success!!!

Again I was rewarded at mail call by receiving a letter from you. It was number thirteen and, despite the superstition attached to the numbers, it was very nice and I loved it just as I do all the letters you write to me.

That cartoon which you enclosed, the one of us ten years from now, was very amusing. The woman in it really looked like you too. Honey, it was just about the right size and variety of family too. But just how come the two blonde children? Have you been holding out on me? Are you really a blonde and hiding the fact from me? I am also glad that you won't mind too much if the family should accidentally exceed your co-partner. I have often wondered about that because in the course of years there is always the possibility that some unforeseen accident might rear its head to increase the shareholders in the corporation. I think you field work is doing a lot of good for you darling. At least it sounds as if you were overcoming your
former apprehensions on this subject.

I turned in four sketches, which were all

I had on hand, to the office for inclusion in

that art exhibit being held here. They weren't some

of my best work by any means, but I guess they

will do. The one I did this afternoon was another

sketch of that tree I sketched in crayon and

sent to you. The one I did this afternoon was

more detailed but the one I sent you was better.

I had them all matted - a paper frame around

them - and they didn't look bad at all. I got

a tramstorm when I put the title on the sketch

of the tree. I included a sign marking an old

Latinic - or rather marking the place where an

old Latinic - had been filled in - and

had that in the foreground of the picture like

a grave marker only it read old Latinic. I titled

the picture neatly R.I.P. I don't know if you

get it but I think you do. You're quite a

bright little girl. You know, or I've told you

that before. If I have forgive me for I haven't told

you nearly enough. You're bright, and lovable,
and, above all, loved by me. Very much.

Something you said in your letter had me puzzled. You said you had to take a little boy to the Child Guidance Clinic or went there to talk about him or something of the sort, and you said that this little boy was having sex problems. Tell me, what problems of sex are little boys encountering these days? I am just curious because I never realized that they started that early to be confronted with problems. Can it be that he is being bothered by some of the women who are hit hard by the manpower shortage? Enlighten me little one.

It is too bad that the censor chopped a few place names out of my correspondence. I did not realize that the censors objected to mentioning the locales where campaigns long gone by were fought. I now won't shall refrain from using any place names at all so that you may receive my letters intact. From what you say though, I would say that all he cut out was the name of the place that battle was fought, and nothing else.
Saturday Morning

I'm sorry I had to leave you so abruptly last night but the lights went out and you know where that left me. I'll continue from there today though. I brought the peasants up to the Chateau and as I fully expected, they were not to his liking, not because of the lettering but because of the fact that I had to improvise a covering of cardboard for the signs. I had previously told him of this, however so there were no reflections on me. It's just that the materials are unavailable. It's harder than Hades to get the stuff we need to do the work. They change their minds so damned much too that I hardly know whether I'm coming or going nine tenths of the time. I have started to develop a shell into which I crawl whenever I get conflicting instructions and just let all the instinct ions bounce off, doing the work just as I think it should be done and trusting that it will be satisfactory. It usually is. Isn't it wonderful how accomplished a wife I have. Now I find out that she can
do many things at one time, like listening to
the radio, writing and reading all at once. You
can make up your mind that when you
will be doing only one thing and that is loy-
ing me. That will be your full time occupa-
tion, my Darling. One which I think you will find
fairly easy since your love will be returned
tenfold by me. I have a greater love for you
by far than ever I thought possible, and it
grows daily. There just is no end to it, Honey.
It seems that all my life long I shall go on
loving you more and more. If only I were
with you, everything would be so very perfect.
All that talk of tattooing was merely
by way of explaining how the art is carried
out over here. I do not plan to have any
murals etched on my epidermis, so banish
those fears and just assured that I shall
return to you as I left you. If ever we were
tattooed though, I would invite you up to
see my etchings.
I must have mentioned that peter
parade to you in one of our letters since
you very inquire about what one of them
is. So like this: we are all assembled
in the company street early in the morning, before the faintest trace of dawn appears, clothed only (and I do mean only) in ponchos or raincoats and shoes. We file past a clerk who checks off our name, divest ourselves of the raincoats and shoes, walking before the doctor, and allow him to satisfy himself that Peter has not caught any nasty old venereal disease. With the woman shortage, and the unavailability to the enlisted men of the few there are, I fail to see just where Peter could be expected to pick up these germs, but "toujours gai, Archie, toujours gai." If the doctor can stand it I guess I can, although it must be quite boring. Of course I passed, what made you think I wouldn't anyway? Is there anything else you would care to have me explain? Darling. You're a wonderful girl, Darling Bunny. In fact you're quite wonderful and perfect in every way.

How did Dad look when you were home, Darling? Mom wrote me, yesterday, and told me that he had been having a little more trouble and had to take a couple of days off. I hope the worm
The weather helps him. He does go late to bed. He is really having some tough luck lately. I'll bet they were glad to see you weren't they? They do think so very much of you. You are their favorite daughter-in-law.

Last night saw a feature picture called "Carolina Blues." It wasn't too hot but there were spots of comedy in it that were good. Ish Kabibble and Victor Moore provided most of these. Victor Moore played six parts in the picture and stole the show.

My sister Pauline seems to really like Charlie an awful lot. Mom says that she doesn't go out to do much of anything. I hope the two of you did something other than stay around the house when you were there. Did you try bowling again with candle pins? I still can't get over your having gotten a strike the first time you bowled with them. That is so rare with candle pins. I also trust that you tried some more sea food while you were there. I'll make a New Englander of you yet my lovely little bride. I know that you'll grow to like it as much as I do.
I do love to close this letter now Honey. I'll close the letter but my heart will always be open for you because I love you so very much.

Freddie