Bunny Darling;

A very momentous day, a very momentous day indeed. I received two letters from you today, the first two you wrote from the lake. I should say you had quite a bit of difficulty getting up there what with the storm, the splitting canvas, and the tire blowing out. A very hectic experience. Will Pop be able to replace the tire. You were lucky more of you were hurt running the car off a slippery road like that. How many times must I caution you that you should take better care of yourself than that Honey. The stuff in the trailer must have been soaked if the canvas ripped wide open. You’d better tell Pop that I thought an old woodsman like him would know better than to fasten the canvas down tight. If there is one thing I have learned in the army, it is not to stretch canvas tight because the minute it gets wets it just contracts. I’ve seen a lot of tents split up the sides that way.

Do you mean to say that you also have cold feet? I had thought that after we were married I could warm my feet on yours but now you leave me no alternative but to warm them on your back. You realize that I have no choice don’t you Darling.

How did you guess that I was on CQ? You’re right though. I just finished reading a Time magazine, a mystery story, “The DA Calls the Turn”, and have written a letter to my Aunt Esther thanking her for the package which was ruined so badly en route. I didn’t tell her the condition it arrived in, but I got Mom to drop her a hint that plainly wrapped candy does not survive this tropic heat very well.

I’m very anxious to receive the package containing the Pabst cheese. If the wrapping is no punctured it should come through all right. If the wrapping is punctured I guess it will be rather wholesome by the time it arrives. It’s that way with the salamis some of the boys get. If the casing is not broken they are in fine condition, but woe belide [sic] he who receives one into which air has penetrated. I think that is one of the vilest odors there is.

You were very harsh in your judgement of the Australian Air mail stationery. I don’t think it resembles toilet paper. At least not good toilet paper. It is the usual Australian quality though. You get so you just don’t expect anything better from them.

While we’re on the subject of the Philippines, (now where did that topic come from?) I’d like to tell you of the pictures we saw this afternoon. One of the fellows here was at Lacloban on the island of Leyte and he took some pictures. They were very interesting. Of special note were the pictures he took of graveyards and the things he told about them. It seems that in the cemeteries there the bodies are placed in crypts built like this: [small sketch of crypt] Each of the partitions on the front of the crypt is a separate shelf for a body. The opening is sealed with a slab after the body is entered. A certain cemetery fee is paid by the deceased’s family. If this fee is neglected the crypt is opened and the remains are laid on the ground outside. Even if the fee is paid, when a new crypt is needed, one of the oldest inhabitants of the cemetery finds himself dispossessed to make room for the new tenant. The evicted’s [sic]
skeleton is piled up beside the crypt. But I fear I am becoming morbid so I shall cease this discourse on death.

3.

The other pictures he had were of Filipino girls, little ones and some that were not quite so little. They were of all types, short, tall, light skinned and dark, thin and fat, but there just wasn’t a beauty in the bunch. The older girls dressed in slacks and blouses, not unlike American school girls. The small girls had on plain dresses and shower clog sandals and their feet. In one group I noticed that one girl, [scratched out word], one with flesh here and flesh there, all blended to present a rather ripe appearance, stood apart from the others and asked why. I was told that she was on international fraternizer, having fraternized (now there’s a nice word, yessir, [sic] old Will Hays couldn’t find a thing wrong with that) with the Japs, and now being ready to fraternize with the Americans, for pesos. She didn’t look too very unhappy because of the ostracization but looked as if she were trying to intrigue the photographer. But fear not little one, I don’t have any pesos.

I guess you have located Finsch on the map if you got the letter I mailed this morning. It is the home of Scarlet Beach, the scene of a bloody battle between the Japs and the Aussies. I have been down to the beach and it looks so nice and peaceful that it is hard to imagine that men were killed there. It’s just a plain pebbly beach. I guess this used to be a German settlement here, one operated by missionaries because the native women are made to wear mother hubbards. I think this is plain unadulterated foolishness because they only wear the damned things till they are filthy and vermin ridden and wonderful sources of disease. The Aussie and British authorities encourage them to wear as little clothing as possible, a much saner viewpoint. There is a river here with a very enchanting name. It is called the Song River. The river itself is much less enchanting than the name is however.

4.

Tomorrow there is to be an inspection but I believe I told you that I would not be out there because I am CQ tonight. That is the first real break I have gotten from the job of CQ. I hope they are still feeding when I go down there to eat. I won’t get to the mess hall till late and they are starting to feed very early tomorrow. The meal probably won’t be worth going down there for anyway.

You aren’t overdoing that hard work angle are you Honey? You’re not used to tossing chunks of cement around you know. I suppose it is good for your waist line if you say so but there must be easier ways. It sounds as if Mother and Pop were trying to make a carpenter or stone mason out of you. Tearing up cement floors and pulling nails from boards. I don’t want you to get two muscular because that will put me at a great disadvantage in an argument. You’d better not try any of those strong arm tactics on me young lady except for twining your arms around my neck and holding me close to you.

Have you had any luck getting yourself a play suit? The one described sounded nice. Couldn’t you get the material and make one for yourself. They don’t look as if they are very hard to make. If you do get around to making or buying one, don’t forget that I want a picture of you in it. I have only one cheesecake picture of you do you realize that? I’d like to have more so you’ll have to get Pop to snap you in a bathing suit or play suit, or better yet, in one of those enchanting baby poses on a rug. You’ll
have to get to work on that, Honey, so I can round out my collection nicely with photos of your nicely rounded

out form. You are quite delectable Bunny. The sweetest person in the world.

If I do get up to the Philippines, you can be sure that I will see if I can find any linen tablecloths or something. I remember reading in history or geography books that the Filipinos did nice work with linen. They will most likely have some for sale to the GIs. I hope I can get it before the inevitable increase in prices which occurs wherever there are American soldiers.

It would be nice if a year from now we were being married. It was almost exactly a year ago that I gave you your ring. I wish now that I had given you the other, but since I didn’t I will draw consolation from the knowledge that you shall receive the other one as soon as I return. It was a very nice day when I gave you the ring. We were surrounded by birds, squirrels and people but it was just as if we were all alone. You looked more beautiful just then than I had ever seen you look before my Darling, it just did all sorts of things to me and made me so happy. That was just a provocative preview of things to come though. I’m so damned anxious and impatient to start our married life. I want to make you the very happiest person in the world because I know that you will make me happier than I had ever dreamed I could be. You have done that already though.

Just how close is this “next door” you were talking about? It sounded, when you wrote that, as if the next cabin was rubbing elbows with yours. That is not so good. I thought it would at least be semi isolated so we could have privacy if we spent some time there on out

vacation. You’ll have to draw me another of your famous maps so I can find out just what the lay of the land is. Do you remember the first map you drew for me showing me how to reach the Robson domicile from the center of East Lansing? It was a very good map and got me there in fine shape. I wish I were retracing the steps I took then right at this moment. It’s going to be so nice to go up that walk once more and to have you meet me there and put your arms around me [scratched out word] while I kiss you, hold you close and tell you that [scratched out word]

I love you with all my heart

Freddie

P.S. Thought I forgot didn’t you?

Happy Birthday Darling

My! My! 21 years old. Quite an oldster aren’t you?