My Darling,

I love you and miss you more every day than I thought was possible the day before. By the time I get back home you can bet that this will be a terrific amount of loving to have accumulated. It will just have to find an escape valve which is where you come in, otherwise I'd just keep on loving you more and more till eventually I'd just blurt.

This morning I was on sentry guard and while I was performing this duty I decided to start work on a coin bracelet for your mother. Don't tell her though, I want to surprise her. It won't be very much work if I can get the coins and some stuff to make it with. I'll keep right at it till I get it done. Most of the bracelets the fellows have made are filed down and have hearts cut out of the coins. I like the plain coins much better. I've already drilled the holes in two of the coins with my jack knife. It's quite an easy job. The hard work is making the links to connect the bracelets and making the clasp to fasten it. I'll find something to use though.
I was quite amused by Architect Baum's version of a moderately sized house. I believe that the one you described consisted of about 25 rooms plus outlying buildings. A mere hut. That is not quite what I had planned for me, you see. In a place that size, I'd feel guilty about sleeping in the same bedroom with you. With all these rooms it would never do for more than one person to inhabit a room. Of course we could have a lot of children or servants to fill all the other rooms so we'd have no choice but to sleep together. I think we'd have a nice place, not too big, where that question will never come up because when I return to you my lonely nights are over and we utilize a tandem bed, not even twin beds. That would be too much like a G.I. cot, and furthermore one of them would just go to waste.

Too bad someone had to take away the famous landmark just as it was becoming a campus tradition. Maybe the dean of Women sneaked out by the light of the moon to add it to her private collection. Don't scoff. I've known women like her and
they are quite capable of such things. You never did read her newspaper or magazine in the lap warming when sitting on boys' laps did you? Jee! Jee! You've got to admit that she was right though. See what happened to you, you were stuck with me. Ain't it awful? You'd better say it ain't if you don't want to get hit, see.

I believe I told you what Mary wrote me in her letter so that takes care of one of your requests. There wasn't much of anything in the letter. Mom also wanted to know what was in the letter so I wrote her and told her too.

That woman may have been right when she said that a lot of postwar trouble would arise when men wanted to spend an evening out with the boys and the wives wanted to have the husband with them all the time, but let me remind you that if you are at my side 24 hours a day every day I am very sure I would not use that as an excuse to be home bound. In fact if you think you're going to be out of the immediate vicinity I am in again you are seriously
mistaken. Don't forget that I have to make up for all this time plus all the time I didn't know you before I met you. Umm! That's a lot of making up to do and a lot of fun to have making up the time.

I'd like to see the mistake you drew on that picture of me. You're getting to be quite a little artist these days aren't you? I don't mind if you decorate the picture. If it looks more like me that way just go ahead. I want you to be reminded of me all the time.

A little later

I did a sketch of some of our local native laborers digging a drainage ditch for the malaria control unit. They are much like laborers anywhere and work only when you stand over them and make them work. Their chants are very eerie and they keep them up incessantly, as soon as one stops another one starts. I've never heard them at one of their feasts - sung songs - but Sam told that the chanting goes on from morning till night for days on end. They have dances in which they wear weird costumes made of feathers, tin cans, cloth, and what
have you—mostly what have you. The lead-dikes are fashioned like ships, houses, airplanes and other objects of this type. These ring ships are supposed to be quite the things.

This afternoon I was entrusted with a position of utmost importance. I was put in charge of the weed pulling detail in the captain's garden. Quite a responsibility, you understand. I had the privilege of standing around and supervising instead of wielding a rake as I did the last time.

I am awfully tired, Honey, so I'll go to bed to sweet dreams of you face mole. I love you dearest Darling.

Thursday Morning
Good Morning my Sleepy Eyed Sweetheart!

Here let me kiss the sleep out of those tired eyes of yours. It's time to get awake. Don't your and wrinkle up your nose at me like that, it won't do you any good, you've still got to stay awake. Humph! Do you think I'm going to let you sleep all day on our honey-moon. I should get out, so let's show a little life and get used to waking up. Maybe I told you how very much I love you it would help. I love you, my Darling you'll always know that—always.

Last night, after we got back from the depot, Hop and I had a bell session over a can of beer apiece and finished off a can of hard cider he had. I also ate some more of the olives which he received and does not care for. Hop was on guard from 11:00 PM till 3:00 AM last night. I'll have it these same hours tonight. It's a hell of a note to because these hours really cut into one's sleep. I'll be able to catch up on my correspondence though. You should have gotten most of the sketches he sent you now. There've been about twenty or more. I'll keep sending them right along. It was funny how that fellow set the postage wrong and dated that letter 1945. Maybe it was a letter that Mr. Jones was going to write next year and you're being favored with a preview of it.

You're right when you say that Michael's Advent will be a little tougher than having a tooth pulled. I know that it scares me when I think of it but I was trying to convince you it wouldn't be too bad or one of us would think so. Don't worry though sweetheart because you can be assured that anything at all that can be done to make it easier will be done. There's still quite a while...
before that time comes through.

A letter from Emily just arrived. She said she got the packages all right but that before she got them all put away the kids got into them. I guess she has quite a time keeping them out of things. She said that Beverly loves the doll and that Morris was very thrilled with his book. I guess you did a very good job of selecting the presents. Darling. Thank you. Emily says that Beverly is always getting into some mischief and when Emily gives her the devil she just smiles and says "Don't slap on Beverly." She must be quite cute, but not as cute as Michael and his brothers and sisters. Don't you agree?

Your description of the cottage sounds very nice. I think it would be nice to spend part of our honeymoon up there. With the dancehall and Spike's Keg of Nails there we could do some dancing and get you an occasional Tom Collins and me a rum and ginger ale.

Of course 99% of our time will be spent alone because I am not going to want to see anyone on our honeymoon, no one except you, and I want to see a terrific amount of you.
Who knows Sweetheart, I may be home by early 1946. The war is over here may be over before the other one just hope with me that it is. And when you read this paper remember that every victory here in the Pacific brings us one step nearer being together for always. I still have that date with you for my 25 1/2 birthday. Don't forget. I want you to wear that brown and white striped dress on that occasion.

Goodbye now Sweetheart. Remember that I love you.

Forever,

Teddy