Dear Sweet Heart;

You are so very much loved by me. It seems incredible that any person could love another as much as I love you but yet it is quite true. It seems that each day I realize more just how very much I do love you. I join the very closest person in the whole world.

Darling, if you have the book "Mr. and Mrs. Cugat" by Isabel Scott Rouch in the library read it by all means. It is one of the most entertaining books I've read in ages and I think it is quite marvelous. It tells the story of a married couple who are busily engaged in living happily ever after. I think Mr. Cugat is even more amusing a character than Claudia of the stage show, movies, and magazines. When you read it let me know how you like it.

Today I mailed the bracelet so let me know if you get the letter. I'm quite sure you'll have to pay some extra postage on it because it's quite heavy and I had to stamp to add to the stamped envelope. You won't mind paying the extra postage will you, Honey? Just be sure to let me know when you get it.
Wednesday 3, Jan 45

Wow Darling!

This month has ended so soon. I'm glad to see time going by so fast because each passing day hastens our reunion. After that time can just stop for us. There'll be no time just love. Still no mail has come through. I must be about two weeks since I've gotten a letter from you. I'm anxious for them to start catching up to me because I do so want to hear from you my Darling. If I don't, the mail will be as mixed up that I won't hear from you for a week or so. That will be bad, not hearing from you will be bad. I mean, shipping out of here will be good.

Today was payday for the company. But again fate stepped in to delay my being paid. The payroll is still not back from the finance office yet and will not be until for a couple of days. I think it's all a conspiracy to make me save my money. Are you sure you had nothing to do with this young lady? It's as good a way as any to get found to save money because what you don't get you ain't gonna spend. That's the way I look at it.

The sketch I have in here is one I did quite awhile ago but forgot about. It wasn't quite finished but I'll leave it at this stage rather than try to finish it up now.
We must have a fair number of sketches in our scrapbook now. We'll have quite a record of my overseas adventures by the time I get back. I'm anxious to get up in the Philippines to sketch some of their towns and buildings. All my clothes are laid out on my bed airing out. They had that musty duffle bag air about them.

I just got back from the boxing show and made myself a very nice pillow from the above mentioned airing out clothing. It makes an A-1 pillow too. The bed feels very nice and soft tonight even though it is only a q.r.c.o. The time system changes tomorrow as we lose an hour's sleep. We go back to standard time instead of daylight saving. It's all quite complicated.

The boxing show tonight was spoiled by the addition of a wrestling show. A travelling show that was put on by a troupe of professional headed by the wrestling coach of Harvard (or do you prefer Hah-vuhd) University. It was quite faked but enjoyable since it was something to watch.

My literary diversion here is provided by "The Moonstone", a mystery that threatens to be fairly good although the style is rather cumbersome when compared to the breezy style of our present day mysteries.
There was a nice big mail call for us tonight but none for me. I'm so damned anxious to hear from you again, darling. Particularly to find out if you find something in those plans the tell you which you feel and to get your suggestions for improvements on them so I can draw up some new plans. In the Saturday Evening Post just inside the cover, on the reverse side of it, there is usually an add for G.E.D. believe it or not, which has a pen and ink sketch of a kitchen unit that is quite compact and attractive. I think it would go well in the kitchen of house plan number 2 which I sent you. It would fit nicely behind the bath in the kitchen. Let me know what you think of it won't you?

These food adds which I am devoting a lot of my attention to are getting me down since I am now on a diet which is very monotonous; chili, Vienna sausage, spam, and an occasional meal of bully beef. It does get very monotonous. We'll have to be careful not to fall into a rut and just have the same foods over and over again with regularity. I want to have a great variety of foods. You are brushing upon your cooking aren't you sweetheart?
You are certainly the sweetest and most lovely bride that shall ever grace the arm of a groom before the altar. You were just made to be my wife, Honey, and we were meant to make the way we did. I'm awfully glad too. Altogether the happiest fellow in the world.

One of the boys gave me a bottle of India ink today. It's about half empty but will serve my purposes until such time as I receive the package which you sent me. I'll be glad when your packages start reaching me but as yet none of them have. I'm afraid your mother's suggestion about informing the postmaster of my change of address wouldn't help much because he knew about it long before you did. The package just hit a bottle neck somewhere and it will be a while before they find their way to me. I hope that's soon though.

I just invented Pop Warner, six, rubbing alcohol, three candles, and a half dozen suspense which he didn't want to carry around with him. It seems funny to have now with him gone. He was a good old boy.

Josh, Honey, looking at you like this as I write you seem so very sweet, your hair in two nice little braids, exposing those nice pink little ears of yours. Your eyes full of starbeams
glittering and glittering at me so inquisitively and
mischiefously as you sit there cross legged with
your elbows on your knees and your pretty little
chin propped by two small clenched fists in that
new nightgown of yours. Your face has the aid
expression of a little girl listening intently to a
bedtime story which Sam is unfolding. Your lips
are nice and red but if I were actually there
they'd be much more red from the kissing
they'd receive. Don't fret or fear Darling, It
won't be long now before Sam is back to you
again, making these bedtime stories I tell
you in letters come true. It will be such a
happy and glorious day when I can.

I love you and miss you terribly, my darling

Your Own
Fredde