

Friday 26 January 1945

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Hello Beautiful;

Greetings once again from these South Sea Isles. Pardon me, I mean to say from these damned South Sea Isles. That sounds better for it is always this that I shall think of them, if think of them I must.

The only thing I accomplished today was making a clasp for the bracelet. I erred when I told you that I had it practically finished. The incidental things which I thought would be a cinch have turned out to be some of the toughest propositions. Pop tells me that the remaining step, the cutting and shaping of links, is the toughest part of the whole bargain. It is turning out very well for my maiden attempt at silversmithing [sic] though and I'm quite proud of it. So Mother, and you, had better appreciate it when I finish it.

Would you try to find out, sometime when your [sic] in the library, in which French cathedral the cot [sic] of St. Julien is, or which cathedral, famous one I mean, is dedicated to St. Julien. The city it is in is a French city of about 95,000 population. It is probably a city in northwestern France, near Brittany or Normandy. If you can find out, let me know. That will be Bill Barnhart's address. I'm employing you as a Dr. Watson to my attempt at being a Holmes. That's a nice girl. You're so very sweet that I love you beyond measure.

I could gladly shoot one of the fellows in my tent. Right here before my hungry eyes he has let a half pound of Bordeis Chateau Cheese spoil.

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Can you imagine anyone wasting food like this? He just let the package sit on the floor until the dampness of the ground got into the cheese and spoiled it. It smells very musty and cellarish [sic], if you know what I mean. And here I'd almost mortgage my best friend for a piece of good cheese. Do you remember how your mother had to coax me into trying some at your house? Since then I've really gone overboard for the stuff. That was a fair exchange. You introduced me to the possibilities of cheese as a food item, and I introduced you to sea foods. Remember how very positive you were that you could never eat a fried clam before you went to Lynn. During the New England part of our honeymoon I'll introduce you to other New England dishes which I'm sure you'll like. It's going to be a lot of fun to introduce you to New England. We will have to try to get some kind of car though so we can get around a little. If we go to New Hampshire we'll need a car to get in to get food or to go to dances, etc.

Just talking about how much money we could save while we were out here brought me to the conclusion that, of the \$17 monthly which I receive I'll be able to save \$20. This isn't so fantastic as it sounds because I sell my beer ticket for half a pound every week. That \$6.40 a month above my pay. Isn't that good? By next September I should have darned near \$1,000 saved. This plus \$300 mustering out pay, plus whatever I am able to earn through the use of my ingenuity, stop that snickering, should give us a little something as a backlog for our postwar

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plans. Now if I could only impress on them the fact that they should have me home by the end of this year all would be well.

Last night during the picture "Saratoga Trunk" Katona noted a couple of European customs which Ingrid Bergman used during the picture. Customs which were criticized by the American people in the film. He was quite surprised to hear that such customs as standing up and looking around at the audience before the start of a show, opera, or play, and the custom of cleaning off the plate with a slice of bread when you have eaten everything on the plate. These things are quite matter of factly [sic] accepted by the Europeans. It is quite fashionable for the people in the audience to stand up and ogle around before the performance starts. It was quite a surprising thing to him to discover that in America this is considered boorish, as is the mopping up of one's plate. On the Continent, particularly in France, not to do so is tantamount to insulting the meal. The meal there is considered good to the last drop. As far as this custom goes, my great aunt Ellen used to carry this out faithfully, especially with gravy. It is a custom which the Canadians brought over with them and kept regardless of Emily Post or any others who think you must show the hostess you have gorged yourself by leaving something on your plate. This seems rather foolish to me, rather like something sponsored by the Food Retailers Union to cause more food to be used. I've a confession to make honey, I like

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to mop up steak gravy with a piece of bread. You'll still love be though won't you? At least a little bit. Oh, yes Another approved European custom is dunking. Everyone from the dukes and dukesses [sic] to the peasant and peasantesses [sic] do it and are sanctioned by their own etiquette brewers. It is only Emily who holds out against the hordes.

My Sweet Darling. I just received a letter from you. It was marvelous Honey, like finding water in a desert. And, most marvelous of all things is the fact that in the letter were four wonderful color snapshots of you. Thank you Sweetheart. You've a very wonderful girl and I love you very much. They were very nice but I wish you had your eyes open in the one in your brown suit. That is a very nice picture otherwise. The hairdo you have in that picture is quite nice too. That must be the new way you told me you had of doing your hair up. Very nice indeed. If your mother took the pictures give her the devil for me for having cut off the top of your head in the picture you had taken with the dog. I was not mainly interested in the dog although most of it was in the picture. Why do people persist in beheading you with cameras?

Don't ever stop reminding me that you love me Bunny. That's something I always want to be reminded of. Day in and day out.

You didn't catch cold the day you had your picture took in your new sweater, did you? I hope not because I'd hate to be responsible for anything happening to you because of some-

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thing I'm responsible for.

I'll have to drop Tom a line to see how he is. How does he like it in the Navy now? I imagine he still hasn't reconciled himself to the idea of being a medic, but I guess he'll get to like it. It isn't a bad branch of the service and I rather wish I'd gone out in that. For that matter I wish I'd gone out, period.

It's back to the grind for me and back to training again. They finished the payrolls and since they don't need so many men a lot of us (the newer men) were relieved from duty temporarily. I guess we'll go back when the [sic] make out the next payroll- perhaps. I hope so because I know that I am not going to like going back to training one little bit. The mere thought of training is so very oppressive to me. Sort of a phobia I've developed over the years.

You and Peggy must have quite a time both using the same dress patterns at the same time. Isn't it rather confusing? I should think it would be.

The picture you paint of us in our home on a very cold winter night is indeed a beautiful one Darling, and one which you can be sure I have no difficulty at all in picturing. Us before the fire reading funnies and making love. The funnies wouldn't be necessary you know. I doubt if we'd even see them. The nice cherry wood bed upstairs, with the covers turned down invitingly waiting for us to come up and get into its nice coolth [sic]. Then you nestling right

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up against me to warm me and be warmed by me. The thrill of my arms around you and yours around me and the feel of your lips nice, soft and warm as I kiss them. Then the nice feel of your hair as it is spread around us both forming a silken pillow for us. Just going to bed and falling asleep with my arms holding you close to me will be so very wonderful. It gives me something so nice to look forward to.

Goodbye now Sweetheart. I love you; I love you and always shall be

Forever yours

Freddie

P.S. I'm not sure whether I'd like the bedspread or the patchwork quilt. I think patchwork quilts are very nice though. Just so long as have the bed I'll be satisfied.