

Tuesday 4 September 1945
HQ 94th AAA Command
APO 75, Fresno.

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Bunny Sweetheart;

I just received a letter from you, the first you have written from Canada. You must have had quite a trip up to there. It sounds as though you were really in the back woods, having to drive seventeen miles through a two rut road. What would have happened in the event you had met a ~~car~~ car coming out? Just whose place did you stay at? I can't quite grasp who it belongs to. Is it the Currys? I vaguely remember Mr. Curry, but not too well. I guess he has changed since the days he studied for the priesthood. I don't know whether I like his remark to the customs guard so well though because people just can't say that about my wife. I can just picture you as he said it though, you were undoubtedly a deep purple red. You were weren't you. I wonder if the guard did list ~~you~~ the party as Mr Curry, and wife, and mistress. Didn't the guard even seem surprised? Or are such things quite routine. Even though you did spend three days in Canada with him, I'll still marry you Darling. I know that, if I couldn't break down your resistance in almost a year that I was with you, he absolutely could not do it in three days - or ever. We belong to each other - too much so for anyone else ever to share our joys. So you can tell Mr. Curry that he doesn't worry me at all. Well, not much anyway. I am jealous though, never think that I am not because I am, terribly so. I shall always be so I hope you don't mind.

The furnishings of your little hotel in Canada, as well as the toilet facilities, seem to be non-existent. At least you did have springs and mattresses to put your sleeping bags on, that is better than our hard army cots. Our 20-Toler affords us better toilet facilities though. I don't want to get quite that far from it all on our honeymoon. I want some comforts.

I remember who Mr. Curry is now. He and his wife were at the house once when I was there. If I'm not mistaken, Pop, he, and I had a brew or two in the kitchen together.

It is still hot as the devil here. I had the morning off to go look for some place where we could get some work reproduced and printed. It took us just about all morning to find the place. We finally found Ft. McKinley where the place is located but we had a devil of a time locating the reproduction company. We circled the entire fort twice and were about half way around on the third lap when we found it. I took some quick thinking on Daley's part to get the job done. He told the fellow that we had made arrangements to have the job done. When the fellow asked who ~~the~~ we had talked to in our telephone arrangements. Daley said that it had been a Captain Huber or Gruber. That convinced it so the fellow OK'd the work. I wondered if Daley had made arrangements previously since he even knew the office's name. Then I noticed a desk sign with the name Capt. Huber on it resting right on a desk where Daley could see it easily. He put the deception over very nicely. I also found out there

where I may be able to find some drawing paper to requisition.
I'm going into town Thursday, on my afternoon off, and check
up. That would be a great help.

I noticed something which struck my fancy when we were
touring St. McKinley. Outside the homes (real houses for the most
part) where the officers live, there are usually roster boards
with the name and rank of all officers living there. On the
boards appeared the names of majors, colonels, captains, and
even first lieutenants. I saw ~~no~~ ^{no} second lieutenants
listed on them (there are very few overseas, they are all made
first lieutenants) until I came to one signboard that had
the usual lining of brass and at the bottom of it, in double
sized red and gold letters, was the name Ed St. Smith.
all the other names were in medium sized black and white.

Is Tommy still on Guam? I imagine he will prob-
ably stay there although he may go to Japan. The way the
invasion is going along so peacefully, it wouldn't be bad
at all to go there, especially if a fellow knew he'd be over here
for quite a while. I would just as soon forgo the pleasure
and trust that I shall get home sooner by trying to stay
here as long as I can. As of September 3rd, I have 57 points. I think
the number of points needed to go home will be lowered from month
to month now and I still think I stand a good chance of being
home to celebrate my birthday with you. That would be about six
months from now and would give me just about a year and a
half overseas. That is a long time, and so is the three years I shall
have put in in the army next month. As a consolation prize for
that much service they shall give me an additional \$3.90. A lot
of consolation that is.

It was quite a nice feeling sealing my own letters today. I imagine there will still be some spot censorship of mail. I imagine that about the same amount of mail will be censored by the base censor as was censored before. The only place there will probably be any difference is in the censoring ~~by~~ of each letter by unit censors. At any rate, there is no one who knows me personally, censoring mail. Let me know if any of my letters are being censored now.

Has the cigaret shortage been alleviated at all? I should imagine there would be more for civilians now that the war is over and the army will not need to keep up its large reserve supply. I hope that you're able to get them more easily. Has the shortage tempered your capacity for smoking cigarettes? You really used to be a chain smoker. One pack lasts me three days or so. I am now down to my last carton of Luckies though. I am able to notice a definite difference in the different cigarettes now and I still like Luckies best.

The driver we had this morning was really a character. We were riding down a very rough road and were going rather slowly. We passed some Filipino girls who greeted us wholeheartedly and gave us big smiles. We drove on a way and found that we were on the wrong road so we had to retrace our route. We came up to the girls again (there were about six of them) and they stepped aside to let us pass. As we passed them, the driver reached out and very playfully punched one of them on the posterior. She shrieked, the other girls laughed, and then she laughed. They all waved at us, but ~~a~~ never fear, we went on undaunted by all that femininity. Wasn't that nice of us?

A flash just came over the radio informing all soldiers that we can now wear civilian clothes when we are not

on duty. Ain't that nice ~~after~~ ^{after} them. I wonder what it would feel like to wear civies again. It has been a long time now since I did wear them except for the few times at your house when I wore Tommies' clothes. Have you had any luck at locating any clothing for me? I wonder if it would be easier to get clothes in Canada than in the States when I get back. What do you think Honey? It will definitely be a problem getting clothes when I get back. The guys who get back before I do, as well as the civilians who have had a hard time getting clothes during the war, will be buying up everything as it comes out. They may have clothing production going fairly well by the time I get back but I am quite sure the supply will not be adequate. I refuse to wear any reminders of my army days on our honeymoon. One thing I would like very much to have is colored shorts (underwear you know). That would make me feel more like a civilian than anything. Then of course colored and white shirts, slacks, sweaters, and the whole works. I want to look my very best for you on our honeymoon. I want to make you as proud of me as I am of you. I would like to tell everyone just how wonderful you are. How beautiful you are. Your pictures are nice but they, after all, are but dead things and could never be the real life you. You are very full of life and of the joy of living Darling. This is one of the things I like most about you, and it is one which can only be hinted at in a photograph. I love every little thing about you - except possibly an old habit you had of pulling chairs out from under people, ~~the~~ which, I trust, you have given up. Do you remember that time Darling? I guess that is about the only time I ever showed any displeasure with you, and then, when I saw the sad look on your face when I looked at you like that,

I felt very sorry that I had lost my temper. I can still see your eyes filling up with tears. You looked just like a little girl who had just been scolded or given a slap. I very nearly laughed but didn't want to because I wanted to be stern so you wouldn't ever try that again. I did hurt myself. One other trick I don't like is the hot foot trick. While I was in the hospital ~~the~~ at Lowry Field, we had a fellow in there who almost lost his foot as the result of a hot foot which scorching his foot. The foot became infected and the doctors had a heck of a time fixing it. He was in the hospital quite a while because of that.

Last night we polished off the last can of cookies. They were the chocolate ones. Bob Neumann, Harry Zeiser, and George Durham want me to thank you for the wonderful cookies and urge you to send me more soon. I second that, they were delicious. That just about exhausts the supply of food I received in yours' and Mom's packages. Date the last of the food I got in Mom's box, yesterday. It was some devilled meat and was much better than the meal they served. Now I shall have to rely on the mess hall for food until I receive more packages. They did feed us oranges this morning. They were the first oranges I have had since I got off the ship at Oro Bay when I first got overseas. They tasted very good. Of course there were the usual arguments between Californians and Floridians as to where they had come from and which state has the best oranges. Then a couple of Texans had to tell about the oranges and grapefruit raised in the Lone Star State.

Later the same day -

I received another letter this evening, the last one you wrote before you left for Canada. Canadian air mail seems to be faster judging from this first letter at least. The last letter was written in the process of packing and

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you seemed rather flustered. I imagine you got packed all right since you did get to Canada. Who are the ten people whom you expected to have there. I know Mr. & Mrs. Curry were there but who else? I've got to check on your company you know.

This evening I saw the picture "Don Juan Quilligan" which was not too hot but which did pass the time of day. It was funny in parts but tended to drag in other parts. It was entertainment though.

I was crowded out of my seat by some Filipino girls. I was sitting on some sort of iron framework which they use for seats and was sitting on the very end talking to Happy. Just before the picture started I turned around so I'd be facing the screen and found that I had about six inches of space to sit in because some Filipino girls had occupied the rest of the thing. If I sat facing the screen I was practically sitting in the lap of one of the girls. Add to this the fact that the seat presents a beautiful corrugated surface and you will understand why, after the first reel I decided to forgo the posterior-waffling* and go back to the earth. I sat on a poncho on the ground and never did anything seem so soft.

I received a letter from Mom today and she tells me that Arthur now has a job which will tide him over till he can get a job with Bell Telephone. I hope he is successful. Pauline now is at the point where she can't decide whether she still likes Charlie or not. I'm inclined to think not but shall have to work that problem out for herself. I'm going to write her to be sure she doesn't change her

* Waff as in a waffle iron; which is just what I felt as if I had been sitting on.

mind about going to school. I think she should go, it would do her a world of good. I'll have to have a heart to heart talk with her. You could write her too and give her a little advice, you are much better at that than I am. She is too young to go trying herself down to anyone fellow (you're not though so don't get any ideas) and should go to school. You go to work on her from your end and I'll go to work on her from here. I'm not saying that she should forget all about Charlie or anything like that but, since she felt such deep doubts about whether he was the one, I ~~that~~ think she should proceed very cautiously and should look around. (Remember, I do not mean this advice to be taken by you. You're stuck with me now Darling. I hope you don't mind).

It is once more time to say goodnight so here's a kiss; now climb into bed and I'll tuck you in and give you another very nice goodnight kiss before leaving you. Yes, Darling I do have to leave you to hurry back and catch that midnight dream to you. With luck, it won't be long before we leave the world behind and live in our dream permanently and

Forever

Freddie