Hello Darling;

To think! I’m a very tried little boy right about now, having done a hard morning’s work. I feel as though I had performed the Twelve Labors of Hercules. I was awakened early, ate, did my laundry, showered, brushed my teeth, made myself a pair of gym and swimming trunks and straightened out all my junk. Now if I were near you and could join you in the reading of funny papers and then a nice long walk with a picnic lunch to eat. And you as dessert my Sweet. Yum! You were never lovelier than you are right now Sweetheart. Please wait until I get back to see any more beautiful because I’m afraid I won’t be able to absorb so much beauty. It’s going to be so tough now that you’d better just stay at your present stage until I’m back and then you can once more proceed to grow more beautiful daily as you always have. I love you my Darling, always.

Last night we drew our beer quota—three cans—which I left to cool while I went to the show and saw...
the picture "The Doughgirls," a very hilarious comedy with a very good cast. I had a hell of a time getting in to see the picture. We were stopped as we went to get our seats and asked if we had our mosquito repellent with us. Since we didn't have, we had to walk over to the dispensary and get a bottle apiece. Then when we went back, we were told we'd have to have leggings. We managed to talk the fellow into a compromise and tucked our pant legs into our stocking tops. I'll know better the next time. All this while we had our beer sitting in our helmets which were filled with water to cool the beer.

After the show we returned and had a bull session complete with beer, cheese crackers with peanut butter stuffed between them, and Australian peanuts. Hop is a minor league ball player and is really a bug on the sport. He's trying to make me a fan and, with time, may succeed. I'm learning a lot about the finer points of the game at any rate.
The gods in all their bountiful nature have loosened the flood gates of good fortune on me. Eureka!!! Mail had arrived. I got a letter from Mom, one from Bill Barnhart, and—oh yes—two from my very favorite girl friends. They were very truly appreciated Darling. You'll never know how much I wanted to hear from you, and now my wish is granted.

It was wonderful to hear from you again Sweetheart and to know that you are all right and that you love me and miss me because I know just exactly what you mean. I miss you so terribly.

So you're trying to stall me off now eh? Telling me we can't be married right away just because there happens to be a light matter of a law that states people have to wait. O.K. if you want to be dictated to by everyone and anyone go right ahead. Make me wait. I'll probably just collapse and have a stroke from the anxiety of waiting. If you are within reaching distance it's going to be awfully hard to resist reaching. Maybe you'd better just have me locked up somewhere till the ceremony to keep me away from you cause I just can't promise anything. I love you much to much to think I'll like to wait even a day more than is nec—
essay before we're married. I guess we'll have to care of incidental things such as deciding where we'll live when I go to school. Since we just about decided to finish my work on my B.A. at MSC, you can keep an eye out for a place that you'd like there. Someplace where we'd have some privacy and not an apartment with paper thin walls filled with ears. I figure that if I go to MSC I'll get the maximum credits for the AGT work I did there and that will shorten my school days. Then I'll take my graduate work at U. of M. Besides, I want to have those AGT credits counted because I got good marks and they'll help when I apply for graduate school.

The problem of clothes will be quite a serious one because I won't have a damned thing to wear when I get back. My mothering out pay will just about all have to go on my back.

Your idea of going to Mackinac Island sounds like a very good one. I've never seen it but have seen pictures of it which looked magnificent. Will have plenty of time to decide where we're
going—damn it. I wish there was no more time to decide and that I was on my way to you now. I’d be very wonderful, Honey.

Don’t quite picture myself calling your father “daddy” either, so that’s out. I’ll have to think of something because Mr. Robson sounds too formal. How would he respond to “Pop”? It’s only a query and I’m not going to start referring to him as that yet. Could sort of sound him out by once in a while just mentioning another name on him and seeing what his reaction is. The ones that meet with the most favorable reaction, you can send on to me for the final selection. This is a worse problem than finding names for the children.

It’s good to hear that you at least saw possibilities in the fact that I called your brother Arthur. For a while it was argued the hint had been totally ignored. You were on the ball though as it kept that you mustn’t have thought I had enough originality to think up anything like that, the way you decided. The mistake wasn’t intended. I guess you just have very little faith in me.
you're very sweet to think of sending
from some notes for Christmas but I'm
very jealous. At the rate you're going,
you'll be going to have the family thinking
more of you than of me which I strongly
suspect may be the case now. They
think you're very wonderful and have
given you a great build-up to the rest
of the family. They and my aunt Bunny
Swiss I could have sent Mom some
notes from here but that's quite impossible
as far as I can see.

That Pocket Book you sent should
reach here soon. Some packages seem to get
here in no time at all and others, like
the Christmas present you sent, take ages.
My reading material has just about run
out and Sam now reduced to reading
last June's Time magazines. It's quite
amusing to read a back issue of a
magazine like that though just to
see how their predictions turnout.
They mentioned the possibility of the
stage being set for an early invasion
of the Philippines, and the early invasion
has taken place and we're just about
to finish cleaning them up. 

If we can only keep going in high gear out here I may be back with you sooner than I had ever hoped to be back. I'll settle for my 25th birthday although hope like blasé that it's sooner than that.

You are perfectly right when you say that we should have been married before I left the States. Then there would not have to be any waiting when I get back. I do want to be married to you very badly, Darling. You can rest assured that we won't be unmarried a minute longer than need be, though.

Doing laundry is hard as heck on my hands. The tin can I use has jagged edges and I'm always cutting my hands on it. The lack of it is why they didn't give any people safety for that. I'll have to get some ribbons to show News or she'll know the truth and realize that I'm not winning the war single handedly. Have you told her that I'm going to school yet? I don't think she'll approve of that very well. Can't help it if they're determined not to expose me to the rigors of an all out war. As long as I get back to you soon I'll be perfectly contented.
your mother must’ve had quite a trip out to California to see Jimmy. I hope he was there long enough to get a chance to go home but I imagine he’s probably on his way out here somewhere. What is he working at now? To be a landung craft? Perhaps I’ll run across him whenever I get to the Philippines or wherever I’ll go from here.

This could be some their over all ready and the time has gone by quite speedily. I hope the next year goes by just as fast, in fact I hope all the time goes by fast till I’m with you once more. I’d give anything to be with you now just the way I used to hold you and telling you that

I Love You

[Signature]