Robes Pauling,

I am very happy today since I heard from you for the second time in a couple of weeks. It’s terrible having to go without hearing from you for so long. All this moving is a pain in the neck. It’s bad enough not to be able to be with you but to add to that not receiving letters and I really do miss you terribly. You’re wonderful sweetheart—as if you didn’t already suspect it quite strongly—and I love you—as if you didn’t already know that beyond a doubt.

I was talking about your letter though wasn’t I? Your letters contain so much of you that it is almost like being with you. I don’t know just how to describe it Pauling, but there’s a certain quality about you that I think sets you apart from anyone else more than any other single quality does. It’s something hard to describe because it’s a mixture of many things: it is a little bit enthusiasm with a touch of the same attentiveness and awareness of your surroundings that you find in a very young kitten that is just starting to notice things around it, there is also a bit of the naive in this quality, these things are all in this quality along with many others and it’s something unique and something I never before found in anyone. I love it though. Very much. I find it in your letters and it
gives me a very clear picture of you and makes you seem very near to me. It's something which you couldn't cultivate or which couldn't be improved upon by a conscious effort. It's just there. The way I'm rambling on anyone would get quite a vivid impression that I love you very much. How very true that is, a reader could never realize because it just can't be written down on paper. It just couldn't be given bounds by the placing of ink on paper. It's just something that exists and is so dominant a factor in my life that it can't be explained satisfactorily unless I were with you. I'll explain as soon as I get back to you, but I think you have a general idea right now.

Well, sweetheart, I never went to work on that job of mine because this morning the orders came through on the rest of us who were not on the first order. We are on the very same shipment that the rest of them are on, the only difference is that we are leaving here Friday while they leave here on Wednesday. We will probably go to the very same place and leave on the same boat. Tomorrow morning I have to go down to draw my tropical equipment. They really give us an awful list of stuff and take away our O.D. blouse and overcoat.
I'm just as glad to know when I'm leaving although I'm not too fond of the hot weather. I'll undoubtedly get used to it. I can't complain though because I have certainly kicked around this country long enough. I'd like to make a little prophecy right now though and it is that I will never be assigned to a permanent unit. They placed my pharmacist's specs number in the orders, but then in parentheses next to it, they placed my bombight mechanic's number. I doubtfully will never get to use it since I am in the service forces, but I like the idea of having it there. It will hint to them that I may be other than a pharmacist.

The news now sounds very good with our forces landing behind and all around the Germans and our taking of islands in the Pacific. It may be that the war will not last indefinitely and that some time before I become old and gray I will find myself home once more. God, Darling, that day seems so wonderful that I'm afraid to let myself think of it.

One of the other things I have to do tomorrow is take another physical exam - alias a short arm inspection - at which I will be given a typhus shot. This makes it just about a certainty that I will not meet Bob Kennedy because, although he too is leaving on a tropic shipment, he had no typhus.
short before he left. He also drew only two sets of
gaties while I’m going to have three. I don’t
know just where we’re going but I’ll make our
change of address card which will be sent
to you as soon as I leave here. In that way
you’ll be able to get my address as soon as
possible. What I don’t like is the idea that there
might be a lapse of as much as a month possi-
ably more, while I’m on the boat and getting straight-
ened out in which I will not be able to mail letters
or get any letters from you. I don’t suppose that
I will be allowed to write very much about the
boat trip over because I understand that new-
se is quite strictly censored. I’ll be able to do a lot
of sketching, however, and will do a lot. It will
be a nice opportunity to get in some practice.
In your letter you said that you
were going to make a chest and decorate it
yourself. What kind of chest is it and how
are you going to decorate it? I’m just curious.
Are you also going to make hooked rugs with
your mother or has this project replaced that?
You’ll have your time pretty well taken up if you
do all that work and in addition do your school
work. There’s always the thought that it will give
you something to do though. You won’t forget to
write often though will you? Just to let me hear from you and know just how you're getting along.

You were very right when you said that couples should keep their letters in the same tone that their conversations were before they were separated by the war. The letters are apt to become as you say, mere recitals of the weather, etc. This should not be so. It would be so much better if they kept in close touch with one another's thoughts and retained common bonds by discussing things of interest to them both and particularly by mutual planning for post-war life.

It's so much fun when you keep these mutual interests and it's the one thing that most people fail to do. They just hold onto the outward aspects of the affection they used to have and later find themselves with just an empty shell left. That is one thing we won't let happen to us though Honey. Never.

Say, what are you doing now? Are you negotiating? You remember how we planned to have two boys and two girls and now you speak of the possibility of having three boys. Ich! Ich! Backing out on a bargain eh? Well, if we did accidentally have a third boy I do think that the name Christian would be very nice. I like it very much. I don't suppose, however, that the fact you were
exposed to the Nordic influence by your contact with Alex—the butter, eggs, rice, etc. man—had any bearing on the choice of this name did it? It is a very nice name however and I disapprove of it. Have you ever thought of the possibility of having three girls? Of course we wouldn't, but I just thought I'd mention it. I'm afraid that I have forgotten the name of one of our daughters. I remember the name Ellen, but can't think of the other. Wouldn't this be terrible if my memory persisted in being this bad after they are born. I'll remedy that by that time though.

I also saw in that letter that you are weakening slightly because you said that you thought it would be a good idea to have the first child when I finish school. I just wanted to because I don't want to wait until I'm in my 30's before having children. I think it's nice to have some, at least, before you're 30. I feel awfully old when leveling mention that age but it isn't too far away when I stop and think that I'll be at least 24 years old before I get back home and that it will take about two years to finish school. Well make every minute of our time together count and will make up for lost time with interest added.
I have had a slight headache all day long and I think it was caused partially by my cold and partially by the fact that all I did all day long was lie in my bed and read a book by Eric Ambler. It was titled "Cause for Alarm" and was a pretty good adventure story. His books are quite entertaining. This evening Thomas and I went to the good-bowling alley across the street, where we bowled three innings — lines to you — at 10¢ a string. I didn't do very well but was quite consistent: 138-139-137. There were two other fellows bowling in the same alley. One of the boys rolled a 211 on his second string. It's the first time he ever bowled over 175.

My game was very short. I couldn't help looking back after each ball I bowled expecting to find you sitting there smoking a Lucky Strike and smiling at me very nicely, taking my mind completely off the game. Why weren't you here anyway?

Say, Darling, just in case I run across any silk stockings anywhere during my rambles in the Pacific, what size stockings do you wear? It's a very remote possibility, but there's always the off chance that I might see you know.

I will have to bring this letter to a close for today my Dearest, but I'll be back
tomorrow with the further adventures of you very ardent lover. Until then Darling
Send you all my love and kisses

Freddie