My Darling Bunny;

I just got the first letter, pardon me it is the second letter you wrote but the first I received from Lynn. It was a very wonderful letter Darling.

I wish that I could have been there with you again this time. It was so darned much fun the last time wasn’t it Honey? I guess I did walk you half to death though.

You’re getting to be quite the domestic little lady aren’t you, helping my mother with her shopping and all. I hope the family was able to make your stay a pleasant one.

My little sister finds it hard to talk with a girl and realize that she is her brothers best girl friend doesn’t she? It was nice of her to think that I might love you and you love me and much as she and Charlie are in love but if you promise that you won’t tell

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her this to disillusion her I’ll let you in on a secret Sweet Heart. No one could ever possibly love another person as much as I love you. It just is an impossibility. Remember though, don’t tell Pauline.

My mother is spoiling you by allowing you to sleep till all hours of the morning. Imagine anyone lazy enough to sleep eleven hours in one night. You can rest assured that you won’t be sleeping eleven hours when I return.

While coming back from the Red Cross this morning I found myself a pretty fair knife. It’s a regular signal corps knife with a screw driver blade that locks in place. I cleaned it well with alcohol, oiled it and then shellacked the handle to protect it against weathering. I just took a look at it and decided to remove the shellac. It will come in handy, particularly for sharpening pencils.

I’ve had quite a job today pounding some tacks into a board to fasten little brass name plates. I had to push the tacks,

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carpet tacks without upholstered hands, in with my thumb to hold all the name plates in place, which I hammered the tacks down. It was a heck of a job and both my thumbs are sore from pushing in thumb tacks. I’m an all around utility man up in that office now. I’ll be handy to have around to make furniture, knick knacks, signs, and love, don’t you think Honey? Especially love. That lovemaking is my specialty, with you as the recipient of all the love of course.

I was very glad to hear that you ordered the last three place settings of silver. That will be one item out of the way. With out [sic] silverware bought and your grandmother promising us that set of
dishes, we won’t have to worry about eating, if we can get food, if we have something to cook it in if we get it. Don’t worry though Darling, I’m sure I could live on your love alone. It is so very satisfying.

Not meaning to change the subject hurriedly or anything like that, but I just killed a fly that was bothering me to beat the devil.

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There are surprisingly few flies in these tents, but oh the latrines.

Speaking of nuisances, Kowluchuk just reached in his duffle bag for a bottle of beer and a mouse ran right up his arm. He leapt a few feet up in the air and it was hard to tell which was the more frightened he or the mouse. It ran out under the door.

The fellows in the tent in back of mine are always betting one another a thousand or a million pounds over some question or other. The issues debated range from the relative strength of the armies in the war to the breeding habit of the armies in the war to the breeding habits of opossums. The arguments on both sides are always amusing as the devil and the show they put on is better than any radio program. They are really gullible as far as the natives are concerned. A while back they paid a native a pound for a green coconut and didn’t even know what it was when they bought it. When they found out what it was they just threw it away without realizing

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that the green coconuts are wonderful for coconut milk and that the average one holds almost a quart of the stuff. Most of the ripe coconuts the natives sell are ones which they have picked off the ground and it is risky as the devil to eat them because a lot of very small insects and germs can easily get into them when they lay on the ground and can make anyone sick as the devil. This is especially true of hookworms which I hear are plentiful around here. Nothing is safe here in New Guinea unless it is very thoroughly cooked. It will be good to return to god’s country again. This afternoon I brought the board I was working on up to the office and right away I was nailed for a clean up detail. Every time I go up there I walk right into something like that. I’ll have to stay away from there.

Karth and I played a few games of ping pong today and I won them all without much trouble. I was quite hot, both physically and as far as the game was concerned. I was quite winded by the time I finished though. I’m not in too good condition.

This evening I saw the picture “None But the Lonely Heart”. There wasn’t an awful lot to the plot of the picture, I imagine that true to Hollywood tradition they retained only the name of the book when they made the picture. The acting in it was excellent though. Particularly that of Ethel Barrymore who I saw for the first time. She’s a superb actress.

Guess I’ll go to bed now Honey. Don’t look so dejected, I’ll see you later in a dream. Goodnight my beautiful Darling.

Freddie