

Thursday
September 14/1944

My Own Darling;

I have just finished saying farewell to Bob Kennedy once more since he leaves by the train's early light tomorrow. I hate to see him go because we have had so much fun together. He is a swell skate and I'll have to keep in touch with him after the war. I hate to see him go and yet I hope I do not meet him when I leave here. The answer to this enigmatic statement lies in the fact that he is going to the Pacific tropical area and I don't want to go there since I believe I could be much more happy in the arctic region of the Pacific theater.

We went to see "Ansonic and Old Lace" this evening. It was a good picture but for my money did not quite live up to the stage production. It was quite good though and there was some excellent comedy in it. It's well worth seeing if it comes to Lansing.

I got a beautiful thick letter from you today and was so very glad to hear from you Sweet. It was such a nice letter too. It's too bad it had to rain while you were at the cabin. It certainly did not rain here. In fact it hasn't rained here in six months. So your father is become a bridge addict. For shame. After the way he used to criticize the game when we played it at the house. I understand perfectly what

you mean when you say that your father played his "usual haphazard game", I imagine he had his usual haphazard good luck ("Any hand is worth a three bid" is his favorite comment as I remember it). He does play a good game though.

I've also often wondered just what I should call your mother. "Mrs. Robson" does seem rather stilted and isn't at all what I like to use. You seem to like "Mother", would you suggest that? The next time I see her I will be able to use that quite correctly, won't I? It sounds so good to think of it. Very, very nice.

I also got letters from Mom and Pauline today. Mom said that Dad had a bad spell this past week but that the doctor said it was only to be expected since the poisons which had accumulated in his spine had to be driven out to where they could be gotten at and his present condition is the result of these escaping poisons going to work on his system. The doctor tells him that he's very confident he can cure him but that it will take a little time. I hope not too long because Mom does worry so about him. She doesn't say so but, knowing her, I can very easily tell.

Mom told me that she sent you a standing invitation to visit home. She also

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~~she also~~ told me that she likes so to have you around because you're so much like one of the family. She and Dad like you very much.

Arthur's friend Joe visited Lynn last Sunday. Mom said that he has changed as she hardly knew him. He looks much older and his hair is thinning - he claims it's due to the climate down there. He didn't say a thing about what he had been doing so the family didn't ask him. He brought his fiancée along with him. I guess Mom was very glad to see him and to hear about Arthur first hand. He is so sure that Arthur will be home by Christmas that he refused to take his sixty day furlough now and wants to wait and take it when Art takes his. He got a 21 day delay en route anyway. Mom said that he wrote Art a 24 page letter the day after he got to Lynn. I guess he and Art thought quite a bit of one another because Mom says Art is very downhearted about Joe's leaving. This damned war really has messed everything up. Everything that is except you and I, and it brought us together. That's the one thing I will be eternally grateful for. Now that we're together - or rather, now that we know one another - it should end. I think I like the original statement in that last sentence because even though you and I are

miles apart we can always be together in our thoughts of one another and in our love for one another. I agree with you Darling and don't think that anyone could ever have loved so much and so wonderfully as we do. You're wonderful!! And I love you!!!

Friday Morning

Well Sweetheart, the first two shipping orders have been read off and I find that I am on neither of them. This does not displease me very much since both of these shipments are for the tropics. Howard Gold and Thomas are both leaving. ~~to~~ Out of 250 of us who came here together about fifty or seventy of us are left. I hope we go to the arctic. There's a slight chance we might and I'm just going to hope we do. Souma and Ludwig are left here with me. Our shipping order is expected in at any time now. I hope it's soon because if not we'll be doing a lot of detail work. Bob is leaving just about this time. I was just over to see him. He was sitting on an empty bunk with his helmet at his side. On the front of the helmet was a nice big 39. It seems that when his number is called off he has to answer quick like a bunny with his last name. It is all so very dramatic.

Everyone is very madly pulling out ~~their~~^{his} equipment to display it on ~~their~~^{this} bed. There's going to be another show down inspection for the fellows who are leaving. They probably won't leave until the middle of next week but they have to be processed out, a very quelling procedure.

I've still got that damned sore throat. I wish I could get rid of it. I'm not sure whether I got it here or in the mountains on my way out here, at any rate the difference in temperature between nighttime and daytime is doing a good job of making this cold persistent. I guess it's just a cold in my throat. I know that if I was still in East Lansing where you could feed me some vile potions to ease my suffering. It would be well worth it though, even if I don't like the medicines you prepare for ~~my~~ me.

I think I'll get hold of Ludwig and convince him that he should go to the Service Club Library with me this morning. There's no sense just hanging around here waiting to be caught for a detail. I'd a damn sight rather catch hell for not being around than to be put on some detail around here. I am really very lazy now, particularly when I realize that the only thing they do by way of punishment is restriction of passes, and that

Doesn't bother me in the least. I'd just as soon stay here on the post as to go to town. If I do want to go to town without a pass I have a friend here in charge of transportation who will arrange it so I can get on and off the post without a pass. I was lucky to find him here.

Well, Sweetheart, I'll close now wishing again that I were with you and telling you that
 I Love You

Forever
 Buddie