

Friday 7 September 1945  
HQ 1st Cavalry Command  
APO 75, Fuzco.

(7)

Bunny Darling;

after I finished writing that letter last night I came back to the barracks and found two wonderful letters, one of them eight pages long, and a post card waiting for me. I'm so glad I got some mail. I miss you more than ever when I get none. I love you very much Honey.

This was my afternoon off and I went down to take the vocational guidance test I told you they give at the Institute of the Philippines. I went up and had a talk with the fellow doing the interviewing, after having filled out a preliminary form. He would not give me the test and said it would be a waste of time because there was only one field for me and that was in art. He is an artist himself and specializes in teaching. He and I had quite a chat about art schools and he tried to talk me into going to Yale instead of M.S.C. I have made my mind up, however, and it is to be M.S.C. I think the fact that he is from Connecticut has a little to do with his boasting of Yale. He and I did see eye to eye on one thing though. It is better to just be getting along in a job you like than to be making a lot of money at a job you don't like. Only I think that we will be able to do a little more than just get along on what I will make. I think I can become successful in the art field, and you think so, so, with the both of us on our side, I don't see how I can miss.

It rained all afternoon long so I got a little wet on my paint down town. It wasn't bad though and no damage was done since the sun tans I had on were dirty.

At the present time I am seated here on my bunk with a towel across my lap (so you can't say I am in the nude) writing to you. There is nothing I'd rather do than write letters to you - when I'm away from you that is, when I'm with you I can think of better things to do than write letters, and we will do them when I get back too.

Speaking of getting back, it is nice of Mom and Pop R. to save the cottage for us for next summer. I am quite sure that I shall be there so we can use it. I was just thinking what a pity it is that our first night of married life will not be spent in our beautiful Cherrywood bed. That would have been very nice, and yet it really does not make much difference what bed we are in, it will still be very wonderful. The most wonderful night in our lives up to that time and one which will be followed by a lifetime of successively more wonderful nights. I'm glad in a way that we put this experience off till after we were married. We have that to look forward to when we're together. Gosh, Darling, I love you much more than I ever dreamed I could love anyone. More than anyone <sup>else</sup> could ever be loved or have been loved. I will do everything in my power to make you the very best husband possible.

Your trip to Canada was indeed a lecture one. It really must have been rough without any sanitary facilities at all. You must have been rather mellow by the time you got to take that sponge bath, I'm judging from your letter you know so don't feel hurt. That would never do for our honeymoon you know. We shall need better toilet facilities than that, especially if you plan on using the advice you got from Sue. I don't know whether I care very



much for her advice though because I don't like the idea of your rushing off right away like that. We should be able to figure out some way of saving the linen other than that one. I want you to ~~be~~ be around for a while. Another problem we shall have to solve is that of contraceptives. I agree that we will have to make use of them but I don't like the idea of having to use rubbers any too well until you are fitted with a diaphragm. Do you think that the idea of using a douche would be too risky? I know that some people use them with success, yet that would ~~suggest~~ present the same problem that Sue's suggestion does. Tell me what you think would be best Darling. We'll have to decide now because it will be too late after we are together. At least the douche would be better than the rubbers because they are insulators and I don't care for them. Am I shocking your ears by speaking of these subjects to you before we're married? I trust not because they are problems which we shall have to solve before we're married. Don't forget to tell me just what you think would be best, oh yes, and how long it would be before you could be fitted for a diaphragm.

It begins to look as though I am going to be in the midst of a great loneliness tonight because everyone seems to be getting ready to go to the concert. I don't feel very much like taking in a concert tonight. I want to get to bed early because I am on guard tomorrow night. That damned guard is really a nuisance.

It just dawned on me that we have to solution of the food problem on our honeymoon solved. Your mention of the fact that you caught a nice big trout gave me the idea.

During the day I can send you down to a convenient stream to catch fish for us to eat. While you're doing this I will be getting rested up for the night to come. When you have caught enough fish you can come up and get supper ready and we can eat and go to bed. Oh well! I didn't think you'd approve too heartily of the idea but I just thought I'd mention it in passing. Well live on love then. I'm quite proud of you for having caught that big trout all by yourself. I'm anxious to get the picture they took of you and the fish.

If you are going to run around getting yourself called the mistress of one man, and are going to be proposed to in canoes by another man (even if he was only 6 years old), ~~you just~~ I am going to have to get back there to protect my interests. You just tell this guy person that if he persists in these proposals he will be held to account by me when I return, and you tell him that I'm much bigger than he is and that I am madly jealous. Just chase all these men away Honey. I'll be back there soon to take care of you.

The inclosure in this letter is something I ran across lately and thought I would pass on to you. A new twist to an old idea, but one which you have probably not encountered yet.

I have been writing to Mom more often lately and Sally wrote a letter to Pauline today. I went to work ~~the~~ on her to get her to stick to her intention of going to school. I hope she does. I think she will because she sounded quite enthused about the idea in the last letter I got from her.

The Canadians have a darned good idea in their scheme of having separate beverage parlors for men and women, and letting men go into the women's parlors if they are with a woman and only if they are with a woman. It cuts out a lot of the female barflies and pickups from vending their wares and affords a place for a man to take a woman to have a few brews without being in a roughhouse bar filled with drunks who don't care too much what they say or do. It is a darned good idea they have there. It's a wonder they don't do something like that in the States.

You have undoubtedly gotten the pictures of me by now. I still have two more which I don't know what to do with so, following your advice, I'm going to send them along to you, although I don't know what you'll be able to do with them.

Just to get you straight on what a mestizo is, I'll explain. Your Filipino people are divided into groups. The regular Filipino is an admixture of Malay, Indonesian, and Negrito. This is the true Filipino. The mestizo or mestiza is a person whose ancestry is a mixture of the other peoples of the Philippines; the Chinese, Japs, Germans, Spanish, Americans, etc., with maybe a little Filipino thrown in. John has been moved to another part of Mindanao now and is no longer with his mestiza. She is quite a beautiful girl and it is easy to see why John fell by the way in this case. I guess John hated to leave her because he wrote me an essay on the hardship of saying farewells. I know, I have said some sad farewells, especially the last one when I had to say goodbye and knew that it would be for the duration. That was very hard and sad Darling, but there



shall be no more of those once I get back.

Thank the mailman for the compliment about my cartoons, if you know who the mailman ~~is~~ is. It was very nice of him to write that in the letter.

Just as I prophesied, the joint is empty. It is now 8:45 and everyone is gone leaving me all alone here in the barracks. It makes little matter though because the place could be crowded with people and still I would be the loneliest of men just because you would not be here. There is more talk in the radio of declaring a new minimum point score.

They've just got to get down to 57 points fast, that's all there is to it. I need you as badly as any person ever needed another, ~~and~~ ~~possibly~~ possibly you feel this way toward me. I suspect that you do Darling and this thought makes me very happy.

Your postcard was very amusing. The fellows got quite a boot out of Phlopp House. If it is anything like the cabin you were at in Canada, you must have had quite a time. Just what did you do with the paper toilet seat covers you mentioned on the postcard, did you just have to cart them all back. I'll bet you people didn't adhere to the army's teachings and build a straddle trench. I don't know if you have ever used a straddle trench but it is quite an experience, I am speaking from experience now. When they named it a straddle trench, they gave a terse and accurate description. I'll swear they never dig one less than three feet wide, and that is quite a straddle. As I was saying though, that is one place where we soldiers and the boyscouts have it all over the civilians: we are taught how to make cat holes, straddle trenches, and even a modified version of the M1 one seater. I'll bet you civilians just went back to the woods. For shame. Here the people don't go as far as the woods. The side of the road does just as well for them.

I don't particularly care for the symphony orchestra they have here. They have too many stringed instruments in the orchestra and not enough brass. It makes the music a little too shallow and I do not care too much for it. I'll stick to my radio hillbillies; now there is depth in music.

Well my Darling little sweetheart. I'll have to kiss you goodnight and leave you for now Beautiful. Be a good girl and meet me in our favorite corner of heaven tonight for our date. Goodnight Darling.

I love you.

Freddie