Dearest Bunny:

Reviw Sweetheart. Today I received another package from you in perfect condition. It was the one containing "Man On the Moon" and the sketch pads. Thank you million Darling. Those sketch pads are exactly what I wanted and you were very sweet to get them for me. You've very sweet anyway. I also received three more New Yorkers, all addressed to the 570th R/C's. I'll have to send them my new address to be sure they send them to the right place from now on.

That Arno book is wonderful Honey. I think that he is unequaled in the field of risque cartooning. Some of them were wonderful. I enjoyed again the one you copied for me, "Have you tried an oculest?" All the fellows in the tent enjoyed it very much also. I'll have to take it to the office tomorrow and let the fellows there look at it.

I just returned from a crazy picture. It
was "Brewster's Millions." The only thing I did not enjoy was the idea they tried to put across that it was very hard to find ways of spending a million dollars in 9 months. Personally, I don't think I'd have any trouble at all. There was one good remark made in the picture. One of the characters, speaking of June Havoc, said, "She throws pep around like you'd spray a garden." Another catty remark about a cat came when Gail Patrick said that she wasn't afraid of mice. June Havoc smiled sweetly and asked, "And do you play with them before you kill them?" The cracks were pretty good but, in the whole, the plot was weak.

What has happened in Michigan Honey Snow in June is unheard of. That will be something for you to tell our grandchildren about. I can see you now in a rocking chair, still the sweetest person in the world, with the grandchildren at your feet and you saying, "Yes, children, it was in the year of '46, or was it '45? Yes, it was '45 because Grandpaw was out in New Guinea at the time, that we had a big snowstorm up at the lake in Michigan. Yes, those were the days." All the while I'll be slumped down in a nice big easy chair beside the still.
shady song into my head. Those will be the days. I'm afraid that I can't quite remember this
Mrs. Millard, you don't seem to cotton up to. I have tried to remember who she is since you say
that I have met her but I can't remember anyone
with a protege. I do not like people with proteges
because they are usually terrible bores and the dear
little proteges inevitably turn out to
be frightful little girls who pull claws from cats
paws 10 while away the hours. Just what
does she proteg anyway?

This book "Glass Portes" is a new one on
me. I haven't heard anything of it. It did confuse me
because, until you mentioned the kind of book it was,
I was of the opinion that it was "Leaves of Grass" you
were heading. I've never read any of Lipton Sinclair's
works. I'm going to try to look around the library
here and see if they have any of his books.

That place the Millards escorted you around
sounded like my idea of the kind of camp to have.
It must really be nice with the lake formed by the
"dammed" up river. (I'm just quoting you when I
spell it that way Darling. Such language for a
nicer young lady to be using.) I really think that
that place fits your description; it is just about perfect. I like the idea of the water wheel to provide power for the house. It saves a lot of bother and trouble to have a source of power right there. Do you have electricity in the Dobson family's cabin?

The bathing trunks are holding up quite well in my volleyball activities. They do not irritate me and I have remedied the problem. I told you I found in the supporter. I just take a tuck and fold it in and the suit fits as if it had been tailored for me.

Kawalchuk got a letter from his wife today and she told him she had mailed the photographs to "Dear Robson in Michigan," as you should have gotten them by now. I forgot to have her send a set to Mom and Dad though. I wonder if some more prints could be made from your set for Mom. I should have thought of it. I know but I just forgot all about it. I just can't remember anything but you and it seems that all the remembering I do not do on other things is diverted in remembering you. You're on my mind all the time, Honey, and I couldn't have anything better there, ever.

It seems that they are going to relax the point system a little so that men will be getting
out with fewer points in the near future. The army average is supposed to be in the low thirties and I am up to about 45 so maybe I'll stand a good chance of getting home fast at the close of this war and be here. Now I'll have to settle down to hoping this war ends soon. With both of us hoping, we should do some good.

Since Pop asks me, I will make repeats on five covers so Mr. Sayre can get some too. I'll start in this one and repeat the sketch I did on the last one. How many do you have now Honey? You must have quite a few of them by now. It seems that I believe had Steinman in just about every conceivable predicament but I'll try to get him into new ones. He's a very precocious fellow.

You're pretty hard on Phyllis aren't you? After all, maybe she didn't have a bed to invite Jan 15. She looked as if she lived in a hole in the ground and only came out when it rained. Maybe this has something to do with her liking for black coats. The very idea, your even mentioning the idea of offering another man a bed. Ich! Ich! You just behave yourself Miss Robinson or it'll be a trip to the woodshed for you. Trying to make.
me mad are you? You just stop that. Because you
know you'd never do that any more than I would
Honey! And I won't.

I think I understand just what you
mean in the matter of nightgowns but I enjoyed
your way of expressing it very much. I agree that
you look much better in something sweet than
in something sophisticated, something 'that shows
just as much as those (the sophisticated styles),
but pretend that they don't." How do you fix your hair
when you go to bed? Do you leave it loose or do
you braid it? I just want to get a good picture
in my mind of what awaits me at home. Can't
blame me for dreaming can you Sweetheart, when
my dreams are of you.

Heeding your advice, I shall curtail
my news distributing via letter. I never thought
that you too could get the news as we do here be-
cause I'm over here in the theater where the
action is taking place (however remotely located
from the action I may be). I will see to it that
this part of my letters is done away with except
where I just some news item as the jumping
off place for my journey into philosophy.
I do remember that picnic in Rockford and how very much you were tormented by the ants and myself. Those ants had no respect for your privacy did they, the nasty little creatures. I think they had the right idea though. I enjoyed that week and very much Darling. We had so very much fun. Of course we did waste an awful lot of time trying to get out to the place for the picnic, but it was all a lot of fun since you were there with me. There were too many people out where we had our picnic though. I think hoped to have more privacy and was trusting to fate not to intervene as that cruel old lady did once to my chagrin and disappointment. I know what is meant when people say "cruel fate." You can be sure that when I am back to you fate can do her damnedest but it will all be to no avail. Our next picnic will be an altogether different matter I can assure you.

Before I forget it I want to ask you to tell me more about the bombing threat to Lansing. I read in our Gruene Gold that some of the Jap balloon bombs fell near Lansing but that they caused no damage. That's bringing the war closer.
to Lansing than it is to Frischkansen. It's much safer here than you are and I got a campaign star for it. By the way Honey, when I was at the Replacement Depot, I was at Oro Bay. In reality the Depot was just about halfway between Oro Bay and Buna. That beach I always used to go swimming at was Buna Beach. I was just a couple of miles away.

Closing time again Darling. I love you, always and always and miss you terribly. Honey. Nothing seems to be much fun when you're not doing it with me. Anything I do with you is very much fun. I do love you very much, remember that.

Always,
Freddie