Good Afternoon Sweet Bunny;

It’s a dull dreary afternoon with the sun behind the clouds and drops of rain falling sporadically, and yet I like it because it’s the kind of day that suits perfectly any mood when I am not with you. Life seems so very useless and pointless while we’re apart and, until we’re together again, I won’t be able to feel that I am really living.

You’ve probably already found house plan number two in here. I like it better than number one. It is somewhat on the same idea though the basic unit with a wing that can be added to provide the extra bedrooms. The basic unit could provide us with enough room even after Michael [scratched out word] comes because the den can be utilized as a nursery or extra bedroom. The kitchen can be either on the same level with the main part of the house or slightly lower or higher according to the topography of the lot we get. I rather like the idea of having the kitchen on a different level. It is quite large and has a corner fireplace. There is also a fireplace on the porch. The porch is made very large expressly for this purpose. I don’t know whether you like the kind of bay windows I have in the master bedroom and bath, They are the type that do not go down all the way to the floor but start about three feet up forming a deep, shelf-like sill. The furnace is situated so it will be near the center of the completed house enabling us to use either a hot air system or a steam heating system. Stairs lead from the laundry room to the outside so you can hang the clothes out to wash without having to go all through the house. A trapdoor in the ceiling of the bedroom closet gives access to a Storage attic above the basic unit of the house. There is a large terrace on the back side of the house which gives privacy if we want to be alone. Let me know what you think of this one won’t you Honey? I know these attempts are amateurish and have many faults, but maybe I’ll accidentally stumble onto something. It does keep me out of mischief too.

I’m getting quite an education in the history of the Balkans from my friend Di Joma. He is an extremely intelligent fellow and is clearing up a lot of muddled ideas I had concerning the European set up. He is an excellent teacher and can explain things very clearly. I’m quite sure that if the army did nothing else for me it has made a better scholar of me. I’m quite anxious to get back and start school. Naturally, this is only a secondary reason for my wanting to get back because the primary reason is, and always shall be, you. I love you Honey. Love you and miss you more than words can even show.

One of the boys in the tent had a pencil sketch of himself done at the information and education building. It was very well done. The fellow who does them in a commercial artist. His work is really very good. I think I’ll have a try at having myself done tomorrow night. If he’s still here. I’ll let you know whether or not I’m successful in having me drawn. If you’re a real nice girl I may even send you the picture when it is done.

Just speaking of sketching reminded me that I hadn’t done any sketching for quite a while so I had to take time out to draw an interior of this tent. All I’ve drawn lately seems to be interiors of tents.
I’ll have something a little fresher for our scrapbook soon Honey. Just have patience. I want to do a sketch of our company barber shop, which is quite an interesting looking place. I’ll have to go there to get myself a haircut also so I’ll kill two birds with one stone.

My unanswered correspondence is slowly but surely swindling down. I wrote three letters yesterday and two today, in addition to the ones I wrote you. I had been way the devil behind though and owed letters to everyone. I’ll have to write to my Aunt Esther asking her to send me a package she has ready for me.

Pop Leake heard from his wife yesterday and she tells him; that you folks in the States are only allowed one pairs of shoes per year now. That is rough. At this rate, you’ll be wearing exactly the same clothes when I return that you had when I left since you can’t buy anything. Oh, I wish I were there to suffer with you. I’d willingly give up my beautiful g.i. shoes to be back there with you. And that’s almost the supreme sacrifice.

Larsen tells me there was a native funeral procession through camp this afternoon. He said there were a long string of natives following the bier down the street, the bier consisting of long poles [scratched out word] forming a platform for the body over it was a pup tent. Native police were along but Larsen says that they were making no fuss at all, just walking along slowly.

The show “This is the Army” is slated to show here tomorrow night. I’ve been given the night off to see it. I guess it will be good although we don’t have the facilities for showing the whole show. What they do show is supposed to last just a shade under two hours. One of the boys who saw it last night at another place recommended it quite heartily.

Gosh, I feel awfully lazy Honey. I’ve got absolutely no ambition at all except for my ambition to get back to your very sweet arms and feel your head resting on my shoulder, just breathing in the sweet fragrance of you. It’s so very nice to know that you love me and miss me as much as I miss you and yet, on the other hand, it makes me feel so damnably lonesome when I can’t be with you.

I love you my Darling—

Freddie