Dearest Darling;

I have figured out a way to make your letters go a long way. I 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 is because there are so very many ties existing between us that are not quite as evident as these physical ties which your letters represent. It’s no 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 I’d date a Wac do 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. You’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 [scratched out word] of those women there 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 matter 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 man 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 I’m away from you. So you just tread safe earth 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 loving 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 PM when you came walking through the door into the periodical room. You can be assured that I used to anticipate your coming with the same eagerness [scratched out word] with which you anticipated finding me there. It was so nice when we were together. I won’t use the old cliché that we didn’t appreciate the time we spent together because it isn’t true, I did appreciate every single moment of that time, appreciated it and stored up each happening as a miser stores a hoard of pennies, so that I would be able to count them over when the rainy days of our 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 because I am not in the least superstitious and I know that nothing in the world could ever make us 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. I want 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 Sweet. It’s all up to you, I just want you to know that I have no superstitions if you decide that this is the dress you want.

Do you have any pictures of that cherry wood furniture 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 was just a headband 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’re just not very much on the ball these days are you?

3.

It would be nice if you would send me that bathing suit 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, [scratched out word] placing me in the position of that Wren 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 do know one anecdote that you haven’t heard I’Il bet. There was a soldier in the Philippines who trapped a Jap in a hole and yelled in for the g.d. Jap to get his miserable body outside or be blasted to hell. The JP resorted [scratched out word] with the shout “Come on in and get me you souvenir-hunting son of a bitch.” 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 seen five Japs captured. One of them says that a favorite shout is “Blood for the Emperor”. I guess that’s rough stuff all right but I guess the army is bent on seeing 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 suspenses.

I’m sorry to hear that you didn’t think the [scratched out word] “Droll Stories” of Honore de Balzac were so very good. I enjoyed some of them. I will 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 for no good reason except for the unreasonableness of some people for whom I do not really give a damn in the final analysis. I want to be with you to hold you and caress you forever. You’re so 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

Freddie