

Good Evening Darling;

You're looking lovely this very fine evening with that nice bright moon forming a halo of light for your very beautiful face. I've never seen you so lovely, Sweetheart. Tell me, must you always look so very enchanting? It's bad for morale you know. Here I am in New Guinea while you're in the States. So near in thought but yet so far. I'd give anything to be holding you in my arms kissing you right now and feeling the delicious softness of you against me. I love you Darling more than anything – ever and forever.

Tonight is my night off and I have just returned from viewing the picture "The Falcon in Mexico". It was quite corny but reasonably entertaining. The environment I find myself in curbs criticism to a surprising degree. What, in the States, would be a class B picture is class A in entertainment value here because of the scarcity of recreational facilities.

Pardon me for getting off the subject but there's a huge green cheese moon shining in on me tonight which would look wonderful viewed from pinetum or just coming over the tree tops at the picnic grove. Someday soon you and I will be receiving it once more from those places. When that day comes you will be the only person in the world as happy as I.

Today's schedule was rather familiar. Did my laundry very early and at about 8:00 AM Gerry and I went to the Beach. We have no trouble getting a ride and were there well before 9:00 AM. The water was perfect. Nice and warm and clear as a bell. There were some cans on the bottom though and Gerry and I spent some time diving for them. We finally got the place pretty well cleared out. After we came

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out of the water I hunted for coconuts and found about twenty lying on the ground in a grove of trees. I brought three of them back, tapped them, and we each had about a pint and a [scratched out word] half of coconut milk which was very good. With this we each had a can of tuna fish. This was our noon meal, better than the bully beef they served here by far. We then got some coke, and this stationery at the Red Cross Beach Club. We got into a conversation with an Aussie who was a very interesting person. He had fought in World War I and at that time had been a citizen of Ireland, his native country. Since then he'd travelled all over the world but said that after each journey he goes to Sydney, Australia, which to hear him speak is the best city going. He was rather peeved at the way the Aussies were fleecing [scratched out word] American soldiers on furlough. It is impossible for an Australian to get a cab. The cab drivers will only stop to pick up American soldiers and will charge them about 3 pounds for a ride that would ordinarily cost [scratched out word] about 3 shilling. I told him not to feel too badly because a lot of people back in the States were doing the same thing to US soldiers. He was also quite perturbed about the ruling that Australian soldiers (military men) could not leave Australian territory to go north where the fighting is now. He said that he was still an Irish citizen and not a citizen of Australia so he'd see what he could do about getting transferred up there. He wanted to see what was going on up there first hand. He was a very interesting fellow. Another thing he complained of was the black market activity in Australia. I guess it's the same everywhere. Even out here it's possible to get anything you want if you have to money to spend for it.

Sunday Morn. Dec 3, 1944

Come on Sleepy head wake up. It's Sunday morning and time to wake up. I'll get the Sunday paper and we can

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just read it in bed. I'm awfully lazy and don't want to get up today. We'll just waste the day right here in bed. The Dutch in the East Indies have solved the problem of sleeping well at night. They have a long sausage like roll which they take to bed with them – it is about four feet long and eight inches in diameter. The idea being that they twice themselves around this. It is known as a Dutch House wife. Personally I would rather have an American housewife. I have in mind one very beautiful little girl from East Lansing. Do you think she'd be interested in the idea of being twined around by me. I hope she would be because as soon as I can get back to her she is going to find me more twinning than these tropical vines. It happens that I love her tremendously.

We dove back to the depot from the beach yesterday with a madman. It was the wildest ride I've ever had, I just hung onto one of the bows in the truck as the canvas flopped around madly beating me about the ears. When we got back I took a nice cold water shower and just stayed under it cooling off till all the water in the barrel was gone. Showers are one thing. I really appreciate around here, even though they may be rather crudely instructed.

I guess I didn't tell you about our rainstorm Thursday night did I? It was a beauty. The first night since I've worked at personnel that I did not bring my poncho with me and the skies just opened up and stayed open all night while the water just poured down in one continual stream. I made a run across the street to the mess hall and at the point where the gutter usually contains a small puddle of water I leaped, only to land well over my ankles in the center of the, now greatly expanded puddle. I really was soaked. The rain didn't let up all night long, so I just sloshed to my tent in all that rain and mud. When I

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finally got here I got into the wrong tent and was all ready to go to bed when I discovered that someone was already sleeping in the bed. Then I knew I must be in the wrong tent and although I was too tired to go hunting I realized that the Army frowns on two men to a bed so I did venture out into the rain again and found my own tent and, shivering from the cold damp clothing I had worn, I got undressed and into bed.

Now to go back to yesterday's events, After my shower I put on my shorts and lay down on to let the cool breeze, what there was [scratched out word] of it, dry me off. I fell asleep and didn't wake up at all until time to eat. I felt quite refreshed when I did get up. Usually I am in rather a vile mood when I awaken from an afternoon nap.

This morning as we were going to chow some natives applaud in the area. I hate to leave the tent alone when they're around but I did have to eat. When I returned our tent was minus Pilgreen's hair brush, Donato's red soap box, and six of my air mail envelopes whose brightly colored edges must have appealed to the natives. They are perhaps the most thieving lot of scoundrels I've ever seen. Nothing is safe when they're around. I don't see why the devil they allow them in the camp because they just rob us blind. Every one of them comes in here with a half dozen coconuts and an empty bag.

They [scratched out word] leave minus the coconuts and an empty bad. That is definitely not good. I'll have to get some more envelopes and hide them very well.

I just received two letters from you. One of them contained a wonderful colored snapshot of my favorite – and only – pinup girl which I am very proud to add to my collection. It came out beautifully Darling and looks just like you. It's almost like looking right at you. Those beautiful blue eyes, your wonderful hair, and those so very kissable lips. I see that you got the ring in the picture very prominently. I only wish there was a plain band right there with it Sweetheart. Have you ever heard any more from your cousin about your

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grandmother's ring? Thanx [sic] a million for the picture Honey. I'll have to make something special to carry it in so it won't get wet or damaged in any way. The rain and perspiration are very hard on pictures here. Why didn't you send me the other picture of yourself? You should never have told me about it because now you've aroused my curiosity. The others with me in them I want you to keep. They're the last pictures I've had taken and my first in color.

Thank you for doing my Christmas shopping Sweet. It was very nice of you. Your choice of gifts sounds very nice. Now if I could only decide what to get you for Christmas. I may end up by sending you your Christmas present and your birthday present together, or better yet, wait until next Christmas and send you all three gifts together. Don't forget that you'll have to buy yourself some pants, like the ones you gave Pauline, for our honeymoon. You make them sound very intriguing as I'm sure, they would be on you.

Let me know if you're buying the Modern Victorian or the Lyric silverware. I have an idea You're getting the M.V. I know I like it best. Have you received that money order I sent you? If so there should be enough money left for a place setting for Christmas. With it you can get a Christmas present for us, not to be confused with one for yourself alone. This is for the both of us. It's a very good idea to get as much of that as we can so we'll have it when we start housekeeping. When we have four place settings we can start in on something else. We could get some of that cherry wood bedroom furniture which you could use in your bedroom until I get back. We can wait till I get back to get the bed because I want the both of us to sleep in it the first time. O.K.? That should give you an incentive to save. As for me, I have every incentive to save since the only thing I went to spend money on is you and us and that is for the future.

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The rats here are getting to be as bad as the ones that lady described in her book. One of them bit one of the boys on the hand last night. The fellow had loosened his mosquito netting and his hand was hanging down so a rat took a taste. It wasn't anything serious because the fellow pulled his hand right away and frightened the rat which took off but fast. One of them got up on the table here in the tent and helped himself to a small package of cookies I had there he did quite a job on them too. I'll have to try to rig up a rat trap in here to catch some of them. Rats and flies are both a great nuisance around here.

I'm glad to hear that you got an "A" in Public Administration. You're getting very good marks this term Darling. I suppose your mother and father attribute that to my absence. I don't care though it's

probably true and if I were there now you'd undoubtedly flunk every course because I wouldn't even give you time to think about your studies. We'd be much too busy to bother about such trivialities.

You don't mention Neva in your letters any more. What has she been doing for herself lately? I hope Bob was not very seriously wounded and that he has recovered by this time. I imagine Neva is still disagreeing with everyone as she used to. You've never discussed the smoking of blanched nocturnal birds since that one time have you? Poor Neva, I feel sorry for her, she has an awful lot to learn before she will make a good wife. Now with you Sweetheart it's very different. You are the very best wife I could ever have – I said will ever have in the other letter. I'm sorry I just didn't find that word I wanted to use. The particular phrase you and Neva used in that discussion amuses me very much. I had never heard that before. I know now though. See, already you're learning me something Darling. Learning me to love you so that there will never be an end or a limit to our love. It is the biggest thing in my whole life and is much more perfect and beautiful than I had ever dreamed it would be that I consider myself the luckiest person in the world, which I am.

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Will you let me know if my letters are being censored at all? I'm just curious to know. I don't think I put anything censorable in them but am interested to know if the censor and I see eye to eye on what is and what is not censorable. Your letters are not censored at all. I guess that the only thing they censor is packages if they do censor them. The rest of the mail from the States is not under censorship at all.

One of the new fellows in my tent is one of the most colossal bores I've ever run across. All he does is talk on the most uninteresting subject I've yet heard of himself. He's rather an old boy and is the manager of a cheese factory in California. Since he got in the tent he has been bending my ear with [scratched out word] his adventures in a cheese factory. The highlight of the story always comes when he tells about his trip to Europe – The Netherlands specifically – to study cheese making there. He interrupts specifically – to study cheese making there. He interrupts my writing to compare Dutch and American bicycles, my reading to compare Dutch and America cities, my drawing to compare Dutch and American cheeses, and my sleep to compare himself with some of the great men of cheese making history. Altogether a very great nuisance. Thank God he isn't around all day long. I'd probably run amok and commit a hatchet murder.

Donats, alias The Termite, is trying to commit murder on a coconut with a very blunt hatchet. So far it looks like a tie. He dented the coconut and it bounced and hit him on the shin. There he goes wreaking his vengeance and scattering coconut husk to the four winds of which there aint [sic] no wind here but in writing who cares? I should be loyal to The Termite since he promised me part of it. He's quite a little character about five feet tall with Groucho Marxian eyebrows, a long snoopish looking nose over balancing a receding chin. He wears very thick glasses from

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behind which two very small and close set eyes peer out. Despite the description he is a very good hearted boy. He hails from Brooklyn and is Italian. All in all, a true character. I just had a little juice and some of the met. Very good indeed.

I like the new edict allowing us to go shirtless all day long. I feel fairly cool sitting here in the shade of the tent on my bunk in my undershorts with whatever stray breeze happens along cooling me off. If only I didn't have to go to work this evening I could just take a nap and then when I awakened take a shower. As it is I must go to shower now so I'll be ready in time to go to work. Goodbye my dearest sweetest Darling. Remember that I think of you always and will love you forever. When you go to bed give yourself a great big hug and a million kisses

With All my Love

Freddie