Bunny Darling,

I just returned from a birthday party at the Red Cross. It was held for all G.I.'s whose birthdays are in March. At the party they served ice cream, cake, and candy. The ice cream was quite good. Anything even remotely resembling ice cream would taste good to me now.

A Mexican kid from Oklahoma went my ear for the whole evening. I got a foot out of listening to him talk, even though he did interfere with a sketch I was doing on the back of the horoscope they gave me, since he was quite tight and didn't give a damn what he said. He kept telling me that he was the only Mexican in the state of Oklahoma and that at home they treated him even better than they did the Americans. Everyone at home thought the world of him, and he had a white girlfriend whose picture he showed me. Mexican girls were no good at all as he found out from experience.
and he was going to stick to his white girl whose picture he produced again. His name was Santos Huerta and he was the only Mexican in the whole damn state of Oklahoma. He knew how to handle women. If they were stuck up, all you did was go up to them and say, "Listen, you bitch! Do you want to go with me or don't you, because if you don't I don't want to waste any time on you." This, he assured me, is all you need to have this stuck up woman tagging along at your heels." He learned all about it from some fellows he met in Oklahoma. He also loved another girl, she was beautiful and he'd like to marry her even if she was a whore. His name was Santos Huerta and he was the only damn Mexican in all of Oklahoma. This went on all evening until finally I managed to flag down Kowalchuk and have him come to my rescue. I had to promise my new friend Santos that I would be around the Red Cross from time to time and that we would both go to see a Wac he knew at the base who was O.K. He was really a character.
In this letter I am enclosing several crayon sketches I have done. I like to work with crayon although these are the first crayon sketches I have done. It is nice for action and quick sketching because there’s no need to worry about the fussy small lines there are with pen and ink. I still prefer pen and ink. The crayon I use is a sort of mechanical pencil affair called a Lister pencil. I only have a few more sticks of crayon. I’ll have to try to get more. If you want to see about getting some leads, or rather crayons, for me you will probably have trouble trying to get them in January. The company is the Lister Pencil Corporation in Alameda, Calif. If you would order some for me, Darling, I’d like to get about a couple dozen boxes of leads, black, size 162. They come in small boxes similar to regular leads, about a half dozen to a box. They wear out fast. It seems that every time I write to you I am asking you to do something else for me. I’m sure that after
you see the sketches though, I think I'll like these crayons to work with. I think the one of the tree is the best, and also one of the best sketches I have yet done of a tree, something which I have always had trouble drawing. The tree in the drawing is one of a type that is very prevalent around here. The trunk is rather queer. A cross-section of the trunk looks like this and a regular view like this just as if there were four fans around the bottom of the tree. The bottom of one of these fans in the sketch I drew has a piece shot out of it. At the last place I was at at the beach. I told you about all the palm trees had been shot off or had been riddled with bullets.

Our day room now has an added feature, ice cold drinking water. We have a water tank which is kept filled and with which several chunks of ice are kept. This is darned nice, because a person doesn't find much relief from the heat by drinking warm water.
Spelled a letter today in making the pegs.
I used a pencil that was laying on the table,
to rough in the letters I wanted to paint.
Then I painted the pegs, setting them in my
cot as I finished them. When I finished the
last one and turned around to look them
over I found that purple lines were beginning
to appear in the yellow paint. It seemed
that the pencil I got hold of was a purple in-
delible pencil and when the paint wet it, it in-
delible. Now I'll have to wait till the paint
dries and then go over the pegs. I also got
it all over the side of my hand and can't wash
it off. From now on I'll have to be extra careful.

Darling, it is getting quite late
now, so I'll have to say goodnight to you
once more. Another day is over and I am
very thankful for that. It seems that each
new day I love you more and miss you
more. This war just has to end soon so I
can be back with you once more to hold
you in my arms, where you belong, and
to kiss you just as you should be kissed by me. UntilDam with you again. Darling remember that I am always with you in my thoughts and love you.

Always

[Signature]