

Thursday, Dec. 21, 44

Dear Sweet Darling;

I heard from you again today and received letters 50 & 54 with the picture of your new hair do [sic]. I like it very much Sweetheart. It looks every bit as nice on you as I knew it would. I notice that you have some new stationery. It's quite nice.

Beside these two letter I received a letter from Mom in which she told me that my cousin Foster liked Southern France so much that he was seriously considering staying there after the war and having Ginny go over there to live with him. I'm sure nothing will come of that because he always acts much to [sic] rationally to do anything so rash. It must be quite nice. My Aunt Bunny's package arrived today also. It contained a dozen candy bars, a box of chocolates, a box of peanuts, a box of ice, box cookies, cinnamon chewing gum, and a toothbrush – I guess she figured I'd need the toothbrush after I got through with all the sweets.

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I went on sick call this morning to see what could be done about my charley horse. The doctor had one of the orderlies give me a rub down which helped a lot. I'm sure you could have taken much better care [scratched out word] of me though. I wish it were possible to devise a scheme, short of enlisting in the WAC or the Red Cross, to get you over here with me. I think it's a shame that they don't let soldiers wives come along with them to tidy up their foxholes and assume the other duties of a wife. Not only to assume the duties but the share the pleasure of "connubial bliss". It would be so wonderful.

Your letter sounded as if you though I might succumb to the wives of some unscrupulous member of the WAC. Never fear [scratched out word] little one, as you said, "certainly none could compare with you, and after having known you I'm sure I could never be satisfied with anything less." If that be conceit it is certainly justified because none of them could even start to compare with you. You're so very ----- and also so

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extremely ----- if not more so than that and absolutely no one else could ever give me the third you do when I hold you close to me and kiss you.

As for the question of native women, you can perish the thought. You sound as if you thought I was color blind, well I'm not. I can tell red [green colored dot] from green [red colored dot] as well as the next guy so don't even give it a thought. To be truthful I must admit that I've only seen about a half dozen native women in the two months I've been here and they certainly would not provide competition for anything that perambulated upon two feet, kangaroos not excepted [sic] either. Judging from the photographs I've seen of native women, the ones I saw, repulsive as they were, were the beauties of New Guinea's femininia. [sic] I just ain't [sic] got a chance in a million of misbehaving even if I were so inclined.

I was very sorry to hear about Wayne Leshner and Don Davis. I hope Wayne is OK now. It's too bad about Don. I remember him. He was a nice fellow. He left for the Army just a short while before

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I left Lansing. His wife must really be all broken up about it. That's war though.

When this war is over and I go to work teaching, I'm going to do everything in my power to try to educate any students I have in my way of thinking. That is that the main stumbling block in the path of a lasting world peace is the silly concept people have of patriotism, the old school of "my country right or wrong though." How in hell do people think they can keep their perspective of the world situation if they just drift with the tide and refuse to recognize the errors which we must inevitably be guilty of if a state of affairs exists which brings about war. I'll do everything I possibly can to fix things so that my sons and their sons do not have to go to war to settle an argument that could be [scratched out word] settled peaceably if people would let their inflated nationalistic ego take a back seat and let reason and common sense prevail. Contrary to millions of people, I do not believe in the inevitability of war. It can be abolished by a united people, and not by a council of countries all selfishly safe guarding their own interests, who want to see

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an end to war. We'll have boys and we'll see them grow up to lead good and useful lives instead of futile ones such as I am now leading. (here there should be applause I suppose.) I just can't help putting down on paper just what I feel every once in a while Darling. It sort of makes the ideas seem more concrete than when they're just occupying space in my skull.

It would be very nice for you to have Pauline for a bridesmaid and I to have Tom for a best man. I think that would be the best thing to do. That's quite an idea your mother had about having a reception in Lunn when we go there on our honeymoon. That would be nice because my friends and relatives won't be in on the wedding. I'm sure Pauline would be quite thrilled at the prospect of being a bridesmaid for you. If Mom is not exaggerating, you might be forced to return the compliment for her not long after we're married because she really seems to have her mind set on having her present boy friend Charlie as her spouse when the war is over. Mom is talking of losing her family, but since she

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likes both you and Charlie I'm sure those are just crocodile tears which she exhibits at the thought of our being married. I think the only reason she says anything about it is that it makes her feel old.

That package you sent with the paper and ink in it will be a life saver because my stores are indeed low. I am reduced to doing my minute sketches on the unused portion of the sheets of paper I practise [sic] typing on. Of course I intended to save the package you sent me, for Christmas, until Christmas day. You didn't think I'd open it sooner did you. I hope it puts in an eleventh hour appearance before Christmas day arrives though because I would so like to have it then.

Goodbye now my Darling. Remember that I'll always love you

Always with all my heart

Freddie