Bunny My Darling;

Much, very much, has transpired since I wrote the end of my letter this morning. I went on sick call, got mail, was paid, saw a fashion show, had my picture taken, sketched the office buildings played a few hands of rummy, a few games of ping pong (12 to be exact – won 10 lost 2), and now find myself seated and writing to you, the most pleasant task of all since in this way I am able to let you share in the things I do and it makes me feel not quite so far away as I would otherwise.

To tackle the above deed of the day in their order I shall start with sick call where I got an Epsom salt soak, steaming hot, for my finger – the felon don’t you know and a liniment rub and heat treatment for my back. The doctor though it might be my kidneys bothering one but finally decided that it must indeed be the cold I have which was responsible. He is a darned nice fellow and by far the best doctor I have yet run across in a dispensary, not at all the type usually found in the army. He’s human and acts it.

Leaving my friend the doctor we arrive at the mail proposition. I received letters from Bob Kennedy, Dwight Shannon (one of the boys I’ve been with all the way from Grant), and from your mother. There was a card from Mr + Mrs Osgood, a Christmas card for which I shall thank them, and the paper Jere said Mac and the boys were putting out – I’ll send it on to you. I also got two letters from a very beautiful love of my life. Could you ever guess who? Since you insist on being told I shall tell you that you are the person I am referring to, who did you think I meant anyway? One of these letters was written December 14 of last year and I am just getting it. It was still very welcome. It did seem funny to read it and realize just how much has happened since then. I still have other letters from that same period which failed to arrive. They’ll probably come limping in a few at a time. The second letter heralded your return to Lansing. I’m so very glad that you and Mom got along so very famously. I never had any doubts that you would. She thinks every bit as much of you as you do of her only more so.

After dinner this noon we were paid. I went up and collected all $17.00 of my pay. I’ll promise not to spend it all in one place Darling. I augmented this fortune with a shilling, 16 American cents, 1/100 of my month by wage, won from Kowalchuk. Then I quit to go listen to the news. That was the first time I had played cards for well over a week.

Kowalchuk got hold of a camera and with a roll of film, he had we took pictures. Included in the pictures were Hoppy, Pfund (the P is silent so it sounds like Fund), Kowalkchuk, and myself. I’ll send you copies as soon as we get them Honey.
As we were taking the last of the pictures by the altar on the ball diamond, we noticed a cottage of gals in dresses entering the Red Cross building. Quick like bunnies we got ourselves over there to see what was coming off (maybe one or two of our party were hopeful that it would be dresses but not me. You know me Bunny). It turned out that the girls of the Red Cross had gotten up a little fashion show, the idea of which was to remind us what women look like in skirts. The show was a howling success much to the dismay of several of the fair damsels who wore dresses from their knees to their necks and beet red complexions from there on up to the roots of their hair. It was [scratched out word] fun while it lasted though.

The enclosed India ink sketch is my first rendering with my new pen. I’ve fooled around experimenting with it but this is the first serious piece of work I’ve tried with it. I’m not too well satisfied with the foliage in this – I like that in the other pen and ink sketch I sent you much better – and there are some weak spots in the foreground. On the whole though, I am fairly well satisfied with it. The next one will be better. The arrangement of the building is like this [sketch of the building arrangement] the long blacked in section is the adjutant general section to which I am attached. The thatched hut in front of it is just an information and education booth with latest world events in it for the edification of all personnel and visitors. Right above the thatched hut is the officer’s club way up on Nob Hill. The sign in the foreground is to direct traffic to the right department. I was seated near our quarters when I sketched this. The other sketch is one of our beach with a boat a couple of boys have made of empty airplane gas tanks and a small gasoline motor. The buildings in the background are officer’s quarters. The sign on the tree in the middle of the picture advises all enlisted men that their presence beyond that point is taboo, that is for officers only. The trees seem to be very old and are all gnarled and twisted. I’ll have to sketch some some day soon.

It’s quite late now Honey so I shall sign off for now giving you a loving good night kiss.

Monday Morning

All along again on Monday morning. The news broadcast late last night gave out the info that we have now completed a landing on the Ryukyu Isles just south of the Jap mainland. Darling, it is entirely possible that the war out here won’t last very much longer. I hope this is time and think that it is.

I have to go up for another back rub this morning. I hope I get rid of that crick in my back today. The rub down helped a lot yesterday. I also hope I lose this cold altogether. Oy, I got troubles.

The major trouble is still, and always will be, being away from you though. As long as this condition exists, I’ve got incurable troubles, troubles which none but your soothing and healing presence can cure. I hope and pray that soon this cure will be available to me.

Goodbye now Honey. I love you.
Always.

Freddie