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 number, 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 use 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 four co partners. I have often wondered about that because in the course of years there is always the possibility that some unforeseen “accident” might rear it’s head to increase the shareholders in the corporation. I think your field work is doing a lot of good for you Darling. At least it sounds as if you were overcoming your 2.

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 three I sketches 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 brainstorm when I put the title on the sketch of the tree. I included a sign marking an old latrine – or rather marking the place where an old latrine had been [scratched out word] filled in – and had that in the foreground of the picture like a grave marker only it read old latrine. I titled the picture merely 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 have I 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 problem of sex are little boys encountering these days? I’m 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. From now on I 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.

4.

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 signs up to the Colonel and, as I fully expected, they were not to his liking, not because of the lettering, but because of the fact that it 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 darned 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 instructions 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 reaching all at once. You can make up your mind that when I return you will be doing only one thing and that is loving me. That will be your full time occupation 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 all those fears and rest assured that I shall return to you as I left you. If I ever were tattooed though I could invite you up to see my etchings.

I must have mentioned that peter parade to you in one of our letters since you [scratched out word] inquire about what one of them is. It’s like this: we are all assembled

6.

in the company street early in the morning, before the faintest trace of dew appears, [scratched out word] clothes 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 rain coats and shoes, walk up before the doctor and allow him to satisfy himself that Peter has not caught any nasty old venereal disease. With the women 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 pupil 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, [scratched out word] and told me that he had been having a little more trouble and had to take a couple of days off. I hope the warm weather helps him. He does so hate to be laid up. 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 I saw a Kay Kyser 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 or 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’ll have 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