Sunday 13 May 1945

14th AA Command

APO 322, Frisco

Happy Mother’s Day Darling;

Of course this one does not have the full significance which future ones will hold for you but I’ll wish you a happy Mother’s Day anyway.

It has been quite a nice day here, a little warmish but not very much so. I finished the sketches for that publication I told you about in my last letter. I want to color your copy and will mail it to you tomorrow. I have tomorrow afternoon off and will do it then.

If you are wondering why I didn’t write yesterday I will explain. It seems that the picture Wilson was shown last night and, since it lasted till lights out time, it was too late to do any letter writing. It was a very good picture though, it must have been because I didn’t even notice that it was so long. Of course I realize that Hollywood, with it’s flair for glamorizing everything, has probably distorted the facts slightly, but on the whole I think it was quite an accurate picture of a great man. The senator from Massachusetts at the time of the picture was not painted quite black enough. He was, to put it mildly, a veritable bastard. Henry Cabot Lodge he is. His son is cut from quite another piece of cloth though and seems to be a fairly good man. He was senator from Massachusetts too but was much more liberal than his father. This picture came in at a very opportune time with the San Francisco convention in full swing and the United States having to consider the problem of world union once more. It is timely, sensible, and should help the people to understand just what, it is hoped, will be accomplished by such a union. If you have the chance, you should see the picture.

There was nothing of note yesterday. It was quite a humdrum day. I worked, played volley ball, got my case of beer, saw the show, and then went to bed. Very uninspiring as days go.

Today was hardly any better. As I mentioned before, I did finish cutting the stencils for that course on etiquette and the thing was printed. I got six copies of it and may get a few more tomorrow. I’ll send you one, send one home, and send some to some of my friends. I guess they might enjoy them.

I got myself out of a financial hole by selling Duffy my beer. I got 4 pounds for it. It’s a good thing I was able to do that because I was down to the grand sum of one shilling and six pence, twenty four cents, which was not a heck of a lot to rely on for at least a month.

We had a regular Babylonian feast this evening. Roast chicken no less. The piece I got was fairly small but, oh, so tender. I was sorry that I had not received a bigger portion. Kowalchuk came through though. He was on KP today and when he came back he brought a half chicken for me. It was even better than the original piece I got and hit the spot quite well. I wish we could have some meals like that more often.
I delivered an envelope I had done for one of the boys and was very amply paid for my work. I got two bottles of beer, two anchovy and cheese sandwiches, a rare and interesting combination which you should try some day, and my regular fee of one florin. In addition to this I got the loan of “The History of Rome Hanks” and “The D.A. Calls It Murder”. “Rome Hanks” is supposed to be a very good book and I like what I have read of it very much. It is a very realistic picture of the Civil War and pulls no punches in descriptions of the battle field. It does not paint a picture of a battlefield on which every man dies a hero, instead it shows the men dying very mercurially in a war whose reason for being fought is obscure to their minds. They kill and are killed and know not why. It isn’t much different in this war. Of course everyone knows the superficial reasons why we are fighting, Pearl Harbor and German aggression against our ships. These are the only reasons why all the men think they are fighting. They don’t realize what lies behind it all, and yet we very blindly kill others and are killed by these others who know even less than we do about why they are fighting. It is a very upside down world. At the same time I am varying my reading with “One World” and with a copy of the New York Times which I bought yesterday. I also bought an Ellery Queen magazine, the latest issue of yank, and a Reader’s Digest, April issue. This should keep me well supplied with reading matter for at least the next week. Besides all this I have my book on housebuilding. I find that I am becoming quite restless of late Darling. I can’t seem to concentrate on one thing for long but have to go from one thing to another all the time, not seeming to find time to do all the things I want to do. This does one thing though, it makes the time go fast, hastening me toward the day when I shall once more be with you. I look forward to that day more than I have ever, or shall ever, look for anything else ever. You are the very dearest person in the world and it hurts very much to be separated from you this way Darling. We should be together because I need you very much. You are such an inspiration to me my Darling. You will make me the happiest man in the world when we are married.

Speaking of our marriage reminds me of an article I just read about “the coming war on women”. The author claims that after the war there will be a lot of trouble when the men return from overseas to wives and sweethearts who have become accustomed to supporting themselves and who will want to wear the pants in the family. This, claims the author will cause another chapter in the long struggle of women for supremacy over the man and will present quite a problem. The author cites as one of the very bad factors entering into this, the renunciation of motherhood by these “Enlightened” women who, since in almost all cases they represent the most intelligent and talented women, should be bearing the most children. There is quite a bit of truth in this article and it is quite a problem.

I am very glad that this is not one problem which we shall be faced with. I am sure that in your career as a housewife and as my alter ego you shall be as successful as it’s possible to be, and we shall have our children too. We have a wonderful future ahead of us Darling, if it would only hurry up and get here. I think that one of the big factors in unsuccessful marriage is the fact that the husband and wife guard their separate identities very jealously and so not realize that marriage consists not of two halves, but of one whole. What I’m trying to say is this. That in a marriage, a husband and wife should be as one, sharing together in any thing [sic] and everything that enters into their lives. That to me is what marriage means. The greater part of the married couples today fail to realize this and are very busy trying to retain each his own individuality. Neither is prepared to make any of the “sacrifices”, and they
call them, which are required in a blending of two personalities into one. Therefore, in these marriages there never is, and never can be, the unity required to make a marriage a good and lasting one. Am I at all clear Darling, or am I befuddling my ideas more and more? It all adds up to this: that I know our marriage shall be very successful because we are both very willing to share all our experiences together.

All I wait for and think of is the day when we can start our married life and always be together. I love you very much my Darling and can think of no greater pleasure than that of being with you and holding you in my arms. I love you now and I shall

Always.

Freddie