F. Woos[illegible]
P.O. Box 343
Warner Robins, Ga.

Air Mail

MACON
JAN 30
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1945
GA

131053 F/O R. F. Greer
178 Squadron
R. A. F.
British General Mediterrancan Forces

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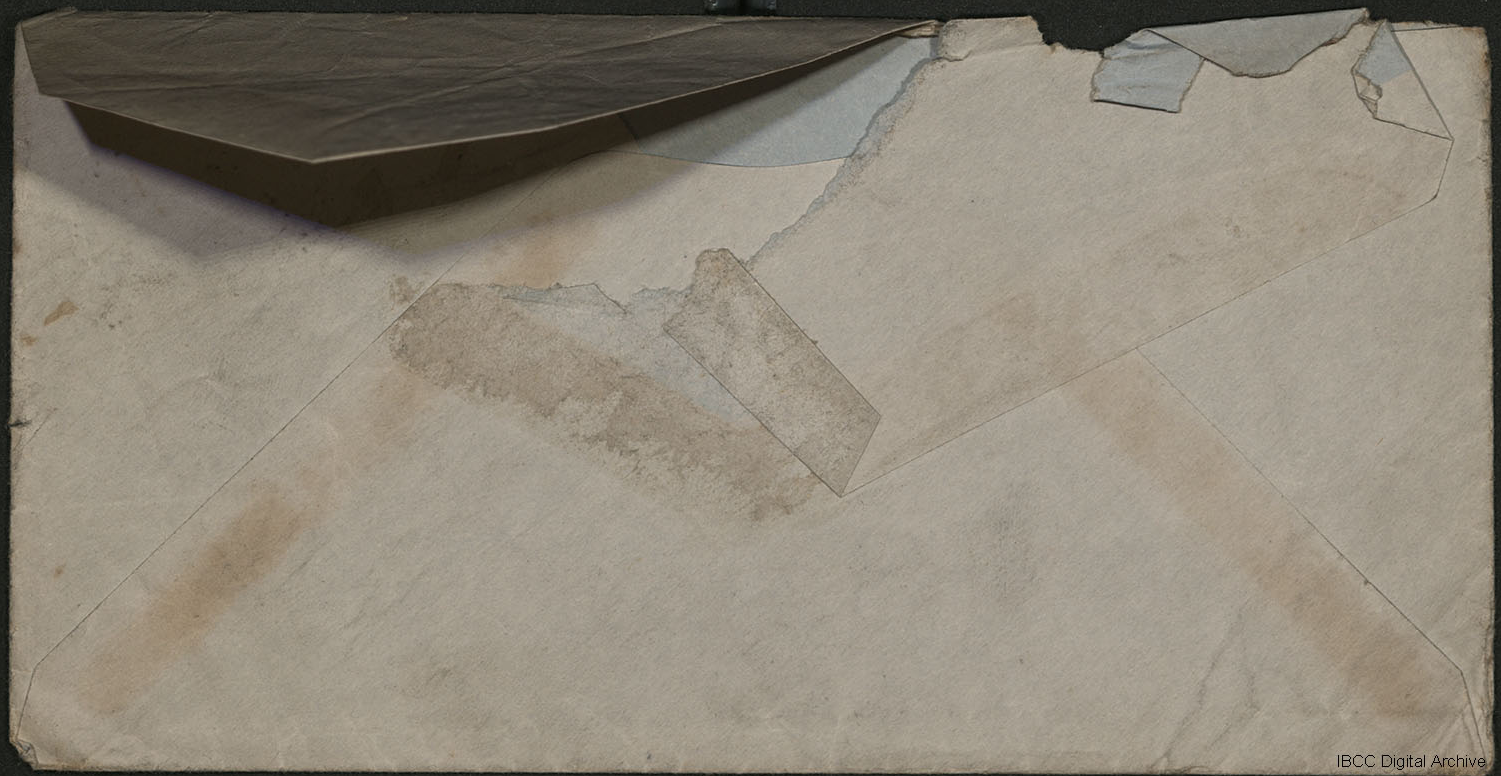
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Monday afternoon
Jan. 29, 1945

Dearest Bob,

I just came in from school about forty five minutes ago and had a bite to eat - wrote you a V-mail thinking it would get there a bit before this one.

Last Saturday morning I had started on a picnic. The weather for the past week or so has been beautiful - sunny and warm. Well, I went by the post office and there was an air letter and two air-graphs from you. I could have fainted right near it. They made me very happy. Your letters mean so much.

Wish you could have gone on the picnic Saturday with us. We walked out about three miles to a nice pine woods. Walking out and back was a bit more exercise than I bargained for - was really tired when we got back.

The days here are pretty busy. We take turns getting up and fixing breakfast. We all share the responsibility of keeping the house and fixing the rest of the meals. We get up about 7:30 a.m. Have to be at school by 8:50, teach for six fifty minute periods straight and get out at two o'clock. Not bad as we have practically the entire afternoon to do as we please and every week end free. We usually get in some good hours of sleep on Saturday and Sunday

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mornings.

Two afternoons of the week (Tuesday and Friday) I go into Macon to Wesleyan Conservatory for voice lessons. I really enjoy it. My teacher is a Russian - Zorin (name) - a very interesting person.

The USO is right across the street and it takes up some of my time. I usually work in the canteen but there one or maybe two nights a week. Once in awhile I sing for them at a Saturday night dance and Sunday afternoon teas. On Monday nights they have Junior Hostess meetings which I am supposed to attend - usually do. All in all there is enough to keep me fairly busy but not so much that I'm not thinking of you most of the time and wondering how you are - what you are doing and if you are also thinking of me.

I'm enclosing a snapshot. It was made by a street photographer when I was in Atlanta the day after Christmas. I had on a hat tho you can't see it in the picture. Tucked under my arm is a folder of music I had just purchased. Guess you notice our American wings. Your RAF wings are sewed onto my tan coat. I wear it to school often and there have been quite a few comments made and questions asked about you, Sir.!!

Have the radio on - some good swing

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being played.- Right now is Johnny Mercer's "Accentuate the Positive" - Good. Have you by chance heard "Rum and Coca Cola". It's the rage over here now - especially the Andrews Sisters recording - it is banned from all broadcast systems except Mutual - From that you can gather that its quite - well shall we say a "hot tune" with a rather tropic rhythm & words to match. Some other tunes rather new that I like are "I'm in the Middle of Nowhere" - "More and More" "Don't Fence me in" - "Trolley Song" - "All of a Sudden my Heart Sings." Do you by chance like hear any of them. Oh yes, another good one especially the Ink Spots arrangement with Ella Fitzgerald is "In Each Life Some Rain Must Fall".

Mary just came in from school. She teaches in the grammar grades and had to stay until three - thirty. Glad I'm teaching high school. You know I like it too. My students are so cute and loads of fun at times. The only thing is that they sometimes forget that I'm a teacher which is not entirely their fault as I find it hard to act as stern and dignified as teaching sometimes demands.

So your folks have moved. Guess you often wonder what the new place is like. I wrote to Mrs. Drew not so awfully long ago - sent a few snapshots taken this summer at home. The last I heard from your folks was a nice Christmas greeting. Sincerely hope they are all doing well. Give them my regards when next

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you write.

You (in your letter) mentioned the fact that you hoped someday to settle down with a "comfortable" wife. You wonder who she will be and what she will be like - "a very unfortunate lady married to a bad type like myself" you say. You ask if I can tell you something else about her - well, I'll try. To go into detail - she's five feet, six inches tall with blue eyes and auburn hair - freckles too - which she has always hated. Weight 114 lbs. So much for physical appearance. Her name by the way is Frances Lassier - am I presuming too much? After all you asked. She thinks she's fairly intelligent and not at all unfortunate. The only thing that would make her unfortunate would be to lose the thing that matters to her most - the love of a certain young man, namely Bob Greer. She's looking forward to a home with him, sharing with him all the things that make life worth living, having children. But what she wants right now is to feel his arms about her, hear him say he loves her, and until that can be she waits day by day for his letters which mean more than he knows.

Have I told you enough about her or is there more you want to know? If so it will have to be told at a later date because right now I've got some practicing to do.

Take care of yourself and hurry back to me. I love you - and just how much "you'll never know"

I often think how terribly different we are in so many ways ~~until~~ and am frightened but I try not to worry. I guess love and time will take care of the differences - because there is all the love in the world in my heart for you.

Frances

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