

Monday January 22, 1945

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Hello Darling;

I'm writing to you as a prelude to shaving. I should have shaved two days ago but have been putting it off [sic] most of the time with far less adequate excuses than the writing of a letter to you. If I even kissed you now I'd sandpaper your chin. Of course I'd like to have the chance regardless but you probably wouldn't appreciate it.

My laundry for the week was all done by 9:00 am and I spent the morning and part of the afternoon working on a bracelet. I have it just about half finished and find that with the right tools I can do a lot better work and do it much faster. I'll have to try my hand at a little engraving to put your mother's initials on the bracelet. The hardest part of that will be fashioning myself a cutting toll to do the job. Just think what a very versatile husband you have Honey. Aren't you a lucky girl though? I am. Lucky I mean.

There is only payroll work for three or four more days at personnel and then, I presume, we shall be loaned out to the correspondence department again and only work a few hours a night. That suits me very well because I'll be able to see movies again. I really don't miss the movies an awful lot when I don't see them, but it's nice to have some sort of diversion. Do you suppose we'll have the same trouble of finding something to do on our vacation, or do you think, as I most assuredly do, that we will find plenty to do. You know Darling, we'll spend the most wonderful lifetime ever spent

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together by two people. I just love you so very much and want nothing more than the privilege of making you the happiest girl in the world. I think I can do it too, not that I'm boasting, it's just that you're so nice to plan things for and to include in all the dreams I have of things to come. You'll always come first with me. Even after Michael and the others we can't even let them stop us from going places together and doing things together. I want you always to be a bride so I can court you perpetually. I'm a firm believer in courtship after marriage. It makes love so very lasting. You'll never become "the old lady" but shall always remain "my best girl" and my darling wife. We will have such a wonderful time together Sweet.

My latest hobby involves searching for recipes in magazines and saving them for the war's end. I'm going to have a great variety of foods for you to cook up for me Bunny. Next to you, eating will be my greatest post war hobby. I presume you're learning how to cook from Mother and are not putting off your lessons until it will be too late and I shall have returned. If you do that you may regret it because with the ravenous appetite I will have may start right in eating you. You are good enough to eat you know, or haven't I ever told you. Heed my advice now and get to work on your cooking lessons like a good girl. When you visit Lynn you can have Mom teach you how to make crepes, gorton (goa-r [with a roll]- tohn [emphasis on the oh]) which is a nice but very nice meat spread made of ground beef and ground pork butts,

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and American chop suey the way she makes it. Dad can give you his recipe for clam chowder. Remember the old saying that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." Whatever you do though, don't serve me Spam, salmon, tuna fish, or Vienna sausages. I've had my fill of those for many days to come thank you. So many of the fellows get Spam in Christmas packages. It's a darned shame when there are so many other things that could be sent which would be better and cost less, canned fruits or something like that.

The latest issue of "Yank" has a very good and true to life Sad Sack cartoon titled "Relieved for active duty." It starts off with S.S. at his typewriter working away like mad when in comes an officer leading a WAC by the arm. He leads her to the Sack's chair and replaces the Sack with the WAC (poetry just oozes out of me today). Sad Sack is then taken to supply and outfitted with helmet, leggings, rifle and all equipment incidental to the task of engaging the enemy in combat. He is then led out and stationed as a guard of the WAC camp. This is so very true to life that it isn't even funny. A WAC relieves one soldier for duty and two on Po have to be assigned to guard that WAC. *C'est la guerre.*

Still there are no signs of my leaving here. I guess fate just intends for me to remain here for the duration. It would be quite nice to see some more of the Pacific area since I have to be stationed down here anyway. Let's say Bali shall we- but Darling, you know I would only be interested in those little

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Balinese women from the standpoint of art- oh, all night then, you win, let's not say Bali. China or the Philippines would be all right though wouldn't they? You wouldn't want me to spend all my time here on New Guinea, land of bountiful bosoms would you? I think you're quite mean, honest I do.

The more I read be Benet's stories, the better I like them. He is really very good, and I believe he was the best of our writers with the possible exception of Carl Sandburg. DiJona, the Hungarian fellow, is also very much interested in Benet as I discovered last night and said that it was his opinion as it is mine, the "The Devil and Daniel Webster" is one of the greatest short stories of all time. From that you may gather that I like the story. That one story tells an awful lot about the New Englander's attitude and spirit. He must have known the New England people very well.

The evening mail just came in, yes I have already shaved and am quite beautiful with no one to look beautiful for. Ain't it a shame you're not here to appreciate me? All I received was a letter from my Aunt Esther telling me that my cousin Foster is now out of the hospital and ready to go back into combat. It was a nice long and newsy letter and I enjoyed it an awful lot although although [sic] I was so disappointed not to receive a letter from you. Don't get me wrong Darling, I didn't get disappointed in you, only in the mail service. I know that you're writing the letters and it makes me feel so helpless when I can't do anything about getting them here sooner.

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She said that Foster was interested in finding out if I was going to finish school at UNH because that's what Foster intends doing. We did have a hell of a good time together as room mates [sic] but them days are gone forever, both he and I have new room mates [sic]. I don't know about him but although he was very good company while we roomed together, I am infinitely more satisfied with my present room mate [sic]. I'm anxious to take-up residence with her.

I will have to get on the ball and send letters to Michigan State College to see how many of my UNH credits they'll recognize and how much of my AST work they will give me credits for. Then I'll have to find out from UNH just how many of my AST credits they'd be willing to recognize if I went back to New Hampshire. Did I send the transcript of my UNH marks with all the stuff in that box I sent you? I'm not sure whether I sent it in that package or in the one I sent Mom. I want to get a clear picture of just where I stand in the matter of credits so I'll see just how long it will take me to finish. As matters stand at UNH, I had to do about 1 ½ yrs [sic] work to graduate, and if they recognized some of my AST credits, even less. I'll have to see if MSC will accept all my credits from New Hampshire and since the term system is different, how many credits they'll allow me. Whichever offers the most I think we should take because I just want to finish as soon as possible so I can get to work on that master's degree. I'll really have to take a crawfull [sic] of history and education courses to graduate because I've had so few. I'll really have to be on the ball during the days because I want to

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have all my work done by the time I get home to you in the evening. From 5:00 o'clock on I'll just forget there ever was any such thing as school or a book and you and I will do whatever we want.

Well, Darling, I have to end this letter sometime so it may as well be now. Goodbye Sweetheart, take good care of yourself for me because

I love you with all my heart

Freddie