Sweetheart,

'Tis the day after Christmas and yet it seems no different than any other day without you. There's always the same emptiness when you are away as there always is and always shall be until once more I am by your side.

I suppose you're deep in the heart of winter, undaunted. Have you had much snow there? It would be a lot of fun to be somewhere where there is a foot or more of snow right now instead of this infernal hell hole with its everlasting summer. I don't ordinarily care much for summer and a New Jersey summer is particularly bad. If Kennedy is out here, I hope he enjoys this weather as he said he would although I doubt it. But always thought of this area as a sort of tropical paradise where it was always nice and warm. It is always nice and warm, I'll grant him that, but right there all resemblance to his dream ends. I wrote him a letter and should hear from him soon. I'd like to run across him somewhere. Maybe when and if I ever get up in the Philippines I'll stumble upon him in a nice quiet little bar in Manila. I think I'd rather like to finish out the war in the Philippines. At least there's an occasional town to go to there. Unless the Japs or our troops destroy Manila when finally that's taken we should have a city comparable to any in the States. That's for me.
This morning I went on sick call again about that Charley horse thing. The damned thing kept me awake half the night last night. It just hurts me enough to waken me every time I turn it just so. I got another rubdown and the doctor had one of the orderlies take my name. I'm supposed to go back every night while it bothers me and have it rubbed down and have a heat pack put on it.

That's another trouble with this place. It takes so very long for anything to heal. I just scratch my hands and it takes a couple of weeks for the scratch to heal. The way I'm itching you can tell that I don't like it but you can also tell that I've got enough energy to waste to sown off so I can't be in too bad shape.

As if it wasn't bad enough that my ink supply is slow I had to go and spell some the other day. I did catch the bottle before I lost it all but I'm now busily engaged in trying to pray that ink you sent me. It should come soon just as the Christmas present you sent should.

Last night I saw the WBC show. Told you I was going to attend, at least once at the theatre. All I saw was the back of a lot of heads. When I got there the place was jammed so I had to stand up. Although I didn't see an awful lot of what went on, I did see the stage settings and the costumes, both of which were very good. The costumes were made of mylonizee parachute fabric so about the only textile available over here in the Pacific. None of the chutes are used so they were able
to turn out some very colorful costumes. A few of the songs original I believe were good. One which amused me was the song "Mabel, the guide of the lovely stable. Mabel, the horse with the handsome behind." It was the story of Mabel's seduction by the horse who pulled the milk wagon—the cad. The orchestra was good as was some of the solo singing. All in all it wasn't bad, but it could have been much better after my standing all through it.

Tonight I'll go back to seeing movies. You can always find a seat when there's a movie. I'll go over early and get my kid down, then watch the picture.

Remember the picture "Hail, the Conquering Hero" which Hop and I tried so hard to see? It finally came here and stayed one night. Hop and I were sure it would have the normal two night run as we went the second night only to find that it was through and in its place was "Music in Manhattan" with Anne Shirley. It was cute, both the picture and Anne, but it was a disappointment. None of the fact that we had expected to see the other picture.

You haven't gotten Mac's address Have you, Honey? When you do, don't forget to send it to me because I'd like to find out how he's getting along. So too bad that deal he was cooking fell through! That would've been quite nice for him.

A little later-

Say my very wonderful Darling, you can just consider my mood as having taken a very abrupt about face and Sam once more sitting on top of the world. I just went three excise me I mean four, letters, with Jimmy, old friend Arthur, and
one from Mom. I'll tell you a secret: the ones from you are the best of all, sweetheart.

Before taking up any questions in your letters, I'll tell you the news in the other letters. Arthur is somewhere in the Philippines and is not on his way home, in fact he sees no chance of getting home in the near future. I was sorry to hear that, now I hope to get up there in time to see him. It would be very nice indeed. He likes it up there quite well and seems very thrilled at seeing women who are not black and who do not have the fragrant odor of the offender in a B.O. advertisement and then some.

Mom's letter brought some bad news. I am sorry that my cousin Foster who is a Lt. in the Infantry in France was wounded in action and is now in a hospital over there. I hope it is nothing serious because he has only been married a few months. I'll have to write him now that she got his address.

Mom also asked me to remember her and Dad to you whenever I write, said that she hoped you visited Lynn during your Christmas vacation, adding that, "We won't mind at all having her for a daughter-in-law. We all like her very much." Even including their eldest son. I think he likes you most of all, in fact I'm sure of it. He loves you even as much Darling—for always.

Your idea of using Colgate's Toothpaste "Hit" kissing you are missing, etc. has its limitations as I can readily see. It may be a substitute but I'll just take you instead. I'm sure I could do a much better job in the kissing field than that toothpaste could ever do and don't raise your hopes too high on the strength of their advertising. What is the story behind this strange advertisement? You seem to have for Robert Burns? I never thought I'd be faced with posthumous competition for your hand.
What does he have that I don't have? And what's more I've got it in the same world that you're in although I must grant you that it isn't doing either one of us any good right now. I'm sorry that your suggestion of a telepathic exchange of thoughts on Christmas we came to late for me to know about it but I was with you anyway didn't you hear me. At any hour of the day I can just close my eyes and am with you once more. The picture you paint with your very descriptive words is very vivid in my mind. I'd love to just close my eyes tonight and see you lying there dressed in that cream-colored nightgown, the one with the pink roses, looking more adorable and more desirable than any woman has the right to look. It's nice to watch you as you sleep and to think that you are mine and that some day the fellow next to you will be depressed by my lead as I am there beside you just as I should be instead of half a world away sleeping under a mosquito bar all by my lonesome. That is not at all right, my Darling, but I'll show them when we get back together again.

This evening I went to the dispensary and had that charley horse worked on. The fellow who worked there really went at it with a vengeance and pummelled hell out of my leg for about five minutes or more, then he pinned me to the cot under the weight of a hot water bag and let me lie there forever an hour, talking. During this time my chocolate-colored Florence Nightingale talked with me about every subject under the sun. I got quite a book of his saying that some of the boys in his outfit (all colored) got hold of some jungle juice and had been running around all afternoon acting like a bunch of 'niggers'. Obviously that term is anything but a term of endearment as far as those boys are concerned. He wasn't a bad fellow to talk to, Charlie
Chevill was his name, but he did amuse me when he tried to stress his own importance in the dispensary. It was quite an enjoyable visit I had with him. All I had nothing to say about whether I should stay there or not. He had me penned down right where he wanted me.

Your photo arrived in one of your letters and it is a very welcome addition to my growing collection. I'm very glad that you're saving that dress so you can wear it when I get back. It is my favorite. We'll have to take it with us on our honeymoon. There's something about it that arouses the beast in me. I don't know just what it is either. Darling, I love you!! I treasure it more everyday yet there's nothing I can do except try to convey an idea of just how great this love is by using words. There are no other mediums of expression in this case that I can't begin to tell you what I want to. I think you probably understand through myarest and know that I love you and that I shall

Forever

Fred. Doe