Sunday 15 April 1945
14 A.A. Command
APO 322, France

Bunny, my darling,
Here I am back again on Sunday night. It was a day which I spent rather well. I didn’t waste any of it as I usually manage to do. The rain did keep me from doing any sketching but I did some envelopes and also worked on the screen for a radio a fellow is making. He has a piece of cloth — I should say, which he was going to use as a screen for the loudspeaker on his radio. He wanted me to do a sketch of a Varga girl on it. All went well till I put the ink on and then “bloop” it just acted as a blotter and all my work was smudged beyond repair. I’m going to have another go at it though only this time I’ll do it on cardboard and cut out the figure, like a paper doll, and paste it on the cloth. That should solve the problem.

I had an idea today would be a different day when I found that we were having asparagus for breakfast. That in itself is different but seemed to presage more things to come. It did.

First I went to the office this morning
morning and found myself on a clean up detail. We had to do a very thorough job, even getting the cobwebs. It was quite a struggle but I got through it all right. Had to do some cleaning this morning but that's all I did.

This noon a dog nito that history of the Far East with a vengeance and polished off a chapter and a half. There was a rummy game going on too, but I just ignored it and went on with my reading. What willpower!

When the others went to work I decided to do a little alteration of my fatigue uniform. I took all the pockets off the shirt and pants. Then put the pant pockets on the shirt, but in a different position, thus: 

I like them better this way. The other way one takes on the same appearance as that presented by the native women's brassière. (the same is French for brass or in case you didn't know, I'll have to teach you to speak French when we're married.) I'm going to make hip pockets on the pants from the shirt pockets. They will suffice for my meager requirements. Let's make no puns from the clodhopper...
In the afternoon I dug out some of the shipboard sketches I did. I’ll have to doctor them up and send them to you for the collection. They aren’t bad sketches, but since they are done in pencil, they have smudged considerably.

Now we arrive at what made today different, really different that is. The asparagus this morning made me rather suspicious about the food situation. I thought they must be scraping the bottom of our larder if that was the best they could do. Some evening however and I find that we are having a meal of roast chicken. That in itself is wonderful but what makes it even more wonderful is the fact that we each got one half a chicken — yes, count it, I said one half a chicken per man. It was wonderful, done just right and accompanied by a giblet gravy that ranked with the best food I’d ever had. It took me back to the days when I used to impose on the Robson family every week, counting their daughter and eating their food, and loving them both. Then were the days Darling. I’ll be glad to see them return.
4.
If the preceding sheets are stained you will know that it is the result of the spillage of one of Duffy's cans of peaches. He spilled an almost empty can and the letter was in the path of the flow. They were good peaches while they lasted too.

I have made a resolution to make all my time count from now on and to try to avoid wasting my time. While I'm in the army I may as well accomplish something both in my studies and in my studies. There is no use in letting this time go to waste in that.

It will be so wonderful to get back to you dear heart. Then not a minute of my time would ever be wasted, except those minutes in which we are apart. They will be very few though I guarantee you that. I'll be jealous of anything that keeps us apart for even the least bit of time. You are my career, a career at which I intend to be the most successful man in the world. Have I ever told you that you are the most beautiful girl in the world and that.

I love you more than words could ever say.

Fredie