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Bunny Darling,

Look, new stationery! Got it at the Red Cross building with Katona (his name is not Katona as I originally thought). This is the only cool spot around since it has a fairly high roof and the breeze has a chance to blow through it when there is a breeze. Hate this damned heat and am positive we're going to live in the very northernmost regions of the country when I get back. You have no idea how very suffocating this heat is here. So hard to breathe right. Oh, to see about snow or just a mere foot of snow and be able to feel the cold nipping my ears, then drink a nice hot drink and settle down on a nice thick rug before a fireplace with you. That's my idea of heaven with a plush lining. I love you so very much, Honey. You're the very sweetest person in the world.

Later--

I have just seen the show. This is the Army and was very pleased with it. It lives up to all its advance notices. The acts were very professional. They had acrobats, jugglers, singers, a female chorus, colored dancers, and all the accompaniments.
of a regular stage show. During Berlin come on as a guest and sang a lot of songs he had written. Among them were “Oh How I Hate to Get Up on the Morning,” “Easter Parade,” “White Christmas,” “God Bless America,” and “Alexander’s Ragtime Band.” He introduced his newest song “When the Boys Come Home” a very clever and catchy song that I’m sure will gain a good measure of popularity.

Hurray! I’ve got to go to sleep now. Since my eyes are heavy as lead I’ll kiss you goodnight as I tick you into bed as you can dream of me. I’ll walk with you, talk with you and make love to you in my dreams.

Goodnight. Thursday afternoon. Have a date with a dream.

Good afternoon. You were absolutely ravishing in that dream. Sweetheart, lying there looking like a very little girl as you slept. You wore your new nightgown (it is very beautiful) and hair was spread over the pillow making a very beautiful contrast against which your very beautiful head stood out looking very pink and blushing blushing, your lips especially blushing, blushing looking soft and red as they were filled in a little part. A moonbeam framed your
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face and an aura of moonlight formed a halo
of your hair. It was quite the most beautiful
picture I have ever seen and I hope that soon
I may be able to see it in reality and not
only in dreams. You see, asleep or awake, my
thoughts all turn to you and the wonderfulness
that you are. I love you.

From dreams back to reality and the
adventures of me over another 24 hour period.

Last night Katona (accent on the first syllable)
and I had quite a chat. We went to the Irving
Berlin show together and had to wait two hours
before it started. If you don't get to these shows
very early, it's just too bad. While waiting, we just
talked. I did my very best wringing out of infor-
mation and discovered many interesting facts
concerning Katona. He was a Hungarian jour-
alist in Budapest's largest publishing house,
a publishing house which opposed the totalitarian
regime in Admiral Horthy's government, and opposed
it quite openly. Paul (Katona's first name), was
transferred to a job as an assistant editor in
charge of their foreign literature section. His
job was to receive permission to publish for-
egro books in a Hungarian edition (translated by Hungarians), and to handle the job of selling the works of Hungarian authors to foreign publishers. He was abroad just before the war lining up new contracts and returned to Hungary right after Munich. By this time totalitarianism in Hungary was reaching its peak and his publishing house was warned to close shop or suffer the consequences. When Paul saw that it was a question of being taken into the Hungarian army to fight on the German side or face internment he decided that Hungary was not the place for him and left for Spain, Morocco, going from there to Portugal and then to the United States in the progress of the next three years. He's only been in America about two years, one of which he spent in the Army. He is an excellent teacher, and in our conversations I find that I am learning more about Europe than I could ever learn in a course. I'm sure this will stand me in good stead when I go back to school. I'm reciprocating, by enlightening him as much as I can, on American history and background. I'm having a lot of practice in rephrasing ideas and not just spouting out the ready-made terms used for various things. He isn't very familiar with many American institutions.
which most of us take for granted and never think about, but in trying to explain them to him I find that I am also learning a lot of things. I'm very glad I ran across him because he gives me an opportunity to use my noggin for. I'm afraid it was getting quite restless out here.

His age? I asked him that and he said that he was too old. I'd judge that he's about 32 or 33 years old though.

Enough of intellectualism though. Let's get back down to the mundane things in my existence. I've just about finished the work on that bracelet and am almost ready for the assembly of it. It should be ready by day now. I think it's going to look OK. I hope so after all this work.

I hope your mother's wrist is just about the size of yours so it will fit. I went by the measurement you gave me for your wrist as a fair criteria of the size of a woman's wrist. The bracelet is nothing elaborate because I dislike the usual coin bracelets which are made of hearts (cut from coins), and are covered with engraving, such as "New Guinea 45 love to Dad, Mother and Cousin Josie" the engraving being strung along from coins to coins. It makes it look like a carnival souv- enir. I'd rather have just a plain coin brace-
let with maybe a touch of decoration, no more. Besides, it's more work the other way.

I did accomplish a lot today. Early today I carried out my blankets, which reminds me that Earnest forgot to take them in before I go to work, I then scrubbed my convey thoroughly and let that dry in the sun. After this came a little work on the brace, a nice brisk cold shower and chow. In the afternoon I got my Lee ticket, sold it to Pop. I bought a half pound and then proceeded to accept the offer of a bottle of beer, it was very good and fairly cool because he had it in a cool place. I did nothing else or history making but am quite satisfied with the day's accomplishments. Am I a genius? We should just about finish up our months payroll work tonight, then we won't have an awful lot to do until the next one comes due. Sort of like paying off an installment on the mortgage by working hard and then cutting back until the next installment is due. I enjoy these in-between periods more than anything. It's less like work than anything in the Army and work is the one great hate of my life. I detest work as much as I love you, I mean that the volume of my hatred for work is as great as the volume of my love for you. You are lovable you know.
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Bill Barnhart wrote me a letter today and told me more of the wonderland glories that are France (and women too). He seems to be enjoying himself immensely and claims that on December 13th, the day he wrote the letter, he escaped being seduced by the width of a narrow hair. Some ancient creature, a woman of the demi-monde apparently, rolled her eyes, hitched her skirt and suggested suggestively that he "promenade" with her. I can just see Bill blushing a fiery red as he beat a hasty retreat. Ain't you glad I'm not in France, Honey?

He also told me that his inamorata, Franleen Feller, sent him a package containing a book of poems. He was quite pleased with the gift. She's a darned thoughtful person and is very big hearted. Give her my regards. Next time you see her will you Darling. She told Bill to pay calls to you. She is under the impression that Dam with Bill. I guess he straightened her out though.

Well Honey, time once more when I've gotta go to work and leave you for another day. Hate to
lur she go to. do with goodbye. kiss. I'll remind you that I love you.

Always

Fred