

Friday 26 October 1945

Bunny Darling;

It is a dreary day here and has rained all morning long, so you can guess that I feel very low in spirit right now. I want to be home with you and I am not so *in* as unhappy as I could be.

You never even knew it, but five hours elapsed since I wrote that first paragraph and my feelings have not changed a bit. I still think this is a hell of a world when I have to remain separated from you like this. I want to get home and feel like the fellow who wrote in to the *Pacifican* and said, "I'm ready to believe the Japs if they say they sank our whole navy." That was all the letter consisted of and it is just exactly how I feel now. I love you and I want you, not "some day" but right now.

It is still raining so that means there will be no volleyball tonight. And I did want to continue with my exercise too. We have some very good games out there now. I'll have to give you another example of why I am coming more and more to despise officers. They put lights upon the volleyball courts so that we could play night games out there. There are two lights illuminating the enlisted men's court and there are six lights on the officers' court. Instead of putting four lights on each side so we'd both get a good ~~amount~~ amount of light they give those bastards six lights and only give us two. Honest, Darling, they do everything they can to try to humble the enlisted men and to rub

our noses in the dirt.

There was a little excitement this morning when a Piper Cub plane just about took the roof off the headquarters. Everyone ran out to see what had happened and we saw the plane circle around and come right back, only this time it made a perfect landing on a dirt road beside the headquarters. I don't think he had more than a few feet to spare on either side but he made a beautiful landing. Then he turned around, took off, and landed again. I don't know who the pilot was but he was crazy. It was almost like landing in a driveway, with just about as much room. It all served to relieve the monotony of things.

That new draftsman did come in handy after all. There was some drafting work sent in to us from G-2 - a history of the 14th Command during the war, so I ~~sent~~ set the new fellow to work making graphs for the thing. There's no sense of my doing drafting while we have a draftsman here who can do it better than I can. The bad part of it is that, since the work is being done for G-2, Gilman is in charge of it and he is worrying the hell out of the draftsman. He wants everything just so. This is not necessary in work for reproduction since the photo engravers can fix up any smudges or mistakes. There's no sense in having the work done over a half dozen times when it doesn't make any difference. I'll have to get on Gilman's tail if he keeps it up. He is very thoughtless and tactless. Incidentally, I received another comp-



linent from him today. He said, and I quote exactly, "See, you're as good as I am, only you hide your talents." He has at least gotten over the stage when he thought he would be my teacher.

I've really been working a lot with water colors, poster paints rather, in the past few days, and I find that I like it very much. It is fun to work with colors. I'm doing two cards now as I told you I believe. I'm using very bright colors and I think they will come out very well. I am also using cut outs on the cards, cutting out pieces and pasting them on. It is a lot of fun. I think I'm getting over my fear of colors. I say fear because that is just what it was. I was afraid to even try them because I was sure I couldn't use them at all. Color is a lot of fun and I'm using bright blues, yellows, reds, pinks, etc. on the cards. Bright colors attract me very much. I guess what I was afraid of before was that I'd run amok with the colors and that they would not look good at all. I feel very optimistic about my art now Darling. I guess a little of it is attributable to Gilman so I should give him credit. I am more than sure that I shall be able to make a go of supporting us with it.

There was no mail from you today, in fact there were not more than twenty letters for the whole Command today. I hope I get a letter tomorrow, I am very anxious to hear from you. I always am.

I decided to leave the barracks and come up here to the club for a change of atmosphere. There is atmosphere here; the atmosphere of a card game and a ping pong game. ~~The~~ The card game is a bridge game and two of the fellows are holding a grand slam between them. I don't know how high they'll bid it. I just looked at the hands and it is grand slam stuff. They are trying to work a certain system and seem to be having trouble. They finally settled for a six no trump but are going to have a hell of a time making it. It was ideal for a grand slam in any suit except hearts (one of the partners was void in hearts). I haven't played a game of bridge in quite a while.

My finger is just about shredded. I was cutting patterns with a razor blade and had a protective cover over one of the edges, it was a double edged razor blade, and did not notice that the blade had cut through the cover. It hurt a little when I bore down on it but I thought it was just because of the pressure I was putting on it until suddenly I looked and found that I had cut the devil out of my fingertip. It is sore now.

While I'm on the subject of boners I might as well tell you of the one I pulled off the night I was on guard. The corporal of the second relief woke me at 5:00 a.m. to go on guard. It was very dark and I was still mostly asleep when I started to dress. I groped around

and found my shorts (yes, I sleep in the raw), pants, leggings, et al and donned them. To hurry things along I just sat on the edge of the bed and pulled the underwear on, then the pants, then shoes and leggings. I placed the leggings up and stood up to button my shorts and trousers, only instead of the buttons and button holes on the shorts, I found a solid front, I had put the damned things on backward. I had to undress and start all over again. I didn't want to start cussing and wake everyone but I sure did think some bad thoughts for a while.

The regular guards tell a multitude of stories about a multitude of sins around here. They say that every night there is a party at the officers club they have a field day raking couples out of the grass and out of dark corners. One of the more sadistic ones told of how he would watch for couples leaving the parties to go down toward the farthest and darkest end of the grounds, then he follows them and waits until the deed is begun and then informs them that they'll have to move on. There follows really love to get even with the officers in this way. They leave a trail of red faces in their wake. The nurses and WAC officers here are nothing more or less than camp followers whose activities are legalized. They are just here to provide women for the officers. Most of the Red Cross girls are in a good way toward becoming permanent members of "the world's oldest profession." Anything



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I may have said about women in the service, particularly those overseas, I want to reiterate again. There are a few nice ones but, believe me, these are the small minority. Darling, I'm so damned lucky to have you, the very luckiest fellow in the world. When I look around at what <sup>these</sup> other women are like and then think of you, there is such a world of difference that I just leave a very heavy sigh of relief and thank my lucky stars for you. You need never fear Honey, I appreciate you fully, and I love you as no other woman has ever been loved for never was there a woman who deserved to be loved so much. And I love you every bit as much as you deserve to be loved Honey, with a love which, although it is as great as it possibly can be, shall, enigmatically, continue to grow the longer I know you. Knowing you is loving you. Darling, it is so warm and wonderful a feeling to know that you love me too. I shall love you more and more

Forever,

Freddie