Bunny Darling,

At last I have received a letter from you. Sweetheart, it was very good to hear from you once more. I do so love you and love to receive your letters. This was the letter you wrote right after you got back from the lake. A mile long and interesting letter it is too. Along with it, I received a letter from my cousin Blanche Marie who's father bears the same name as mine and who is a retired navy man now working in the navy yard at Bremerton, Washington. I'd like to write her an answer and also drop a note to my Uncle Fred. Her letter was typical teen age stuff with gimpie and sarcasm a la Bobby Sox. It was amusing because of this but I could see that she was going out of her way to sound sophisticated with the sill results that follow such an attempt. I guess she wants to be thought of as being quite old - she's all of fifteen now. I feel like an old fool when I think
of how long ago it was that I was that age, and my letters, what few I wrote, were probably written in that same vein.

We had very little to do this morning, quite a relief after yesterday's mad scramble. That's the way it is in the army though, one day there is nothing to do and the next day we're swamped under with work. I did have the usual coffee and donuts at the Red Cross but this morning there was a large sign over the tray stating that we were to take only one and no more, and, as if they didn't think we could read, there was a Red Cross worker right there watching the damned things so I could only take one. That's all the thanks I get for that donation I gave them last year.

While down there I read a copy of Guinea gold and read one of the items they had in a divorce case. Some woman was suing her husband for divorce charging that in 1934 she escorted him personally to a new job she had found for him just to be sure he went to work. He went to work and that was the
last she saw of him. Now, eleven years later she wants a divorce. Some people get divorces over the most trivial matters. There was also an article on the deplorable rate of divorce in the States which was attributed in large part to the fashion set by the movie stars. It cited the fact that many GIs have received letters from their wives back home telling them that they had just discovered that they "weren't suited to one another, and that they could still be good friends." This line is taken verbatim from the statements of the stars. At one time I don't think they ever worry about. I am sure that there never were two people more suited to one another than you and I are and that we shall be the happiest couple we shall ever know. Beautiful!! I do so wish that we were together and married right now though. That would be perfect. I am the only one who was thinking how very nice it would be if we had been at the lake together with one or else there. I am afraid that you overestimate the time which we would spend getting a sun tan, and underestimate the amount of time which we would spend making love. That is one thing I could not get tired of as long as you were my partner. It is an intriguing pastime as you shall see.
as I return to you if you do not know already.

Your birthday party must have been very nice, I think the decorations were quite attractive and I think the people had the right idea when they made that place card for you. Maybe next year you will have the real me there with you instead of a representative of me on a place card. Just what was the significance of the jar of baby cream which Sally gave you? You aren't keeping anything from me are you?

Where did you learn all these ways of contacting the occult world. First it was an ouija board, and now it is table questions. Tell me, please, just how do the legs on the side of the table get up off the floor and how do they tap out the message. It seems to me that there is the slightest idea of some human agency involved in this little matter. Of course I hope it is right because I would like to be home soon.

Later-

The next day in fact,

This letter is now being written to you from a point several thousand
Just above the broad blue Pacific, I am finally on my way to the Philippines by plane. Thank God for that because I did not at all care for the trip by boat. I am very much senior I pulled off a box and packed my field pack in my duffle bag when I weighed in, naturally I forgot to unpack it when I turned in the duffle bag last night and just as naturally, it rained to beat hell so that I am soaked. The duffle bags are all on board, but they are stacked with the openings against the side of the cabin and are securely tied down so I can't get at mine. C'est la vie!!

In my hurry, they only gave me a half hour's notice before we left the Command. I also forgot my mess kit. I was quite fortunate and got one at the place we stayed at last night. I didn't sleep at all though with the noise made by the fellows and the pounding of the rain on the corrugated iron roof. These guys were like a bunch of kids their first time away from home, shouting at one another from one end of the barracks to the other. To add to my discomfort, just as I did start to go to sleep,
the fellow in the next bunk to mine decided to read by the light of his flashlight and shined it right in my eyes. The capper to everything was those vermin infested, scartly blankets they gave us. I never had so much company in bed in all my life. I'll be glad when I go back to where the only company I have in bed with me ever is you. I can assure you that I wouldn't mind your company. In fact I would be ecstatically happy as you shall see as soon as possible.

The refined air up here gives this pen just the little added boost it needed to flow freely. I don't have to shake the ink down at all. I will have to clean it out with warm water one of these days because I think I clogged it up slightly using that damned Austin ink in it.

There has been talk of doing one of those rotation manuals being put out for Wacs and Nurses. I'd like to illustrate that one too. It seems that one of the things that most of them are going to have trouble with is learning not to try to pull their skirts down and their slippers up when they go to the john. They've all
worn slacks for so long that this tendency will be hard to get rid of. I'm getting to
like slacks on women less and less every
day. I want you to wear very feminine
clothes as much as possible. Honey, they're
so very much nicer. I don't like women
without hips, and women with hips look
like hell in slacks. You look very sweet
in your brown striped dress, honey, very
sweet indeed. You are the type for which
jeans were made. Incidentally, in case
you don't know, allow me to tell you
that I love you.

Getting back to the book table and
its answers, you can rest assured that I am
not "stepping out" on you and that I did
not intend to. I am not interested in
dances for the sake of dancing but I had
intended to be a spectator at the one we
had here and probably do some sketches for
our scrapbook. So you see, it was all
in the interest of art. Just as it would all
be in the interest of art if I were to
have a nude model pose for my, or don't
you think my mind would only be occup-
ied with the shadows and highlights
and the art forms? You shall be my only
model, darling, so don't fret my experiments
in portray the female figure undraped.
will be confused to delineating your body
beautiful. Nice thought that?

I'm glad that the correspondence atten-
tion is straightened out. I know that you
didn't realize that your letters were be-
coming quite brief but now that that is
straightened out I will look forward to getting
more letters like the old ones you wrote
and like the one I received yesterday.

Our official attitude was just
announced. No being so feet, quite a way
up in the air. I think we're outdistancing
the storm because every now and then the
plane shivers through and I notice that the
cloud layer beneath me is thinning
out considerably. I hope it's nice about
destination; I'd hate to get off in another
starfront.

I gather from what you had to say
about my mention of the fact that I ought
to go to the dance, that you would feel better
if I didn't go. As I mentioned before, I
would undoubtedly not have danced even
if I had gone because truthfully, dancing
with anyone but you does not appeal to
me. You sound as if you felt just as you
did the night I went out with Lynn Mott.
9.
Could it be that my darling is jealous. I hope so because I'd like to be married to someone who just didn't give a damn if I went out with anyone else or not. I believe that you do give at least a damn.

Bight Island
Jellibank Bay

Good Morning Sweetheart,
We have arrived at this advanced stage in our pilgrimage and are just waiting. This isn't a bad place to be stopping off at although I'd hate like hell to stay here for any great length of time. It is too much a part of New Guinea to suit me. This is a real coral island, the ground is just like concrete. This is one of the places my friend Eddie Rose fought at and I guess the fighting was plenty rough. The Cops had the place honeycombed with tunnels. We're going to try to get out and do some sketches of the place today.

I started a sketch on the plane yesterday but it was cut short by our arrival here. We had quite a bumpy ride and I was afraid several times that my breakfast and I would part company. I make it all right though by
lying down and trying to go to sleep. It was
funny the way, when we got on the plane, we
were all securely strapped down and had
our Mae wests on. Then after we had
been in the air awhile, the belts were un-
buckled and the Mae wests taken off. All
got well until we hit our first rough
spot and then everyone dashed back to his
seat and put on the Mae west again. After
we were safely through the first rough spot,
all went well for a little while longer and
we divested ourselves of our equipment again.
They upon hitting our next rough spot every
one lied back nonchalant about it but
you could tell that we were all wondering
whether the damned plane would ever
make it. We finally did make it through
and, after waiting around the airfield for
several hours, we finally got transportation
out here. The night meal last night was
the first I had since 4:30 A.M. in the
morning. This place is on a different time
belt from Finsch, so the time is one hour
behind Finsch time. This put off supper
for an extra hour. I was so damned
hungry I could have eaten the mess
sergeant's parboiled. We do get real butler
coffee, a delicacy which I have not tasted.
for about a month.

This morning we had to do a little polishing up. All this consisted of was taking a walk around the area. I guess this is the extent of your workday here so I shall have plenty of time to sleep, read, and of course write to you. I'm going to wait and mail these letters in the Philippines because I don't know what the censors here do or do not let through. I know just what we can write in the Command so I'll wait to send these off. Of course you'll undoubtedly be wondering what the devil has happened to me in the meantime, honey. I couldn't tell you that I was leaving though.

Again last night I didn't sleep too well. I should have because I was very tired but I kept tossing and turning all night long. It wasn't because of the blankets either because I have my own on the bed.

As a smart girl such as yourself has undoubtedly gathered by now, this is one of those endless letters which just go on and on. I think I shall just mail you a short letter to let you know that the reason I am not writing letters is that...
Am en route. Then I'll mail this when I reach my destination.

Some of the fellows who came up today brought our yesterday's mail with them and I received two letters from you, darling. They were very sweet, very interesting and most welcome. Hadn't expected to see another letter from you for ages. These letters are much more like the ones I used to get and are very nice.

I was interested to find out that you are going to stay on your present job. I had an idea that you would and that you'd be taken on at regular salary instead of being paid by the hour. Do you think you'll be able to stand the job all right? I think Hoffer and Shaden will act better now that they have found out that you have a mind of your own. You and Shaden must have had a very interesting time discussing the operation. Was it a major operation or not?

What do you write me about being bothered terribly by mosquitoes? Are they that bad back there? I don't remember having been bothered too much by them while I was there. Over here where there are...
supposed to be millions of them, I have found that I am troubled very little by them.

I don't know what size film Mellie's camera takes but I shall find out and will let you know as soon as possible so you can send me some film to use. I am glad you enjoyed those last pictures I sent home. I know just how much I like to get pictures of you. It makes you seem much nearer to me.

       Monday Night

Hi Honey;

I think this may be the last of this letter because I believe I shall be moving out tomorrow. The great majority of the boys left this morning and there are just a couple of us left. It isn't bad around here though and I don't have a damned thing to do except do bunk fatigue and commands around the Red Cross shack here.

Tonight was beer night here and I got three bottles of Ballantine's Best. One of the fellows just gave me another bottle. It tastes quite good after that Hyde Park Ale I had last time.

It seems that Sam jumped in went to the show tonight and, as usual, the machine broke down about 3/5 of the
way through the picture. It wasn't much of a
loss though since it was an Abbott and
Costello pot titled "Here Come the Co-Eds." Typical
Abbott and Costello slapstick but with one
fairly good sequence with a bowl of oyster
pate.

Again today it rained. It seems that this
is the peak of the rainy season here and it
really does rain but hard. I am situated in a
fairly dry spot in the tent, although I am in
everybody's way. I have to sleep with my duffle
dag now for fear that it will float away in
the night. It isn't a very good companion
though Darling. Very inexpensive to say the
least. I'd very much rather have you in bed
with me I can assure you. Whatever else
a duffle bag will ever be to me, you can
rest assured that it will never replace you
in my scheme of things. I suppose you were
worried that it would vie with you for the key
position in our beautiful cherry wood bed
weren't you?

Last night some fellow woke up screaming.
I don't know what the devil happened
but rumor has it that he either got in
bed with a centipede of the king size group
or had a violent nightmare. Alasgrate,
He did start screaming and running until he hit a rope that was stretched chest high between two tents. This startled him screaming with renewed vigour. I don't think there's any sound quite so terrifying as a man screaming in fear. One of the colored boys in the tent with me there are two of them, I had his shoes on and was all set to clear out of here fast if the person had headed in our direction. He did not though. This, and the fact that the fellow who shipped out this morning was around at 2:30 am, was not the best thing that could have happened to help me get a good night's sleep. It has been three nights since I have had anything resembling a good night's sleep.

Well, Darling, the beer is beginning to follow its natural course and I feel an urge to visit our little fifteen holes so I shall terminate this and tell you that I love you more than you can even know, dear sweet darling and that you are foremost in my thoughts.

Always, Frannie
Tuesday Evening —

Hello sweet Darling,

I'm still here, and still lazy. In fact, I'm getting lazier than ever. Not doing anything except bunk fatigue. My daily schedule runs something like this:

**AM**
5:45  Reveille
6:30  I arise
6:35  Breakfast
7:00  Wash up
7:30  Police call
7:31  Bunk fatigue
9:30  Coffee at Red Cross followed by full session till 11:00 AM
11:00  Bunk fatigue

**PM**
12:00  Chow
12:30  Bunk fatigue
5:00  Chow
5:30  Bunk fatigue
7:00  Movie (sundays weekly)
8:00  Coffee at Red Cross
10:00  Bedtime to dream of you till tomorrow.

How don't you think that is rather a rigorous schedule to follow? Much more of this and I shall have to do my drawing from a cot when I get back to work. I guess I need the rest though, working as hard as I do. It's a terrific strain in a man.

There's a guitarist a couple of tent doors down who is furnishing some nice
background music for this letter. He is really quite good. That fountain pen of mine is gone for good. Several days have elapsed and I have found no trace of it. I guess some one must have switched the thing on me. Some people do such things you know. I'm glad I got a padlock for my duffle bag because that's the only way to be assured that anything will be left if I leave the tent during the day.

I no longer have to take my duffle bag to bed with me because there are two empty cots in the tent now. You took advantage of that last night with near disastrous results as far as the bedding was concerned. It was quite a nice dream which took place in a barenlike room where you were reclining on a pile of cushions in a very exciting pose. I started to make love to you but again fate intervened—this time I awoke too soon to find out where we were going for the dammit!! You can return this evening and I'll pick up the dream where I left off last night. You looked very lovely Darling, even though the garment you wore—skimpy thing that it was—was anything but sweet! In fact it was
quite risqué—quite—and looked good
in you too. I still think that you look
dark in something sweet though, because you
are so very sweet.

It seems very strange to be writing
by candlelight again. That is our only illu-
sination here. This letter is being written
by two candlepower virtue of two candlepower
of light. It isn’t bad except that it is
rather awkward since I can’t put the paper
on my lap and have to put it on the bed
below the candles and half lie down to
write. I manage all right though.

This is all I shall write on
this stationery. Honey because this is all of
this stationery I have to write on. I do have
some other paper in my musette bag and as
a last resort I can always use Red Cross
stationery.

Goodbye for now sweet darling

I love you with my whole being

And am

Yours forever

Freddie