Good Evening Darling,

This official and all wrapped up in pink ribbon. The European war is now at an end after six long years and six million lives and a possible six hundred billion dollars. Not a bad record if you're looking for figures. Frankly it be said that it was worth. Nothing accomplished, everything destroyed. It is estimated that the US has spent about 375 billion dollars since the start of the war. If we have killed 2 million of the enemy, a more liberal guess it probably isn't half that much, we have spent $37,500 to kill each man. Sounds like an awful expenditure for such a negative return doesn't it? The expenditure I have given above, taken from a radio broadcast from the States, calls for $2,300 from every man, woman, and child in the US. This total expenditure should go well over the 300 billion mark before the war is completely over. Add to this the expenditures of all other countries, human life, if a standard price can be agreed on (which seems reasonable in view of the way men are considered as expendable as a car or piece of machinery), and it all adds up to a staggering price being paid by man for his own depravity. What this would have done if all the energy and money thrown into the war had been used to make man lot more easy and pleasant, can never be estimated but can be recognized as being enough to work miracles in this world of ours. A small part of the money which was spent in devising ways of killing men would have paid for the research necessary to find cures for cancer, tuberculosis, and many other diseases which beset mankind. People will buy war bonds very willingly but war fatigue will not
invest money for this research. What makes men feel is beyond me. I hope that some day man will start to use his brain and realize that wars are not necessary but that cooperation is quite necessary for survival. It seems that each time we get a little nearer completely annihilating the human race in these foolish wars. It seems a little like the dog who is reputed to have started chewing on his tail and kept right on up his body until finally he had eaten himself up completely.

Though of my musings on the war and my journey into statistics. I am very glad that this much of the war is over and that I am this much nearer that long and dearly awaited reunion with you. That day when once more I can fold you into my arms and feel the thrill of you again. You're a very beautiful darling. I guess the little bit of philosophy in the picture the other night. Claude Rains said that a woman is only beautiful when she is loved. If that's so my darling, it is little wonder that you are so lovely, it's because you are the most beloved woman in the world.

To divest my thoughts from the war, I have started to read a novel which I have intended to read for quite a while. It is Jane Austen's "Sense and Sensibility," her first novel and the first of the novels I have read. At the present time I have progressed as far as the end of the introduction. The introduction gives a very complete resume of the book telling the reader just what to look for. Something like the fellow who keeps telling just what is going to happen next in the movie. Of course, the plot is probably fairly transparent anyway, so the tips the
The only thing that is talked about now is the war. The rapid succession of great events during the past few weeks have reached their climax and yet everyone looks for more. The query on everyone's lips now is "Is there any more sensational news now?" All in the hope that this war may break wide open right away. I doubt that anything drastic can be expected out here in the near future but I do hope the war doesn't last out the year. It would be nice to be home by next summer wouldn't it Darling. We could spend a nice summer vacation just by ourselves, making love and then start school in the fall. That would be ideal. I can't think of anything more perfect.

This afternoon I worked on my boy Jonah, the little evangelistic cartoon character, and just about completely revised him. I have only one copy of the revised version so I will wait until I do some more before I send them to you for your approval. I think you'll like him. He looks quite a bit more impressive than he did before, more the blood and thunder type which I suppose is better for a quixotic character than the original Jonah who was a much weaker being.

I was just thinking that right now you are in bed sleeping. There is an awfully long time separating us isn't there Honey? More than half a day. You look very beautiful when you're sleeping you know. Just like a baby sleeping, only a king (or queen) sized baby, and so very nice too. You'll have to become resigned to the idea of being awakened with a kiss every morning after we're married. That's the penalty you have to pay for
Being so beautiful,

I will enclose the rest of the paper "Command Car" which you reminded me that I had forgotten. By the way, you know how the paper got its name don't you? It's named in honor of Capt. Bob Tipp's ancient vehicle which was christened by that name by the boys in C & T P. It was quite appropriate too.

Tell me, are there any more boys in uniform in East Lansing or have they cleared the place out? You haven't said anything about it for quite a while. I'm just curious.

Well, Sweetheart, I'll have to say goodnight once more, as much as I hate to leave you at the end of these letters. Goodnight now, Sweetheart.

I love you with all my heart.

Freddie

P.S. Let's see! Picture of me, the fellows with me are Pfunk (pronounced Funk), in the center, and Hopkins on the left. We are in front of Hoppy's tent which has no screening on the sides. The one on tv is a little more substantial. Kowalschuk is having his wife get some enlargements and I hope he sends you a complete set of pictures. I'll admit that you can't see me very well in these midget pictures but the others should be much better. I look quite healthy, don't you think?