

Saturday 15 September 1945

Darling;

No letter from you today! I had hoped to get one because, if I get my pass tomorrow morning, and I'm quite sure I shall, I won't get any mail until Thursday when I get back. That is an awfully long time from now. I will probably have a few letters when I do get back – I hope. I just reread your last few letters and I discovered that the reason why I thought there were two letters missing between the last letters I got and the ones I got before that is that there was a slight discrepancy in the numbering. There should be one letter missing from in there though unless you skipped a day.

Speaking of letters, I feel hurt and neglected. You started one of your letters by telling me what a boring day you had spent and how you even had to resort to answering a letter of Pauline's which you had just received. Then you proceeded to write me a two page letter which you had to finish the next day because it was too late. Any time you find time hanging heavy on your hands just sit down and write me a nice long letter. It doesn't have to contain any news, [scratched out word] just your telling me that you love me and writing me your day dreams concerning our future. Just make them nice, long, intimate, and as sweet as they all are. I'm very much starved for letters from you Honey, and the longer they are the better.

So, this evening, here I sit surrounded by two empty beer cans, with a third awaiting decapitation, writing what I believe shall be a long letter to you. Settle back and Daddy will start off on his adventures since last I wrote to you yesterday.

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I came back here and discovered that everyone was getting ready to go to the grand opening of the Red Cross shack. There was refreshments, a floor show, and 18 piece orchestra, and GIRLS!! Lots of 'em. I got in a few dances and dances with one girl who made me realize in what respect these girls differ mostly from American Girls. When you dance with one of these girls the conversation is all one-sided. You ask a question to get the conversation started and get just an answer and no more, then another question is asked approaching from another angle, [scratched out bit] again there is just the answer and no attempt on the girls part to hold up her end of the conversation. Then you just say, "What the hell," and finish the dance in a deep silence. You need never fear about my being ensnared by any women over here, it's impossible to hold a conversation with them. I would not care to have anything to do with them anyway cause my heart's in the Highlands (of Michigan) and I have none of it left over for anyone else as long as you keep it there.

The refreshments were very good. We had sandwiches, ice cream, cookies, and cold chocolate. The floor show was also very good. It was [crossed out word: provided] furnished by a very talented family. Two of the little girls, both under 10, sang. They had an Andrews sisters delivery complete with bosom and hip heaves and all the rest of the motions incidental to that type of song delivery. They were quite professional. Two other girls were acrobats and worked with their father. It was a wonderful floor show and well worth seeing. It rained to beat the devil all night long though and I got slightly soaked while running back to the barracks from the Red Cross Building. The Red Cross is only across the street, just far enough away for us to get wet. The girls got wet when they got on the track to go back to the hospital where they work.

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Colonel Chester, the officer in charge of G-3 called us all in for a nice friendly chat this afternoon. He told us that the Chief of Staff had told the section chiefs to speak to their men about staying out of the Red Cross Building during the day because we had to work. These silly god-damned officers know damned well that there is no work to do and that everyone just sits around wondering where he can get something to read which he has not already read- Everyone has long since given up the job of trying to look busy. Then some damned meat head in Washington's War department gets up and makes the statement that a lot of men are needed overseas to clear up all the work. They should just fold everything up and send us home. Something else that gets me fighting mad is a statement such as I read yesterday where the head of war demobilization, a Gen. Henry, warned Congress that we must maintain the army at a high figure because strength is all that counts in the world today – a nice start toward carrying into effect the United Nations Policies. All these damned regular army men are trying to do is keep themselves in jobs so they don't lose their present ratings and pay. If they were not keeping me from you I wouldn't complain so much but they most definitely are. I actually believe these old army officers hated to see the war end because it means the end of all their little war games. They have the mind of a six year old collector of toy soldiers.

We got some new PX supplies in this morning. I got in there in time to get some lighter fluid and flint. I also got some Hindi's Honey and Almond hand lotion – this is an endeavor to check the bad case of prickly heat which

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has afflicted me. I hope it does the trick. When I return to you I shall have nice [scratched out word] petal soft hands with which to caress you as per instructions in our little book. I can hardly wait to go to work on those caresses again Darling and only wish I had you here to caress. I would do a thorough job of it believe me and there would be none of you lacking in caresses.

When I went to the PX I got some change including a fifty centavo piece. This evening I gave it to my laundry girl along with other change to pay for my laundry. She took one look at it, bit it, rubbed it on the palms of her hand, and very grievously [sic] announced that it was no good. I had had a counterfeit palmed off on me by Hoppy. I didn't say anything but went back to the PX and got a coke which I paid for with the counterfeit coin. Now I'm happy once more.

I didn't go to the movie tonight. The picture was "The Diamond Horseshoe" with Betty Grable. I still can see nothing in her. As for her million dollar legs, I can assure you Sweetheart that your legs are infinitely more shapely and more pleasing to the eye than hers are. Have I ever told you before that I think you have beautiful legs? They are as well turned a pair of gams as these eyes or hands have ever [scratched out word] been laid upon, not that the hands have ever been laid on very many others, but the [scratched out word] eyes have been and I say yours are tops – the legs and the eyes both.

Now you have me reminiscing of the many nights we spent together in the living room of the Robson ménage. Remember Darling? Those were wonderful nights Darling. I wish we were back here again doing the same things and then some. It is so wonderful to think that one day soon we shall have our own apartment just for the two of us

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and that we shall be married. It seems almost impossible and yet I know it is so and know just how very wonderful it will all be. Time will just cease to exist as you and I just enjoy life to the fullest. I'm so glad you're not narrow minded and prudish, as Neva is, but that you realize what a great part sex plays in a happy and successful married life. I don't see why some people are prudish to the extent that they deny themselves the pleasure they could get from life and love. People do their damndest [sic] to convince themselves that if anything is enjoyable it is also sinful. I believe in living life to its fullest and that includes taking every bit of pleasure that can be gotten from our love life. I do not believe in denying myself in that respect. Don't get me wrong now Sweetheart, I don't mean that I like sex just for itself or that I'd go fooling around with anyone but you, what I mean is that when two people are very much in love, and they are married, they should do everything in their power to get as much pleasure and satisfaction from their love as they possibly can. I intend to do everything in my power to make you the happiest woman in the world. I want you to be as happy as I shall be.

I must go to bed now Honey so I shall give you a nice big hug and kiss and reluctantly tuck you into bed. I'd like to be in there with you but distance and the army forbid it. What a happy day shall be the one which finds me there with you of an evening

I love you with every fibre [sic] of my being Darling and I shall

Always

Freddie