

Sunday, December 3, 44

Darling;

Again I try my hand at typing you a letter. I [sic] probably not finish it since it is rather late. Tonight has been slow here and I have finished all my work. I had my first assignment in typing tonight and got through it quite well. It was only typing out some cards.

As usual it is raining outside, but tonight I played smart and brought my poncho. It's remarkable how regularly the rain falls around here. Every night at about the same time it starts, and every night at about the same time there is a lull which permits me to get back to the tent without being drenched to the skin. The notable exception to this rule is that storm the other night which caught me without a poncho and took fiendish delight in forgetting to call it quits at the usual time. I told you how very wet I got.

All afternoon I stayed in and relaxed. It was very nice. Every two minutes I'd pull out your picture and look at it and just marvel. I showed it to the fellows and they were all very impressed by you Sweetheart. I am very proud of you do y [cut off] you know it? You are someone to be very proud of.

One of the fellows here wants me to do a sketch of him tomorrow. He said that he was very sure some of the other boys would also be interested in having their sketches done. I'll get a half pound per portrait which is pretty good. I haven't done many sketches for our notebook in the past couple of days but will go to work on that right away. I have some left which were too large to include in the envelope the other day so I will try to get something to keep them in until I can mail them to you.

Were you surprised to find that in my suggestions for a kitchen I tried to plan it so that your work would be easy? The easier your work is the sooner you can take care of it and the more time we have together. If the work seems to keep us apart at all we'll just have to find a way to do away with it altogether because nothing at all, especially work is going to interfere with my being with you every possible moment see?

2.

One of the fellows got a nice letter from his wife today and she told him that she was sure he was stationed in Port Moresby and would like to know how he liked the town. Wherever she got the idea that he was in Port Moresby is beyond me because I think I will be allowed to tell you that this is one place I am not stationed at. If we were there I am sure there would not be a town there; not in the sense of the word which we know. A town over here is merely a place where a white man lives and has a few natives working for him. It's hard to imagine that a place with a total population of about a hundred people could occupy such a prominent spot on the map as some of these places do but I find that such is surprisingly the case.

So you have decided to go to school this spring. If they are offering [scratched out word] courses you need I thinl [sic] it is a darned good idea. But don't get the idea that you're going to be a career woman at least in the world ofbbusiness [sic] because as soon as I finish school you'll find that you have a very full time job as my wife. Of course you will be my wife long before that but you'll probably also be working and I'll be going to school. As soon as I finish school However You'll just retire from whatever work you are doing.

I'll have to leave now because it is getting quite late and I must go to bed to dream of you.
Goodnight Darling I'll be with you early tomorrow.

Tomorrow (Monday) Afternoon

I'm all nice and fresh, have showered, shaved, brushed my teeth, combed my hair, and have put on my Sunday best. I just pretended I was getting ready for a date with you. It was nice pretending and everything went very well until now when I am sitting on my cot keeping our date the only way I can now. It's a wholly inadequate substitute for a real date though since I can't open my arms and have you enter them, kiss me, and tell me with your eyes just how very much you love me and I showing you how very much I love you. Putting down words on paper just can never be the same as being with you. You're so very much alive that nothing inanimate can ever give me a slight measure of the satisfaction I have just being with you.

3.

I did the portrait that fellow wanted me to do of him. It didn't come out bad at all and I'm in a half pound. More money for the fund. Speaking of money for the fund, I think that there has been a mistake made on the payroll I signed today but I'm going to let it go because if I get overpaid I'll send the money right home to be put in the bank and when later they start taking the surplus pay out of my monthly pay I won't have to be bothered about sending money home because I won't get paid till they make up the difference. That way I won't have the money to spend and so will be sure I have it.

Another of your back letters came today, leaving only one more not arrived. It's the one you wrote October 30th and in it you didn't give me a bit of news, just told me how much you love me. You should do that every once in awhile Sweetheart because it's nice to read that you love me very much and to have you tell me just how much. It was an extremely nice letter and one that I'm sure will be reread many times.

My prickly heat is bothering me terrifically. It has broken out all over my arms, armpits and back. I've tried just about everything to get rid of it but it's persistent as the devil. I don't think I'll ever get used to this heat. I'd really appreciate some sub zero weather just about now, but that's out for the duration.

Our PX is now selling cold coke every morning. I bought some coke and a couple packages of cookies and had the New Guinea version of tea. The cookies were very good dunked in the coke. I'm getting so I actually like this flat tasting coke they sell here- there's just plain water in it not carbonated water. When I get back and have a real coke I'll probably go into ecstasies of delight.

I'll have to close this letter now Darling. Goodbye. All of my very great love is sent to you along with a million kisses. Yours- Freddie