Good Morning Honey;
It's nice and early in the morning and you look very nice but rather sleepy if you should ask me. You need the sleep kissed out of your eyes. Stop purring like a kitten. People will think you like being kissed. You wouldn't want them to think that would you? Aren't you going to get up today? All you want to do is sleep your life away. You may as well while you can because it's precious little sleep you'll get when I return my lady. Although I'd let you go to sleep occasionally just so I can have the pleasure of watching you, of feasting my eyes on you as you sleep. You look very beautiful then my darling. You always do of course but there's a difference when you're asleep. Michael and the others are bound to be very beautiful children with a mother like you. They just can't miss. Don't say thank you either because that was not intended as a compliment. You're very beautiful and when I tell you so I am stating a fact and not trying to flatter you so don't thank me for saying it.
Now that we have gotten you out of bed what will we have for breakfast? Wait a minute, we need something a little more nourishing than kisses Bunny, although if I did die through lack of nourishment because of a steady diet of the
sweetness of your lips, you may rest assured that it would be the happiest death imaginable. I think that what I would like to eat would be a half dozen nicely fried eggs, sunny side up, surrounded by a couple dozen nice omelet squares, a big glass of fresh orange juice, a half-dozen slices of nice toast, nicely browned toast with a big pat of butter melting into each slice, and some jam (real strawberry jam) to spread on it. A nice cup of coffee, several in fact, with thick cream and a little sugar to top off the meal. I haven't yet decided whether I'll have cold cereal or not. I think I'd like a bowl of cereal with thick cream poured over it. After breakfast we can take time out to read the morning paper in the living room floor. I don't know how long I can keep my mind on the paper though because you look so very alluring in that lovely housecoat you are wearing. It's so nice and so very tempting. Oh, to hell with the paper. It isn't the only job I'm interested in. There, this is the way it should be. Always.

But as always, there comes a time when I must leave you and come back to the cold, dril reality of life in New Guinea. The coldness was relieved slightly this morning by the fact that we, each and everyone of us, had a fried egg for breakfast. It was quite a treat. Believe me, although all it did was whet my appetite and make me want more.
This morning we were appealed to about the evils of spreading rumors. It is a damned good idea because this place is really a hotbed of rumors, which is perhaps only to be expected with the battle of the Philippines in full swing. It's getting so we don't even trust the news wire that used to rumors. The lectures were quite good and to the point.

Payrolls are being figured now but as yet the ore 3 am is not appeared. I'm anxious to get paid since I should have about five months pay coming to me. That will be a nice and very welcome addition to our fund. I'd rather have these money and more you though. I can get money anytime but you're a once in an eon find and I'm very lucky to have been born in the same eon in which you made your appearance.

A quartet is serenading our platoon. They are fairly good too. They're experimenting, vocalizing on different songs. Some of the results are weird but every once in a while they hit on something quite good. Right now they're doing the standard version of "When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder" with no improvisation.

Saturday Night

My Darling,

I breathe the continuity of this letter to come out of my self enforced hermitage and take a trip. You will find some of the evidences of this enclosed in this letter—the sketches. I guess I've been getting quite stale being cooped up in this tent all day long. I felt very much like sketching when I got outside and saw something new and very much different.
At the place I have pictured in my sketches, there is apparent enjoyment of life. Instead of doing the men with the same lecture one day after the other, and the same repetitious monotony from day to day, they let the boys play games and encourage them to exercise to stay in shape. There’s a damned nice set up there too with wooden floors in the tent, a beach right outside the door, hand-made wind driven washing machines, a Red Cross building which is not off limits the greatest part of the time, and wonderful wonders, drinking water from faucets instead of from resin bags. Anyone who hadn’t been in New Guinea would never realize just what a luxury this is. The beach umbrellas are just as I pictured them with chairs underneath and the sides of the Red Cross building were surrounded by deck chairs. It was the height of comfort. Now, tell me, why can’t I have something like that happening to me?

On the way back Hansen and I rode in the back of a truck with two natives—I mean the fellows whose family is still in the Philippines. These two natives were about the best looking I’ve ever seen. Their hair was cut in a regular haircut like ours and they did not have the tremendous paunch as many of these natives have acquired. Each was trying to grow a mustache. How Hansen has a mustache which is
truly a paragon among mustaches. It has a beautiful twist to it, I think. When the two nature saw this they became immensely excited and pointed at the **stache** then turned on and Hanson in unison said, "That mustache, boss, isn't a number one." They just loved it. Mine just didn't stand a chance in competition like that. Would you love me more if I was like that, or is mine all right as is?

Tomorrow is a gala event. I put together the bracelet I have made. It looks quite good so far, if I don't make a mistake in putting the links on all will be well.

**Darling, darling, I miss you so!!!**

I miss the thrill of you in my arms telling me you love me, the sweetness of your beauty at this time. Your eyes tell me you love me even more than your lips can. The softness of them when you look at me. The happiest day of my life will be the happiest day of my life because married to you, each succeeding day will hold more happiness than the preceding day did. I'll love you more every day of our lives. **Darling**, you're so very sweet and just meant to be mine as I am to be yours. Being loved by you is the very most wonderful thing that could ever have happened to me. Don't ever stop loving me Bunny, and don't ever stop telling me how much you love me. That is a story that never grows old. I love you!!!
The only thing the mail brought me today was one of my letters returned to me because I forgot to put the words "17th Replacement BN" on it. I'll learn. I haven't been putting it on any of my letters as they'll probably all come bouncing back.

Ludwig gave me a copy edition of "The Boston Herald" to read. If, when I am through with it, I can fumble through it into giving it to me, I'll send it on to you to see what it's like. You'll have to promise to wear your glasses to read it, though because the print is deplorably fine and hard to read.

Enough of this thought. It's late and we've got a new day ahead of us tomorrow. That cherry wood bed of ours is inviting us up there as come on we'll race you up to bed. —When!!! That was close though. Oh, so you weren't warmed up enough by the running eh? All right then, does that help? I thought it would.

Your arms seem to be in their natural place when they're around me and you're so nice, and soft, and warm, and nice, and I love you —so-o-o nice —very much.

Goodnight Sweetheart

Freddie