Hello, Beautiful:

Greetings once again from these South Sea Isles. Pardon me, I meant to say from these damned South Sea Isles. That sounds better for it is always true that I shall think of them, if think of them I must.

The only thing I accomplished today was making a clasp for the bracelet. I erred when I told you that I had it practically finished. The incidental things which I thought would be easy have turned out to be some of the toughest propositions. Pop tells me that the remaining step, the cutting and shaping of links, is the toughest part of the whole bargain. If turning out very well for my maiden attempt at silversmithing, though, and I'm quite proud of it. So, Mother, and you, had better appreciate it when I finish it.

Would you try to find out, sometime when your in the library, in which French cathedral the bust of St. Julian is, in which cathedral, famous for its sculpture, is dedicated to St. Julian. The city it is in is a French city of about 75,000 population. It is probably a city in northwestern France, near Brittany or Normandy. If you can find out, let me know, that will be Bill Bemhart's address. I'm employing you and Watson to my attempt at being a Holmes. That's a nice girl. You're so very sweet that I love you beyond measure.

I could gladly shoot one of the fellows in my tent. Right here before my hungry eyes he has let a half pound of Boudin's Chateau Cheese spoil.
Can you imagine anyone wasting food like this? He just let the package sit on the floor until the dampness of the ground got into the cheese and spoiled it. It smells very musty and cellerish, if you know what I mean. And last 3d almost bought Gage, my best friend, for a piece of good cheese. Do you remember how your mother had to coax me into trying some at your house? Since then I never really gone overboard for the stuff. That was a fair exchange. You introduced me to the possibilities of cheese as a food item, and I introduced you to sea foods. Remember how very positive you were that you could never eat a fried clam before you went to Lynn. During the New England part of our honeymoon I'll introduce you to other New England dishes which I'm sure you'll like. It's going to be a lot of fun to introduce you to New England. We will have to try to get some kind of car though as we can get around a little. If we go to New Hampshire we'll need a car to get in to get food or to go to dances, etc.

Just talking about how much money we could save while we were out there brought me to the conclusion that, of the $1, monthly which I receive I'll be able to save $0. This isn't so fantastic as it sounds because I sell my beer tickets for half a pound every week. That's 400 a month above my pay. Isn't that good? By next September I should have dam'd near $1,000 saved. This plus 300 mustering out pay, plus whatever I can able to earn through the use of my ingenuity, stop that snickering! Should give me a little something as a backlog for our postwar
plans. Now if I could only impress on them the fact that they should have me home by the end of this year I'll be well.

Last night during the picture "Sanatorio Trunk" Katona noted a couple of European customs which Ingriid Bergman used during the picture. Customs which were criticized by the American people in the film. He was quite surprised to hear that such customs as standing up and looking around at the audience before the start of a show, opera, or play, and the custom of cleaning off the plate with a slice of bread when you have eaten everything on the plate. These things are quite as matter of factly accepted by the Europeans. It is quite fashionable for the people in the audience to stand up and go around before the performance starts. It was quite a surprising thing to learn to discover that in America this is considered boorish, as is the snapping of one's plate. On the Continent, particularly in France, not to close to taste, mount to insulting the meal. The meal there is considered good to the last drop. As far as this custom goes, my great aunt Ellen used to carry this out faithfully, especially with gravy. It is a custom which the Canadians brought over with them and kept. Regardless of Emily Post or anyone who think you must show the hostess you have gorged yourself by leaving something on your plate. This seems rather foolish to me, rather like something sponsored by the Food Dealers' Union to cause more food to be wasted. She a confession to make Loney, I take
to mop my steak gravy with a piece of bread. You'll still love me though won't you? At least a little bit. Oh, yes, another approved European custom is drinking. Everyone from the dukes and duchesses to the peasant and peasants alike and are sanctioned by their own etiquette books. It's only

Emily who holds out against the tores.

My Sweet Darling. I just received a letter from you. It was marvelous thing, like finding water in a desert. And, most marvelous of all things is the fact that in the letter were your wonderful color snapshots of you. Thank you Sweet Heart. Your very wonderful girl and I love you very much. They were very nice but I wish you had your eyes open in the one in your brown suit. That's a very nice picture otherwise. The hands you have in that picture is quite nice too. That must be the new way you told me you had of doing your hair up. Very nice indeed. If your mother took the picture give her the devil for me for having cut off the top of your head in the picture you had taken with the dog. I wasn't mainly interested in the dog although most of it was in the picture. Why do people persist in bheading you with cameras?

Don't even stop reminding me that you love me Bunny. That's something I always want to be reminded of. Don't you and I say.

You didn't catch cold the day you had your picture taken in your new sweater did you? I hope not because I'd hate to be responsible for anything happening to you because of me-
thing to responsible for.

I'll have to drop Tom a line to see how he is. How does he like it in the Navy now? I imagine he is still having a hard time reconciling himself to the idea of being a medic, but I guess he'll get to like it. It isn't a bad branch of the service and I rather wish I'd gone out in that. For that matter I wish I'd gone out period. It's back to the grind for me and back to training again. They finished the payrolls and since they don't need so many men a lot of us (the newer men) were released from duty temporarily. I guess we'll go back when they make out the next payroll—perhaps. I hope so because I know that I am not going to like going back to training one little bit. The mere thought of training is very oppressive to me.

Sort of a phobia I've developed over the years.

You and Peggy must have quite a time both using the same dress patterns at the same time. Isn't it rather confusing? I should think it would be.

The picture you painted of us in our home on a very cold winter night is indeed a beautiful one. Dalling and me which you can be sure have no difficulty at all in picturing. Us before the fire reading funnies and making love. The funnies wouldn't be necessary you know. I doubt if we'd even see them. The nice cherry wood bed upstairs, with the covers turned down invitingly waiting for us to come up and get into its nice covers. Then you nestling right
cup against me to warm me and be warmed by me. The thrill of my arms around you and yours around me and the feel of your lips nice, soft and warm as I kiss them. Then the nice feel of your hair as it is spread around us both forming a pillow for us. Just going to bed and falling asleep with your arms holding you close to me will be so very wonderful. It gives me something nice to look forward to.

Goodbye now sweetheart. I love you. I love you and always shall be.

Forever Yours
Heddie

P.S. I'm not sure whether I'd like the bedspread or the patchwork quilt. I think patchwork quilts are very nice though. Just as long as we have the bed I'll be satisfied.