Sunday 8 April 1945
14 A Command
APO 322, Frisco

Bunny My Sweet Darling;

My day of rest is fast arriving to its inevitable end and as usual I didn’t get all the work done that I had hoped to. I did accomplish quite a bit though so don’t get the idea that I wasted the day away.

After breakfast I started to go to work on the envelopes and cards but was interrupted by a couple of the fellows who had been shipped out here a short while back. I had to talk with them for a while until finally I [scratched out word] noticed that it was getting late so I went on with my work in spite of their presence. I finished off a few envelopes before chow time. The main part of those I did were for the censor who has enjoyed the envelopes.

Our noon meal was not very good just as I had feared it would not be. For variety we were served ground up Spam. No matter how finely it is ground it is still spam. The only good part of the meal was the fruit cock-

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tail and the iced Chocolate drink. Our meal tonight was a very pleasant surprise. We had fresh boiled potatoes, and some very good roast pork. This food situation is my main interest around here.

The new fellows in our tent had some fellow build him a one tube earphone type radio. It’s pretty nice except for the fact that only one person can listen to it a [sic] the same time. He is now fast asleep with the earphones still on. I tried it this afternoon and it worked very well.

This afternoon I started a sketch of the Red Cross Building and adjacent area. Just a [sic] I got a good start on it, it started to rain. I had to leave without completing the sketch but I’ll finish it on my day off this week. I don’t know when that will be. Now what I am in the Message Center, I don’t know just how they’ll work the days off. I hope I get a chance to do some sign painting soon so I can get out of that office for a while and recuperate. That darned place is a madhouse. The heck of it is that the majority of people there are very busy typing to complicate their work rather than simplifying it.

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I can’t figure it out myself. I do not like work particularly and if I have to do any I try to make it as simple as possible for myself.

In case you are wondering why I am using a different pen I will explain. It seems that the new Aussie ink I am using is clogging me pen so I’m going to clean it out well, let it dry, and then put it away until each time as I can get some American ink for it once more. I do not want to ruin a good pen. I am using one of my drawing pens with a broad writing quill now. It works quite well except for the business of dipping the pen every few lines.
In a general house cleaning of my correspondence I got rid of all the snail I had answered—except yours which I save for rereading purposes—putting down all addresses in my address book as I tore the letters up. In the letter I wrote to Foster I kidded him by asking if he had fallen off the wagon yet and telling him that I would not be averse to stumbling on a small bar where I could obtain an occasional spot of stimulants. Poor Foster took this as an indication that I had become the personification of The

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Old Soak. I will have to tell him that I am not hopelessly under the influence of drink.

I feel very lonesome for you today Darling. I suppose it is mainly because I had no [scratched out word] work to keep me busy all day and could devote a goodly part of my time to thinking of you. That is good and yet it is bad. It seems that whenever I think of you I get a terrible yearning to be with you holding you and kissing you and telling and showing you how very much I do love you. It will be so very wonderful to get back to you again. Just think Honey, the next time will be for always. I like to just think of how nice a lifetime with you will be.

The war is coming along very well these days. It won’t be long before we hit Berlin at our present rate of travelling. Out in this theater we are really giving the Japanese a rough time. The taking of Okinawa, destruction of many Jap planes over that island, the sinking of a very good portion of the remainder of the Jap fleet—which is vying with the Italian fleet for the rule of the Floor of the ocean—and the last, and a very important event was the Russian denunciation of the Ruses—Japanese

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Neutrality pact. Although this does not necessarily mean the Russia will go to war against Japan, it is quite possible that she shall before very long. That would really hasten the end of the war. With Japan’s new non militaristic cabinet it is even conceivable that we shall be having peace overtures from the Japanese. I hope that we stick to our guns and still demand unconditional surrender. I believe that we will have to completely remove Japan’s industries and turn them back once more to an agrarian existence. That is the only way we could ever be assured that she would not rebuild another war machine. We would have to keep a stern control over Japan even if she became an agrarian nation, with supervision to see that her industries are not rebuilt. If we accepted anything less than unconditional surrender, or if we allowed them to keep their industries we would leave the tools for another war machine in the hands of a nation whose armies, though suffering severe strategical defeats, are still practically intact because all of their armies which we have encountered were small segments of a large body of troops still in great strength in

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Japan itself and in China. All they would need after the war would be the arms with which to equip their large armies. The same situation exists in Europe where the prisoners we have taken, among them some of Nazican’s finest adherents, will be dumped back into Germany to go right on with their work of spreading the Nazi doctrines which the war was fought to to [sic] abolish. What the solution to that one is I do not know. The only sure fire solution would be too brutal for most people to condone, that is the annihilation (spelling???) of them all, or their being taken over as slave labor in other nations. Ah, well, just let them end the war so I can get back to you again. You are the only world I am concerned with.
I must say goodnight to you now Sweetheart so until tomorrow when I shall once more seat myself at the desk to write to you again I will say goodnight and tell you again that

I love you with all my heart

Freddie

[7.]

Monday Morning

All along again on – Monday morning – nothing to depend on – except my love for you and yours for me Darling. That is quite a sustaining force in my battle against the army. I wish the titanic struggle were at an end now so I could just cease struggling and surrender myself to you, arms and all. I love you very much my sweetheart, and I miss you even much more than I miss you.

Our water supply seems to have failed us this morning. I managed to get in on the last few drops to get shaving water and then it gave out. Something about the pumps giving up the ghost I believe. I feel very much like doing just that very thing this morning. Every day I find it a little harder [scratched out word] to go to work than it was the preceding day. A sort of phobia which I am developing. Practically everyone and everything around here depresses me extremely. I guess I just have not been accustomed to the fussy and martinetish [sic] routing of an office I guess they are all like this but I still don’t like it. I don’t make a very good office boy.

You don’t mind my being a flop as an office boy do you Honey? After all that’s one phase of my checkered career which will not

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enter into our life together. That will utilize other facets of my character, others of my talents which I can assure you I am much more capable of Landling than I am handling office work. Just give me the chance is all I ask. You believe [scratched out word] me don’t you Bunny?

That’s nice. You’re a very nice little girl and I shall love you more every day.

Forever

Freddie