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 I were spending it with you my Darling. Since this is an impossibility I’ll settle for next Christmas and pray that we can be together then. I do 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 sortie 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. In one of our classes we had to spell some words likely to be encountered in military letters. I misspelled accommodate, using only one m, and benefited, using two t’s. Not too good was it?

We still haven’t learned how to

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type numbers but are concentrating or 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 I 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 [scratched out word] it’s true. It would have [scratched out word] been sheer folly to waste all that time together just studying. There

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would’ve been no percentage in it. It was much better spent enjoying one another’s company.

It’s 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 I safely ensconced 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! Cest la guerre (pronounced gwerry you know).
To 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 embonpoint tottering down the road on spindly legs under the load she carried or seems to wear on her head. Worse yet

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is the sight of some of our gargantuan sister – I’ll be damned if sisters ever acted that way back in the States – in the service, who look as shopworn 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 start me reminiscing about you and how really beautiful and loveable you are. You mean more to me than anything in the world ever could

Darling Remember that

Always

Freddie