

Good Morning Sweetheart;

It is nice and early, but not very bright. I think we shall have some rain. Whether it rains or not, I want to go into town to see Mac this afternoon and to invite him to the show tonight to see the picture "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes", which I understand is a very good picture. It's about time we get a good pic-ture [sic] after all the stinkeroos [sic] they've been chasing our way.

You know Darling, I got another letter from you last night. Imagine, two letters the same day. It was the one in which you told me about the furniture company stopping making Cherrywood bedroom sets. Isn't there any other company you could find which would have a set on hand, or couldn't you write to the company to find if they have one or two on hand there so you could buy one. It's too bad since you did have your heart set on it so. I had caught some of your enthusiasm for it Darling and was looking forward to getting it just as much as you were. You will have to do some more shopping now to find one that you like so you can get it and have it ready for us when we are married. We want to be sure to have one you know. It is something we can't do without.

I also had dreamed of it even though I had no idea of what it was like. I just imagined it's [sic] softness and the softness of you there beside me

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in the bed. I had but to close my eyes and there you were smiling at me very sweetly. Your arms stole softly about me as I drew you close and tight to me with one arm and caressed you thoroughly and tenderly with my free hand. There was the wonderful press-ure [sic] of our bodies against each other, molded together from lips to feet in one being. Your beautiful breasts so soft and smooth against my chest, we are locked together and are one being physically as well as spirit-ually [sic] in the most thrilling and joyous of all embraces. There are no words, they would be inappropriate, just the sweet silence and the straining as we are merged one into the other to form a new and more perfect being than either of us is separately. Your lips are so sweet and your hands so light and softly caressing as they send thrill after thrill surging me from my head to my toes; I can feel the response in your body for at such a time there is no distinction in feeling. Each thrill is shared mutually by us because we are just one. That is the perfect culmination of our love, all the sweetness of you answering to all the longing in me. Darling, Darling, this must come soon. I feel that I shall just burst for loving you unless I am able to have you to loose [sic] all this love and longing on. I love you as no woman was ever loved. I love you com-pletely [sic] with all of me. I know that you feel the same and that you want to be loved by me, physically, every bit as much as I want to love you and shall when we

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are together.

They can keep out bodies apart Darling, but my heart is with you walking beside you always. I spend much time just dreaming of what it will be like when we are together in our own home. How nice it will be to walk into the house and take you in my arms and kiss you very tenderly. Of how nice it will be on a cold night, with the wind outside, to sit before the fireplace with you, your head on my shoulder and my arms around you. It will all be so perfect. You fit into my scheme of things perfectly. I can picture

you with your hair down in a nice low cut nightgown with that white chiffon negligee your mother is making for you. You'll look so wonderfully seductive that I just couldn't resist you. I'll be dressed in my pajamas with a lounging robe on, and there we shall be seated comfortably on a divan before a nice warm fire. I will kiss and caress you lovingly until it is time, as evidenced by yours and my passion, to retire to our chamber to carry on [sic] from there. There will be a low light on in the bedroom and the bed will be all turned down waiting for us. Uh! Uh! Let me take off your negligee and nightgown Darling. There! Cold isn't it? Here is a kiss to warm you while I remove my robe and pjs. All right, if you want to you can perform the ceremonies, turnabout [scratched out word] is fair play. Now that that is done here's another kiss. Mmm!! You feel so nice and soft and warm Darling, so very wonderful that you just send the shivers up and down my spine. I'll lift you into bed!

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There! Don't move over, I won't need much room. Now let's see, shall it be number nine this evening? All right Darling. That's it, nice and close, your arms feel so nice around me I could just lie here like this forever. You can perform the honors tonight Honey. Ooh! That feels so nice. Your hands are so soft and soothing. You are becoming quite expert at this my Darling. There!! That's it. Just relax now Darling, and enjoy it. We have all the time in the world. Time doesn't mean a thing to us any more [sic] and there shall never be any farewells again. Darling, Darling, that feels so very nice. You have been practicing [sic] that haven't you? I always knew it would be like this, just perfect. I would like to just hold you like this forever, never to let you go, just feeling this delicious thrill and kissing you your warm soft lips and feeling you re-turn [sic] the kisses very feverishly. This is the most beautiful [sic] thing in the world; it is our love and is something that is all ours and ours alone. No one else can ever share our love and no one else could ever find love nearly so sweet as ours is. This is what I waited for all through those long months I was away. It was something well worth waiting for too, believe me, and I appreciate it more now than I could have if we had not been separated [sic]. It seems that separation has nourished our love and caused it to grow to a point where it is the greatest thing in the world, and the only important one.

Pretending is a lot of fun now but what I want is the real thing. I'm getting tired of pretending. One fact hold true above all others, that I want and need you, and no amount of pretending can bring you to me.

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Later the same day

I just dropped down to see Mac. He was quite busy so I didn't stay long. I asked him to come out to see the picture tonight but he had already promised Gene that he'd go up to the Symphony so he could not come out. He did tell me he'd be down either tomorrow or Thursday night. If he comes tomorrow night we'll be able to go to the club and spend a quiet evening there. If he comes Thursday we'll go to the show and then go to the club, again spending a quiet evening.

On the way back I picked up the pictures I took last week. They came out quite well. I was going to write my comments on the back of them but it was too glossy so I couldn't. I shall write them here instead. The pictures are numbered on the back.

1. Taken in the office, the desk is much neater here than it ever is in reality. Note the fan in the back-ground. The radio was not there when the picture was taken but it usually sits at my elbow in the right of the picture. I look old here.
2. Shades of Charles Atlas! How do you like Sandow the strong man? I have lost a little of that slight (?) stomach you see in the pictures. Those are my new swim trunks, and volleyball shorts. Those are the barracks in the background. Mine is not in the picture. It is the next one to the right. Out in the left distance, behind the truck, is the Red Cross Building.
3. Rather a seductive pose don't you think? The cot is one of those which are strewn about behind the barracks and which we use to sun ourselves on at

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noontime, the only difference being that, at noontime, I don't have even this much on. They would not have printed them if I had been in that state for the photo however. (The book was a New Yorker).

4. Honest Honey, I'm not quite this fat. It's the way I have my shoulders hunched that's all. That is kunai grass immediately [scratched out word] behind me. Behind that is a banana tree (two to be exact). The Kunai grass is very short compared to what we had in New Guinea. That stuff was sometimes ten feet high.
5. This is Jim Schonemann who took several of the pictures of me. He's a Kansas City boy and is a pretty good kid.

There are two other pictures in here but I [scratched out word] may give the prints to Bob and Harry if they want them. If I do give them the prints I'll tell you what my comments are anyway and if I enclose them in here they will [scratched out word] be numbers 6 and 7.

6. Bob and I standing out on the road outside the headquarters building. There isn't much to say about this.
7. Harry and I under a tree. I rather dwarf him. He is quite small anyway. Those are all the cots I was telling you of in the background.

The eighth of the pictures was a failure. It was the one we made the mistake on and left open the shutter for a time exposure.

I'd like you to have a set printed for Mom and Dad too if you would Honey. I don't know if I'll have room to put the negatives in here but, if not,

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I'll put them in the next one. I think they did an ex-celent [sic] job of printing them.

I have decided that I'll send you all the prints right now and that I'll have copies made of the two snaps with Bob and Harry in them. This girl does damned nice work. Yes, it's a girl who does the developing and printing. While I was there yesterday, I managed to finagle a couple dozen sheets of good pen and ink paper from her.

Well Honey, it's time for the show so I shall leave you now. Oh [scratched out word] yes, I received the postcards you mailed from Stony Lake. I can't say that I am too much impressed by Stony Lake however. You said that you did most of your swimming in Lake Michigan though didn't you. Goodnight now Sweetheart.

I love you with all my heart.

Freddie