Saturday 31 March 1945
14th EA Command
AP 322, France

My Beautiful Darling,

This is the last day of stellar another month of separation from you, and a month nearer my reunion with you. A reunion never to be ended. You and I to be together for good.

There was no mail from you today, but I did get a letter from Mom which, if it had to be given a title, could very appropriately be called "Dolores and How Very Much We All Like Her." Poor Mom hated so to see you leave. She said she had to hurry out of the station for fear she'd cry. I think you are now one of the family. She told me that the two of you spent most of your time discussing me. She also got quite a kick out of the way you ate all the fried clams. She said that the night before you left, you asked her to have some for lunch. I can remember a little girl from Michigan who once told me that never, under any circumstances whatsoever, would she eat fried clams. But now you go to New England
yet Darling.  

I had to work at the office this afternoon. Didn't do a heck of a lot more than I ever did there. We didn't have to get out some stuff that had piled up but it wasn't much work to finish it all.

One of the fellows brought in some high-topped cavalry shoes and sold them to any of the boys whom they would fit. I was going to try on one pair that were about my size but another fellow beat me to it. They cost $7.50. So I just as well I didn't get them because I really have no use. I want to dress up for over here and the $7.50 I saved by not spending it on the shoes, I will set aside to be included in the next installment I send you for the furniture. How are we making out on that, Darling? Have you gotten anything to augment our fund of late? I was glad to hear that you ordered the last three place settings of silver, you should have gotten it by now.

Today I found a picture of a patrol plane which will suit my purposes splendidly for the first of that series of envelopes. I have...
get a couple of pictures of warships which I shall use.

That lead cold I told you I had to start travelling and so now in the small of my back, I'm going on sick call in the morning to see if they can work the kinks out of my back and enable me to bend over once more without tearing my backbone out by the roots in the process. It's OK as long as I remain in an upright position, but just let me once feel over and see what a feeling. To top it all off I am acquiring a felon which I shall have treated tomorrow at the same time. Remember the last one I had when Mother had me soaking my finger in Epsom salts for hours that was all right though because you were right there with me. This time it shan't take much for getting it taken care of. I wish I were there to make it and all things all right with your mother's remedies and your presence. I'd even settle for just your presence in my arms. That would be the anaesthetic to make all my troubles diminish and finally vanish. Only you would be a much more permanent
cure for what ails me than any curative in
the world could ever be.
In yesterday's letter I told you that I
was going to see "Hollywood Canteen." It was
quite a coincidence but the picture started
with some g.i.'s in New Guinea watching a
movie starring Joan Leslie while sitting
in a downpour of rain. Before the picture ended, we too were sitting
in a downpour of rain braving the elements
with that stubbornness which defies not only
any mortal power and so concentrates itself
on all its strength on the elements, refusing
at least not to allow the weather to kick them
around and tread all over them. The picture
wasn't bad and had good acts in it but it
was still Hollywood Jack slapping itself telling
how great indeed is the motion picture
industry and how awe inspiring are all
the celebrities. Such scenes as the gi
sitting when he discovers he is dancing
with JOAN CRAWFORD were a little too
much for my rather guilty nature. As I
said before though there were some goods
in it and as I too stayed there and got
packed to the skin I had in my fatigues
had nothing precious in them so it didn't matter
I hope that you don’t mind mailing
but I am no longer carrying your pictures
as I used to. It can’t be due to the length
less because I love you more than I ever
had before and will love you even more to
—morrow and every other tomorrow as long
as I live. The real reason being behind the
cessation of carrying your pictures is that I per
spise quite freely in this tropical climate and
Dan said that I shall spoil them if I con
tinue to carry them around. So they reside
right under my pillow where, before I go to sleep
every night, I can look at them and dream
of happier days that were and happier days
that are to be. It’s as if I were with you for
just a little while before dreaming of you.

Rowalchuck and I went to the day room
this evening to hear the news broadcast of
late this in a very enjoyable procedure because
of the marvelous turn to the better in Europe
with Germany seemingly in a hopeless state
of chaos and unable to do anything to stem the tide of the allied forces. I hope that soon that same picture presents itself out here in the Pacific. Only ten months since we landed in Europe and it seems that, by the time a year has elapsed, the war there should be over. Therefore, I don’t think it is unreasonable to say that it will not be any longer than that after our landings on the China coast that we shall have taken all that land from China. The taking of Japan itself should not prove to be too difficult with our present island-hunting tactics. I pray that my amateur analyses may prove to be correct.

I am still reading that book “The Apostle” and find it quite interesting. Asch has a style which I like very much. He makes the reader live all the incidents. It is a very good history of the start of Christianity and makes one realize just how far from the original purpose of Christianity all of our modern sects have wandered.

Well, my Sweetheart, it seems that I will have to lead you now and get ready.
for bed because my eyes are indeed becoming quite heavy-laden with sleep. Goodnight, sweetheart, tell me we meet in our dreams tonight.

Easter Sunday

Happy Easter morning my darling,

I was awakened by the band summoning all the faithful to worship. They had sunrise services on the ball diamond and had a nice big altar rigged up there. It was made in the form of a shallow stage built of corrugated sheet iron painted red and white. The whole thing was surrounded with palms planted in empty oil drum which were then covered with red bunting. It looked quite nice. I did not summon enough energy to go to the services however but just lay here listening to the band and to the singing which sounded very nice.

For breakfast we had ham and eggs. The only trouble is that they were from a can in which they had been dehydrated. There just wasn't the same taste or sentiment about them.
Die got to go to the medicine room Honey so I'll leave you. Remember always my Darling that

Love you with all my Heart.

Freddie