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Sunday 7 October 1945

Darling mine;

Here it is Sunday night, and here am I sitting and writing to you. I have to go on guard in just a couple of hours, I'll have to be a private of the guard now instead of corporal of the guard. This means I have to walk around. I don't feel very much like it because this morning I played ~~four~~ brisk games of volleyball which left my legs pretty well tied up in knots. That was really a little too much since I haven't played for several days. I'll have to go out more often. I have decided to cut down on my food intake and do more exercising so I'll be down to 170 pounds when I return home. I have come to the conclusion that the main reason I am putting on weight is that they are feeding me too much starch. All the food we get these days is starchy. Saturday we had a nice meal consisting of macaroni, boiled potato, peas (which I suspect of having a high starch content but am not sure about), a pudding, and bread. That is quite a typical "balanced diet" as dreamed up by the army. I really do intend to cut down on the quantity of food I take in and do enough exercising to get rid of the surplus I have accumulated.

You should see the nice tan I am getting now Honey. It'll be nice and browned when I return to you. I went out in the sun on my day off last week and soaked up some sunshine, then this morning I got quite a bit more playing volley ball. Dale won two bottles of beer because each team had a bet with the other, a bottle

of beer per man, on two of the games, and the team I was on won both games very handily. We now have a badminton court in the area. I have played only one or two games but I like it and will have to play that also. The only trouble is that these days it is usually fairly windy out there.

Did I tell you that Mac has transferred to the staff of our local newspaper, "The Pacifican". He is officially transferred now and will have a very good deal because he will be living in town but with a very small group of fellows so he won't have to contend with any of the nonsense we have to put up with here in the Command.

We had a big inspection yesterday morning which I did not tell you about. They woke us at 5:00 AM to be sure we'd be ready by 7:30. I was so burned up about the idea that I didn't bother dubbing my shoes or rifle sling and wore an old uniform which was lardy. The inspecting officer seemed to make it a point to check over any fellows who was opic and span to see if he could find something wrong but when he came to me he didn't even look at me. In a way I felt hurt that he didn't say anything.

Harry took pictures of the guard mount tonight and I'll send you a copy of a picture of me being a soldier. Yp, that's right, I have a gun and everything. I must really look sharp. We also took another picture after that. It was with Harry's film. If any of these pictures come out I'll have quite a few to show you. You will amass quite a collection of my pictures.

Have you been able to have any more pictures of yourself taken lately? Don't forget that I have an order in for some more Rondoir serves and also for bathing

suit pictures. Since I can't have you here in person, I may as well have the next best thing in some revealing photos. I'd much prefer you though Honey, always. You're so very dear and sweet. I'd love to have you in a boudoir right now Darling and I don't think your mind too much being had in a boudoir by me either would you sweetheart.

Tell Pop Robson that I'm very sorry I didn't send that sent he asked for but that I will get busy on it now. It will give me a chance to give Herwan a little rest until he can get out and see what life is like here in Manila. He has been sticking a little too close to his area lately and has not been into town enough to see what is going on. He needs a little fresh material.

You'll have to pardon me if I used the term "chickenshit" quite frequently lately but it is about the only term which conveys what I think all this nonsense around here is. No other word quite covers the subject fully enough.

Speaking of CS, it seems that we have run across a lot more of it because we have a new officer in, a major, who has nothing better to do than to check on all the enlisted men continually. He sent through a check sheet the other day saying that we were not to sweep the dirt out under the wall or down through knot holes. This is frowned upon by the chief of staff. These people get more petty by the day. They have the minds of mice.

Tell your mother that her joke about the amputees was corny. Tch! Tch! Using a belly button for a salt cellar. It's about the only use I can think of for that particular part of the anatomy except as a lint collector. That is a useless part of a person but I

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guess it is really quite important to the scheme of holding a person together.

I ran across a few definitions which you may be interested in. If you are high minded though, you had better just skip them.

BRASSIERE - Slopper stopper.

GIRDLE - grinder binder.

KOTEX - Peter cheater.

CHERRY ————— Pecker wrecker.

(MAIDENHEAD TO YOU)

While on the subject of such things as Kotex, I saw an ad in a magazine which interested me. It was a Tampax ad. Now, unless I am mistaken, this stuff cannot be used if the cherry is still intact, am I right. Well, this ad explained how, at some girls school, Tampax was used by 90% of the girls who said they wouldn't use anything else. I guess there are very few girls now who do. Have a Cherry, not necessarily because of their having intercourse either. If a girl uses a douche during her menstrual period, I don't see how she could still have it. It seems that it would break when the neck of the douche was inserted. Correct me if I am wrong. I think that this should be broken before the marriage night if it has not already been broken because it must be painful, and there should be no element of pain the first night of all nights. A good start is an important thing. All I ask is a chance to start though. I shan't have to worry about being forced with this obstruction on our wedding night honey so everything should be perfect. I am so very anxious for that night to come darling. I love you so that it can never come soon enough for me. The joy we will have in our first intercourse. It shall be marvelous honey, and each subsequent venture should

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be one experience more satisfying. I love you and ask nothing more than to be able to make you my wife. I have been storing up an awful lot of love for you since I last saw you and it is clamoring violently to be ~~read~~ released as soon as possible. Darling, Darling, I love you so and need you so badly that it seems I just must have you right away. I wish there were some way I could just push the hands of time ahead to the night, so sweet a night, that I can picture just as plainly as ever I could picture anything. You will have on a nice night-gown and negligee and will look so very beautiful. I'll have on pajamas, a lounging robe and ~~we~~ we shall be ~~just~~ just sitting together not saying ~~a~~ a thing just drinking in one another. I'm sitting back on a divan and you are half ~~up~~ lying, half sitting facing me. Your arms are around my neck and my arms are around the thrillingness of you, my hands caressing you as we kiss. It will be a kiss such as has never been seen by this old earth a much improved version of that kiss our last night together when we were gathering wood in the back yard. It will be a kiss to make the angels envious. All this time my hand shall be loosening your negligee and my hands wandering afield lightly, ever so lightly caressing all of you, all the while you shall hold me closer and we shall tell each other, with words and kisses, how very much in love we are. Now things are gone beyond the dream stage so I pick you up in my arms, still kissing you, and carry you into the bedroom and lay you gently on the bed where I proceed to remove such encumbrances as the negligee and nightgown from you, and the lounging robe and pajamas

from myself. From then on you can just refer to the
booklet because I intend to follow that quite closely,
to the letter in fact.