

Tuesday, October 3, 1944

Sweetheart;

Still at sea Darling, as far as the voyage goes, not in any matters concerning us. The time I am spending on this boat is easily the most poorly spent time I have ever endured. God, but this is monotonous. We aren't ever going to make a sea voyage. When I get back you will have to look in the light of my cosmopolitan manner and absorb it. I am very sure that's the only way we will ever be able to get it from now on. I don't ever ever want to sail on the ocean again except to make the return trip to you. That I will gladly make to be with you once more. Have I told you recently how much I miss you Honey? I do. Terrifically! I'd give anything to be with you again. I love you so very much and will not be able to show you just how much until I am once again with you to demonstrate. You're the sweetest person I ever met, the sweetest and most lovable. To sum it all up - I love you Darling.

Wednesday, October 4, 1944

Hello Again Sweet;

I'm sorry that I did not spend very much time with you yesterday but I was much busier than the old one-armed paper hanger. I had to help put out the first issue of the ship paper and also did three sketches - again

at a dollar apiece, thereby lining the coffers a little more. All this will come in handy.

Today I have no such duties to perform so I will just sit back and have a nice chat with you. That's much better anyway.

While I was waiting for breakfast I fooled around with some of the floor plans you sent me a while back. I just went over them for features that I liked and didn't like. The one thing in most of them which I found fault with was that they were all too compactly built. By this I mean that it would be impossible to build them in separate stages but they would have to be done in one fell swoop. I still think that it might be better if we selected a plan in which, for a start, we just had a basic unit and then we could add as we went along. In this way we could get started on our home much sooner. That I am very anxious to do. If we do plan it in different units it would be a more or less rambling affair but I think that it could still look very nice. What do you consider essential for a start anyway? We'd have to have a kitchen, two bedrooms, and probably a combination living-dining room which could later be made either one or the other. Later we'd add a couple more bedrooms, a living room and a study. The basement can also be finished off and I could enjoy myself doing murals down there. Let me know what you consider the essential rooms will you? I liked one of the plans you sent me. It included two dormer windows on the front of the second story. The only thing I didn't like about that was that they didn't allow for any light in the front <sup>upstairs</sup> hall. You'd need a skylight for light.

It always amazes me how the sun seems to just drop out of sight into the sea at sun down. It climbs up very strenuously during the day and then at nite it will be very light on minute and the next minute all is darkness. It isn't like home where we have a ~~the~~ period of dusk. It's quite nice to just lie out here on deck when it is dark and to think of you, of how nice you are, and of what a wonderful life we will have together when I finally get back to you for good. The only thing I can be thankful to the war for is the fact that it introduced me to you. Now that that has been accomplished I am all set to call it a day and go back to you. I am entirely out of sympathy with any one who tells me that I must spend a major part of my life attempting to kill my fellow man and I think that something is indeed drastically wrong when conditions exist which make such a course of action necessary. It is the direct result of the failure of one man to understand another or his failure to want to understand the other. People are quite irremediably stupid. I know that I am going to use all of what very little influence I have and can ever acquire to try to remedy the situation so that Michael, Mark, and possibly Christian won't have to undergo the same thing. This is no life to lead. When I think of the negative quantity of results which will be accomplished for the very positive quantity of suffering it just makes my blood boil. There I go philosophizing again Darling.

4.

For want of something better to do the fellows next to me are figuring out just how long it will take them to get back home once they hit the U.S. They all end up by agreeing that if the army would send them back to the states they'd walk home.

They're broadcasting the World's Series on our radio. I'm glad because I wanted to be sure to hear how it came out. I see your Detroit team didn't do too well and was beaten out. I guess these Michigan teams just don't do too well.

I'm very glad when I am able to get more letters from you Sweet. This business of going without any mail is bad. I suppose it's the same way with you because the letters I write won't be mailed till we reach our destination. At that though, I'll probably get mail before you do because the letters you write are most likely being sent along and are following me while my letters aren't even started on their way to you yet.

I bought some cokes yesterday and since Durst and Hagen work in the refrigerator they stored them for me. I just had a bottle and it really tasted marvelous. They also brought me up an orange which I am going to take time out to eat right now. Good bye for now Sweetheart, I love you.

Thursday October 4, 1944

Hells Sweetheart;

Imagine you may have a little trouble reading this letter because it seems that a slight bit of rain hit us and I happened to have left these pages on deck where they got slightly damp even though they were in a folder. I guess you will

be able to read this letter nevertheless. See what sublime confidence I have in your abilities?

This letter was not all that got wet either. I was quite thoroughly drenched and when I took off to get my poncho I found that I had packed it at the very bottom of the duffle bag. At times I do some very dumb things. It worries me. I'll try to improve though and sharpen my wits so that I will have improved by the time I get back to you.

We listened to the second game of the series today. It was funny but in the last part of the ninth inning, with the score tied, they interrupted the game to tell ~~us~~ about a poetry contest on board ship. You should have heard the uproar from the men. I, personally, don't think it was any too smart of the person responsible.

Today's read "The Pocket Book of Father Brown" a very good series of short stories in which the author G. K. Chesterton manages to palm off a great deal of philosophy and defense of Catholicism without the full realization of the reader. They are very well written detective stories and his views on religion and what it should mean are quite good. Imagine me enjoying religious propaganda. What would Neva say? The quizzical look she gives me must be an effort at determining if I do have horns or not. You don't mind having me the way I am though do you? Thank you very much sweet, I'm glad you're satisfied with me as I am because

that is the way I intend to remain. Some of these fellows amuse me. They have the fixed idea that the time they put in overseas and the environment they will be in overseas will evoke an extremely radical change in them and that they will come back in an altogether revamped form. That is probably the most erroneous idea I have ever heard expounded. Anything that develops overseas was there all along. If they change drastically it's just because they let themselves change by being convinced of the inevitability of such a change.

Friday, October 6, 1944

Good Morning Darling. I just woke up. Last night I was up here on deck talking to the fellows and I fell asleep. I didn't wake up until just now. I am rather stiff though because of the hardness of the deck. They should make ships of airfoam rubber for sleeping purposes. ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~  
~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ The censor didn't do that. Saved him the trouble. Don't you think that was thoughtful of me? I hope the censor appreciates it.

I have eaten breakfast since I started this. When I got back I drew a little series of cartoons introducing Miss Sea Breeze, a character which the editor of the ship's newspaper thought might be appropriate. I also drew up a couple of cartoons to enter in a cartoon contest that the paper is running. There's a five dollar prize which I hope I can get. Every little bit helps.

I have found a nice spot on deck where

I am well protected from the rigors of all the elements and plan to stay here for the major part of the day. If they will only leave me alone. It's the best spot I've found so far.

This trip seems to get more monotonous and tiring by the day. I'd give anything to be back with you tonight, and to do any of the things we used to do together. Have dinner in Lansing, go bowling, then go back to the house to get a picnic lunch and go out to Pinetum or to the other park with you and enjoy a nice picnic. Those things are very wonderful to dream about now and it helps an awful lot to know that we won't always be apart and that when we are back together we will be able to do these same things once more. Loving you and being loved by you is a wonderfully satisfying feeling Darling. My post war plan just consists of you. I need absolutely nothing else to realize all my ambitions. Doesn't it make you feel like Atlas when you realize that the whole weight of our future rests on your shoulders, there are quite lovely shoulders too, quite the loveliest that any problem ever rested on, and just the shoulders I would love to rest my weary head on just now.

I love you with all my Heart  
Freddie