

Good Morning Sweetheart;

There was no mail from you tonight but I can't complain too much because I did get two letters from you yesterday. The only letter I got tonight was one of mine which had been returned to me. It was one which I wrote to Mom + Dad and addressed to East Lansing. I hope I haven't done that to many of them. The fellows are giving me quite a ribbing about it now.

Today was a lazy day. I was on CQ and did not do a damned thing. I used CQ as an excuse to get out of work early this afternoon. I wish I had gotten CQ on Saturday so I could have gotten out of that damned inspection they are having. Just another of their CS ideas here. They can think of more things to bother us with now than they ever could during the war. They can go to hell if they think I'm going to do any extra polishing for them. I don't care if they restrict me for a few days, there isn't anything to do here anywhere or any way. God but I'll be glad to get out of the army and away from all its influences, and back to your wonderful arms again to stay there always. I want to feel your arms around me holding my head close to your breast. I want so damned much to be home with you where I should be that my life here has truly become unbearable. I'd give anything to be able to be home now. Still nothing is being done about getting us home. Won't they ever give

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us a break and get us home? I don't see how I'll be able to stand much more of this damned petty stuff they are handing out in the name of discipline and morale. If these stupid SOB's think they are raising my morale with their reveille, retreat, and inspections, plus the stressing of military courtesy (saluting to youse [sic] civilians), and of the proper (and terribly uncomfortable) wearing of the uniform. These fools think they have a professional army under them which they decidedly do not have as far as I am concerned.

These damned two faced people around here also give me a pain in the neck. One week they tell how, as soon as the work on hand is finished, the Command will break up, then they go ahead and take on all the work they can so they can keep it going. These people are not [scratched out word] at all interested in getting us home. All they are interested in is keeping this very nice racket they have here going. And this is a damned good racket for the biggest part of the officers who are "higher ups". They truly never had it so easy in all their lives. They have everything they want including wine, women, song, good food, and servants. These damned people look on us as nothing more than servants for them. I really HATE this army and all men who are cast in the army mold, the whole fascistic minded lot of them would be burning together in the seventh inferno if I had my way. I'm a peaceful man until I start thinking of them and then I am anything but.

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Say, young lady, just where do you get all these jokes and stories from? I was sure you would not have seen "The Golden Nugget". Confess now, who else tells you stories like those? You women, you always seem to manage to get hold of these jokes before we men do. I wouldn't be at all surprised to [scratched out word] find out that 90% of them were started by women. I know that our company clerk in North Hall used to get smutty stories (they were really considerably more than smutty) from his

girl friend [sic]. He claimed that she wrote them. I ran across one of them in Daley's collection of such literature. Have the girls ever gotten hold of any of those?

You were right Honey, I couldn't guess what you found downtown in Lansing. It was the white Chiffon you bought so you could have a negligee made from it by your mother. It should look very nice. Draw me a sketch of what it will look like when it is made won't you Honey, and if possible, have more pictures taken in your nightgown and in the negligee. Have some of them taken standing up will you Darling. I want to get a good idea of what they look like full length. Of course I would also like some of you in seductive poses with a strap lowered here or there and a nice pose. Just relax nicely Darling. Pictures like that are the stuff dreams are made of. You could also have some indoor shots taken in your bathing suit or anything else that would be suitable and inspirational.

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speaking of pictures, I just got the ones Harry took that day so long ago. The only trouble is that I did not appear in any of them. I was in two but you can see for yourself just how they came out. I had a picture taken on another roll of film which has not yet come back, that should turn out well. I am also going to use the roll of film you sent me if I can get off on a sunny day. Every day I have off is a rainy day. I have tomorrow afternoon off. If it is a nice day I'll use the roll.

Tell me Sweetheart, do you have any friends who are not pregnant. It almost sounds as if you mingled with a tribe of rabbits. Now you tell me of another friend, Gene Conway, who is also pregnant and expects her baby the day after Sue has hers. What I want to know is how can they be so sure of the date? How can they determine when she became pregnant? I always thought they could predict the approximate length of time, but I never knew they had it down to the day. The only way you could possibly tell just exactly when you became pregnant would be if [scratched out word] we were to not use a contraceptive one night and then wait to see if it worked or if I shot a blank. When we decide to have Michael we will just discard contraceptives altogether and just give him every chance we can to get his start. It really is miraculous how two such small things as a sperm cell and ova can unite to produce such a complicated structure as a human being.

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All of life is rather miraculous when you come to think of it. Now all I want is the opportunity to live it – and with you to create more life while enjoying our own life as much as possible.

I even hate to go anywhere at night anymore. I just want to be left alone. I got to the show and am usually too restless to stay. It is really bad. I just feel that I don't know what the devil to do, I don't have ambition enough to go downtown or to visit anyone I know around here. I am very unhappy and out of my element and am living just for the day when I shall be back with you. That is the only thing I want and I want that as I want you

With all my heart and soul.

Freddie