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 anew just how very much I do love you. You’re the very dearest person in the whole world.

Darling, if you have the book “Mr. and Mrs. Cugat” by Isabel Scott Rorick in the library read it by all means. It is one of the most entertaining books I’ve read in 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 Mrs. 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 is quite heavy and I had no stamps 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 31 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. It 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 ship out the mail will be so mixed up that I won’t hear from you for a heck of a while. That will be bad, not hearing from you will be bad I mean, shopping out of here will be good.

Today was payday for the company but again fate stepped in to delay my being paid. The payroll I signed is not back from the finance office yet and will not be here 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 I’ve yet found to save money because what you ain’t got you ain’t gonna spend. That’s the way I look at it.

The sketch I have in here is one I did quite a while 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’m 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 clothes. It makes an A-1 pillow too. The bed feels very nice and soft tonight even
though it is only a g.i. cot. The time system changes tomorrow so 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 spiced by the addition of a wrestling show. A travelling show that was put on by a troupe of professionals headed by the wrestling coach of Harvard (or do you prefer Hah-vuhd) University. It was quite faked by 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.

4.

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 I’ve sent you which you like and to get your suggestions for improvement 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 GE, I believe it is, 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 in 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 up on your cooking aren’t you Sweetheart?

5.

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 meet 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 suggestions about informing the postmaster of my change of address wouldn’t help much because he knew about it long before you did. The packages 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 inherited Pop [crossed out word] Leake’s Lux, rubbing alcohol, three candles, and a half dozen sixpence which he didn’t want to carry around with him. It seems funny in here now with him gone. He was a good old boy.

Gosh, 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 your. [sic] Your eyes full of starbeams

6.
glistening and glittering at me so impudently and mischievously as you sit there cross legged with your elbows on your knees and your pretty little chin propped by [crossed out word] small clenched fists in that new nightgown of yours. Your face has the avid expression of a little girl listening intently to a bedtime story which I am 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 I am 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

Freddie