Dearest Darling,

I have figured out a way to make your letters go a long way. Just put them aside after I've read them and then I take them out one at a time to answer them. This way I have the pleasure of reading them over again very leisurely, digesting every precious word. These words, with my memories, are the only ties between us now, the only tangible ties that are because there are so many ties existing between us that are not quite as evident as these physical ties which your letters represent. It's so nice to hear you tell me you love me. I know it but it's just very nice to have you repeat it to me.

You don't think it's dateable does you? You certainly should know that I don't even look at other women, and besides I haven't had the opportunity to meet any of them. I'd better stay away from those seventeen year olds because from all I can gather, they are quite fast young men. They are learning the facts of life but speedily under the tutelage of some of those women who resort to them in the absence of all other eligible men. Just see to it that you stay away from them because if you think you're selfish in matters concerning my going out with other women you should know just how very much more selfish I am where the matter of your going out with other men is concerned. If jealousy were a virtue I would indeed be assured of my heavenly reward because I just don't like even the thought of you going out with anyone else while you're away from me. So you just take care and my beautiful little darling and I'll be back with you as soon as possible so that we may both catch upon the wealth of living which we are missing at present.

Your reminiscing about how nice it used to be to walk toward the library every afternoon at 4:00 PM reminds
me that I used to anticipate the hour of 4:00 P.M. when you
would be conducted through the door into the parlor. I
was so eager to anticipate your coming with the same eagerness
with which you anticipated finding me there. It was so nice when we were together. I won't
repeat the old cliche that we didn't appreciate the time we spent
in each other. Because it isn't true, I did appreciate every single moment
of that time, appreciated it and stored up each happening as a series
of a hoard of pennies, so that I would be able to count them
over when the rainy days of separation from each other
arrived as they have.

It was very nice of your cousin to offer you her
wedding dress for our wedding. If you think it's the dress you
want to be married in, go right ahead and accept her offer be-
cause I am not in the least superstitious and I know that
nothing in the world could ever make me anything but the most
happily married couple in the world. Don't think that you have
to wear this dress just because she offered it to you. Swear
you to have the very wedding gown that you want for the ceremony
so if this isn't exactly what you want don't take it too long.
It's all up to you, I just want you to know that I have no super-
stitious if you decide that this is the dress you want.

Do you have any pictures of that cherry wood fur-
niture you tell me so much about? I didn't know that there
were four poster beds in that kind of furniture. From the
way you described it I thought there would just be a headboard and
two low posts at the foot of the bed. Too bad you were too
late to find out about that chest you saw advertised in the
paper. I guess you've just not very much in the ball these
days are you?
It would be nice if you would send me that letter my cot you told me about. I could certainly use it here. Because without my suit all I have is the fatigue trousers I cut down to fit myself and although they are enough to cover the subject they are fallible, placing me in the position of that woman in the anecdote in the Reader's Digest, the one who was on the stepladder sticking pins in the wall map to show where the fleet was when a crusty old naval officer suggested that she should be made to wear pants or the fleet would have to be moved to the South Atlantic. I know you've read it but I just had to refresh your memory to put across the point of my present predicament in my home made shorts.

I'd known one anecdote that you haven't heard yet. There was a soldier in the Philippines who trapped a Jap in a hole and yelled in for the god damned Jap to get his miserable body out or he'd be blasted to hell. The Jap returned with the shout "Come on in and get me you cowards hunting souvenirs." P.S. The American did.

Some of these Japs speak damned good English from what I can learn from the few fellows who've been in combat and seem like Japs captured. One of them says that his favorite shout is "Blood for the Emperor." I guess that's rough stuff all right but I guess the army is bent on proving that I am spared the sight of all this. I still wonder what my assignment is going to be. The army is just a series of surprises.

I'm sorry to hear that you didn't think the "Droll Stories" of Honore de Balzac were so very good. I enjoyed some of them. I'll admit that there were more good ones in the "Decameron." Those were the days, people knew what they
wanted, and got it. None of this sitting around ten thousand miles from one's heart in no good reason except for the unreasonable behavior of some people for whom I do not really get a damn in the final analysis. I want to be with you to hold you and caress you forever. You're very nice and soft and were just made to be loved by me always. I'd love to have you right here in my arms with both of us just sitting watching the moon. It would be so nice, Honey. Some day, soon I hope, we'll be together and I will be able to hold you forever.

Forever

Freddie