Hello Honey;

I may not be able to get much of this letter done before I close it for the night because it is rather late. I had to go see a film on malaria control and after that took a shower. Now I am seated here, quite free of and unhampered by clothing, writing to you.

I did quite a bit of work today including getting some airplane dope to put on the beaver board I am making those signs of. Without something to close the pores of the beaver board, the paint soaks in and looks quite spotty. It is lousy paint anyway. Slow drying Australian lacquer. The airplane dope on the other hand dries as fast as it is put on. It’s the same stuff that is used on model airplanes, the stuff that smells like banana oil. The tent now has the homey odor of a paint shop.

Quite a surprise was administered to me tonight when I picked up a November issue of “The Reader’s Digest”, formerly as staunch a bulwark of the National Association of Manufacturers as could be found anywhere under the sun. It was also a number one Red baiter and labor baiter. Among the first articles I saw were one on how we should try to understand Russia, an article on the PAC by none other than Sidney Hillman himself. It was quite astonishing to me until I found that they gave a fairly sterile article on Russia and that Hillman’s article was immediately followed by refutations of every thing [sic] he said, in some excerpts from various newspapers. They have just adopted a new angle of spreading their propaganda and making it stick.

The idea of working right here in my tent appeals to me very much. I can get more work done than I could in the office with everyone rushing around jarring the tables and all. This way no one can bother me and I can take my time and do a good job. I did a pretty good job on the two signs I finished this afternoon. I only have ten more to go, plus some desk nameplates for some of the officers. It should be enough to keep me busy for a little while at least.

The news is better every day Darling. We’re only 750 miles from Tokyo now. Each mile we progress puts me one mile nearer you, my heart’s ambition. The latest step was the taking of Two Jima by the Marines. That will be a wonderful base for B-24s and B17s as well as the 29s. It is another in the steps which have made the last three months of the war accomplish more than the first three years of war. It may not be too much longer now Honey. I hope not because I love you, want you, and need you, terribly. We have such a wonderful lifetime to look forward to only I’m tired of looking forward to it and want to reach it. You look quite Honey, with your eyelids drooping as you try, very much in vain, to keep those lovely eyes open. You’d better go to bed. Come on
upstairs and I will tuck you in bed nice and comfortably and give you a sweet good night kiss. I can’t stay tonight but some day [sic] soon there will be no parting, ever. After I kiss you goodnight you will just lay your head on my shoulder and go to sleep. Goodnight Sweetheart.

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The top of the morning to you Beautiful, and you are the most beautiful person in the world, and very smart too. I don’t see how we can miss having very beautiful and talented children with you as their mother. The only thing nicer than having you as a mother is having you as a wife, which shall be my pleasure. Think of the millions of unlucky people in the world, all those who shall never know how very wonderful it is to be married to you. I’d feel sorry for them if it wasn’t for the fact that I’m too busy thinking about you to give anyone else a thought.

Yesterday morning something quite amusing happened. I had to go get that airplane dope at one of the famous beaches around here the name of which the sergeant major told me when he gave me the name of the place. This meant absolutely nothing to me since I’ve never been outside our area. The jeep came up and the sergeant major called me over and told me that here was my transportation. I got in and away we drove, the driver seeming very confident of where he was going. We went out the area gateway turned right and drove and drove. Finally, thirty minutes, and fifteen miles, far-

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ther down the road the driver asked me if we weren’t getting there. “Getting where,” I innocently asked, only to have the realization dawn on me that he knew just as little as I did of where we were going. We stopped, talked the situation over and I remembered the name of the beach Sgt. Beattie had mentioned. I told him the name of the beach and discovered that it lay the other side of our camp. We finally found it and got to dope but it did take a heck of a while. The ride was quite nice and I saw a lot of the countryside.

Did you ever notice, Honey, that [crossed out word] in that last batch of pictures you sent me, the snow suit pictures, one of the prints was reversed. It was the one of you alone at the front door of the house according to this [crossed out word] the front door of your house is on the left and you button your jacket on the right. Incidentally, that jacket is quite form fitting isn’t it, very nice. The other pictures which you colored yourself were rather loud don’t you think. You should have subdued the colors a little [crossed out word] bit and not put them on so thick. If they

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are held at a distance they do look better though. It takes practice so don’t get discouraged little girl, [crossed out word] despite everything I’ll still love you as much and more than ever.

Goodbye now Sweet Darling, by the time you get this we will have finished our first half year of separations. The longest and saddest half year I have ever or could ever spend. Gosh but I hope I’m back with you soon.

I love you Darling.

Freddie
P.S. If you visit Lynn when school ends will you see what you can do about convincing Mom that I’m not and will not be in the front lines. In fact if I were much farther from them I wouldn’t be overseas. She seems to think that I am destined to be a warrior.