Bunny Darling:

Circle today with red pencil because I got four letters from you today. Ain't it wonderful? They were letters number 2, 3, 4, & 5. It's very strange, but in each of the letters you told me that you loved me. That is what I want to hear you tell me all the time. Those words are the sweetest these old ears of mine have heard in ages; since your last letter in fact.

While you are about the job of strangling your mother for saying that we should have been married before I left the States, would you please give an extra twist for me Honey? I remember when I was at Grant that I realized we should be married right away but I seem to remember her being quite out of tune with the suggestion. I heartily agree with her that we should have been married but I don't think she should rub it in. I'm not really mad at her about it but I do wish we had gone ahead. As soon as I get back we can remedy this deplorable state of affairs though. Not only can but will...-

Yes, Darling, I have thought that after the hostilities cease I may have to stay over here a while longer, but I also thought of the fact that when this war ends, if my guess as to its duration is correct, I shall have put in over eighteen months overseas. This may not seem like much but when you think of the fact that a lot of fellows are getting furloughs after this length of time and then come back here with a clean slate as far as time overseas goes, and that taking this fact into consideration, I shall be a veteran as far as time overseas goes. At least I hope that this is the case. There have also been a lot of fellows who have come overseas after I did. And there will be a lot more come overseas from now on. With the war out here as lot as it is we will, I believe, try to keep Japan reeling without a letup. This will necessitate a lot of men so that we can keep throwing fresh troops at them. In all this paragraph you may read the fact that I am hoping like the devil that I get back to you at the earliest possible date. Get back to you...
you and then settle down to living happily ever after. That is for me.

The sergeant major told the colonel that I could do portraits and so the colonel thought he would like one done. I guess because the sgt major told me to come up here tonight that he thought the colonel would want to pose for a portrait. I came back and found that the colonel was not here but that the sgt major was and that he wanted his portrait done. I did it and it turned out pretty well. It even looked like him to a certain extent. I was surprised since I rarely have any luck at getting a likeness when a person poses for me. I can do a much better job of getting candid sketches. The sketch of Kovalchuk came out particularly well. I guess I wasn't able to send the one I did tonight to you because methinks that the fellow will want the picture for himself. I'll send you others though.

I agree with you that it would be very nice if after the war, if I had to remain here any length of time, you could come over here where we could be married and honeymoon. I still would much prefer a honeymoon in the States, though and think that ours will be spent there. The tropics are no place to live, you can take my word for that.

I am sorry that the money I am sending home to you did not arrive there in time for you to borrow enough to get to Lynn on. I'm glad that you are going to go because Mom, Dad, and Pauline will be very glad to have you with them again.

That cold of yours sounds as if it was a bad one. Is that the one you caught in the rain that day you thought your father would have room for you? I hope that by the time you get this letter it will all be gone and that you will once more be in good health. If it is still bothering you, you had better get yourself some nice hot brandy with a lot of melted butter floating on top of it and just drink a big water glass full of this and then get to bed and cover yourself up well. That is guaranteed to cure any cold at all. I think that I would like to try this same treatment just to ward off any colds that I may be exposed to in the near future.
I don't see what is so bad about the mucilage on the letters you send me. I tried a little on one of your letters and it tasted like any other mucilage to me. I think that it is just that you are one of civilizations spoiled children and are used to having flavored envelope flaps. You are just spoiled that's all. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Don't you know there's a war on? I do all too well.

I'm not sure whether I told you or not that I missed reveille this morning and that a roll call had been taken. There were a heck of a lot of us who were not there, about half the battery in fact. This evening we were all called to the orderly room and were reprimanded by the CO. This means that we go down in the company books as having misbehaved and a note is made of the fact that our punishment was a reprimand. When we leave the company the record of this offense does not go forward with us, so it is of very little consequence. It is the first time that I have been caught goofing off in my army career so it is the first time that I have ever received company punishment. I'm a bad boy!

I haven't yet received any issues of the New Yorker. I'm looking for one any day now though. I hope that they start coming in regularly now so that I can have some good reading matter available. I did get a copy of "McSorley's Wonderful Saloon" which I had read once but am enjoying just as much this time as I did the first. His characters such as Professor Seagull and the museum keeper, Captain Charlie, come very close to being as good as H. Allen Smith's work. That Arno cartoon book should be coming along soon too. I'm anxious to get that because I am an admirer of his work. Another cartoonist I like very much is Richard Taylor. He does a sophisticated type of job with excellent drawing in them.

I finally got the boards and stuff that I had the carpenter shop make for the signs I have to do for the office. They sure did a lousy job on them. The triangular desk signs that I had them make were an inch too big and looked more like something to hold down the desk in a hurricane or a cyclone. I'll have
to get hold of some tools and go to work on them to get what I want. You
didn't know that your husband was a carpenter in addition to all his other
accomplishments did you Honey? What a lucky girl you are, I hope that you
are properly appreciative of the fact. I know that day by day the realization
grows on me of just how lucky I am to love and be loved by you. You are so
very nice. I love to just hold you in my arms and feel the wonderful soft-
ness of you close to me. That is my idea of a heaven on earth. There is no
one in the world who could ever thrill me as you do Sweet.

I just happened to think of something that happened today that I thought
was very amusing. It seems that today was Mac's birthday and one of his
friends gave him a very amusing gift. In order for you to appreciate this
story properly I must digress here to tell you that Mac is a newlywed (he is
the fellow in charge of the section I am working in here and is one of the
nicest fellows I have met here) having been married just a little over a year
ago and getting into the army right afterward and having to leave his wife.
That I think qualifies him as a newlywed. The next item of introductory
material is reference to a bean pot, which is a theoretical pot into which
a newly married couple putes a bean each time they partake of the privileges
of matrimony during the first year of their married life, and out of which
they take a bean for every time, after the first year, that they indulge. The
theory being that during the rest of a lifetime of living together the supply
of beans will never accumulated in this first year will never be exhausted. To
get on with my story, Mac's gift consisted of an Old Spice lotion jar, chipped
off to form a little pot. On it was written "Overseas bean pot". I got quite
a boot out of that.

Well Darling I will have to say goodnight now and plan on seeing you in a very
sweet dream.... You will be sure to be there on time won't you? and wear your
very nicest nightgown. Gosh Honey but I love you terrifically and will con-
tinue to

FOREVER:

[Signature]