

25 February 1945
Hq 14th AA Command
APO 322, S Francisco

Good Evening Dear Sweet Little Miss Robson;

You ask why I am smiling? The answer is very simple, I received letters today. Just look at the list of letters I got:

From:

You----- 7
Mom----- 3
Arthur----- 1
Kennedy----- 1
Mac----- 1
Ludwig----- 1

Isn't that a nice long list of letters to set before a GI? They were all very nice but of course yours were by far the very best of them all. And seven of them too. I'll have a lot of letters to read over until I get some more of them. The mail service here is much better than it was down the line. Your letters [crossed out word] take only nine or ten days to reach me out here now. That is really nice time for all that distance.

I don't think that picture Neva lost is a very good one of you. It just doesn't do you justice. Your eyes don't have that sparkle in them that is so very typical of you. I'll keep it but it won't be among my favorites. The other one I have in that same group of photos is much better though. I don't wonder that a camera can't catch all the beauty of you Darling. No camera could catch your little mannerisms and all the little things about you that are seen by the heart. That's the trouble with a camera, it freezes a certain expression and no more. To truly be a good picture of a person a portrait must be a combination of the various characteristics of the person portrayed. I hope to be able to do this when I return. You are going to be forced to become a model for me Darling. I want to try my hand at capturing your beauty on paper. The trouble with a photo of you is that it just makes you look like the most beautiful girl in the world, while in real life you are the very most beautiful girl in the world.

I am glad you liked the bracelet Darling. I thought you would like one although you told me it was your mother that wanted one so badly. I'll make

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one for Mother though as soon as I can get time. That will be very soon. I must also make one for Pauline. In one of her letters Mom told me that Pauline was taking a course in the operation of a machine to take shorthand. I don't know just exactly what it is called but I have heard of them before. She seems to like office work very much. Charlie is due home at any time now for his furlough before going overseas. Pauline will then truly join the ranks of the war widows along with you. Dad is back in the GE and has a new job, one that is not on the production line. Mom thought she'd try to get herself a job without letting Dad or Pauline know about it, if they find out they will surely raise heck, but everywhere she went she was told that she is too old. This insults her very much since she thinks she is still a youngster. She will be fifty years old in June or July. I'll have to find out the exact date because I forgot it last year and she felt quite hurt. I'll have to keep track of all the birthdays in a notebook. I was getting all set to

write to your mother to ask her when your birthday was because I had forgotten the date. You told me when it was in one of your letters though and I remember it yet, June 8, how's that for a memory? I'll not take any chances though and will copy it down as soon as I get back to the tent.

So you're having headaches again are you?? You're as bad as Dad. He won't wear his glasses either. You be sure to wear your glasses all the time so you don't ruin your eyes. I want you to be able to see me when I return to you. They look good on you so don't go giving me that old excuse about them hurting your appearance either.

I didn't do much of anything today except read. I painted two signs this morning and after dinner I read the short stories I got from the I&E library and went up to the libe [sic] again to get some funnies and one [sic] of the Ellery Queen magazines. That will give me something to read in my spare time.

Did I tell you that I was able to get a bottle of india ink and that I've been brushing up on my pen and ink work with a good deal of success. I'll have

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more sketches rolling on their way to you in no time now.

In Art's letter he told me that he had been torpedoed and spent a few minutes in the water. All the men were rescued but they lost all their equipment and got good and wet in the process of getting the hell off their ship before it went down. All he got was a skun [sic] nose from being knocked flat on his face when the torpedo hit. He said that two P-38s got the Jap plane that hit them though. At the present time he is quite destitute, having lost everything he owned. He also gave me some of the information about the place he is stationed at. He says that there is very little in the way of liquid refreshments there and that what they do have, beside being very poor stuff in the way of alcoholic beverages, is high priced as the very devil. He says that it is very hard to get acquainted with the natives of the region, the girls he means, and as he put it, "they don't yet realize that they're sitting on a fortune". You're not worried about my going up there are you Sweetheart? You understand that I will remain true to you don't you?

I'll quote you part of Bob's letter which concerns you and your mother. "Received a wonderful Christmas card from la bella Dolores which evoked fond memories of venison barbecues, green ink, and Canadian Clubs with Mrs Robson at the Casino." He also asks to be remembered to you and to Mother.

Today, while I was looking over the collection of photos I have of you, it occurred to me that the only one I have in which your gambe [sic] are displayed is the one Jack took. How about trying to get some more along the lines of that one Darling. Some in the playsuit or a bathing suit. Of course I realize that it is too cold for that now but when the weather warms up a little how about it eh? The more "cheesecake" the better. On you, Darling, it looks good.

Kowalchuk is CQ tonight, which is the reason for the typewritten letter again tonight. I decided to come up and keep him company. We listened to the news just a short while ago and it was just as good as ever with news of a new carrier based plane attack on Tokyo. That is really carrying the war to their doorstep. It won't be long now before the landings will be on Japan itself or

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on the mainland of China. That will presage the beginning of the end of all this war out here. I hope that it comes soon because I'm anxious to get back to you and once more feel the thrill of holding you close to me and to know that we won't be separated again ever.

There seem to be a lot of boxes on their way to me now. Mom writes that she has sent me several boxes in addition to the Christmas package which I have not as yet received. With all the food I

have coming I'll have to store some away for a rainy day. I still have a pound of fudge which my Aunt Blanche send me and which is quite melted so that it must be eaten with a spoon. I have refrained from eating it because for quite a while I was eating a lot of sweets and my face broke out quite a bit. I can't have that happening or I'll look like an adolescent when I get back to you. To tell you the truth, I feel anything but adolescent right now if you know what I mean. What I want it to be back with you and to be married to you. This I want more than I want any other thing in the world or ever wanted anything else. You're the very heart of all my plans, all my desires, and everything that I feel. How could I ever be happy away from you?

Goodnight now my Sweet, I must get back to the tent to keep that date I have with you tonight. There are you all tucked in nicely? Here is a nice goodnight kiss for you for being so very lovely and for loving me.

I love you.
Freddie

P.S.

Bob's new address is: Anti Tank Co, 165th Inf Reg
APO 27, c/o PM, S. Francisco, Cal.

Yes he is in the infantry now and I was as surprised to hear it as you probably are. I don't imagine he likes it any more than I would if I were in his place. Mac's address is: 163d PWP Co

APO 70 c/o PM, Frisco.

More love,
Me.