Good Morning My little Darling,

You look so very sweet and elfin so early in the morning with your eyes half full of sleep. I think you have a very special sort of beauty at this time, different from other times. You are so very beautiful that every person who loves you as I do would notice these very subtle changes in you, especially since I am quite narrow minded as far as letting anyone see you just as you awaken. That is a privilege I want reserved for just myself. I can kiss the sleepiness right out of your eyes.

Do you remember how on those Sunday mornings after we had set up till about 1:00 am or later that same morning, I would just sleep and let you get up first and you'd come in and wake me? It was a confession to make. I really had always been awake quite a while and just stayed there, with my eyes closed, resting so you'd have to come in to wake me. Then the first thing I'd see when I opened my eyes would be you, and the first thing that would happen to me would be receiving a kiss from you. I know that duplicity like this should not be rewarded but I just couldn't help it. Honey, and in my case I was very liberally rewarded, as liberal a reward as I can imagine but for me. If you feel that you were cheated out of those kisses under false pretenses I'll return every one of them tenfold when I'm with you again.
I've been looking at your new picture - the Wolverine one since I got up this morning and I can see where your mother might be justified in saying that you look a slight bit like a little chocolate colored prairie girl, but I'm not letting that prejudice me a bit. You don't suppose there's something that you don't know about and that way back in the family history there was a dusty skeleton in your family closet? I'd better check upon that. It wouldn't influence my opinion of you, but I'm sure it would. I love you, sweet darling. You're just perfect for me, just as you are, at home.

Since my buck ship did not come through, I had to go on training. It wasn't too bad this morning though, we just had to sit through a couple of very short lectures on the same things we had drummed into us a million and one times before. I'm sure I could give the lectures now.

As you can type 46 words a minute can you. We'll go through the one test showed 55 words per minute with only one error. That's after only a few weeks too and I'm pure All-in prove. I know that the only thing my studying typing would mean to you is that you wouldn't have to type my term papers and reports for me. Bunny Roberson, you're lazy!! Aren't you ashamed of you? Yes? Don't you think you should be? What you say "me" again? I'm certainly very surprised. You mustn't know that the only reason I was marrying you, practically was so that you could do my typing. Of course there are
many other reasons for marrying you as you will find out, soon I hope. The main one is because I love you so and just cannot get along without you.

Just who told your fortune anyway? Where it was didn’t know his or her stuff too well although upon analyzing them I find that some of the statements made sound true. You will have a long career— as my wife, and your life will be short— if our lives together lasted a hundred years they would still be considered too short by me. You will be married once, forget the “maybe twice” part. That’s out. You will have four children, two boys and two girls and will have the best of medical care so you won’t have to worry Darling. Leave the worrying to me, I’m sure I’ll do more than enough for the two of us. You will have two love affairs—the first one you’ve already had with me as a soldier, at least in uniform, and not able to be with you all the time—the second will be with me as a civilian and your husband. I didn’t know about that mean streak before though, but am glad I found out. I’m quite sure you’ll be too busy being made love to to ever have time to be mean with me. If this streak did manifest itself sometime, I could always turn you over my knee and get rid of it that way. Did I ever tell you that I beat my wife? Honest! At least once a weekend on even weeks often. It helps keep them in line and keeps any mean streaks right in the bud.
Thank you very much for including the talcum powder in my package. My quickly heat has just about gone for the time being though thank god. Indeed the g.i. all purpose and all curative foot powder on my back and arms to get rid of it. I can always lose the tale though to keep my feet and other regions of my torso dry. It was indeed a good idea of mine to want to plan things so that you won't have to work at all in my last year of school. Want to come home from classes to find you there waiting for me. You can have all the work done and have a nice meal all ready for me. You will undoubtedly have opened all my letters and can tell me what was in them as we eat. That way we'll have some precious time for one another. I do want to have a nice time to return to everyday though and that wouldn't be too possible if you worked all day would it?

Too bad that man couldn't get the lumber for your chest—I mean the chest your father was going to have made for you—what I really mean is the box variety of chest. Your own is in no need of revision. It is fine just as is. Whee! What!! Ain't she sweet? The chest done mi plan cherry would probably be better since all the bedroom furniture will be done in the same way. It would be slightly incongruous to have a painted chest amid all that other furniture. We could probably finish off the girl's room in Pennsylvania Dutch and have
Your grandmother is very nice to offer you her blue china. We could certainly use it and would have plenty if we have service for twelve. We could even afford to break one or two pieces occasionally. Of course I was only joking darling. Have you broken a dish while I was at your house? I haven’t. Have I? I hope. Why don’t you send me a sketch to show what the china looks like? You haven’t inserted a sketch in your letters for quite a while. They were getting very good too, as let’s see you continue the good work.

If by any break of chance, this war would last as long as before it was finished I returned home on furlough, you can rest assured that we would be married, no matter how short a time we had to spend together. I just couldn’t stand being with you and not being married to you. It would be a physical impossibility. I am going to marry you at the very soonest date that we are together long enough to go down and get a license, and if that day comes before the war is over that is when the event will take place. I don’t see how you could even suggest that I should spend any time at all with you and not marry you right away. Banish all those thoughts for good.

You know you little vixen, I think you really like the nickname of Benny very much because of the way you sign occasional letters that way as if you’re hinting to me that it’s
It's a good idea for me to use that name. After thinking it over, I came to the conclusion that it is a very good nickname for you, and whoever called it knew his stuff. You're small, soft, pink, and cuddly just like a bunny, and you have a way of breaking up your mood that also reminds me of your namesake. Yes, I think I like that as a nickname for you. I have to go to mail call now, but will be right back. Don't go away.

It seems that was a false alarm so here I am back with you again, sweet. I'm glad you enjoyed the map of New Guinea which I sent you. I thought it was quite clever. Do you still know what I mean when I speak of the native women's ertopoint—the pendulous bells of the South Sea Isles. The verse which this seemed to call to your mind, the one about how the native son of Texas was forgotten, was quite amusing. I'm going to save it to read up once of these Tossed rum ents around here. It should shut them up effectively.

Don't you think that the word "arrived" is all right? If you have any fault to find with it, may I refer you to the Maurice Bridger Review of the English Language To Suit Everyday Needs? It is a tonic giving the English language a new lease on life by replacing antiquated words with more zippy ones. You agree, I am sure, that the word "arrived" conveys the idea very well and the idea is what counts you know.
Thank Mrs. Agood for her sketch of Boots. It was cute. I think you're a better artist than honest Honey. I'm glad that you and others like and enjoy my sketches because I enjoy doing them to send to you. We should have quite a scrapbook by the time I return although I'll settle for a small one if I could get some room. I'm glad your father likes them because I know that he is usually unenthusiastic about things like that just as my father is. I'll keep on sending them and should be able to do quite a few when I work nights. I'll have all day off to sketch, design houses, and write to you. This should keep me quite busy while my job lasts.

As I told you in yesterday's letter I liked the Christmas cards you sent me very much. Are they the ones you intend to frame for Michael's room? They would be very nice put in a frame with a wide mat around the picture.

If you only work half a day when I first start school and don't work the last year at school we should be able to keep a dog all right. Have you decided what kind you like, and it had better be a cocker spaniel, preferably black? Of course you realize that you'll be morally responsible for the animal since you'll be with it most of the time. We'd better get one that's just old enough so he's housebroken, because it's quite a job if you get them when they're too young.

Before I forget it, I meant to tell you
that you'll have to layoff the sweets because your chin is breaking out again. As soon as I leave you you start right in and try to spoil your beauty. Let's just stop this stuff, Darling. If you must eat sweets though, do it while I'm over here just stop before I return so you won't look as if you had measles on your chin. I'll promise to stop taking my medication just before I go home so I'll arrive home looking fairly white instead of yellow.

I went to the show with Ludwig and Hanny tonight. We saw the picture "Came By Night" a fairly interesting whodunit story. While there Ludwig dragged out a manuscript designed to make the reader a love pan excellent. It's a ripoff job of Havelock Ellis' work combined with other authorities pearls of wisdom on the subject of how to live happily when married, not that we wouldn't live happily anyway, but I may pick up a pointer or two in the reading. I'll make notes to save as reference for my return to you. I'll need them when I awaken. Otherwise I'll be able to put these hints to good use. If only this were the first night of our married life I'd be perfectly happy. That day in the one date which I am looking forward to more than anything in the world.

I love you, my darling.

Freddie