Darling;

Another week is drawing to a close. I have now been overseas eight months. It seems like an awful long time when I’m somewhere I don’t want to be, although I’m sure that, if this same length of time had been spent with you, it would have seemed like a fearfully short time. Your letters have helped in a way but they have also reminded me of just how sweet you are, how much I love you, and how very much I miss you. It will be so nice to be back with you again. It will seem quite like the reward of heaven which shall have been gained by living through the purgatory out here. I do so love you Sweeheart.

This evening has been quite unspectacular. I played volleyball, the first time in a week, and then, upon discovering that the movie was the one titled “Between Two Women”, decided that I would forgo the very dubious privilege of seeing it. I finished H. Allen Smith’s latest brainstorm, enjoying every bit of it immensely. He is a truly humorous writer. I like the way he uses his wife to do research work for him as in the case of his investigation into the secrets of the “built in bust” racket. I would be very interested, merely from the standpoint of scientific inquiry, to get a gander at the four breasted clients the proprietress of the shop mentioned. I had never heard of any but the standard double breasted variety. It’s just as I always said though, a man who does not read H. Allen misses out on a lot of inside information which is unavailable anywhere else. That’s what I call a helpful and cooperative wife. Of course I would have no legitimate reason to send you on the kind of errand his wife went on because you do very well without any prosthetic devices Darling. I could think of no changes at all which I would make in your general assembly. I think I have quite [scratched out word] the nicest wife I could ever have hoped for Darling. I couldn’t have done better.

Excuse me while I take time out to give some of these bugs the business with our anti-insect bomb. It is guaranteed to do wonders by way of exterminating any unwary insects caught in its’ blast. There, now the tent is well stunk up with the stuff and I expect the insects to give up the ghost and just come raining down in droves – all dead. It must be working because I see now more of them flitting and fluttering around the light bulbs.

In your last letter you mentioned once more the fact that I was teasing you by not telling all about Ian Reid. Note that I told you of my own free will without the urgings of your latest letter. You’ll have to admit it was quite nice of me.

I am contemplating something quite rash. It seems that John Kowalchuk saw a notice on the bulletin board requesting all men who wanted to go to dance at the Red Cross on Monday night to sign their names below. John affixed mine and his signatures and just told me about it. He thinks I should go just to break the monotony if for no other reason, and I’m thinking of taking him upon it. The way I understand it there will quite a few Red Cross girls there to dance with – maybe they’ll even have it
narrowed down to four or five GI’s per girl. I haven’t danced in so darned long that I have probably forgotten how but it might be fun. At least they will have ice cream and some sort of soft drink. I’ll let you know if I go and how it turns out. I wish you were going to be there. Then I would really want to dance. It will be so very nice to be able to go to a dance with you again Darling.

My affliction seems to be lessened by the tender ministrations of the medics. It looks a lot better and seems to be drying up quite nicely.

4.

It still itches to beat the devil though. I’m afraid to scratch [scratched out word] it for fear it will spread.

While I was in the dispensary I noticed one of the fellows who works there washing out a well cracked skull very nonchalantly. It was an old Jap skull he had picked up somewhere. I don’t know what he intended to do with it eventually but after he finished washing it out he put [scratched out word] it on the corner of the dispensary tent where it looked like a grim warning to those who go to the medics.

Saturday the 26th

Again the lights went out on me without warning but here I am again one night later. I feel quite lazy tonight because I finally had to do some work. I had to help move some boxes which, from their weight, must have been iron but which looked to be made of wood. Three fast games of volleyball finished me off and have left me feeling very good but very lazy. What I’d like now is to be with you. Just to lie down before a nice fireplace with you in my arms. Hmmm! That’s a wonderful though.

I received two letters today. One from you and one from Bob Kennedy. Yours was no. 57 at least that is the number you gave it, but it was in reality 56. You’re padding the number

5.

on me young lady. Leave us cease that at once. It was on some of your very nice wallpaper stationery. Don’t get me wrong now, I like it, it’s just that it reminds me of bedroom wallpaper. Maybe it’s the association of ideas that makes me like it.

We just had a little discussion on the merits of Lauren Bacall. As far as I’m concerned, if she has any merits, they are not apparent. One of the boys idolizes her and I’ve just been giving him the business. I have gotten several concessions from him in our agreement. He had to agree that her arms look like pipestems, and that her heel is a little too lean for comfort. His faith in her remains unshaken, however.

Bob’s letter was a masterpiece. He believes that there is something very symbolic in the fact that he left East Lansing on 1 April 1944, and 1 April 1945 saw him engaged in “D” day activities on Okinawa. He does not seem to like life up there very well and tell me that, contrary to the best Hollywood tradition, he has not yet “dreamed of Betty Grable dressed as Florence Nightingale picked up a 50 caliber machine gun and mowed down three regiments of Nips with horn rimmed glasses” And that he does not at all relish this job of grappling

6.
with the Jap. The pen he wrote the letter with, was a Jap fountain pen he picked up along the way. He insisted that he had the devil’s own time trying to write since the pen insisted on trying to write Japanese hieroglyphics. He reminisces over the venison dinner the Robson family provided him with once. At the present time he is fed exclusively on “K” ration and says that he has the “flying g.i.s” all the time. In closing he tells me that he is maintaining a very torrid correspondence with the instructress he has drawn for some armed forces institute course he is taking, and he wants me to give you his best regards and asks to be remembered to Mom + Pop Robson. (any relation between the two parts of that last sentence [scratched out word] is not apparent to me but you understand don’t you?)

It seems that you really collected a lot of loot on that trip to your grandmother’s house. As I said once before, we will have enough plates and chinaware to be able to eat if anyone gives us food. If you got those egg cups merely because you thought they were pretty I’m going to put my foot down. You’ll have to learn to eat hard boiled eggs so that they can be utilized. As you yourself mentioned, you will have to learn to eat all those things or you will set a bad example for the children. You wouldn’t want to be a bad influence on them

7.

would you? If you continue to deplete your grandmother’s stories of dishes you are going to reduce them to the state of eating out of the cans the food comes in. Such an inconsiderate grandchild you are. Of course we will have a good start on our furnishings so I’m not complaining. Far be it from me.

Captain Capron advised me that the correct spelling for this dread disease I have is impetigo. I had never known before because in all my previous encounters with the disease it was merely a word which was spoken behind the hand, and slurred at that. Just like telling someone that someone has a case of s---ilis or go----hea. It is clearing up very well and in a few more days I should be able to let my arm hang naturally once more. Life’s little tribulations.

You joke about the sailor and his acquaintance was good. In retaliation I will tell you a rather shady story. It concerns a woman who is very obviously pregnant. This woman got on a street car and sat down opposite a fellow. He looked at her rather vacantly for a minute, the way one peruses one’s fellow passengers on a street car, and then burst into laughter. The woman became very much offended and moved to another seat (OK Smarty so Street cars are always so crowded these days that she couldn’t have gotten a seat in the first place, let alone find an empty one to move to. Stop interrupting and let me get on with the story. Just pretend it could happen.) She no sooner say down when the fellow started to laugh again. Very indignantly she moved way to the rear of the car only to have the fellow start rolling in the aisles. At the end of her patience, and very much embarrassed, the woman went to the conductor and told him [scratched out word] that the man was annoying her. Upon questioning the laughter on his conduct, he told this story. “First when the woman came on the car, she sat under an ad which read ‘Gold Dust Twins Are Coming’, then she moved under an ad which read “William’s Big Stick did the Trick’ (shaving stick), her last move placed her squarely under a third ad and this one read ‘Goodyear Rubber Could Have Prevented This Accident’.”

Roy Acuff’s magic voice is raised in song on the radio as he works the hell out of some city(?)[scratched out word] which, from what I can gather from a casual interpretation of his nasal
twang, concerns a “great speckled bird” which seems to be due in soon to pick him up on the milk run and deposit him “up there” on a fleecy cloud together with his guitar and his trusty horse (or does he hoof it?) on a pink colored cloud where he can drone his way through eternity in the company of those other vocal immortals Gene Autry, Tex Ritter, and the Queen of WORL (Boston), Georgia Maw and her Triple Yodel. It is all terribly touching. [scratched out word] With the popularity of this stuff and the fact that Lawrence Tibbett is reduced to singing “Accentuate the Positive” (fooled you and got it right this time didn’t I), I wonder just what has become of music in America. It was popular once but seems to have been replaced of late.

My research into the intricacies of housebuilding have led me to one conclusions; it is next to impossible for anyone without the brain of an Einstein to design or build a house property. They dazed me with pages of figures designed to show just how the total weight on the left center basement beam could be compiled and how it would be affected by the beam we would use to give the bedroom floor that extra bit of support it needs, and so on into the next year. I will still go on trying to figure out what kind of house I want by setting one room alongside the other and stacking rooms on top. I’ll let someone else figure out the angels formed by the roof and how to get from one room to another without having a network of corridors running through the walls with secret panels as their only means of access. It might be a good idea at that though. We could have a vestibule inside the front entrance. This vestibule would have solid walls with no doors and we could have sliding panels which would be invisible. Then if we had unwelcome visitors, the kind who always barge in without knocking, we could sit in one of the rooms, knowing that the unwelcome visitor could not gain entrance to the main part of the house, and hurl taunts at him. This idea has possibilities.

I am still worrying my mind over the designing of a house but have not been successful in getting it straightened out. I had a picture of a stairway that I want to be in the hall and I can’t seem to be able to design a house to fit the stairway. I’ll do it yet though. I’ll send you a sketch of this stairway I like so you can judge its merits for yourself. So far though, I have decided on the kind of front door and front stairway I like so my labors have not been in vain. It might be a good idea to dump the whole thing in an architects lap at that. It is a very nerve wracking business and we’d probably end up slamming one another over the fingers with doorstops because we couldn’t agree on the size of screws to be used to fasten the door hinges.

I must say goodnight now Darling so I leave you with this one thought. Remember always that I love you with all my heart.

Sweet Dreams Darling.

Freddie