Good Morning Bunny darling.

It's a very nice, bright, and terribly hot morning here in New Guinea. Each day seems hotter than the preceding one and summer is still a week away. Speaking of winter, Christmas is just a little over a week and a half away. I wish we were spending it with you, my darling. Since this is an impossibility, I settle for next Christmas and pray that we can be together then. I love you so, sweetheart, and every minute I spend away from you is a wasted one, as far as I am concerned.

The gods smiled on us this morning and our portée to the mess hall resulted in all of us being fed fried eggs. Not one but two. Imagine. There's the whistle. I'll be back after class though.

Back again! Things went fairly well in class this morning. One of our classes we had to spell some words likely to be encountered in military letters. I'm still able to accommodate only one m, and benefited, using two t's. Not too good was it?

We still haven't learned how to
type numbers yet but are concentrating on writing paragraphs with the proper spacing and punctuation. You'd better
look to your laurels, Darling, or you'll be the second best typist in the Maurice household.

Tonight the picture "Hail The Conquering Hero" is playing and Hoppy and
Dad are going to take it in. I've seen it once
but since it was a good picture, and
also since it is free and there's nothing
better to do, I'm going to see it again.

I'm enclosing more sketches
in this letter, sweetheart. Let me know
if you got the last ones OK and what you
think of these. I hope you like them
and that they give you a slight idea
of what things are like out here. You can
probably make a scrapbook with the
sketches I send if you have the time.

How are your studies coming
along now? I suppose you're still busily
engaged in showing your mother and
father that the chief reason you didn't
get good marks last year is because
I was there with you. I don't mind
though because if it's true. It would
have been sheer folly to waste all
that time together just studying.
would've been no percentage in it. It was much better to enjoy one another's company.

It was awfully hot and sticky and uncomfortable here, Darling. Not a bit like a New Hampshire or Michigan winter. I'd give anything for a New Hampshire winter with you and safely encased on a divan before a nice warm fireplace while a blizzard raged outside. That would be the life. Let me give you a kiss for your being a good girl and agreeing with me. It's really very nice of you and you're a sweet little girl only you're not so little, you're getting to be quite a grown up young lady now. And here I am in New Guinea unable to do a thing about it. Alas and alack! C'est la guerre (pronounced gwarey, you know).

So what avail do I close my eyes and dream of you when opening them again means only that my sensibilities will be shocked by the sight of some malodorous native with pendulous pendulous tattering down the road on sleepy legs under the load she carries or seems to wear on her head. Worse yet
is the sight of some of your gargantuan sisters—I'll be damned if sisters ever acted that way back in the States—in the service, who look as shapely as anything in Macy's Bargain Basement ever was. It's all a very diabolical form of torture since the sight of these people always starts me reminiscing about you and how really beautiful and lovable you are. You mean more to me than anything in the world ever could. Darling, Remember that.

Always

Freddy