

Wednesday 5 September 1945

Hq 14th AA Command

APO 75, Frisco

Hello Sweetheart;

It's hot this afternoon and I feel very wretched and miserable. It is just the kind of afternoon on which I would like to take a nice shower, put on some shorts and sandals and maybe a T shirt, and go out and lie on the grass under a shade tree with you there, looking your very beautifullest, reading to me or talking to me, or just thrilling me with your mere presence. It is just that kind of afternoon but I must stay here in the office and wilt and perspire under this hot roof without even the caress of a cool breeze to comfort me, much less the comforting touch of your hand. I wish I were with you now my Darling. More than anything else I want this.

Everyone in the office is either busy or had the afternoon off, with the one exception of myself. I am not busy, nor do I have the afternoon off. I just keep rolling along. I did a small ink sketch of that Paul revere teapot I told you I liked. I like most of his work. There is quite a bit of it in the Museum in Boston. We'll have to go through the museum the next time we're there. Slowly but surely I am sending you all the things which I have told you I would send you. I am going to pack the wooden shoes I got for you and send those. I will get into town Friday afternoon and will mail the box then. If it goes back as fast as your last one got here you should get it next month. That won't be too bad, if you get in that fast. I will also include a book in it. One that I have already read. I think someone walked off with "Man In the Shower". I have been looking all over for it but can find it nowhere. I'll check again. I may have it in my duffle bag.

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I just finished write Pauline a letter hoping to find out whether she intends to go to MSC. I hope she does. I also urged her to keep after Arthur to get him to take a correspondence course so he can get his diploma. The Maurice family has its' little difficulties in the way of education.

Now I want to let you in on a little secret. I am losing weight. Yes, that is right. I now weigh less than 180 pounds. I just weighed myself and found that without the encumbrance of clothing, I weigh 179 pounds or five pounds less than I weighed a month ago. When they get the volleyball court up, and I start exercising regularly, I will soon be back down to a sylphlike 170 which was just about what I weighed while I was at MSC, and less than I weighed the last time I saw you. Don't fear Darling, I still say that I shall not develop a regular paunch, look at my father, he weighed 185 in the last war and look at him today. He isn't fat at all. Are you watching your weight Miss Robson. That is one subject you don't bring up at all. I want you to be just as you were when I left you. You were not too thin, not too weighty, just exactly right. I do not like long lean women, god knows they were not intended to be that way. Nor were they intended to be too heavy. Women should have some fat but in the right places. Arranged so it gives the curves which give beauty to the feminine form, graceful curves describes it. That my Darling is what you have; very beautiful and very graceful curves right where they should be. Women built in flat planes have as much attraction for me as a lamp post would, and you haven't seen me dating any lamp posts lately have you? You are just about the right height too. Not to [sic] tall, not too short, just right.

That's the way I feel about everything about you, you are just exactly right in every respect – and you love me just as I

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love you. That is the nicest part of it all. The part hardest to believe too. It is nice to know that it is true.

One of the fellows in here got a little book called "Dear Dir" which is very good. I think it is the same one you told me you had read. There were two stories, among the many, which tickled my funnybone a little more than the other. One went:

"I find your salesmen independent, disagreeable, and mean. The turn of affairs in business has certainly gone to their heads. But I must hand it to one of your salesmen, Harry Commino, he hasn't changed in the last ten years. He's the same SON OF A BITCH that he always was."

The other:

"Several weeks ago Mr. Lewis wrote you asking if you could or would handle his walnuts in the fall. Since then Mr. Lewis has been drafted and his nuts are in my hands. What shall I do?"

I imagine there are a lot of such letters going in to concerns every day. Some of them are really good.

I have the radio on nice and soft and there is some nice dreamy dance music by Raymond Scott. May I have this dance music by Raymond Scott. May I have this dance my Darling? Thank you. The floor is empty, just the two of us here to dance. You dance beautifully, light as a feather. There that's it, let's try a dip now. There, beautifully done. Your cheek feels so nice and smooth against my chin. You smell so very good, it's my favorite perfume "Tigress", you remembered to wear it Darling. Very thoughtful of you but, then, you are always very thoughtful. There, that's it, don't be distant dance up nice and close. It is no nice feeling you tight against me. You don't mind if I steal a kiss or two do you? Why Honey your eyes

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are full of stars tonight and your lips are such soft, warm, sweet nectar. It all makes my head spin with the joy of it all. But there, the music has stopped and the dance is over. It was altogether too short Darling but I want to thank you and tell you it was wonderful dancing with you. I think you understand because the look in your eyes was just such a one as I felt and must have shown in my own eyes. Remember to save your dance card for the next dance we go to. I want to have the first and last dance with you, and all the dances in between.

It is fun dreaming these small daydreams. It helps me recapture some of the fun we had together and anticipate some of of[sic] the fun to come. One day soon we'll be doing the things that such daydreams are made of and doing them together. I keep telling myself it will be soon but it could never be soon enough to suit me – never!

There are going to be some changes made in the office. Bob Neumann is going to take over the job of chief clerk in here. I was very glad to hear that because he is a darned nice fellow and a very hard and conscientious worker. The fellow who is our chief clerk now is a warrant officer. He is going home on points very soon. Lucky fellow. We have several fellows here who are not so lucky. They are fellows

who are over 35 years old but who cannot get out because they have not been in the army two years, neither are they 38 years old so they could get out without that two year specification, and they don't have nearly enough points. They are betwixt and between in every way. I only have one way of getting out and only that one to worry about. That is points. As of VJ Day, I have 57 points. That isn't too very bad and I still think that will be good enough to get me home in March.

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Well, Darling. I will close now as it is time for me to leave. I will seal this letter right now since I won't do any writing this evening. I'm going to see Gene tonight to get the MSC catalog he has. Goodbye now Darling.

I love you with all my heart and soul.

Freddie