

Sunday Dec 24, 1944

Good Morning Light Of My Life;

I love you! I love you! I love you! I love you a day more than yesterday I do so wish that I could be with you now. I miss you so very much today when I stop to think of how nice it was at this time last year when I was with you. I believe it was just about now that we had been dating with regularity wasn't it? I just pray that this time next year we shall be together.

I'm lazy, feel lazy, and am to [sic] lazy to be ashamed of it. I didn't write to you yesterday because I was very tired and went to bed quite early, 7:30 to be exact. I got almost twelve hours sleep and still feel very tired.

Yesterday we had our usual half day of classes, including a typing test in which I did 23 words per minute but had seven errors for a five minute run that wasn't too good and I'll have to try to do better next week. Last week I did 20 wpm and had five mistakes. I'd better cut my speed down a little and concentrate

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on accuracy.

In the afternoon we had the inevitable policing up details and once again I drew the kunai kutting [sic] detail. It wasn't bad at all though because we had ten machetes and twenty men on the detail. As this ratio suggests, only half of us could work at the same time. I was lucky and drew the job of working the first hour and loafing the second while my relief went to work. That is how work should be done. That way I was not too tired out and was able to do a good job. The lieutenant even complimented us all on the good work. Shall I take my bow now or later? Thank you, thank you, such praise much be richly deserved.

What topped off my being exhausted was the volleyball I played. Three fast games just about left me hanging on the ropes, or the net if you will.

Then after we are I rushed out to the PX line and sweated it out, reaching the window just in time to see the last of anything I want go. All there was left for me to buy was a Yank magazine and a bar of Palm olive soap.

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The wonders of the evening did not cease there. It was beer night and we even had ice cold beer. It was nectar, even better than that, never did gods quaff such heavenly brew as that chilled all was. It was le plus ultra. Put the beer on ice now Darling, so I'll have it nice and cold when I get home. Don't put yourself on ice though Honey. I want you to be all nice and warm when I return and don't want to have to pause to thaw you out. Um! Um! It would be fun to do a little thawing out though. No, it'd still be better not to have to take time out for that.

It's so funny to think that here it is so hot and at home it is quite cold. I'd much rather have the cold. My only complain about the cold is that if my feet get cold I can't sleep. I could always have you

sleep at the foot of the bed and warm my feet on you. Or maybe we could have a dog to sleep at the foot of the bed and you could serve more utile purposes. Hmmm! I wish I could be there with you, even if we didn't have the dog I'd let you sleep beside me. I think I could find something to do to take my mind off the cold feet.

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We went to the show, taking a can of cold beer apiece – Hop and I went. When I opened the can with me chow knife, the beer just squirted out in a geyser soaking me, Hop and the two fellows immediately in front of me. After profuse explanation, I succeeded in convincing the fellows in front of me that there was nothing personal about the accident. Then I opened Hop's can since he had no knife – the original tragedy was reenacted in its every detail and this time I really had a tough job explaining to the fellows ahead of me. They were quite nice about it and finally forgave me. The picture, "In the Meantime, Darling", was a stinkeroo [sic] of the first water and [scratched out word] something I thought could never happen, occurred; I walked out on the show. You can imagine just how lousy it must have been. I'm glad I did leave because Hop, who stayed said it got progressively worse. As it was I got a lot of sleep.

I just got two nice letters from you Nos 51 & 53. It was even better than usual to hear from you because with Christmas upon me I need cheering up.

Your reference to the new landmark

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on campus, the one outside the hort building amused me very much. My only regret is that I was not responsible for it, with you to share the burden of the blame naturally. Am I being too bold when I say that? I hope not. It's only honest reaction to hearing about it, so I thought I might as well tell you. It's easy to imagine how shocked the majority of the MSC cords were at having to suffer the sight of that, especially since there are no men around to alleviate the shock induced by that picture. I fear you were not alone in feasting your eyes on it, you little vixen, allow me to kiss you for blushing so prettily and sweetly. I love you you know, terrifically. Tell me what finally happened to it and if it is still waving bravely in the breeze. Also tell me if that girl who wanted to try it on for size found it to fit.

Didn't I tell you that you should practise [sic] cooking. Just what was on your mind when you let the potatoes burn? I know that I can't be blamed because I wasn't there to interfere with your culinary efforts, damn it. Of course if I had been there you most assuredly would have had reason

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to be justified in allowing me to shoulder the blame because you wouldn't have a moment's peace. You won't when I get back I know. I just thought I'd warn you.

Last night I had a very queer dream. I don't know who the people in it were but I do remember that in it I was going with one girl and was going to marry her when I met another girl. True my original intentions I decided to go through with the wedding to girl #1 and we were being married. She said I do and then before I said it I asked her for the wedding ring to put on her hand, it seemed that she carried it. She handed it to me and I saw that it was a huge gaudy and extremely ugly ring. That was the straw that broke the camel's back so I ran away and left her at the Altar and fled to the arms of girl #2 where, I

presume, I lived happily ever after. It was a rather funny dream and reminded me of a parallel situation in real life, only one which had not progressed quite as far as this one had. Whenever I have a good night's sleep I always seem to do a lot of dreaming.

The discourse you had in one of your letters on the desirability or rather the

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undesirability of extra curricular relations when married coincides [sic] with my ideas on the subject. I don't approve of it and think that it can't help a marriage along but that if such a thing occurs it isn't an incident that means the dissolution of the marriage ties becomes the logical sequence. In other words I think it could be forgiven but that it would hurt a lot. I am inclined to think that if such a thing occurs it is the responsibility, in part of the offended member of the o=couple because the [scratched out word] husband or wife who is unfaithful must [scratched out word] find something in these extra marital relations that he or she doesn't find in [scratched out word] his relations with this mate – if you can follow me through this tortuous maze of words. Now to end the discourse I have started allow me to say that I know, and am very glad to know, that this is one problem which shall never confront us. Cross my heart. I'm sure that when I marry you I shall have more than enough loving to keep me very contented and at your side for all time. I rather love you little girl.

My Christmas package from you has not yet arrived [sic]. I do hope I receive

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it soon because I'm eager to find out what's in it.

Did you get my present Sweetheart? I hope you like it and can use it. I'm sure you'll be able to wear it with that green suit of yours. I also hope Pauline got just what I asked her to get for you. Don't forget to send me a picture of you in it my fair and beautiful Sweater Girl. You do look extremely enticing in a sweater you know. Suscious [sic] and all that stuff, and I still love you.

I'll have to leave you now though so leave us say goodbye once more until I'm with you tomorrow. I love you with all my heart.

Always

Freddie