

Monday 15 May 1945
Hq 14th aa Comd
APO 322, Fresno.

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Bunny Darling:

Good evening Sweetheart! I have just returned from seeing the show "Experiment Perilous" which was a very uninspiring picture no matter what angle it was viewed from. It was of the "Gaslight" variety, a psychological picture, ~~which~~ but lacked the suspense of "Gaslight". Even Hedy Lamarr's beauty failed to move me at all. All she did was sit and look persecuted, with all the varied emotions which could have been expressed equally as well ~~from~~ by a statue. Ingrid Bergman took the part of the wife being driven insane very much better than Hedy did. In fact, in my opinion, there is not even a comparison there.

I got a letter from you today. You wrote it just before going to see "The Cenci". How was it? Did it live up to advance notices? I do remember our seeing "The Lodger". You took that picture quite seriously if I remember rightly.

Before I forget it I want to make a correction in my letter of yesterday. Henry Cabot Lodge, the recent senator from Massachusetts was the grandson of the Henry Cabot Lodge of the last war. The censor, being a native New Englander straightened me out on that snatter. We then had quite a chat on New England during the course of which the censor stated that the people of Massachusetts, particularly of Boston, are some of the most "politically immoral" people there are. This ~~was~~ was the result of a discussion we had about the mayor to be of Boston, James Michael Curley, a politico

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whose motto is "A hand in every pocket".

The difficulty you are having with the girdle situation finds me grieving for you Darling. I gather from your letter that it has gone the way of The Wonderful One-Horse Shag. If I ever happen to run across one in my meanderings, I shall despatch it to you post haste. Why don't you shorten the garter belt, or better yet, get some extra long suspenders, put buttons on the top of the stockings, and let that solve the problem of holding up your stockings. War, my Darling, is hell. By the time I am back home you will undoubtedly have found yourself a new "foundations garment" and the stockings shall once more be unwrinkled.

Are you trying to make me jealous? I warn you that if you are you will succeed splendidly. Just what is this task of you and some male secretary having tea in the office every afternoon? I warn you my Darling, I am a very jealous man and that secretary had better be about sixty years of age. Come now, what's your story.

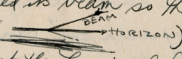
While I'm waiting for you to frame a suitable answer for this I shall retire to visit greener pastures than these, pastures in which I shall find you my love. Good night.

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Good Evening Sweetheart;

Today has been quite a busy day. I drew six envelopes and sold them and had to ~~draw~~ design a souvenir sheet for a party some officers are holding. It was cut on a stencil and came out quite well. I still maintain that some fine work can be done on a stencil although a lot of people think that nothing but the simplest drafting work can be done on it. It's very good for line

drawing as long as shading is not introduced into the sketch. There was no mail from you today. I did get an Easter card from Snow and a letter Pauline had mailed back in March. The main theme running through the letter was the assurance that you ~~inspired~~^{fathered} her idea of a sister in law to a T and that she knew that as soon as I got back I'd be marching down the aisle with you. She seemed as sure of that as we are. She also offered to get me some drawing pencils and other drawing supplies, an offer which I shall take her upon as I can always use more drawing supplies.

Before I forget it I want to tell you of a couple of prize remarks I heard last night at the theater. ~~Both~~ Both were made in all seriousness. The first came after a little display of practice firing in which some tracer bullets sky rocketed their lighted trails across the sky. This joker behind me said to his buddy, "Jeez, ya know what that reminds me of? It reminds me of that little poem we used to know when we were kids. The one that goes, 'and the rockets red, glare, the bombs bursting in air.' You must've heard it. His buddy solemnly agreed that he did remember it vaguely. - The next smart remark came when a searchlight levelled its beam so that, according to a simple law of perspective () the beam seemed to drop toward the earth at the horizon. A fellow next to me nudged the fellow on his other side and said, "Look how they bend that damned beam so that it curves toward the ground." I was very much tempted to tell him that this was merely due to the force of gravity acting on the beam. I've really heard some beauties here from time to time.

Your description of the cartoons in the Saturday Evening Post was very good. I'll bet the one with the rabbits in it was done by Ed Nofziger and the other one either by him or by Beamer Keller. Let me know if I'm right with you. The picture of the cover was also very nice. I've seen some of Alexander Brook's work and like it quite well. It has rather a misty air about it though, slightly unreal, it's a quality which adds to the work though. He has done some work for Life magazine which was also good. He did a series of paintings of movie stars for them. The girl on the cover which you sent me looks a lot as you must have looked when you were a little girl. Just as I think Ellen Lee will look when she is that age.

While I am giving you accounts of funny happenings around here, I shall add one that happened this morning. One of the officers in our office was Officer of the Day today and had to inspect the guard. As he went down the ranks inspecting the men and their rifles, he stopped beside one fellow, inspected his rifle, then asked if the fellow had ever fired the gun. The answer was "yes." The captain ~~perched~~ continued the questioning asking if the fellow had fired the gun on the range here. The answer was "no, sir." "Well then," said the captain, "where did you fire it?" "In the company area sir," came the answer, "as I was loading it, it went off accidentally."

I'm glad that you got long stemmed roses for Mom. She likes them very much. They should look nice in that vase in the living room. She'll probably keep them till there's nothing left of them.

I believe you said that the author of the book "The Three Black Pennies" was Joseph Hergesheimer. I have perused several of his books but have never read any of them. I think there is a copy of this book at the F and E library here. I may read it when I have time. I have nearly finished "Rome Hanks" and have enjoyed it very much. In the main it is a rather grim and realistic story of the Civil War, and the period immediately afterward, as it affects Cornelius Lycurgus Hanks and sundry of his relatives and friends or acquaintances. The fact that the book is quite realistic makes it very evident to me why it was banned in Boston. The censors here are very busy trying to keep the facts of life ~~off~~ from the people of Beantown. This always seems foolish to me because if anyone writes a story, for instance a story concerning this war, the story is not true unless it uses the language of the men. Putting such oaths as "Shucks" and "Aw heck" in the mouths of the characters as some people try to do, just doesn't work. It isn't a true picture which the author is presenting to his audience.

Pardon my chatter Darling. I seem to rid myself of all my crackpot theories by passing them on to you. It is nice to have such an attentive audience as you provide for me though Sweetheart. You are very understanding, and beautiful, and very much loved. I shall be so very glad when I can be with you again Honey, just to stand there and hold you very close to me. I'm afraid that when the time comes I will be hard put to believe that it is really true. It's so very lonely when I'm away from you. Isn't it funny how

a separation like this can make ~~a person~~^{me} realize so very strongly how much I love you. I can look back and just picture you as I saw you the times we were together, as you were in all your moods and I can see all the little things which made me love you. Things which I had never bothered to think about and analyze before. The way you beam and spread happiness when you are happy. That curiosity of yours. That is a poor name for it. What I mean is the way you act when you find something new which interests you. It's an expression I have always associated with kittens who are playing with a ~~spool~~^{spool} a mingled expression of surprise and curiosity. I love everything about you my Darling and I shall be

Forever Yours.

Freddie