

[added note: LETTER NUMBER 3]

Monday

Sept. 24, 1944

Good Morning Sweetheart;

I miss you fiercely. This is the longest we have been without seeing one another since we started going together and I don't like it at all. The worse [sic] part is that it will be so darned much longer before we are together again. But, then on the other hand, think of how wonderful it will be when we are together again. It still is far from balancing out though and it does make me damned mad when I think that a situation exists where I have to do as others want me to for such an extended period of time. Why in hell people can't live together without any of this foolishness is beyond me. I think more and more that I will like my new choice of a major subject of study after the war because I will be able to try to find and make a little sense of the whole damned mess so that Michael, Mark and Christian (if he makes an appearance) won't have to go through this twenty five years from now. People are quite hopelessly stupid and will always remain so I fear. Here I go striking off on a political tangent. I think I'll have to run for President and try to rearrange things to suit myself. Just get rid of all government and maybe then any wars would be between Joe Doakes and John Doe and wouldn't involve millions of others.

How do you like my new stationery? I decided that I might as well buy myself some air mail stationery and use that. It's much better than the composition paper, don't you think? I also got some V-Mail stationery but I don't think I will use much of that for your letters.

My travelling cold has traveled again. This time it has gone into my jaws and it's a darned nuisance. It feels as if my teeth are about to fall out. At least it doesn't bother my head as much if there's any consolation in substituting one evil for another.

2.

It's odd that I can't get rid of this cold. I've had it for almost three weeks now. I guess what I need are some of yours' and Mother's home remedies and cure also. They worked in other cases. You should work on the improvement of their taste though because they taste rather horrible in their present unpolished state. You should perfect these medicines. MOTHER ROBSON'S HOME REMEDIES – CHEAP!!!

We just had to fall out and take a little walk. Of course it didn't do me any harm but I'm getting quite lazy and resent any intrusion on my rest. Never fear though. I will condition myself to a more energetic outlook on life and promise to be more ambitious after this is over and I am back with you.

A little later –

I just got a wonderful letter from you Sweet. It was very nice to hear from you again although I was quite surprised to hear that you are still on the Lucky Wagon. I thought you had stopped. I will try to get the cigarettes for you as a gift. I'll go to work on that directly. I still think it would be better for you to get on the wagon though and quit smoking. Just an idle thought. I just thought though that it might be a case of the cigarettes or the maid you said you'd need. We probably couldn't afford both. Which will it be?

I never did think of all the work four children can be. That would never give you enough time for me would it? That settles that then. There's got to be a maid. You've just got to have a maid to help with the work because you'll have to spend the major part of your time with me. I have great plans for us you know Sweetheart. They center mainly around my making love to you at every available opportunity. You don't mind do you?

3.

Poor Bob Kennedy was C.Q. in his company tonight. I went over with Amann and Gardy to keep him company and he got someone to take over the office while we went over to the PX to have a milk shake. He told us how he was in the office this afternoon when he heard the censors debating a letter they were examining. Van Bowen had written Bob a letter in which he enclosed a clipping from a London paper. The clipping told about the dedication of a church window which depicted St. Cuthbert as the shepherd of a flock of sheep. Lord Peel was called in to pass judgement on the window and wanted to know what St. Cuthbert had to do with sheep. When no one could give a reasonable answer Lord Peel refused to approve the window. It all sounded quite British. Bob wrote an answer to Van Bowen and made reference to St. Cuthbert and the sheep and the censors were sure it was a code. Then they examined a letter – and could make neither head nor tail of it so they side tracked it for the base censors' examination, being very sure that Bob was using a very ingenious code. Bob just listened to all their haranguing and refused to help clear the matter up by explaining that he was the author of the letter. I hope they straighten it all out.

Goodnight again Sweetheart. I must get to bed because I have a busy day ahead of me. Think of me as often as I do of you Darling and remember that you are the most precious possession I have in the world and that

I love you with all my heart

Freddie