Saturday 9 June 1945
Hq 14th AA Command
APO 322, Frisco

Sweetheart;

It is hotter than the devil today and I am as uncomfortable as I can remember having been in a heck of awhile. This heat is getting me down. I hope we have some rain soon to break this spell. That is much to be preferred to the heat. The weather at home must be just about right now, just at the start of summer. I wish I were there to enjoy it with you and hope that next year I shall be there. It would be nice to be just starting our vacation about this time a year from now. We could continue it right through the summer into fall when school starts. We’ll be living a life of the greatest ease, doing nothing but make love and enjoy ourselves. It is very nice to think of the things we can do together when I get back to you Honey. It is very nice to plan things which I know I shall do with you. Of course the planning is a poor substitute for the doing but it is all I have until I am with you. Then watch my smoke.

It was just as well that did not go to the show last night because the projector broke down about halfway through the first reel and that was all. I will be able to see the same picture tonight and it will undoubtedly not be interrupted the way it was last night because they must have fixed it by now. At least I hope they have. The picture is “Hangover Square” and is the last picture that Laird Cregar made before his death. I guess it is something along the lines of “The Lodger”. You remember the time we saw that don’t you? It was rather a scary deal if you remember.

Since I had to morning off I put it to good use doing nothing. I did get a haircut, how do you like it? And then shot the bull with the fellow in charge of I&E in the battery for a while. I enjoy talking to him because he is interesting. He’s the fellow who was a teacher in N.J. I caught up on my current events since he listens faithfully to all the news broadcasts. I have just about given up on listening to them. I find that it is better not to listen to them for a while and then when you do hear one it seems that there have been tremendous gains made since the last time you listened. All I am interested in now is the news item that informs us that it is V-J day. Then I will be happy. I did read in our little Guinea Gold that Radio Tokyo made the announcement that Tokyo was taking steps to allow the US to sue for unconditional surrender to the Japs. They told the American people that they did not want to enslave us but that they were merely trying to free us from the oppression of war mongering imperialists. Mighty nice of them if I do say so myself. One other thing that I though was very funny was the fact that at the death of Pres. Roosevelt, the Jap radio went on the air and said that they regretted very much to hear of his death because he was a great man and war, more than anyone else, responsible for the US doing as well as she was doing the war. They said that the American people had their sympathy in the great loss. Now tell me how anyone is going to figure out the logic of the Japanese?

I am very glad that I missed the inspection this morning because they asked some questions which I am afraid would have been very embarrassing to me. Among the question asked was, “What are the general orders?” Now this is something I learned the first month I was in the army. Used just once, and the proceeded to forget completely. I don’t think anyone here know them because that is not the kind of soldiering that is done here. All the fellows here are office workers and are good at their jobs, but they don’t know such things as their general orders, which they never have to use. The new Battery
commander is a bug on soldiering by the manual and I guess if he had his way, he would have us out there drilling and standing guard. That would really be fun. He does not seem to realize that our main job is doing the paper work. I guess he will learn though. I have hopes for him and think he may turn out all right.

My typing is really stale since I have quite typing regularly. I am having the devil’s own time trying to get the right keys. I have to watch while I type, which is bad, according to our teachers at the clerk’s school at Cro bay. I guess I was never meant to be a typist.

The fellows had quite a bit of fun this afternoon. I brought in that puzzle you sent me, the horse and rider one, and the fellows here were having a devil of a time trying to solve it. One of them finally got it but he had seen it quite a while ago and vaguely remembered how to go about it. At that, it took him about fifteen minutes to get it.

Your speaking of linen in one of the letters I got from you yesterday gave me an idea. When, and if, I get up to the Philippines, I am going to try to get some linen and make up a design for it. Something like batik. I can use some of these small and very simple figures and cut them in wood and use the wood to print the design on. I could use several colors if I can’t get them anywhere up there. I have an idea of just what I want to use for designs and as soon as I can get some pictures to use as models for costumes, I will send you some samples. I want to use things native to the Philippines as the motif for the designs. Maybe you could make yourself something out of the cloth. I will still be on the lookout for any of the tablecloths you mentioned in your letter. I think I know just the kind of mean. I have seen some of them in the States. I am beginning to become more and more enthusiastic about art all the time. I don’t know what has spurred my interest, but lately that is about all I think of. I do drawing all day long here at the office and then go back to the tent at night and do some more, and yet it seems as if I had nothing at all to show for all my work. I can’t seem to even get started on all the things I want to do. I have a lot of ideas for cards of all kinds and am anxious to get started on them and yet there is so much else that I want to do. Ah, me!

At last it is starting to cool off a little. I am very glad of that because I was about to start melting away to nothing.

Judging from the sketches you sent me, YOU FOLKS DID QUITE A BIT OF REMODELLING in your cabin (pardon the caps but I meant to hit the backspace key and hit the shift lock instead). I never did see it but it seems that you have changed it all around. The revised plan looks pretty good. If we spend part of our time there it will be very nice, you can occupy one of the corner bedrooms and the other will be mine. That should work out very nicely. Of course we may have to shout to one another if we want to talk after we go to bed, but if we soundproof the walls, no one will hear us. You seem to have enlarge the kitchen quite a bit. The way the old plan looked, I’d say that you ate in the dining room, but in the new one it seems as if the kitchen were large enough to eat in. did you do away with the porch, or did you just neglect to put it in on your drawing? You will have to send me a sketch of the finished product, a floor plan rather. You can use a ruler and get the approximate measurements of the place so I can see just how much room there is, in this plan you merely put down a rough sketch and then said that
the rooms were really much larger than you had shown them to be. I just want to get an idea of the size of the place. Damn but I wish we were up there right now and that there was no one there just the two of us. I’m so damned impatient to get back to you Darling. You can bet your life that you will not get out of my sight again. Once I get back, I am with you to stay.

The colonel just called up to find out what the picture were that are playing on the base tonight. Of the five that are playing, I guess the one here is about the best.

Tonight is beer night but since I am up here on CQ, I will have to put off getting mine until tomorrow. Kowalchuk forgot about beer and didn’t pay for it yesterday and is just out of luck as far as I can see, unless someone fails to pick his beer up and John can talk the PX manager into selling him one of the surplus cases. I don’t think I will sell mine this month, but will have another try at drinking warm beer. The nights being as cool as they are, the beer may be very cool at night. I will see anyway. I’m going to drink it out of the jar you sent the jelly in because I do not like to drink it out of the bottle and it does not taste too good when it is drunk out of a canteen cup. I would like to get hold of some of the Jap beer some of these bays are talking about. They said it is some

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of the best beer they have ever tasted. The sake, a rice liquor is supposed to be dynamite though. I have never had the opportunity to sample either of them so this is merely hearsay. Another Jap commodity which is supposed to be markedly inferior to ours is cigarettes. Kowalchuk, who is a veteran cigarette smoker, told me that he had tried one once and thought he had swallowed a lot of hot coals. The natives have the gaudiest cigarettes I have ever seen. They made them of tobacco rolled in newspaper. The best ones are the ones made out of the comic section of the paper because they are colored. Some of them prefer them to the American cigarettes which seem to be too mild for them. Of course, I have yet to see one of them refuse one.

One of these nights I will have to go hunting for cateyes. They are a sort of shell found in some of the shellfish around here. They close the opening in the shell. They are a hemisphere of shell, the top of which is colored to look just like a cat’s eye. Some of them are very nice, and are just as pretty as regular jewels. I’d like to get some for you.

It is time for me to go to the show Honey so I will leave you but I will finish this after the show. Goodbye now Darling, I’ll be back so don’t go away.

Hello Darling;

The picture was pretty good. We did have to wait quite a while before they started it though. It was a picture on the same lines as "The Lodger". There was a short subject with it which concerned Hawaii and, in particular, Hawaiian music as played by Harry Owens. There were some beautiful shots of girls doing the hula, all of which disconcerted me very much. Al I could think of was how much I wished that those girls were you and that you were with me in the flesh and not on the screen.

John and I had a couple of beers while we saw the show. I sold him half my case at cost. It isn’t too good though. It is Hyde Park which is not one of the best, or even the better, American brews. It really didn’t taste too bad though. I didn’t have enough beer to feel it, but it did kill my sense of smell
temporarily. John commented on the terrible odor near the garbage cans as we came back from the show, and all I could smell was that damned beer.

I got a letter from Arthur tonight. It was very nice to hear from him. Especially since he seemed to have lost his blues. He sounded quite cheerful so I guess he is about ready to go home. That’s damned nice and I’m very glad for him. He said that the reason he didn’t write sooner was that he is busily engaged making up for the time he was on New Guinea. He is terrified at one prospect which awaits him at home. It seems that Pauline has been writing and telling him that she is giving him a big buildup with the girls in Lynn and that, when he returns, she plans to see that he goes to dances and goes skating. Art tells me that the only time he goes on a dance floor is when he is half potted, and he doesn’t think the girls in Lynn would approve of that. He was sorry that I couldn’t get up there because, “We could go on a good toot together. The corn isn’t bad here. And we could put on our colored glasses and make the females happy”. That my dear is the kid brother trying to lead my astray. Never fear though Honey because I’ll save all my tooting for you. Besides, I won’t get to see him. His friends Joe wrote him that he thought he would get a medical discharge because he has had three attacks of malaria since he got back to the States. Joe and he had been together since he started high school. They got into the army at the same time, and were stationed together until Joe went home on rotation. I guess Art misses him quite a bit and is looking forward to a get together with him when they get back to the States. I sure am sorry that I wasn’t able to see Art though. I haven’t seen him for [scratched out word] so damned long, and now I’ll have to wait till I get home.

Lights out is just sounding Honey. Goodnite!! [sic]

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Sunday Morning –

Open up those beautiful eyes, Honey, its morning and quite late. Don’t try to coerce me into letting you stay there all morning. You and your beauty. Always trying to get around me with one of those loving smiles and open arms. And you do too. I love it. You’re just like a kitten lying there stretching and yawning. I’m afraid that I must make a confession Darling, I love you terribly much. No one else would ever fit into the picture of my life. Only you. But you still have to get up because it’s nine o’clock and I’m quite hungry. Well, I’ll settle for a kiss for now if you insist. Beautiful.

I’m afraid it is time for me to go to work Sweet, so goodbye for now.

Your Own

Freddie