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12 March 1945  
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APO 322, Fresno

Good Evening Sweetheart;

I suppose that just about this time you are getting ready to leave for Lynn. I hope you don't have any trouble getting there and that you don't get lost and have to spend the night on Boston Common. Your mother should have pinned your ticket on your coat and turned you over to the conductor Darling. On second thought though, it's just as well she didn't for with the present manpower shortage in the States, even an aged conductor might have looked too glamorous for my own good. So, that's how it is eh? The minute I turn my back you're flitting with a conductor. You'd better stop that because I'm insanely jealous of your affections. I love you much too much not to resent your showing other men much attention. That's supposed to be a bad trait I know, but you don't mind do you Bunny?

By this time you have undoubtedly discovered the fact that my Aunt Bunny has now

got a boy friend. I don't know whether the family is undergoing a rejuvenation or what is the trouble. First my Aunt Blanche finally gets herself in a family way after so many years of childlessness, and now Aunt Bunny gets herself a man at this late date - and with the aforementioned man shortage too. Mom said that she had reduced again and that she was looking very nice. She isn't bad looking at all if she'd only forego the pleasures of the table. I'm glad for her sake and hope she marries him. She was becoming quite a jussy old maid. You lucky girl, escaping the horrors of being an old maid. Not that hundreds of other fellows would not be clamoring for your hand if I had not met you. I am very glad that I did meet you Darling and that you fell in love with me because there's no one in the world I would rather love and have love me.

Today marked the completion of my work on the signs I messed up with that indelible pencil the other day. I got them all done and they are now hanging in the office

out of harm's way. I now have the headache of working out an alphabet for those officers' desk signs. I got one worked out this afternoon but my my man Friday, Kawalechuk told me it was too stiff and formal for this type of sign so I'll revise it tomorrow. It's possible that I can get what I want by merely tilting the letters a little bit. I hope that does it. Don't getting a lot of practise at working out alphabets though, and I could sure use it since my printing is way below par.

The meals today were terrible and those tomorrow threaten to be equally as bad, if not badder. To top it all off, I couldn't fill upon butter because we seem to have run out of that precious commodity, at least temporarily. The canned country sausage they feed us over here is lousy and I am getting so I can't even look at it without gagging. Some real old fashioned fresh sausage would be very welcome right now but I guess I'm destined to eat this stuff till I am back where I can once more enjoy

meals cooked by those beautiful hands of yours.

Speaking of canned foods, one of the boys was telling me that liverwurst, or liverswurst if you belong to the school of thought (?) of that girl at the soda fountain, is sold in cans now. I haven't had any liverwurst for quite a while now. If you ever run across any would you get it and send it to me in one of the packages you send.

I did some work on that house plan you said you particularly liked. I think that, instead of adding a two story wing, it would be a better idea to just add a second story. I have just about worked out the floor plan of the house with a second story added and will send it to you for your approval. The way I've worked it out there will be plenty of rooms in it, enough for as many children as the old woman in the shoe had. Of course they won't all be bedrooms. I think that it would be best to build two stories, leaving the second story to be finished later. I have an idea

that you will like these plans fairly well when I am finished.

While reading a Saturday Evening Post, or a Collier's I forget which, I ran across an article on a new reversible air conditioning unit which uses no fuel. The only thing you need to run it is electricity to run a compressor pump. What it does is take in the cold air from outside, take what heat there is in it, compressing it, so there will be more heats units per cubic measure, and using the heat generated from this to heat the air in the house. I don't know if I have made myself clear but it sounds like a revolutionary and, if cheap electrical rates are obtainable, economical method of heating a home. At present the units are too large for a regular home but smaller units are being developed.

I just saw the picture "Rhapsody in Blue" the life story of George Gershwin. It was a glorified version of his life but, nevertheless, I enjoyed it more than I have any picture for a long

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while. Of course I may be prejudiced because  
I believe that Gershwin's music is in a class all  
by itself as far as American music is concerned.  
His is the only music which really can move  
me. There's something about it that just seems to  
me to be pure American.

There was a saying in the show which  
I liked very much. "Happiness is a vertical  
thing with heaven at the top." I like that very  
much, except that I am substituting the word  
heaven for the word YOU, both of which are syn-  
onymous anyway. Darling, you are the only heaven  
I ever expect to know, and ever care to know. Being  
your husband, I am enjoying a paradise here  
on earth, much better than any I could ever  
hope for afterward. I love you so very much  
Bunny, that at times the enormity of this love  
almost frightens me. It is a wonderful feeling  
though, especially ~~at~~ when I realize that you  
love me in return. I am all yours Darling  
Always  
Freddie