My Beautiful Darling;

This is the last day of still 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. I’ll convert you to New Englandism yet Darling.

I had to work at the office this afternoon. I didn’t do a heck of a lot more than I ever did there. We did 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. It’s just as well I didn’t get them because I really have no one 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 argument our heard 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 also got a couple of pictures of warships which I shall use.

That head cold I told you I had has started travelling and is now in the small of the back. I’m going on sick call in the morning to see if they can iron 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 posture, but just let me once bend over and man what a feeling. To top it all off I am acquiring a film which I shall have tended tomorrow at the same time. Remember the last one I had when Mother had me soaking my finger in Epson salts for hours. That was all right though because you were right there with me. This time I shan’t be so much fun 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 anesthetic 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, the soldiers I mean, 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 dares not defy any mortal power and so concentrates itself in 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 back slapping itself, telling how great indeed is the motion picture industry and how awe inspiring are all its celebrities. Such scenes as the gi fainting when he discovers he is dancing with “JOAN CRAWFORD” were a little too much for my rather guileful nature. As I said before though, there were some good acts in it and so I too stayed there and got soaked to the skin. I had on my fatigues and had nothing precious in them so it didn’t matter.

I hope that you don’t mind Darling, but I am no longer carrying your pictures as I used to. It isn’t because I love you any less because I love you more now than ever I did before and will love you even more tomorrow and every other tomorrow as long as I live. The real reason behind the cession of carrying your pictures is that I perspire quite freely in this tropical chime and I am afraid that I shall spoil them if I continue 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.

Kowalchuk and I went to the day room this evening to hear the news broadcast of late this is a very enjoyable procedure because of the marvelous turn for 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. It is only ten months since we landed in Europe and it seems that, by the time a year has expired, 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 out landings on the China coast that we shall have retaken all that land from China. The taking of Japan itself should not prove to be too difficult without present island busting 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 leave you now and get ready
for bed because my eyes are indeed becoming quite heavy-laden with sleep. Goodnight Sweetheart, till we meet in our dream tonite. [sic]

Easter Sunday

Happy Easter Morning My Darling;

I was awakened by the band summoning all the faithful to worship. They has sunrise services on the ball diamond and has 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 up 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 isn’t the same taste or sentiment about them.

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I’ve got to go to the medics now Honey, so I’ll leave you. Remember always my Darling that

I love you with all my heart.

Freddie