Dear Sweet Darling,

Dave just about ready to go to bed and am sitting here starting this letter to you before I retire.

Your letter number 39 just arrived while I was at the show this evening. I just finished reading it and decided that I love you more than I did before I read it. That may seem quite impossible in view of the fact that I loved you more before than was humanly possible. You understand though don't you sweetheart.

Thank you very much for writing in to the Sheaffer Pen Co. about that cap honey. I could really use it. The emergency cap I have isn't wholly adequate to do the job.

It's very strange that Dr. Felber should have spoken to you of Bill Barbour because I received a nice long letter from Bill this evening. He is stationed in France near the Cherbourg Peninsula and is living in a cow pasture, sleeping in a pup tent and in mud and eating "O" Rations. That seems to be all that he does. He spent a while in England and Scotland, is having a nice time seeing the sights and regrets that Bob and Dave not with him. He says that my trench would be invaluable there. He also spoke of 18 inch earthworms which,
he attributes to the mating of snakes and
ordinary earthworms. This he blames on
the loose morals of the French. You haven't
noticed any loose morals on me have you
Swept? At least they don't show do they? The
letter was very entertaining and very welcome.
Second only to yours which, as morale
builders, can't ever be topped.

Monday Morning Nov. 27.

Good Morning Sweetheart,

Since I had last night off I
got a wonderful night's sleep and am all
ready to go get you to spend a wonderful
day with you. It would be so perfect if I could.

Yesterday I had a lot of fun: Redman
Kusner, Inserra, Rader, Lovell and I decided
to go to the beach and thought that instead
of going to our regular beach rendezvous we
would go to the 5th Replacement Depot
Beach. We got a ride right through to there
and found that there is a nice beach there
but that it is too near the harbor and so
the water is very dirty, so we hopped the truck
back to the main road and caught a ride (the
first truck to come along) right to the beach
we usually go to. The water there was won-
derful. As clear as I have ever seen the
ocean. The sun shone through it and made
it look just like a big pool. Of course it
still tasted like salt water when I got a
mouthful. After playing around during
through the waves, we decided to have a
game of football in the water using a coconut
as a football. Ensera and I against Redman &
Lovel who was really tired. Running in that water
so no one. We got out and dried off, dressed
and pulled out our cans of provisions and
our bread (we had a can of salmon and two
of tuna) and had a nice picnic lunch. Then
we washed it down with a cup of coke from
the Red Cross hut. There were some natives
nearby and I tried to buy a coconut for a
shilling. It seemed that this particular native
was a wholesaler because he had coconuts
tied together in fours and would only sell
the lot, at fourpence for four coconuts.
They learned fast. I wouldn't be at all sur-
gized to see one of them pedalling a Good
Humor cart through here some day. I
intended getting some stationery at the Red
Cross before leaving but I forgot all about
it damn it. We did get a ride right back
there though, in an ambulance. I forgot
my canteen, canteen cup, spoon, and canteen
towel in the ambulance as well as my
underwater. I had worn the shorts swimming and was carrying them back. I'll have to get
some new equipment from supply this morning.

I didn't have any coffee to drink because of that.

Yesterday morning a native was around
the tent, trying to sell coconuts. He was very
intrigued by a soap dish one of the boys had.
It was bright red and that color really fascinated
these natives. I finally bribed him to pose for
the picture Tom was enclosing. It cost me a
fifteen. All the while Tom was sketching he kept
dezving "Do go now?" They're just like kids and
don't like to be still at all. While I was sketch-
ing him the other boys were talking to him.
He had travelled all over the island and even
to Australia and could speak quite good Eng-
lish. When we asked him if he didn't think that
£6 a year wasn't poor pay he said yes,
but that Australia not get much money.
this with a mourning shaking of the head.
Then he brightened up and with a big smile
said "Americans got lots to money. Oh, yes!
But the Americans ain't going to have it long
at the rate the natives and the Aussies
are taking it away from us. In the sketch
of Paroro (that was the name given on his
dog tag) that roll he has protruding from his
left ear lobe is a roll of paper just for orna-
ment. The lobe and the complete edge of
his right ear are pierced by small colored
rings. They completely circle the ear. Just
above that, sticking out of his hair is the end of a native comb. I haven't shown it very well. They are made of split bamboo and are something like this: [sketch of a comb]. When I first saw one I thought it was a fish hook.

These natives put anything colorful on their hair. Rarely had no decoration in his hair but had the top dyed red. Some of them get hold of colored paper streamers from the Red Cross and stick it all over their hair until it looks like a very unruly bird's nest.

In your letter you said that Jennie was going out to the west coast for practice on an L.S.T. How does he like the assignment? It isn't a bad one because these L.S.T.s have small navy crews and pretty good facilities for the crew. If he got the job of being one of the small landing craft used in the harbors where they'll have a chance to do a good job because those boys meet the incoming ships and get good food, etc. It's a pretty good deal. I hope he wasn't too disappointed in not getting through that school. Personally, didn't think that radio gunner dealt was an enviable one. Of course it sounds quite romantic but that's just the way they play it up to get the boys in.
It rained all night long and looks as if it would rain during today also. That suits me fine because there’s nothing I feel like doing today except just staying here on my bunk writing to you, drawing, and reading. I like the idea of having all day off. It gives me a lot of time to do these things while it is still light.

Last night, I saw the picture “Marriage Is a Private Affair.” It was a pretty good picture but was a little too long and drawn out. Lana Turner was in it. The honeymoon scenes in it were very nice. She reminded me so much of you, especially in one scene where she had her hair braided on two pigtails and was lying on the floor on her stomach reading. Hmmm! The only thing wrong was that in the bedroom of this old Vermont farmhouse they had twin beds. That was that Vermont and is not for us. When hell wants twin beds, especially on a honeymoon, I hope you hadn’t planned on them because that’s one thing on which I take a firm stand. Double bed or nothing, the bigger the better.

Redmon is busily figuring out just how much his wedding is going to cost him. He has a rough estimate of $1,000 as the least figure. That’s a hell of a lot of money and I’m afraid that ours will be a lot less expensive, and much, much happier. He plans on doing a lot of travelling on his honeymoon. This may be all well and good but is not my idea of conducting a honeymoon. God
Knew that a honeymoon entails enough new adjustments for both people with only complicating it by rushing all over the earth and tiring themselves out so that tempers are worn thin and there's a good possibility that there might be misunderstandings and all sorts of things (do I sound alarming? It's because that idea of travelling on a honeymoon is my idea of something very wrong) going wrong. The only travelling I want to do is from Michigan to New Hampshire with a nice long stay over at both places. I just want to stay at some quiet place with no one around, just you and I, where we don't have to get a thought to time, but just have a wonderful time together. After we're married, have finished our honeymoon and finished school, we can travel. When I finish college we can take a couple of months off and just go on a tour before I start working. That would be a much better time than just after we're married. Then, when I go to work we can start in on Michael. Another thing, sweetheart, the fact that Michael appears does not mean that we are not going to go off by ourselves for a yearly honeymoon. That's all of the things I like about teaching as a career. It enables us to do this because we have the summers off. Post war plans...
guess these are but it will be so much
fun putting them in effect with you. I
do love you so very much, honey. You're the
most wonderful person in the world.

I got the equipment I told you I
had lost. The canteen and canteen cup
I got are much better than the ones I lost
and I'm really going to hang onto these.

Korea has now lifted our little jail.
I don't know where he went but he's going
to write me as soon as he reaches his des-
tination. I am still holding the fort here
and there are no signs of my leaving here.

Sam the perennial atheist. That word
is spoken in the same tone in which you
speak of convicts. One fellow in personnel
was very much offended because OCS men
here had been quoted to casuals as well
as to assigned men. The captain heard
me bitching and asked him what in hell
he had ever given him the idea that casuals
were any less worthy than he was. I could
have gladly shaken that captain's hand very
rigorously. He must've been a casual him-
self once. The prevalent idea seems to be that
if you are a casual it is merely because
you snafued somewhere along the line. Ah
me. I guess I'm just one of the army's ugly
ducklings. You love me though so that's all
the consolation I need. Keep right on loving
me, darling, and all will be well.

I left you for a while to write
Bill Barnhart a letter which should
make him duly thankful that he is an army
France.

My Aunt Esther wrote to tell me that my cousin Foster is in southern France and that things are really bad there. He has to live in a tent and his only light is candlelight. She must think I am in a bed of roses out there the way she spoke.

It has stopped raining. I decided to check up in my little book to find out when the rainy season comes here. It starts in late November - check the date of this letter and it tends then march. That's quite a pleasant prospect. The weather would suit my mood exactly, but since the mud is already about ankle deep I'd just as soon forego the pleasure of hearing the rain fall on the tent top.

Well my very sweet Darling I will leave off writing but will never leave of thinking of you. So for now sweetheart I'll close this letter with all my love and kisses.

Your own

Freddie