

Saturday, January 13, 1945

Sweet Darling;

This Saturday, in every way, I love you more than ever. The day of the week is interchangeable so that in its place may be substituted, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, etc. Whichever day it may happen to be. Every day, and in every way my love goes beyond the precious day's love for you till it seems that with all this love pent up within me will certainly cause me to burst some day. It just doesn't seem possible that I could have so much love for one person until I stop to think of who the person is and then I realize that I have barely begun to love you. My love for you will just grow day by day and year by year. You're so very beautiful and so very wonderful that each hour away from you is an hour of unhappiness and it is only when I am with you again that my sorrow will be dispelled and happiness restored. Happiness outside your arms is an impossibility.

I had to laugh when in your last letter you spoke of the morning I came to Lansing to find the Robson minage [sic] occupied solely by the very beautiful little Robson girl. The morning of the great thaw as I call it. The great and complete thaw. So you think fate intervened and "saved" you that eventful day, do you? Maybe it was fate and then again maybe it was a nervous reaction. Just don't smirk, Miss Self Satisfaction be-

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cause if you do you never can tell what fate will respond on our wedding night. Wouldn't that beautiful? I can assure you that such will not be the case on that night however, although before the night is over you may wish that salvation had arrived sooner. What's that? You think I may be the one to need saving? Ridiculous!! Or is it?

What does your father do with all the air mail envelopes he confiscates from your file of letters? Does he just collect the ones with different cancellations on them or not? I wasn't able to get any Australian stamps for him although I tried. I wish I could have gotten some.

With all the picture people are taking of you I should be getting some more soon I hope. It is so very nice to receive a picture of you for a while. I wish I could have my picture taken to send to you but I know no one with a camera so that seems to be quite impossible. If ever I do have any taken you can rest assured you shall get a print but fast.

Tell your grandma for me that I know how to polka, or did at any rate, and that although it might jar her granddaughters gizzard, that I could keep up with her any day of the year as a "polkaer" [sic]. Ask her if she can do quadrilles which used to be a specialty of mine when I was young and in my prime.

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You spoke of putting some of my letters in the same envelope to save space, I'll have to do something because I have quite a store of your letters now. I think that what I'll do is get myself a folder with a clasp on top and just punch a couple of holes through the opened sheets of your letters, putting the clasp through the holes. In [sketch of book with letters] this way I can make a regular book of your letters which will be much easier to read.

I've finally run out of my Skrip ink and so will have to use this Aussie ink and my drawing pen to write with until I can browbeat some guileless individual into parting with some of their ink for me. This pen isn't too hot to write with.

A tremendous task has just been finished. I took all your letters out of their envelopes and lined them up chronologically. They make quite a stack Darling and will make wonderful reading. I'll read them and keep them because they are a very good diary of your thoughts and actions while I'm away.

Sunday, January 14, 1945

Hello again my very lovely and adorable Darling. It's nice to be back with you again. I can't decide just what we should do this afternoon. Should we go picknicking [sic], bowling, go for a long walk, or just stay in and make love. While you're making up your mind I'll hurry over to the house to get you. It would be nice to go picknicking [sic], we could go to Pinetum or to the grove near your house and spend the after

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noon and evening there. I could just drink in the very dear and sweet beauty that you are and explain to you very fully just how very much I love you. If we go bowling we'll have some fun and could go home from there to fix up a small lunch for ourselves and then spend a quiet evening at home in one another's arms. As far as walking is concerned it would be a preliminary to an evening such as the one I've outlined for after bowling, very enjoyable you may be sure. Should you decide that we should just stay in all afternoon and evening you may rest assured that you will not have a moment to yourself and that you will have a shadow who will never be more than a step away from you, closer most of the time. If you want to do any cooking or any such work, you'd better just give up the idea because I wouldn't stop bothering you long enough for that. Now that you've heard the possibilities which will you choose to do. Any and all of them would be the most welcome things in the world to me Darling because I miss you do that I'd give anything to be with you right now. You'll be wearing the brown and white striped dress from me when I arrive to take you out won't you. That dress looks very beguiling on you. You would lend your beauty to anything you wore to make it look good, but that dress looks even better than the others. Did I ever tell you that you are just my type and that I could never have found anyone nearly as perfect for me as you are even if I had sent the specifications into the factory. You're intelligent, a good sport, a wonderful audience to listen to my rambling discourses, so full

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[sic] Enthusiasm that is just naturally transfers itself to anyone who comes in contact with you; you're so very much fun to go places with and do things with, such nice company, so soft and cuddly and nice to hold and make love to, so beautiful and shapely. (Despite your protests that your legs are too large you can never convince me of that, they are the shapeliest I seen in a lifelong career of gam-gazing). If all the above things add up to the word P-E-R-F-E-C-T-I-O-N, don't be at all surprised because that's just what you represent to me. Consider yourself the most dearly beloved person in the world Honey. I love you very dearly dear sweet darling.

The letter you wrote to me on New year's day has arrived. It just took 12 days to reach me. That's very good service indeed only I wish all your letters would reach me that soon – or sooner. Are you sure you didn't take that book "The Old Soak" to heart. It sounded bad when you referred to rum

coke and champagne quite casually in telling me what you had to drink casually in telling me what you had to drink New Year's Eve. You must surely have been sleepy because I can remember how I put you to sleep with a couple of Tom Collinses and you, didn't I, that there would be no alcoholic beverages of any kind taken along on that nice long vacation we're going to have. In addition to the fact that I do not want you falling asleep on me before the evening has gotten under way properly, there's the fact that you are going to be all the intoxicant I

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will need for that vacation. Your very presence does a more effective job of intoxicating me than anything else ever could. This isn't just talk either because I know. Although I'm sorry as the devil I couldn't see this year in with you I'll hope and pray that I shall see the next one in your company.

Wasn't it rather crowded with you and Barbara (who is Barbara by the way and why couldn't it have been me instead) both in a single bed. You probably took over about 2/3 of the bed and crowded her over into the remaining third. That mean streak in you no doubt.

You think you shook for ten minutes after your near accident at the railroad crossing. I'm still not over the shock of reading your account of it. What are you trying to do Darling, kill the best part of my life? From now on you just sit there in the car until you can see in all directions and be sure there's nothing within miles of you before you move that car. I entrusted you with a great responsibility, keeping yourself safe and sound for me and here you go almost killing yourself off. Please be very careful. See already I have grey hairs just from reading of your experience.

It's funny that you should ask about what I think of Durward as a middle name for Mark. Just this morning I was thinking that we had given Michael my father's name for a middle name and had not represented your family at all. It would be a very good idea. Does your mother know anything of the names for the children

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or are you keeping the matter to yourself? I just wondered. The curiosity bug at work again don't you know.

So you think you're a typist do you? You may have learned how to do typing before I did but did you ever have a job as a typist? I have. I went to work at personnel last night and was put to work typing indorsements and addressing envelopes (in typing). It isn't bad work at all since I gives me a lot of practise [sic] in typing, which is what I need plenty of. I should be quite adept at it when I return, a maestro of the keyboard.

One of the other typists is an interesting character. He's a Hungarian who was born and brought up in Budapest and left there to go to Portugal where he worked in a large cork exporting company. He later went to Spanish morocco with the same company. From there to the States where he was drafted and sent to New Guinea. He's interesting to speak with and speaks with flawless English which has the stilted and stiff sound given to it by many foreigners, something like Dr. Leon hardy. He always smoked cigarets, using a short, fat, white wiry cigarette holder which looks grotesquely out of proportion. It resembles the hybrid offspring of a cigarette holder and a cigar holder. It's very interesting to hear his reaction to a lot of American terms which have been adopted as natural words and phrases. He

particularly enjoyed the term “dismounted calvary” which he thought was one of the most paradoxical terms he had ever heard. I’m so used to the term that

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I’ve never given it a thought, and yet you must agree that the name is very confusing.

This morning I had to move from the tent I was in to another one in which there are other special duty men. I guess that’s so they can keep things straight and know which section is supposed to be cleared when the men are out training. I spent the morning arranging a rack for my barracks bag and duffle bag and a stand for my helmet. I was also introduced to the secret of keeping a tent relatively cool. The secret consists of stretching my shelter half – pup tent to youse [sic] civilians – about a foot below the top of the tent in that way most of the heat that gets inside the tent is trapped in there and the air below the shelter half is quite cool. I may even experiment with a thin film of water on the shelter half. Keeping cool out here is truly a major problem.

Hoppy gave me Ludwig’s Secrets to Untold Pleasures in the Celibate Existence. It is a very good book although it should not be read by one partner in the union, of which the book treats, when the other partner is 10,000 miles away. It is a manuscript for immediate action. What I’ll do is make a copy of it and file it away for reference after the war. It really is quite instructional Darling and there are many helpful suggestions in it. It will make nice reading on our vacation.

You should see me now I’m all shaved, washed and combed and look quite nice if you will allow me to say so. The only thing I lack is a

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shower. I didn’t take one today because our water system went on the blink. I hope that it is restored to working order tomorrow or I shall be forced to find myself a home made shower and hard water from a well. Our regular showers are a community affair complete with duck boards and surrounding canvas walls. Quite elite don’t you know.

Still not a work has been breathed about when I am to leave here and be assigned. That is what I’m interested in. All else is merely incidental and just to kill time. All that I do now I just done to kill time until once more I shall be with you to hold you, to kiss you, to just thrill to the very warmth of you in my arms, to love you and by doing show show [sic] you just how terribly much

I love you

Always

Freddie