

Monday 28 May 1945
14th aa Command
APO 322, Fresno.

Good Evening Honey;

I'll swear you look more beautiful everyday. There just is no one to compare Darling, and, since you are growing more beautiful, you're leaving the rest of the field far behind. Don't let me hear your usual protests either because if I say it, it must be so. I have a logical explanation for this though. I heard once that a woman is never beautiful unless she is loved. You being the most loved woman in the world, it therefore follows that you are also the most beautiful. Just a simple matter of logic will show you that this is so. I do love you my Darling. More than I could ever say. Some day when we are back together, I will show you how very much I do love you.

Can you hear that rain on the roof of the tent. I'm awfully glad the hard rain held off till now because I was able to sit through the show in comparative comfort this evening. It was a good picture titled "The Suspect" and starring Chas Laughton and Ella Raines. It was the story of what happens when a shrewish wife (~~Barbara~~ ^{Boyd} Ivan) exhausts the patience of a perseverant husband (Chas Laughton). It was quite good but I think Hollywood, in its endeavor to show that crime does not pay, makes the killer give himself up. I think he did quite right and, should I have been on a jury, would have acquitted the old boy. I guess ~~well~~ ^{well} Hays wouldn't approve of letting a murderer get off though.

An article I saw in the Look magazine of January 6th this year, amused me very much. They

were reviewing the Hollywood version of "Quest In the House" and told how the producer, when he had seen the play, decided that the central character, the neurotic niece, would be wonderful material for a picture so, according # to Look's version of the story, he bought the rights to the play and then created a wonderful movie from it. I am a skeptic I suppose, but I have yet to see Hollywood improve on a good Broadway play. I've seen several plays and then seen the pictures made from them and in each case the play was the thing.

There must be acres and acres of mud here in New quinta, and I believe that I have at least half of it on my shoes. The damned stuff sticks so it can't be gotten off and is a compounded nuisance.

This was my afternoon off but yielded very little expenditure of energy. I read a few more chapters in my history of the U.S. I had to return it this afternoon but will take it out again later. It is quite interesting. In its place I took out a book of American legends and folk lore which should be very interesting. Before I brought that history book back I copied several pictures. One of them was of a teapot designed and executed by Paul Revere, and the other was a Sheraton dining room set. I like them both and will send the sketches on to you to see how you like them. I still have to make them in though so they won't be in this letter.

We had some of the best spaghetti I have ever had in the army this evening. I had a couple of messkits full and could have gone some more. Kowalchuk tells the the secret of its goodness was that the cook used garlic in it. Whatever he used, it was very good. We also had meat balls with it.

Everyone was singing "One Meat Ball". You've heard that song haven't you.

The dance, which I did not get a ticket to go to, turned out to be a colossal flop. Only seven women showed up for it, five of them with dates. I guess they did have some entertainment with it. The picture was very much better though so I'm just a happy. I would have seen the picture even if I had gotten a ticket to the dance because I am on OQ tomorrow night and would not be able to go to the movies, and I did not want to miss the picture.

It is time for the lights to go out and for me to retire so I'll give you a nice long goodnight kiss and tuck you in nicely and then retire myself to my dreams of our post war life. Goodnight Sweetheart. I love you.

Tuesday night -

Here I sit, all alone and lonely writing to you. It's a very lonely night here all alone. Not even a radio to keep me company. There you are thousands of miles away, about as far away as you could be and still be on the same planet, and you're lonely too. That just doesn't seem right somehow Darling. We two should be together always because that is just where I was meant to be, right in your arms. Not out here on a jungle island, thousand miles from anywhere, with a bunch of G.I.s for company. I'm thoroughly sick and tired of G.I.s, of uniforms, of army food, of sleeping on army cots under army blankets, and of the whole army and all that it represents. This isn't the way men were made to live. It's a condition which men, through their gross stupidity, force on themselves and

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blame on everyone but themselves.

I read a very good article by some columnist the other day. He was arguing for the universal manpower act which Congress failed to pass, afraid of the effect it would have on the votes they wanted. He was trying to show just how much the soldier was forced to give up, and how little the civilians were giving up - the soldier having to give up his freedom, and the civilian grumbling at the threat of ~~giving up things~~ having to give up a few other things. He said that the soldier could not understand the civilian and vice versa because the soldier looked at things from the same viewpoint as a slave and the worker looked at it from the viewpoint of a free man. The soldier could not understand why the worker, who, as much as anyone else is responsible for the winning of the war, should be free because he is forced to do the job at which he would be most useful to the war effort, since he, the soldier, was being forced to fight. It doesn't seem too much to ask a man to do a certain job, one which will pay him well at that. The worker on the other hand is a free man and considers any interference from the government as encroaching on his rights as a citizen. I, personally, do not see why in the world a ~~universal~~ labor draft should not be used. After all, it isn't asking the men to give up their lives, it's merely asking them to give a little of their skill to save some lives. People just don't stop to realize how selfish they are.

I read a little anecdote in The New Yorker which brought out the sentiments of one class of people very well. It concerned a woman who was heard to say, "It's really a terrible shame, our boys overseas fighting to make us happy and the government here at home declaring a midnight curfew, the one thing which is sure to make us unhappy. It's too bad something can't be done to bring the

was a little closer to people like this. The people who are bitching so almighty loud ~~and~~ about the food shortage, and who are still eating far better than any other people in the world. Right now I am in a better mood so I'll better change the subject.

One of the fellows came in with some doughnuts and coffee to eat. It was really good. He said that he expects some ice cream later and that if he gets it he will see that I get some. I hope he gets it. He knows one of the Red Cross girls and she sees that he is provided for when the food is doled out. I was all heated up from our volleyball game a short while ago but I now feel all right and even a little chilly since it is getting very cool.

Our cigaret ration was landed out tonight but I forgot to get it. I'll have to pick mine up tomorrow night. This month we got Philip Morris and Old Golds. These are the first Old Golds we've gotten. Usually we get either Camels or Chesterfields. I haven't seen any Luckies around though, so I know you wouldn't be interested.

The letter I wrote thanking me for the roses came today. She loves roses very much. She's a lot like my grandmother Mairiel - her mother - in that respect because Grandma used to love flowers. I used to get a big kick out of watching her work in her garden. She'd scold the devil out of the bugs that were trying to eat up her flowers and if she caught one of them, woe be to him. She'd kill him, exclaiming at the same time, "There ye devil ye, you'll not kill any more of my flowers. I wish you had known her. She was a very nice lady and I liked her a lot. The Irish brogue I endowed her with, in the above quotation was just the way she spoke. Her mother had been born and lived in Ireland. That's where the Irish in me comes from.

I don't know whether it's me, the weather, or what it is but I feel very unenergetic these days. Even more so than usual. No matter how much sleep I get, I still feel tired. Maybe it's just that I'm getting lazier than usual, if that is possible.

Don't look now, but my afflictions are increasing. I just discovered a spot of some new skin disease on my thigh. It seems just like a drying of the skin. It is just a very small patch so I'll have it looked after tomorrow when I get my arm painted. I don't know why all these skin diseases struck me at once but I hope to get rid of them soon.

I just ran out of ink so I will type the rest of this letter. The typewriter I am using is an old one so you will blame all the mistakes on it rather than on me won't you Darling?

I received a letter from Swiftly today. He didn't have an awful lot to say except to tell me where some of the fellows I knew at Lowry Field are stationed. Almost all of them are still in the States. Fellows I went to school with there that is. Quite a few are still at the place as instructors. That really was a deal. That would have been an ideal place to be stationed if married. The field was within easy trolley distance of town and all the time I was not teaching I had to myself. Oh well. At least when we're married we won't have to worry about my being stationed anywhere. You have started me thinking since you advised me against getting in the teaching racket because of all the politics in it. I have been mulling over the prospects of my making a living with my drawing. I will have to look into it and see if I can get anywhere with it. It would be the ideal setup because I would be able to work at home and spend that much more time with you. That would be very nice. I will see what I can do about it.

Those cartoons I am doing for the article Captain Capron wrote are almost finished and they are coming out pretty well. I think that I am sticking too much to very small work though and I will have to try to do my work on a bigger scale. It looks better when reduced then. At least it isn't so necessary to do such fine work because when it is reduced, many of the irregularities disappear. I have to do some work for one of the other sections when I am finished with this and then I have some covers to design for a small booklet. This should keep me busy for a while. I would just as soon have something to do like this because it keeps me from getting too lazy. It is also good practise. In the work I have to do for this other section they want me to use Sad Sack as the main character in the picture but I am going to ring in Herman instead. It is to be a picture of Herman with a beautiful babe on his knee and a bottle of spirits in his hand. It shouldn't take long to do. The stuff I am doing now takes much longer because I have to take much more pains with it.

Have all the envelopes been coming through stamped lately? I am trying to make them so they will be. I have also struck on a good idea. I am making all the envelopes for the other fellows so they will not be cancelled. If there are any of the ones I sent you which were not cancelled, tell me which ones they were and I can do them over and

see that they get cancelled. Let me know what you want to do about them will you. I am doubtful whether the envelope set your father asked me to make would pass through right now but I will send them as soon as I think they will be OK. I have gotten started on that weapons series though and will send that off as soon as possible. I am saving that new stationery I received from you for that series.

There hasn't been any mail from you for a couple of days now. I suppose it will all come at once. I would rather have the letters come through separately though because then it seems as if there are more of them. I should get some tomorrow. This afternoon there was no mail at all for anyone. That is rather unusual because there is almost always a little anyway. I am anxious to receive the letter in which you give your views on the world peace plan. I am very interested in getting your opinions on this.

I didn't tell you but in the picture last night, or rather before it, there was a short subject titled "Massachusetts Shore Leave" and the first scene was a shot of the Marblehead bus which goes right near the house. It is one of the buses we take to go to Boston. That did make me homesick and made me think of the fun we had together last July when we went home together. I think I enjoyed that more than I have anything else. It was so nice to be with you all that time. We did have a very nice time too. Remember how I had to get you slightly tight so you could sleep on the way back. I discovered that trick the night we saw the play when we had a few drinks before going home and you slept all the way back to Lynn with your head on my shoulder. It turned the trick on the way back to Lansing too. As long as you say that after you have imbibed quite a bit of spirits you feel quite wide awake, I feel that it will be safe for me to get some champagne to take with us on our vacation when I get back. I'll see just how you act, and it had better be as you say because I don't want you to go to sleep on me then.

Every once in a while I start thinking of the things we used to do together and I realize just how much fun I have when I am with you. I never dreamed that anyone could be so much fun to be with as you are. We never did anything spectacular when we were together but it always seemed so much fun. We'd go bowling, go on picnics, dance, go to shows, or just stay in and all these things were nice to do with you. Remember how I used to sit up with you at night until I fell asleep and then I would wake up and it would be very late? It was nice just sitting there talking to you and making love to you. I don't think what we said made much difference, or much sense for that matter, but it was nice just because I was talking to you. And the making love part of it was even nicer. You are so very nice to hold Darling. I wish I were back with you for good so I could hold you in my arms again as I should.

All this reminiscing doesn't do me much good while I am over here but it does serve to remind me that back home I have someone waiting and that when I do get back there will be many pleasant days to erase the memories of the days I spend over here away from you.

The captain just came in and deposited a .45 automatic on the desk. It is an ugly looking weapon and one that I would just as soon remain unfamiliar with. I am just as well satisfied with my present job and would not relish the job of having to kill or be killed. I do not like the idea of killing other people any more than I would relish the idea that I had to lose my own in a war which would do no one any real good and would do harm to a lot of people. I realize that on a battlefield all these qualms would vanish since it would simply be a matter of me or the other fellow. But that still would not make me like it at all.

I guess I was just never imbued with the fighting spirit which is held in such high esteem in time of war. I am essentially a creature of peace. Hand me that olive branch while I coo a bit for you.

Do you hear from Tom lately? I always mean to write to him, just as I always mean to write to Pauline but it never gets beyond the resolution stage. I will have to look up his address in the letters you sent me and will drop him a line. I wrote Arthur but haven't gotten an answer from him yet. I would like to hear from him to see how he is making out on getting home. Mom said that he told her he didn't care to write to anyone because he was so down in the dumps that all his letters would be that way too. I just wish I could see him and talk with him. I know it would make him feel a lot better just to see me. I look for him to go home soon now though because he does have so many points. I guess he has about the maximum he could get without having been awarded medals. He does have two or three campaign stars though. By the way did I tell you that they gave me a combat star for the time I spent in the replacement depot and the place I spent at the stop we made before reaching the depot. One star for the two stops is what I got. It does seem a little unfair though because the poor infantryman who goes in on P day and fights a whole campaign gets just one star while someone like me, who comes in months after all the fighting is all over gets the same thing. The five points do come in handy though.

I will say goodnight now Darling because I feel very tired and want to get a fairly good nights sleep tonight to see if I can get rid of the tiredness I have felt the past week. Goodnight and sweet dreams Honey. Remember that

I love you.

Freddie