Good evening My Darling,

This is the end of a very uneventful day. I just sat here and painted signs. I didn’t even get a letter from you Honey. It would help an awful lot if they would deliver your letters with the regularity with which you write them. They are so very nice to receive and to read. You and your letters are very sweet.

Your dreams of losing the stone in the ring seem to be giving you a lot of trouble Darling. I think that it will be all right as long as you check it occasionally to see if it is getting loose at all. If it is just getting fixed. Sounds simple doesn’t it? Don’t be sure nothing will happen to it. It’s just the power of suggestion that causes your dreams.

Dilling is trying to convince me that I should go into the tattooing business. According to him it is a very lucrative business and requires very little material, just a little colored ink and a home made tattooing needle. It seems that there were some tattoo artists at the camp who taught him how to do it. One of them worked out his own designs.
and had a stooge in whom he would try them out. The stooge was a mass of tattoos from his head to his foot. Speaking of tattoos, I saw one in the shower the other day that was quite unique, not so much for the design as for the location. It was a small rose put on way up on the thigh, right in the groin. Why the devil anyone should have a tattoo there is beyond me unless he used the old line of "How would you like to see my etching?" in which case I can see logic behind the choice of location.

Would you care to see my operation? Don't ask that's the best I can offer in lieu of a tattoo.

The Colonel told me today that he had a regular job lined up for me as soon as I finish doing the signs for him. I'll have to hurry it up a little and hope like the devil that it is a good job. I hope it's in special services or something like that. That would suit me fine.

Again today it was quite cool. The sun didn't come out in earnestly making it quite bearable.
for a change. May this weather continue.

I almost forgot that I went to the dentists this morning as I was told to during Peter parade, and he cleaned my teeth and took a look at that front tooth of mine to see if it was bothering me -- they all do. I'm glad he cleaned my teeth though because they needed it. That's the first time I can ever remember having my teeth cleaned. He went at it a little too vigorously though and got the inside of my mouth in spots. He used a rubber cap attachment on the drill to clean them. He'd dip the cap in powder and then grind away. I imagine that if this were done too often it would be bad for the teeth because it seems to me that it must wear off some of the enamel.

Well Darling, get into your very prettiest nightgown and hurry up to bed because you and I have a very special date in a dream. Heaven now, here's a kiss to speed you on your way.

Good Morning Beautiful. Don't yawn at me like that. I have no sympathy for you.
Late and you should have been up long ago.
Do you want to spend all your life in bed?
If you do, you'd better just postpone the
starting day of this plan until such time as
I am back with you so I can spend my
time in the same way with you. You look very
beautiful. Darling, even when you sleep. Ask the
man who knows—that's me.

I just reread Jim Martin's letter.
He was telling me about more casualties among
117th boys. I think I told you about my
friend Guy Gower who was killed when his
glider was shot down during the invasion, well
his other brother Max was just reported seri-
ously wounded. Another one of the boys I
worked with was killed and they haven't yet
gotten word from another whose tank got hit
was caught in that German Breakthrough into
Belgium. This war really strikes close to home.
The first sergeant was just through the
tent area trying to find out just who is in
which tent and why. He instructed us in
our duties as lookouts and clean-up men at
the theater tonight. We have to set up all the
chairs and rope off the officers' area as well.
as spryng the place and putting the chairs away after the performance. It shouldn't take long. My only complaint is that I've already seen the picture. It is "Abroad With Two Yanks," fairly good but nothing exceptional.

Today should see the last of my own painting, I hope. I'm anxious to find out what my new job is going to be.

Friday Evening

Hello again Bunny, my dearest,

I'm very sorry to say that I didn't finish this letter and get it mailed to you earlier. Let's try to make up for it now.

Today saw the advent of your 100th letter. It was addressed right to here which meant that it took exactly eighteen days between the time I mailed the letter to you and the day I received your answer. That is deemed good time Darling. Nine days each way. I wish they'd all come through that fast. There are now a lot of in between letters that I haven't received. About 20 in fact. I hope they come soon. It is so nice to hear from you, your letters are very sweet Bunny.

Regarding the question of turns. It may surprise you to know that very few of the family there were two sets of turns and that Miss's other.
was also a turn. With that background anything can happen. I like your comment about killing two birds with one stone in reference to having twins. Killing birds and having twins are two different things, Honey, or hasn't your mother told you, and you shouldn't go around comparing having your children to killing birds which are not ours in the first place. Or vice versa.

Confused?

The question of blankets, I am sure will solve itself in just exactly the way your mother said it would. Who will give a damn about blankets or the lack of them? I say, Are I want is you. Blankets don't enter into the question. I can solve the problem of keeping warm very well with only you to help. I'm quite surprised at your mother though, suggesting that Ich! Ich! This older generation. Now I see who you take after.

I'm glad that your father enjoys the sketches. I've done. I'll have to get busy and send some more. I doubt if I'll be able to publish them but if he did I wouldn't complain because it would mean a little more money for the kitty and God knows we can use it. Even if they are never published they'll be something nice to look through later.
In all finished with that theater detail I was in. Our tent tossed up with the fellows in the next tent to see who would set the place up before the show and who would clean up after the show. We won the toss and set the place up. Our work was finished in just a few minutes and after staying to watch the first subject I came back down here to write to you.

Did I ever tell you about my friend Eddie Rose, one of the “bloody butchers of Tokyo”? It seems that in the fighting at our troops completely annihilated a whole Jap outfit. Right after that engagement Tokyo Rose gave them the name “The Bloody Butchers” and vowed that not one of them would ever return alive to the United States. This vow seemed to have as its only effect, the determination of all these men to really clean up the Japs because in three more engagements after this they knocked off Japs at the rate of about ten dead Japs for every dead American. Eddie says that what really made the boys do such a thorough job at Tokyo was the discovery of an American soldier who had been tied to a tree and blown to death as a warning to other American troops. The fighting out here was damned bitter and tough, and taking the whole of this island is an extremely notable feat.
the present time our troops seem to have things a little better in Luzon where there is some open terrain. The fighting in New Guinea seems to be as tough as any of these island campaigns. If we can take that well have good air strips within easy bombing range of Tokyo. Things should really start popping when the full scale bombing of the Japanese mainland begins, although at the rate we've been going lately it wouldn't surprise me if we land on Japan before the airfields are repaired. We seem to be gaining momentum, like a snowball rolling downhill the longer we roll, the bigger we get and the faster we go. It just can't go fast enough for me. I hope that meeting in San Francisco on April 25th means that Russia is going to allow termination of her non-aggression pact with Japan. I suppose because this would mean that Russia would most likely enter the war. In her position above Manchuria she would be in a fine way to just crush the heart of the Chinese territory which Japan has violated. If that should happen I don't see how Japan could last more than six months after Russia struck. That is a pleasant thought for the day. I still think we will celebrate my 25th birthday married and in a place of our own.
You should receive this letter just about the time my birthday rolls around. My last one was very wonderful, but this one I fear is going to be quite a let-down. The birthday party you held for me last year was my first birthday party. We always had a cake and gave presents in the family but never had anything regular birthday parties.

I agree with you that the best episode from "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" was omitted from the show. That rooming house incident was very amusing with them peacefully playing away in the midst of all that activity blissfully ignorant of just where they had been. It reminds me of a story Kovalchuk tells of the first time he was ever in one of those places. He played a violin in an orchestra when he was in high school and later. This particular incident occurred when he was only fifteen years old. The orchestra got an offer to play all night Saturday night with no mention being made of what kind of place they were playing. They got there and were admitted by a rather fuzzy looking creature in a well worn negligee. She admitted them and Kovalchuk, although he thought it queer that she should receive them in this attire,
decided that she was getting dressed for the party. The orchestra tuned up and the boys sat around waiting until finally a man came in and was greeted by the madame, still in her original costume. She called upstairs and summoned about seven or eight other girls who came down in their scanty attire. About that time Kowal-\linebreak[1]\chuck realized where he was. They played the engagement anyway but made it a point to find out where they were to play after that.

I must leave you now, sweetheart. We got to shower up and get ready for our daily date in a dream. Good night, sweet, I love you.

Always,

Freddie