

Bunny Darling;

Here I am again by the dawn's early light. There was a beautiful dawn here this morning that I wish you could have been here to see – of course you realize that I wish you could be with me at dawn everyday and the sunrise just makes a good excuse, if one were needed, for me wishing you were here. It was nice though; the whole sky was a brilliant red gold color, particularly intense just over the tree line. There were a few clouds in the sky with a tinge of pink in them. It was very nice and I wish I were a good enough water colorist to paint it.

If the natives are still working on that drainage ditch today I'll try to get a few sketches of them for the notebook. Let me know if you're getting the sketches all right won't you Darling. I hope you are and that you can make something of them. Most of them were dashed off rather hurriedly and are probably not as clear and concise as they might be.

My Charley horse is still giving

2.

me a hard time. It is a lot better now but still bothers me slightly whenever I flex my leg.

In the Gloaming

On C.Q.

I spoke too soon. It happens every time. Just as my leg was just about O.K. I went and got it kicked again the same place, two more times and I may be considered for a purple heart. I think I'll go on sick call in the morning and see if they can do anything about it.

Hop and I are going to have a feast tonight after I get off C.Q. and he gets back from the boxing matches. We drew more beer tonight and [scratched out word] have saved our bread today so we can have a feast of sardine and cheese sandwiches. It should be just like old times back in the States.

Have I ever told you about my postwar plans for refreshments. They include having cold beer in the refrigerator permanently as well as having plenty of "tonic", milk and ice cream. These,

3.

after you naturally, are the things I love. At one time I had no use for beer but now I think it is [scratched out word] a rare and precious beverage. I'm afraid that when I return I'll indulge all my whims and I guarantee you that I'll have more whims where food is concerned than a pregnant woman is traditionally supposed to have.

We did have some "ice cream" tonight and, although it was a far cry from the Robson brand of home made ice cream, it was undoubtedly the best thing I've tasted since I've been on New Guinea. It was cold, Darling, actually ice cold. The iced tea we had this noon was also very cold. It seems that they are getting some ice now. A little thing like this can make all the difference in the world as far as morale is concerned.

This C.Q. ship is quite an easy job, I just have to sit here at a desk and answer a telephone which never rings. It's a much better job than guard and I'm glad I got it instead of guard duty. This way I'll be through at 7:30 and can go to bed very early to my dreams of you.

4.

I was very lucky in drawing beer tonight because they had some rather mediocre beers and a case of Ruppert's beer sandwiched in among this other lousy beer. There were six bottles of the inferior product left and only one fellow ahead of me in line. It looked as though he'd take his three and leave me to finish the case, then – the miracle – he asked for his own and for three more for his friend on K.P. The result was that I got some Ruppert's. In bottles too instead of cans. The old Irish luck, it just can't be beaten. Imagine, when you marry me you'll inherit the protection of the leprechauns and the "little folk".

The sun is leaving me quite tanned but is not helping my prickly heat as I had hoped it would. The only consolation I have is that, when once more I return to a civilized climate I shall get rid of it. I'll get rid of the prickly heat and acquire you in one fell swoop. Well, it's like I always say, if you get trouble you really get trouble and then when your luck changes there ain't no end to the good luck that comes.

5.

They are singing some very nostalgic hymns on the radio, Christmas hymns too. I do wish I could be with you Sweet. It would be the most glorious Christmas possible if that could only happen. You can depend on it that I will appreciate you to the fullest extent when I am with you again. You're never going to leave my arms for a minute more than is absolutely necessary. It will be wonderful to be with you and to have you where I can look at you and touch you and you will be real and not just a dream formed from candlelight and shadows that are always just out of reach. Having you with me will solidify the dream. Just like rubbing a magic lamp and having the thing you want most in all the world. You are my own sweet darling always.

Hearing the hymns reminds me of last year when Mac, John, Planteen, Heslinga, et al went to town on the bus, slightly brew-ridden and all very jolly. We sang Christmas hymns all the way in and before we got there we had every one on the bus, including the driver chiming right in with us. It was an awful lot of fun. Then on Christmas Day

6.

I went to the Robson's and spent a perfectly beautiful Christmas Day in the company of their so extremely beautiful daughter, who even then had succeeded in stealing my heart although I was not to realize it fully until a little later. Now I recognize it all too fully.

Well, my darling. I'll say goodnight now and give you a nice long kiss to tell you that

I love you with all my heart

Forever

Freddie