

Dearest Wife

10 Nov 44  
New Guinea

I have just completed a small washing of underwear and towels. We have been fortunate in getting laundry service once a week but I only turn in the big stuff like Khakis and fatigues. Everything is going well. Our work has been curtailed so that now I only work every other day and a few hours at that.

I have dug up an algebra <sup>book</sup> and in my spare time I solved some quadratic equations and simultaneous linear equations. However at best this is High School stuff and once refreshed becomes elementary. We get good access to the magazines. I read them only for news of the states. By the time they get here, the war news is stale. This island publishes an excellent paper of four compact pages stocked fully with news of the war ~~and~~ theater and on the other fronts. They call it "Guinea Gold" - it's a great little daily paper and we look forward to it eagerly.

You know honey, writing a daily letter has become a pleasant and yet difficult task. It's like writing a daily column but even worse because ~~nothing~~ <sup>nothing</sup> of import happens here. There are the coconuts, <sup>the</sup> pyramidal tents nestled between the coconut trees and the New Guinea moonlight. For recreation, we have the same stinky pictures; and for diversion, six bottles of beer per week. But this dull environment will only make me appreciate more than ever

the life with you back in the states. We  
will be able to take rides in a comfortably  
built car on a fine concrete road instead  
of a rough bouncing G.I. Truck with  
dusty and cobbled roads. Whatever  
we do when we get back will be  
extraordinary because we will do them  
together.

I hope that you are feeling well  
and as happy as can reasonably be expected.  
I want you to know that I think of you  
always - that I go to sleep <sup>for</sup> thinking  
and hoping that I dream of you.

Love Love  
Harry