes and tight shoes and will have them hunting for the happiness which once they didn't have to seek. Civilization makes things very complicated. I wonder if, when I finally get my job teaching at some small college, they will let me lecture barefooted, at least with only sandals on. If I taught far Eastern history maybe I could get away with it by telling them I needed to do that to get in the proper mood for teaching my subject. If there is one thing I do not like it is shoes.

Looks as if there is a storm brewing over the hills. Maybe it'll get down here before long. I have yet to get up enough ambition to wash off my poncho which is dirty as the devil. I had to borrow Redmon's last night. The darned things fit like Batman's wings and are just about as unwieldy as wings would be on me. They do keep me dry though and, since that is the purpose for which they were intended I suppose they are all right. After the war it can be cut down

and used as a rubber sheet on the children's cribs.
They are very useful.

You sound rather drastic in your letter when you say that our children will be lulled to sleep by the roar of the radio and all sorts of noise. I do think though that it is a shame to keep so absolutely quiet when they're asleep that the least noise awakens them. I know I used to sleep right near a very noisy street when I was quite young and my mother claims that nothing less than a cannon could awaken me. Ruth doesn't seem to know too much about raising children does she? Will have to do better than that on Michael and the others.

Well sweetheart, my well of inspiration has run dry once more and I'll close now telling you that you're the sweetest and most wonderful person in all the world, that I think of you constantly and that

I love you with all my heart
Freddie