My Dear Sweet Darling;

We are having classes this afternoon instead of our regularly details because it rained a little at
noontime so here I am in one of my classes with nothing to do except compose a letter to you.

Today was even better than yesterday as far as mail is concerned and I received four letters
from you. They are all letters you wrote way back in November and I’ve received lots of more recent
ones, but they are all very wonderful because they are by you and about you and you are the most
fascinating subject in the world to me.

I also received a letter from Mom telling me that my cousin Foster is OK, it was just a flesh
wound in his thigh, and that he’ll be out of the hospital in a couple of weeks. You were right when you
said that it couldn’t have been serious or they would have said so in the telegram. I’m glad to hear he’s
OK. I’ll have to write him.

Something even more startling than anything Mom has sprung on me yet was told me in this
letter. I think I’ve told you of my Aunt Blanche and Uncle Elphege. They’ve been married for over ten
years now and have had no children. Mom tells me she just got a letter from them telling her they were
expecting an heir – after all those years. I don’t know why they didn’t have one sooner, whether they
didn’t want one or just couldn’t do anything about it. Ten years is an awfully long time. A little longer
than I want to wait. I want to wait until I’m through school before starting our family but ten years is out
of the question. That is if the stories they tell of atabrine the sterilizer are untrue. If these rumors are
true the birth rate

2.
is due for a steady decline with probably half of our armed forces using the stuff. Some Aussies who
have been home say that it has no such effect at all. Thank God.

Speaking of going to school Darling I think it would be very nice if you could get a job where
you’d only have to work a half day while I finish school. That way we’d have the extra money we’ll need
to take care of expenses over and above the $75 a month I’ll receive and there’d still be time for you to
do the housework and get meals ready during the day so it wouldn’t cut into our time together at all. I
want to have plenty of time to spend with you loving you. I’ll be able to do all my homework during the
day in my free hours. It would be nice if you could [scratched out word] get a job which would also let
you have Saturdays off so we’d have all the weekend to ourselves every week. Just try to figure out what
job would fill those qualifications Darling. Since I have now decided to get my B.A. at Mich State, you can
also look around for some place for us to live while we’re there. It’s nothing pressing, just look over any
places you think would be nice because I don’t know just exactly what we could get in East Lansing or
Lansing. It is going to be very wonderful indeed when we finally are back together living our married life.
I believe I love you more than anyone has any right to be loved, anyone except you that is.

One of your letters astounded me. You pulled the wool off my eyes and showed me that I was
not marrying a young, uninformed creature whom I could shock into frigidity by a cruel revelation of the
facts of life. That’s fine. I’d hate like the very devil to find myself married to a girl who was so very
uninformed, if there are such creatures, and I’d hate still more to marry a girl who knowing what the
score is, and they all do, hypocritically plays the part of ravished innocence on the wedding night. I want someone like you, a very beautiful and normal girl who faces facts quite realistically and recognizes the fact that frankness is the only way you can start a marriage off right. Of course regarding those emotional adjustments the books speak about, just how do you know you won’t have to make any? You’d better just drop that smug cat-that-swallowed-the-canary expression me proud and lovely beauty. You never can tell. Maybe those people are right and there are tremendous adjustments to make, who knows. If so I can assure you that it will not be because I will heed the advice of some wellmeaning [sic] advisors on the subject of amour and gaze out the window at the stars while you pine away amid the sheets and blankets. That is not for me so never fear little one. I think we’ll get along without adjustments. I like you just as you are and want nothing about you to be changed.

Just a few more days of this school girl life and then back to the 5th Concentration Depot. I don’t like to dwell on the thought very long because it is not heartening in the least. It is very nice here compared to that place. I’d like to apply for a post graduate course here until such time as my orders are in and they take me directly from here to the boat. When I go back to the Depot I’ll have to try to get in there in my old job at Personnel. Anything to stay out of training. I’ve had enough of drilling and marching for this war.

One of the fellows was singing in class when a good quip was hurled at him. The Quipper said “Bing Crosby can sing but you can sing better still.” Do you get the point? It is rather subtle.

Yesterday we received our quota of free reading matter. It consisted of the September 11, issue of “Life” and the November 19, issue of the New York Times. They are the special overseas editions with all adds [sic] and extraneous matter cut out. Even when they are this old they are new to us because it takes a heck of a while for us to get anything except our [scratched out word] weekly “Yank” magazine.

I stand corrected on the date of my making my first date with you. It was not Thankxgiving [sic] but was the day after. I remember now how we stood in the corridor of the library for hours and how I lifted you up on to the railing so I could look into your eyes as I talked with you. They were such beautiful eyes and they are so very expressive when you speak to me with them. You could never tell a lie you know, your eyes would give you away every time. Our conversation was rather incoherent and yet it made no difference because just being with you was what counted and if conversation, regardless of how jumbled it was, provided the excuse for our being together then it must necessarily have been a wonderful conversation. See what logic will do?

It must be wonderful to have deep snow blanketing everything. It would certainly be nice if I could be somewhere where there was snow instead of our here a stone’s throw from the equator where winter and summer are just something on the calendar since one if just as hot as the other.

Mac finally came through with a letter to me. It seems that he too finds himself somewhere on the island of New Guinea. I’m going to try to find out where. In his letter he said that Bob Kennedy was still in the States when he (Mac) left. He met Bob and Stoneman. I had just left a day or two before he
reached there. I wasn’t at Camp Stoneman long enough to go into the thriving metropolis of Pittsburgh, Cal. I guess I didn’t miss anything though.

You undoubtedly know by now that I received the picture of that Modern Victorian silverware, and know that I like it very much, better than the Lyric pattern even. Have you gotten any of it yet? Let me know when you do won’t you Darling? Tell me just what you get. I must keep pace with the times.

5.

Tonight there was an A-1 stinkeroo [sic] at the show. It was a quickie titled “When Strangers Marry” starring Dean Jagger supported by an anonymously miscellaneous bunch of would be actors who are better [scratched out word] left anonymously miscellaneous. It is my nomination for the Pew – Litzer prize of the year. The payoff comes when the suspected murderer is recognized by a fellow. The recognition comes when the fellow reads a description of the [scratched out word] suspected murderer which reads like this “6 feet tall, dark hair, dark eyes, dark suit. And it took place in New York where millions of people answer to this description. That was really an insult to what little intelligence I have.

We have a nice little stove for boiling clothes, making coffee and heating canned foods from home. It consists of a can half filled with sand into which is poured some gasoline. It provides a very nice flame. Tomorrow I’ll boil my clothes instead of scrubbing them. If I let them soak overnight and boil them for an hour tomorrow they should come out fairly clean, if I have anything left. I’ll have a lot of short cuts to teach you about laundering when I get back to you. I also have a lot of other tricks to show you. Hmmm!!! I hope it’s soon Sweet.

I’ll say goodnight to you now my Sweet Darling because it’s late and I’m very sleepy. Until tomorrow I give you a million kisses and

All the Love in the World

Freddie