Saturday, 14 April 45
14 AA Command
APO 322,福州

My Dear Sweet Darling;

It is Saturday evening, the end of an-
other week of separation from you, one week nearer
to being with you again, and one week less
that I have to stay in the army and on New
Guinea.

I got five beautiful letters from you today;
four of them were written last January. I still
have about a half dozen or more letters from
that period which I never received. It seems
funny to get old letters like that though be-
cause so much has happened since then. I
also received a card from Swifty which was
very nice. It was a Christmas card with a
picture of me, Babe and the young Swift. It is
very nice. I'll send it along to you soon so you
can see what they are like - what they look
like that is. Swifty is a darned nice fellow. I
guess I told you what he said about not worry-
ing about me as long as I had myself anchor-
ed firmly to someone I like you. He was sure
that all would be well. I heartily agree with
him that all will be well, and very much more
than that because I have anchored myself to
you. You don't mind do you?
You failed to send me a sample of the Apple Blossom you got at Sue’s party. You remember you sent one of the samples and said you’d follow it up with the other and then a sample of spices. Leave us remain on the ball there young lady.

Your latest map—two six feet wild and “you don’t know how tall”—must be quite a project. I can see you now tearing across it on roller skates to dot the “i” in the northeastern county. Just what do you do? Do you draw in the whole map or what? Your talents are so multitudinous that I hardly know what to expect next Honey. Now you’re a cartographer, and lovely too—especially lovely.

The time situation in Lansing is so damned confusing that I won’t even bother trying to figure it out. It’s getting so you don’t know what time your next door neighbor is going by. Such nonsense from such a great big state as Michigan. You don’t see any of that trouble in New Hampshire now, do you?

That puzzle you sent me—the one with the horses and riders was a stickler and before I had a chance to really go to work on it someone came in, worked it, and showed...
me how it was done. Something very amusing happened in connection with the puzzle. Duffy worked on it a while and couldn't get it so he figured it was impossible to do. Kowalchuk came in and kidded him about not being able to do it. Duffy, always quite rash in his statements, blunted out something which, rephrased so that it may not be too harshly in your innocent ears, promised Kowalchuk that if he could work the thing during the course of the evening, he, Duffy, would be Kowalchuk's bride for tonight.

This fellow who had worked it out showed Kowalchuk how to do it while Duffy wasn't looking and Duffy hit the ceiling when Kowalchuk worked the puzzle. Duffy then started to back water faster than a colt fish while we all kidded him about welshing on a promise. We had him so burned up that I thought he'd explode. I think it may help cure him of making such rash statements.

P.S. Kowalchuk was disappointed.

You mentioned in one of the letters that Steve was rather bitter about your engagement. I can't say that I blame him though because I have an idea of how it must feel for a person to love you and not
be able to have you. You can tell him for me that, when he says you and I are not truly in love, he is more wrong than he could ever be about anything in the world. It would just be impossible for him to love you nearly as much as I do and I am quite sure that you love me much more than you could ever love him. It was just inevitable that we should meet and love one another. My mother seems to think that we are very much In love too. She says that she is sure you care for me every bit as much as I care for you. That makes it decisive as far as I'm concerned. Tell Steve for me that he is wrong, won't you Honey? I think that I would care to make Steve's acquaintance about as much as you'd care to make Mary's, which, according to your statement about the im desirability of your meeting Mary, is negligible. Remember the night you asked me about Mary for the first time? You asked me why I hadn't told you before, but I guess you forgot that you had overlooked mentioning Steve. The only difference so that I knew about him before I started going out with you, even though you didn't realize it. That could never have stopped me though as you now know very well. I'm glad it didn't. Just think, if I'd let that make any difference I wouldn't be going to marry you!
That would never do.

Got to leave you again for the night.
Sweetheart, I'll be back tomorrow. Until then you have all my love and a million kisses to remind you that I am yours forever.

Freddi