

9 February, 1945
 Hy Ctry, Alh A A Cond
 90322, S. Francisco, Cal.

Good Morning Beautiful:

You're even more gorgeous than ever aren't you? I don't see how you manage it. Older women wake in the morning looking like something left over from Saturday's Bargain Basement sale but you wake up looking tantalizingly beautiful. I've never seen you, and never shall, when you weren't looking lovely though sweet. Such beauty surely deserves kissing. Check me off for another kiss on the cheeks will you please, collectible upon return to you.

Much later the same day.

Sony Sweetheart;

I left you to go to work this morning and have been busy ever since. I had the afternoon off but all that meant was that I had to do my laundry and sew the red constantillery braid on my cap. While I was doing my laundry I met a fellow from Nashua. He knows Arthur quite well, in fact his brother is now with Arthur. I learned that Arthur's nickname is "Ittybit". I'll have to blackmail him with this information. I really got a laugh out of that. I'll have to use this name in my next letter to him. It seemed damned good to talk to someone from home again. This fellow knows quite a few of the boys I went to school with. At present I am in his tent writing. He has a pretty nice tent here with regular desks, a radio, electric lights, and all the fixings. It's quite a nice place for writing. There are quite a few Nashua ~~boys~~ boys here. I'll have to look some of them up and see how they're making out. I'll be at home away from home yet. Still it could never be home, as I have come to regard home, without your presence. It seems that you are the sun in my universe around which all my thoughts, dreams, and plans revolve in their orbits, drawing their light and life from your very radiance. The words "you are my everything" apply exactly in the case of my feelings

toward you.

Tonight I went down, chew my beer, and staggered back under the load of all those bottles of beer. It was quite a struggle but I made it and downed two bottles to relieve myself after all this exercise. A whole case, 24 bottles, is quite a bit of beer and should last me quite a while, since I only take one every once in a while and don't try to polish it all off at once.

You should see the beautiful job I did off applying that braid to my hat. It looks like a very professional job no fooling, and if you couldn't sew so well yourself, I'm sure you would want to marry me just on the strength of my ability to sew.

This Dashua boy has a very complete set of maps which we pored over while listening to the news broadcast, just like regular strategists. It makes the whole thing much more vivid when you look at a map and see just where the places are that are being mentioned. The news tonight was very encouraging. It seems that unrest is growing inside Germany. It seems that the whole situation is coming to a head and may erupt quite soon. I wish it would so they could turn all our forces in the European war, particularly the air and naval forces, to the Pacific area to finish off Japan as quickly as possible. I still think that Japan has already entered her last year in the war. This may be a premature prediction but if it is my conviction. They still have many men in China but these men are going to face an all out mechanized war in which I believe we will outclass them by far. We've fought them at their own kind of war and now will let them fight our kind. This belief isn't all wishful thinking either. The Allied Armed Forces in this theater, as well as in the European theater are a terrifically great force which neither Germany or Japan can hold out against for much longer. Are you convinced now.

Some of the boys have got three very small New Guinea "pigeons" which were discovered by the natives. They made a small cage for them out of strips of bark and have the cage hung up in the tree. They're awfully ungainly looking birds with long bills, all out of proportion to their size, large eyes, and pin feathers which resemble porcupine quills more than they do feathers. Their mother has discovered them in their cage and feeds them every day. They should soon be ready to fly.

The show, "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," is on here tonight. Since I have already seen it twice I think I shall forgo the pleasure of ~~seeing~~ seeing it again. The third time maybe ~~being~~.

At work this morning I did very well for the first couple of hours and rattled off my work as if I were a veteran at the job, at about 10:30 though my fingers started to become clumsy and I had a hell of a job, making all kinds of mistakes. I did manage to turn out more work than I have any day yet. I thought when I got the job that there would be no typing involved but it turns out that about the only thing I have to do is type. By the time I return I'll be able to type even better than you can, sweet. You'd better look to your laurels. Oh, I forgot that you don't like to typewrite. Why do you have such an aversion for typing anyway?

I hope that I'm able to get into one of the better tents around here. The biggest part of the tents are raised from the ground, have burlap and screen walls, electric lights, shelves, and all the comforts of home; whereas mine has a dirt floor covered with chunks of coral, sagging sides, no lights and all the discomforts you never expect in a home. As soon as they start moving people out I guess I'll be able to get myself located in a tent, at least I sincerely hope so.

At the present time I am virtually surrounded by technicolor pin up girls (by the way you've heard the definition of a pin up girl haven't you "a girl with a beautiful profile - all the way down" which transform the room into an Esquire fans nightmare. Here I am and there they are. They, lying around in multitudinous seductive poses, and I sitting here, quite frustrated, thinking of the one pin up girl above them all who I would love to have here with me seducting me to her heart's content. You'd marvel at how very easily I'd fall under the spell of that magical charm of yours which just melts me away whenever your glance is directed in my direction. You are my very gorgeous Darling and I love you and miss you very much. Remember that sweetheart I love you with all my heart

Always.

Freddie