Friday April 13, 1945

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APO 322, Frisco

Good Evening Sweetheart;

Did you notice the date on this letter – Friday the 13th, and as far as I’m concerned the day is unlucky for today brought with it the news of the President’s death. It was a great shock to everyone here. As one fellow so very well put it this noon “it’s just like you lost a close friend or one of the family” It was very much that way with me. It seemed a very personal loss, and a great one. It is the worse [sic] possible thing that could have happened to the United States. I only hope that everyone pulls together to make up for the loss we have sustained. There is no one man who could replace him but a combination of all the great men in Washington could if they will forget their petty difference and all pull together. I still can’t get over it. It all seems so unreal.

We had a formation this evening at which we had a service for the President. The band and all the officers and men were present.

I got a very nice letter from you today Honey. It was the one with the Heaven Scent on it. Although that has a nice odor I think I still prefer Ligress. It’s probably because that evokes wonderful memories of you and makes you seems near to me.

Mac also wrote me a letter and told me that he was housed in one of the cell blocks of an old Spanish prison which the army took over to house the troops. The sight of bars seems to depress him quite a bit. He also informed me that three of the boys from ASTP days died in action in France. One of them was Tom Dwyer the fellow I went to school with at New Hampshire. He was the one who had that little skirmish with Dr. Watts that time. I knew him very well. It is very depressing to hear of all these fellows I know who are dying in action. I have not heard from him but just heard about his outfit being in action on the radio. I hope nothing happens to him.

Everyone seems to be retiring now Darling, and since I am receiving dirty looks from all direction because I’m leaving the light on I’d better get myself to bed too. Goodnight Sweet.

Saturday Morning

Good Morning Honey;

We had to get up early this morning to get the place all cleaned up for inspection. This tent got its’ first thorough cleaning in a long while. It looks quite nice now really. I did not think it could be gotten this clean, ever. One never knows though.

From your letter I’d say that you are quite the little map maker now. 30 maps in
one day’s time is an awful lot of maps. Who’s supposed to be the artist in this family anyway? That type of work isn’t bad, although you maintain that a ten year old could do it. It may be that Thaden doesn’t want to overtax your growing mind Sweetheart. Ouch, stop that Bunny Robson.

Just what are you trying to do to yourself? All this playing with matches finally burned you did it. The little incident of the run away match was very amusing and I must say that the match showed the same [scratched out word] discretion that I would have shown in a resting place for its’ head. That is exactly where I wish mine were. Did you get burned at all other than burning your finger in retrieving the match?

It is also very nice to know that you are finally wearing your glasses. I have had visions of going through life in the dual note of husband and seeing eye dog for you if you continued to do all that reading and working without your glasses. You be sure to wear them from now on.

I’m glad to hear that you and the whole family like the sketches I sent. It’s fun doing them. I didn’t know that you had framed

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one of them though. When you spoke of having my picture framed I thought you were referring to the portrait I sent you right after I got overseas. The one I had taken at Lowry Field.

My color blindness is not as bad as you would Have [sic] it Bunny. I know that the color on these envelopes you send is maroon. The blue ones I was referring to are some that you sent a while back which had a dark blue lining. Of course much more purplish to me than [scratched out word] red but I still recognize it.

I finished the sketch for that Mother’s Day card and one of the other fellows cut it on a stencil. I don’t know how it will come out on that but, it should be all right. I’ll send you a copy of it when it is done.

In one of the Yank magazines there was an article that seemed very amusing to me because it present a problem which was quite unique. It seems that a g.i. returned home from the So Pacific after a two and a half years sojourn to find that he was the father of a ten month old baby boy. It sounds like an old story, tragic but not unusual, and the [scratched out word] the g.i. decided that a divorce was in order. At the

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divorce hearing a sensational revelation was made. The [scratched out word] wife’s child was not the result of a dalliance with another [scratched out word] man but was the result of a test tube conception. In her husband’s absence the wife found that more than anything she wanted a child. Reluctant to cheat on her husband, she consulted a doctor who suggested the test tube method. The question before the court is whether the wife was unfaithful or not. It’s true that she did not have intercourse with another man but still she had a child by another man unknown. I believe that the husband continued to press his suit (no pun intended) for divorce because he didn’t like the idea of having a child for which he was not responsible. The court was in quite a guandary [sic] trying to decide the case one way or the other. There were no precedents for such a case. Interesting, nest ce pas?
Goodbye now Sweetheart I must leave you once more. I’ll be back later today though Honey so until then remember that I love you more than anyone every could be loved – except you.

Goodbye again my Darling.

Freddie