

Sunday  
September 24, 1944

Sweetheart,

This is a very lazy Sunday morning and since I find myself with a little time on my hands I will put it to good use by writing you a letter.

I just listened to the censorship officer tell us how much we could and could not say in our letters and, according to what he said, I think that my letter of yesterday will get through all right. I am numbering these letters so that you will be able to read them in their proper sequence. Got to fall out, I'll be right back though Darling.

Back Again -

It was just the first sergeant trying to interest us in passes to town. I am not interested, however, and will stay here and go to the show tonite to see the gorgeous Marlene Dietrich in her latest picture "Kismet" which, judging from the previews should be a wonderful thing. The picture I mean - naturally. You don't mind my admiring another woman as long as she's only on the screen do you? You realize that you're in top place and always will be. Of course I don't have to tell you that. You surely realize that I love you more than anything in the world so I'll just save ~~all~~ all that space in this letter by not telling you that all over again in this letter. O.K.?

Are you working in the library this term? I imagine Miss McKinley will want you to if you aren't. With all the spare time you'll have you should be able to get some superb marks this term. Your mother and father used to think that I was responsible for the drop in your marks. Of course that wasn't so because I even helped you study a few times. Of course, the amount of studying that was accomplished wasn't excessive I will admit but our intentions were very good.

Poor Howard! Howard Gold finally was put on K.P. I don't think he likes it at all either because he didn't seem to appreciate our attempts at humor at his expense yesterday. I shouldn't talk though, I may get it myself before I'm away from here.

The cold I had is still in the process of breaking up and is quite nasty. I have a slight headache right now but am quite sure it won't last very long. Yesterday, I was able to get myself a box of Kleenex, thank God. I was getting damned ~~and~~ tired of washing out handkerchiefs.

How's Tommy making out? I was glad to hear that he passed that code test he was worried about. He seems to be quite enthusiastic about the Navy. I imagine your father enjoyed himself when he went down there although I can't imagine where he dug up such statistics as those on the sale of cokes at the camp.

Has Mother (see, I'm getting used to calling your mother that instead of Mrs. Robson) fixed the table or is she leaving that for my post war project #1. You realize of course that you are morally responsible for that table being burnt because it was your fault that I was smoking. I guess I am not normally heated enough to smoke except when I'm in your presence. Ouch! I'm sorry, I just couldn't resist the pun.

This week's Sad Sack cartoon was very good. It was the usual sequence type cartoon and was titled "Dream". The first picture shows Sad Sack asleep, then slowly a smile spreads over his face; as the smile broadens he clutches his pillow fiercely, then slowly relaxes and the smile slowly vanishes. Then he awakens, sits bolt upright in bed, very startled, jumps out and dresses madly and runs like the devil to the prophylaxis station. I was rather surprised to see it in Yank though.

A little later:

Bob, Thomas and I went to see "Kismet" this afternoon. It was quite corny but I enjoyed it quite thoroughly. I guess I always have liked, and always shall like, fairytales. Maybe I'm an incurable romantic, but be that as it may, I did enjoy the picture. The settings were very nice and were quite colorful.



I thought I'd remind you that you can now send letters at the 6¢ air mail rate. That is, 6¢ per ½ oz. I will have to get some air mail paper as I can use a lot of sheets with less weight.

If I don't put on a lot of weight while I'm here it won't be my fault. Last nite Bob bought us each a quart and a half of milk, all of which we drank at one sitting. Then, today, we had two very large milk shakes which were thick enough to chew. All this is very nice to drink but it's hell on the waist line. I will undoubtedly be able to work it all off shortly though so don't worry ~~of~~ about my losing my slyph like figure, Darling.

Thomas finally got a letter from his wife telling him that he would not be the proud father of a little Thomas while he is away. He was rather worried about that because his wife told him there was a possibility, the last time she wrote him, and therefore letter took weeks getting to him. He really sweat it out.

Well, sweet, guess I'll close for another day and see what kind of show they're putting on in the Service Club tonite. Goodnite Sweetheart.

I love you now and

Always

Freddie

Consider yourself kissed and hugged will you please?