Bunny Darling;

Tonight I am on CQ and am doing a lot of catching up on my letter writing. I have already written four letters saving yours, as I always save the best of everything, for the last. I got another letter from you today. I hope I keep on getting them every day. It's very nice to hear from you regularly this way. The time situation as you have explained it to me—with the whole state of Michigan on central time and the city of Lansing on eastern time—sounds as though it would pose a difficult problem for everyone. Just how do your train and bus schedules run now, god knows they were complicated enough the way they were with half the state on one time and the other half on the other. What's the matter with you Lansing people anyway?

In today's letter I received the first two of the kodachrome pictures you said you were sending me. They came out very well Darling. I particularly like the one of you alone by the door of the house. You look as beautiful as you really are in that one Honey. The colors are very nice too. I think that I like these as much as I do any of the pictures you have sent me. That is a very good picture of your father in the family group. A lot of the boys thought that he was my father and said that I resembled him. It was probably the moustache that did it. Or are you marrying me just because I remind you of your father? Who is the girl in that picture? I am almost sure that I have been introduced to her but I can't remember where. This is always disconcerting to me. What kind of hat is that which you have on in those pictures Darling? It looks like one of the hats your French Canadian Woodchoppers wear in the wintertime, sort of socklike affairs. I like it very much though and think that it looks good on you. I am very anxious to get the case for the pictures so I'll have something to keep them in.

I am glad that you were able to get the linoleum blocks. They will come in handy. It's too bad they didn't have the tools to go with them but I guess I can manage all right with just the knife until I can make myself some regular tools. The size of the pens doesn't make too much difference so I am sure that whatever you got will be quite satisfactory.

What did you finally decide about that desk you liked so much? Did you or did you not get it. If you did will you please send me a sketch of it so I can see what it is like.
You could sketch a picture of it anyway, whether you bought it or not to let me see what it looks like. We're going to have quite a bit of our furniture when I get back aren't we Honey? You can decide what articles of furniture you want to buy first without consulting me every time. That's what the money I am sending you is for.

So you think that Marj's children are spoiled do you. Are you sure that you won't spoil our children that way? That was quite a suggestion you had about strangling them all if they turned out like that and then starting in on a new batch. That would keep you quite busy don't you think? You don't turn out children the way you would a batch of dough you know. I'm sure that we won't have the trouble that Marj is having though.

I am getting quite sleepy now but I have to help one of the boys proofread some material he is working on. It has to be out tomorrow and he has quite a job ahead of him to get it all done tonight. The least I can do is help him to check it. Right after that though, I go to bed. I just went down to the tent to get my blanket and at the same time I polished off a can of V-8 juice that I bought today. The PX put out their store of cans of juices and I was right in there to get my share. It really tastes good.

When I went down to the tent Kowalschuk was engaged in a terrific struggle with his cigarette lighter. It seems that the wick slipped down inside it and he was having a devil of a time getting it back out. He had been working on it for about an hour when I got there and was making no headway fast. He saw the picture about the Thin Man, the one you told me you had seen. I am going to see it tomorrow night, everyone seemed to think that it was a good picture. I haven't seen either of them act for a heck of a while. I used to like the Thin Man series very much.

This morning I got hold of a copy of LIFE IN A PUTTY KNIFE FACTORY and am having fun rereading it. I think that is one of the Wittiest books I have ever read. I am anxious to get the other Allen Smith Book you sent me. It, and some of your other packages should be arriving any day now. I still have received no copies of that New Yorker subscription you ordered for me. I wish that too would hurry up and get to me.

New Guinea is bad, but from that description they give of the island of Okinawa, I guess that life here is rather tame at that. They tell of the great numbers of poisonous snakes on the island. The minute that subject comes up I am all set to go home. There just isn't room enough in the same country for me and any poisonous snakes.
I still don't like New Guinea though and can think of several million places that I would rather be at than here, the first and foremost of these being in a nice soft bed with you.

That soldier you were afflicted with on the train sounded like a great little character. It was a drunken sailor on the way to Lynn and on the way back a super egoist. You certainly attract some queer people to you Darling. I of course am the exception to that statement, although I am attracted to you more strongly than anyone else could ever be. You don't mind though do you Honey?

It looks as though I am going to haveto work up here tomorrow instead of in the tent because Kowalczyk is going to take care of some of the work in the mail room and there will be no one here to take care of the files, thus, I find myself in that unenviable position. The worst part of it all is the fact that I perspire so very much. In the tent I can peel off all my clothes and make myself comfortable that way, this procedure is frowned on up here in the office though. They are just killjoys.

Thecard in here is from Bill Barnhart to Kennedy to me to you. I hope you like it, it has a world of sentiment attached to it don't you think? I like the wistful look of the soldier as he peers over the flowers at his love. Note also the hearts & wings on the hearts. So you get the symbolism of it all? The idea of the hearts flying to one another. Bill's little addition on the back is also very touching.

The letters I wrote this evening were to my friend Shannon, Ian Reid, Mr & Mrs Os- good, and your mother. I told Reid that you saw him in the newsreel. He will get a boot out of that. I also inquired as to whether he had been going out with his raincoat of a Philippine night the way he did in Lansing one night. Did I ever tell you about his little episode with Phyllis that night he got pretty well crooked? If I didn't, remind me to tell you some day. You won't believe it of him.

Well, Honey, it is a job for me to keep my head up so I had better quit and get to sleel. I'll need it if I have to work here tomorrow. Goodnight!
Tuesday Morning

It is now bright and early the next morning and I have as yet not had time to get the sleep washed out of my eyes. I hope the fellow comes up soon to relieve me for breakfast, I feel as hungry as a bear. Not that it will do me any good because there will undoubtedly be no better a breakfast than usual, in fact, I believe that today is going to be canned ham and eggs day.

My chin is rather tender today. It seems that I had a field day yesterday when I shaved and cut myself about eight or nine times. I thought I had gotten over that but I guess not. Maybe it is the new blade I was using that did it. I'll have to go on using the same blade forever in order not to massacre myself.

The more I look at the pictures you sent yesterday, the more I like them. They did come out wonderfully Sweetheart. I hope the others come along soon so I can see what they look like. I'm sure that they too came out well. Kovalchuk sent the pictures we took Sunday to be developed and we should get them in about a months time. I'll send you copies as soon as possible Darling so you can refresh your memory on my appearance. You must promise that no matter how they turned out you won't let that change your mind one bit about me, you will still love me.

Well Darling, I must leave you now to get ready to go to chow so I will close telling you that I consider myself the luckiest fellow in the world to love you and be loved by you. I shall feel this way

ALWAYS.