Sweetheart;

I love you! I love you more than any woman has ever been loved and long to make you my wife.

Today was a red letter day for I received two letter from you. Two wonderful letters. One was typewritten. About the first letter you have ever typed to me. Tch! Tch! Your typing wasn’t too good Darling, you’re slipping.

I’m very anxious to get those cookies you say you and your mother made for me. I hope they come fast. I don’t know though, I don’t think they’re sending any ships out in this direction any more. This is the forgotten theater. Now that the war is over they figure we can stay over here and rot while they juggle our fate.

Honey, do you realize that you leave out a lot of words in your letter. I have noticed it a lot lately. What brought it to mind just now was the opening sentence of this letter. It goes: “Honey, I’m awfully I didn’t write last night.” And let’s not go skipping days, see??? You’re slipping again Darling.

Again you mention my Christmas present, but again you fail to mention what it is. Won’t you break down and tell me so I’ll know Honey? If you don’t tell me now what it is, I may be getting it on my birthday before I ever find out what it is. For my birthday present I want only one thing and that is you. I realize that that is asking for an awful lot but I do hope I get it; served up nice and warm in a bed too.

The books I was telling you about, “From Beowulf to Thomas Hardy”, did not cost me a cent Honey. They are gratis with the compliments of the Army. I also have some other which I got from Gene. They are regular texts but are printed for the army and are paper bound volumes. The only book I have bought since I got to Manila is “Citizen Tom Paine”, which I am enjoying very much incidentally. It is a very good book and brings out the irony of the complete opposition to the revolutionary spirit in the country in which the revolutionary spirit got its start. How times do change, and repeat themselves.

I’m sorry the letters I wrote during my stamp shortage were confusing. The trouble is, as you have undoubtedly already discovered, that I put two or three letters in each of several envelopes. I’m sorry Darling and I shall try to keep it straight from now on.

Do you think we’ll have to get a washing machine while we’re living in our apartment. I had an idea that it would probably be as well just to send out laundry. It would save a lot of work for you Honey and if you’re going to be working in the library we’ll have to cut down on the housekeeping as much as possible. I also believe that most apartments also furnish vacuum cleaners. I’m not sure of this but I know that it is done at home. Then when we have our own place we will have the money put away for these things and will be able to get a slightly later model than if we bought it right away. I know that the stove, refrigerator, vacuum cleaner, washer, et all will cost quite a bit but I think we’ll be able to get them when we need them. I want us to get good ones though so they will last. I think your choice of an easy washer is a good one. It would be a good idea to get one with a dryer attached. That also would be a labor saver. It would be
best to wait a year or two and to avoid buying the first models that come out after the war. I’m skeptical of them. Something else I want to have, of course this will come with our home when we get it, is a deep freeze unit. They are a damned nice thing to have. Maybe in the few years before we get our house, [scratched out word] they will develop them to the point where they are not quite so costly. They are very good because we will always be able to keep a store of food on hand and be ready for any emergency.

Tell your Daddy that there is only one envelope left in the series now and it will be complete. I thought he would not want it after the war ended and during the war I could not do them because of censorship. I guess they were afraid I might be giving away military secrets. Even though they are late, I hope Pop likes them and that they are what he wanted. I did them all with brush and ink. Don’t forget to tell me if you are for the brushwork. I haven’t done any in quite a while.

You just tell your mother that I am very much surprised at her if she is referring to the cartoon of Herman going out to milk to goat because that goat is not a cow and goats only have two teats. If I did do a drawing of a cow and only included two teats, I beg Mom Robsons pardon, but you must be referring to the envelope with the goat on it.

4.

Say, Darling, are you sure you got the words to “Rosenbloom” right? I have tried [scratched out word] to sing it but it does not work out quite right. Shame on Hudd, teaching you the words to a song like that. By the way, have you heard the radio version of “Bell Bottom Trousers.” They sure have cleaned that up, and spoiled it. The bawdy session is ever so much better than this new one. The next song they’ll be cleaning up is “Minnie the Mermaid”. I’ll have to try to remember the words to that and sing it for you when I get back (singing for my supper). One part of it I do remember. It goes “Up in the attic, she is selling, what she used to give away.” [scratched out word] Or maybe that’s part of the song “Move Over Mable”. I’m somewhat confused about these. Incidentally, I just heard them from a girl. Tch! Tch! These women.

Mac did not come out here this evening, I’m dis-appointed in him. I went to see the picture “G.I. Joe,” about Ernie Pyle. It was a very good picture with little of the usual melodramatics. I liked it very much.

Time for bed now Honey so I’ll give you a nice big goodnight kiss and tuck you into bed, wishing I were tucking myself into you for

I love you with all my heart, soul, and body

   Freddie