Wed. 7 March 1945
14th AA Command
APO 322, San Francisco

My Darling:

I love you. I just thought I’d remind you in case you forgot, and you’d better not ever forget that that minute because it is so very true. Bunny. I love you as I never dreamed I could love anyone.

I’d like to see you right now so I could love you and show you just how much instead of just writing it on paper. Those new clothes you told me you bought sound quite nice. I’m not quite sure yet just what a shortwaist dress is but your description of it “button all the way up the front” sounds intriguing. Butters have a strange fascination for me. Especially those on dresses that “button all the way up the front.” That’s a matter which would tear some looking into if I were there with you. Don’t you think that zippers are even better though Honey? Or don’t you? I am very much surprised that you were able to get some new shoes. Understand that they are extremely hard to come by back in the States now.

It’s nice that you promise your letters will be longer when you’re through school. They
have been rather short lately but short or long
they are just as welcome just as long as I
keep on receiving them regularly. Don't get taking
this as an excuse to shorten your letters
though.

You seem to be having quite a time
on your field trips to various places. You
sound as though you thought that little boy
you saw in the boarding house was quite nice, huh?
You should see Michael now there's a boy. He's
very handsome, extremely intelligent, and this
another is not a schizophrenic, she's very nice.
In fact, you should meet her, you'd love her as
much as I do.

What is all this talk of taking sun
baths in February, anyway? I hope you're not
dying out in the snow trying to get a tan.
Explain yourself honey, explain yourself to dispel
my bewilderment. Could it be that the Robin
family has a concealed sun lamp which has
never been shown to me? I hope that is the
explanation.

As to my loving you when price cross
Darling, how could I help myself? I just
love you so much that cross or sweet, I'd still love you. I also hate to tell you that you're wrong but I must. You see, I have seen you when you were angry. I think you were angry the last day you were with me in Rockford; not angry at me, but just angry. I tried every way I could to try to find something for us to do but you just pushed. Then, finally, we let that Penny Arcade. That seemed to snap you out of it quite effectively. To tell you the truth, I didn't feel too hot about having you leave me either. In fact I felt exactly the way you did.

That letter your father lost will just have to be chalked up as a permanent loss. I guess because I haven't yet seen slide nor hair of it. You'd think that if anyone picked it up they'd have sense enough to mail it wouldn't you?

I think that you are right in your guess about there being 14 hours difference. I'm not exactly sure but I did tell you just how much difference there was once before. If you will have that letter you can check up on that.
There's the same difference in time here that there was at the 5th R Depot. Right now it must be about 6:00 AM Wednesday morning and you are still in bed sleeping before getting ready to spend another of your last days of school. You should graduate this week, just before my birthday. Tonight when you write your letter to me it will be about 10:00 AM Thursday morning here and I shall be seated in my tent, printing signs like mad, and also thinking how much I'd rather be right in town with you. It would still be quite cold at home now so we'll have a perfect reason as if we needed any, to stay in and make love all day. What a wonderful thought that is. Any thought of you must necessarily be wonderful since you yourself are the most wonderful person in the world. You should see just exactly what your kisses do to me. It's something terrific, honest. But that is nothing compared to what happens to me when you put those lovely arms of yours around me, hold yourself close to me and tell me that you love me. That's all I could ever ask for to be completely happy.
Since I never asked you to marry me in as many words I will now proceed to pop the question a little later. Don’t you think? My darling and dearly beloved Miss Robbin, will you please make me the happiest man in the world by consenting to be my wife and to love me forever after? For no millionaire and about all I can offer you is me and all the love I have for you. Beneath this rough exterior lies a heart filled with love for you alone. I promise never to beat you, and I’ll try to support you, promising to always see that you at least have shoes to wear. I don’t particularly care for women who don’t wear shoes on the streets.

Speaking of shoes, and my gi shoes are still not getting along very well. I may be accused by some people of being a modern Don Quixote, goosing with shoes instead of windmills. I hate shoes and am warming you now that all I’ll ever wear around the house are some nice comfortable shoes. I’ll be glad when I can get back to wearing low cuts again instead of these armored shoe boxes they give instore.
I saw a picture at our outdoor movie last night. The movies outdoors aren’t bad at all except for the fact that 90% of the seats are tilted at about this angle — and consequently the sitter has to hang on for dear life. The other ten percent of the seats are level, but they are also reserved for you know who.

Speaking of this subject of show, here’s a wonderful article in the February 18th issue of Collier’s. It’s Larry Adler’s article on his overseas tour and is on page 30 of the mag. It is one of the most sensible articles I have yet read on the state of things overseas. He gives a very good picture of this particular area. It’s surprising how little people know about this area. I guess just about everyone back home thinks that if a guy is not in a combat zone over here, he must be living the life of Riley with a ration of at least one lovely native girl per tent, and mosquito evenings spent in the Beach watching native girls tulla a la Hollywood. The small native women out here are the most quiescent lot of humans on the world.
Whatever romance the people back home can find in the picture of one of these dusty, pendulous-breasted creatures, prattling a baby in one arm and a small pig in the other. They are welcome to. I only thank God there are extremely few of them around to look at. The moonlit nights are another Hollywood phenomenon. For every clear moonlit night you are sure to have at least four or five nights of rain shortly after. And when it rains over here it is like nothing you ever saw because it is just one solid mass of water that comes down to stop it all off, I am in one of the nicest parts of the island because it has been built up very well, so you can imagine what it's like in the forward areas that are still in the process of being cleared. And then to add insult to a grievous injury, some newspaper back in the States opens up to how a lot of gis will want to return here with their wives after the war to pioneer in the development of New Guinea. I'd never take any wife of mine out here to this hell hole.

Don't forget to let me know how Pig likes the envelopes will you. I hope that
They are what he wanted for his collection. If he's saving all the envelopes of my letters he must have quite a stack of them by now because I must have written over 100 letters since I left the States.

Well, Sweet Darling, I'll close now sending you all the love from a heart overflowing with love for you. Goodnight Honey.

I love you.

Freddie