Dearest;

The end of another week, one which has gone by quite fast too. I have been busy as a beaver the past few [scratched out word] days and have had little time to do anything except write to you in my spare time. My work on that series of envelopes has been suspended. I know it seems as if I have been working on them a heck of a while Darling but I have to work on them in sports. They are taking more time than I had figured they would too. I just hope they turn out well. In the meantime I am putting in the palm tree in all my sketches on the envelopes as a trade mark and also so they will go up far enough to be cancelled. Is this working out all right? Tell me how you like the adventures of Herman. Do you think he is all right or do you have suggestions for his improvement. I have a lot of fun thinking up new things for him to do. It’s good exercise for the old cranium, God know it needs it in this hot and lazy climate.

If you notice any cookie crumbs on the paper you will know that they are from. They are the cookies I got in the package I received yesterday. The cookies were very fresh and very good even after the long trip. Things keep very well when put in a can and sealed with wax. It is quite amazing. I’ll have to appropriate some bread so I will be able to enjoy the jelly and peanut butter. Tomorrow night, while I’m on CQ, I shall have a midnight snack.

Again the Hit Parade is on. There have been two nice tunes on so far, “I’m Beginning To See the Light”, I saw it [scratched out word] seventeen months or more ago, and the second time is, “My Dreams Are Getting Better All The Time”. Both of them are quite catchy.

Today brought another letter from you as well as five copies of “The New Yorker”, all to my APO 711 address. They were February and March issues and I had seen none of them yet. I had about given up hope of every seeing them. It seems that the post office if finally getting my range and is starting to get my back mail to me. Two packages and five magazines in three days isn’t bad.

I wore the shorts you send me to play volleyball tonight. They didn’t help much though because out teams lost three games and [scratched out word] won none. They are a lot better than fatigue trousers though and permit much more freedom of movement. They fit me quite well and I have only one fault to find with them. The suspensory attachment must have been designed for someone with the dimensions of a bull because it is much too large and loose. The fit of the trunks eliminates most of the trouble this would ordinarily occasion. With a fold here and tuck there they are as good as a tailor made pair. Thank you for sending them to me Honey.
The sketches of the cups and saucers arrived. I can see that I was wrong when I guessed that they were large sized pieces because, judging from your sketches, I'd say they were standard sized. The designs seem to be quite nice. I'll reserve final judgement for when I can see them.

By this time you should have received the picture of me. As soon as Kowalchuk's wife gets the pictures developed, she is supposed to send you a set of the enlarged pictures. I don't imagine you can see me very well in the picture I send since it was so very small.

I'm very sorry that you think I am quite mean not to tell you about Ian Reid and Phyllis. I didn't mean to tease you, [scratched out word] understand, it's just that it is a very delicate matter, one which Ian is very sensitive about. It all came about because of the fact that he had bothered to drop Phyllis a kind word or two whenever he went up to the drugstore behind the dorm. She was a rather nymphomaniac creature, a very ugly looking [scratched out word] harpy she was too, who thirsted after men. Warm for their form you might say. On the sad night which the interlude I mentioned occurred, Ian was in Lansing having a rare old time getting crocked with several of the other fellows. They were all carrying their raincoats since the weather was rather foreboding. Ian, gay as a lark, wandered out to get a breath of fresh air – his greatest mistake – for who should he run into but Phyllis, the witch of Lansing, out on the prowl. Before he could even start the process of steering this errant feet back into the Hofbraw to the protection of the other fellows, she had fastened herself to his arm like a leech and was dragging him up a side street. Drunk as he was, Ian tried his damndest to shake her off but to no avail. What chance has a man got, especially when he's in his cups, against a woman hell bent on losing her virtue, although in this case I can assure you that there was a minimum of loss. By this time they were well out of the downtown section and were near a field. As a last defense Ian tried to convince her that the ground was too damp and that the uniform he had on was his only one. You can imagine how quickly Phyllis grasped at the raincoat as a means of stopping this last feeble protest. The next thing he knew she had

the raincoat spread out very accommodatingly and it was only a matter of tripping him and her hitting the ground before he did, a little trick at which she seemed particularly adept. The upshot of it was that Ian was ravished there in the dark, damp, dank field. The story got around, as such stories will, and from that day on Ian's life was made miserable by our kidding and by the fact that Phyllis tried to get him touch with him continually. He was a haunted man his last couple of months in Lansing. Later I had an encounter with Phyllis which I told you of once. I was quite fortunate in escaping unscathed, however. In Ian's letter to me, he told me of the situation in Manila as it concerns women and closed the discourse with the words "Since I swapped my raincoat for a poncho, things just haven't been the same". Which reminds me that I swapped my poncho for a raincoat. Why Bunny, what a violent temper for such a little girl. I only swapped because the poncho was a nuisance, honest, I had no ulterior motive whatsoever. Now tell me, do you think the tale is as sordid as you were led to believe by the intimations I made concerning the subject? I think they are even more sordid than you thought they'd be.

Why don't you have a try at sketching the
desk and the bed you like so well. I know you say you can’t sketch because you can’t get proportions and perspective straight. It is really much more simple than you make it sounds Sweetheart because you can do an isometric drawing which will eliminate perspective, and then just estimate proportion using the scale of 1” to 1 foot. An isometric drawing of the desk would be done thusly: [3 sketches of desk labeled 1st step, 2nd step, and 3rd step. Under the 1st step, it says All 1s 2s 3s parallel. No attempt at vanishing point. Then a sketch of a bed with the words ‘for the bed this form could be used and the procedure would be as above.’] It would just have to be a rough sketch just to give me an idea of what type of [scratched out word] furniture they are. Have a try at it Darling, and don’t be afraid to send me the results. I’ll make an artist of you yet Honey. It’s a lot of fun and a person doesn’t have to be an expert to enjoy it.

Since you mentioned a phase of the teaching field about which I too have had my doubts, namely the politics which must be played to keep a position

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and get breaks, what would you suggest as an alternative. I know that if I were forced to participate in any of the petty intrigues which go on in schools that I would be blowing my [scratched out word] top someone in very short order because if there is anything I hate it is the “posterior osculation” (quoting H. Allen Smith) which seems to be required in almost all fields. I do not like the idea of tolerating people merely because they happen to wield a little power. If I like a person it does not matter whether he is above or below me according to a certain set of standards I still consider him on a level with me according to my standards and will do favors for him but if I do not like a person, regardless of whether he is above or below me in the first mentioned set of standards, I have as little to do with that person as I possibly can. This, however, is not the accepted procedure for success, so if I were to teach in a school whose headmaster did not meet with my approval I would probably be in a peek of trouble most of the time. Just what would you suggest as an alternative job Darling, or haven’t you any ideas on the subject.

I was sorry to hear the Prof Watts has left MSC because, despite the fact that he didn’t know his stuff in the course he was teaching us, he was rather a likeable fellow. Harper must be quite a hard man to get along with. You seem to be quite irritated because he violated the sanctity of your office by thrusting that “smelly old duplicator” in to crowd you.

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I am very glad to hear that you are saving that brown and white dress to wear when I get back. If it should be winter when I return, you can wear that dress in the house. You’d look very nice sitting before a fireplace dressed in that dress. I don’t know why I like that one so well but I do. On you it is tops, even as you are my Darling.

It is time for another goodnight Sweet so I shall leave you to go find the you of my dreams for another date. I’m looking forward to the day when these dates come out of the realm of dreams into actuality so I can hold you, kiss you, and tell you how very much, and in how very many ways,

I love you

Freddie