Good Evening Darling;

I just got back from the movie where I saw “Ministry of Fear” with Ray Milland and Majorie Reynolds so I guess I will not write too much but will get to bed early and write more in the morning.

Tonight, I received some of my back mail which included two letters which you wrote the 8th and 10th of February, one letter from my Aunt Bunny, and one from Bill Barnhart. Bill seemed to be quite worried about the possibility of his being shoved into the infantry. I hope he is wrong because that is a fate I wish every one clear of. That is bad. It’s odd that I should receive a letter from him at exactly the same time I got one from you giving me the results of your research into the tomb of St. Julien. Thank you for ferreting out that [scratched out word] bit of information Sweetheart. It was indeed very clever of you. You are a very intelligent little girl you know. And so very beautiful and embraceable too. I just am very lucky and very happy to be loved by you and to love you.

Kowalchuk and I visited some friends of his this afternoon. I did a lot of riding around to do this and it tired me out. I did get to see a lot of the surrounding countryside though. The foliage is unbelievably thick on these hillsides. The trees grow so very close to one another and have such thick foliage that the hills appear to be covered with velvety grass rather than trees. The only thing that breaks the pattern is an occasional clearing where some outfit is set up. This is really wild country up here.

I feel sleep catching up on me now Sweet; so I’ll give you a goodnight kiss, a nice thorough and melting one, and will say goodnight to you.

Good morning again. Did you miss me while I was asleep? It was an earthquake interrupted sleep though because out little earthquake shook my tent up quite severely. To top that off we had out nightly deluge. I think I’d miss the rain if it didn’t come every night with clocklike regularity.

I’m sorry to hear that you had so much trouble doing research work on French Canadian families. You could have made things much easier for yourself if you just learned to read French, then you could have found a lot of material.

You ask what the fellow did with the hair his wife sent him. Why what would anyone do with them? He put them in his wallet with her picture naturally. I will agree with you that it was rather an odd gift though. Probably just a gentle reminder of things left behind.
It sounds to me as if the prop Loomis and Harper are trying to baffle you with talk first you have a regular job and now they are putting you on an hourly basis. I hope you succeeded in getting a word in edgewise so that you settled your status satisfactorily.

I finally know why you want me to think of a name for a dog. I didn’t know that Mussie was going to have puppies. Tell me, my little sleuth, what makes you think that the pup you get will be black? Have you been doing some private investigation into the private life of the dog? It’s getting so even a dog can’t have any privacy anymore. I will think of a suitable name other than Freddie for him. It was very thoughtful of you to want to name him after me Honey, but I’d rather decline the [scratched out word] honor if you don’t mind. It might be confusing and embarrassing to have a dog responding to my name. Can’t you just picture the neighbors calling the dog to get a bone to eat and [scratched out word] me answering their summons. No, no, it would never work. Believe me.

Thursday 29 Mar 45

Pardon me, Darling, I don’t know what possessed me to write October in the date. I guess I’m just trying to wish my life away. To tell you the truth, life is a hell of a name for existence without you my Darling. It will always be just existence until I once more catch the spark of life from you as I hold you in my arms.

I’ve really been as busy as a beaver Darling. Today that is. I finished of ten envelopes for some of the fellows and have

and order for a dozen more from Preller here in the tent. I have a system now where I use carbon paper to transfer the sketches and I can do them in jig time. I am still trying to get all the material lined up for that series for Pop. The series envelopes I do will be the only ones I do like that. I won’t duplicate them at all. With these others it doesn’t matter so much because there’s nothing much to them anyway. I had an idea for doing a series of U.S. Army vehicles or a series of the difference weapons being used. Ask Pop if he thinks these would be very good. In the series on weapons, I could make up scenes of action in which the various weapons, the bazooka, the machine gun, grenade, bayonet, etc. are used. The thing I am having the most trouble finding, for the series Pop suggested, is a recon plane. I can’t find a picture of one anywhere.

Kowalchuk has himself lined up for a new job as an information and education non com. I applied for the same thing but one look at my stripes and I

was gently given the heave – ho and told that I would be “remembered” in the event anything came up. That’s the way it always is. I have the qualifications but too many stripes. I should worry though. It doesn’t matter what they have me doing as long as I’m in the Army and away from you.

All that sniffling you hear signifies that I now have a head cold. I went to the medics to get something for it this afternoon and was given two king sized aspirins. The two army cure alls [sic] are
aspirins and CC pills (compound cathartic or to the uninitiated in medical terms, “brown bombers”). For any troubles above the chest it’s aspirin and anything below, CC pills. The army has even streamlined medicine.

Mom seems to think you are quite a quiet little girl, except when you and Dad are chatting. I guess she like the idea of having you there during the day because you’re very good company for her. She was quite pleased that you went shopping with her.

She didn’t get you both lost did she? Mom always has trouble finding her way around Lynn, or any place for that matter. I’ll have to write them a letter tonight because it has been quite a while since I last wrote to them. I should have thought to write [scratched out word] sooner.

The European news tonight was wonderful, even though there is a news blackout there. Patton’s army is at least 69 miles the other side of the Rhine and, by the time you get this letter, should have breached a lot more of the distance between his present position and Berlin. It would be quite ironic if our troops reach Berlin before the Russians do. It looks as though the war may be in the process of ending Darling. Our troops and our navy are doing a marvelous job over here too. I’m anxious to find out if we have invaded the Ryuku Islands as the Japs claimed a day or two ago. They are just a little way from Japan, Formosa, and Chine. This landing would leave the Japs in even more of a quandary than ever as to where we will hit next. Ah, Darling, could it be that we are seeing out last year of the war? I hope so and believe that it is highly probable. Oh, to be back in those wonderful arms of yours once more kissing you and holding you ever so tight. That will be my heaven on earth Darling. I love you now and

Always,

Freddie