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HQ 14th Air Command
APO 75, Finsco.

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Sweetheart;

Friday noon and another week has just about gone by. They seem to go by so slowly, each longer than the one before. The days drag into weeks and the weeks into months. It all seems so long and so empty without you here at my side. The time from now on will go by even slower too because I will just be sweating out my return now and will not be sweating out the end of the war any longer. You can be sure though, that just as the days grow, so grows my love for you. Each day finds me more deeply in love with you than I was on the preceding day. No matter how much longer we are apart, you can be sure that I will love you even more than I did when I left you because I have come to know you much better, even through your letters. The better I come to know and understand you, the better I realize that you are the girl for me and that no other could ever make me a better wife. It is as if you were made just to be my wife and I to be your husband. Darling, darling, love me always just as you do now and we shall be the happiest of people always.

There should be a letter from you in the mail today. I hope so because I didn't receive one yesterday. There are always so many newspapers at mail call that we have to stand out there about a half hour while they are all called out before we get our mail. These newspapers are a damned nuisance. They take up a lot of shipping space and are all about four or five months old when they reach here. I don't see why people bother with them at all. If there are items of special interest in the paper they can always be cut out

and mailed.

So, drunk again! Tch! Tch! I'll have to give you the cure when we are together, but what a pleasant cure. It will consist of your being given something else to do beside tittle. I'll forgive you this time since you were celebrating the surrender of Japan. Yes, you're right, the reason I know this is that I just got a letter from you. It was one which contained, in addition to a wonderful letter, some wonderful photos of you.

These came out very clear too. How did you ever get Mom Telson to ~~hold~~ hold the camera steady? Or didn't she take the pictures. How long have you been tipping your hair the way it is in the photos. It is still sweeping but looks different somehow. It looks very nice, especially with the flowers in it. The picture I like best in this set is the one of you in the doorway. You look beautiful in that dress Sweetheart, and those legs. Mmmm, mmm. I'm glad to see that there were legs in all of these photos. They are very nice, the legs and the photos.

In case you are wondering what the significance of the cover on yesterday's letter was, I shall tell you. The obese woman in the bicycle tape is drawn from life. I saw just such a creature yesterday while I was downtown. Her face was chalk white, her lips were purplish and painted on in a very inane smile, ~~her~~ her splashes were heavily mascaraed and the eyes outlined with black pencil, above her eyes was some thing. Her eyebrows were ~~the~~ non existent and in their place she had pencilled a ~~long~~ hairline eyebrow, such as is on the cover. Her head was slightly pointed intop and she had straight, stringy black hair which was parted in the center and just hung down her back. She had a very artificial mole under one eye and wore two spots of rouge, one on either cheek. She was really obese. Her arms were decorated with gaudy

bracelets, and all her fingers loaded down with rings. She had on a house coat, sandals, and had her toenails and fingernails painted. If she wasn't a madam I'm very much mistaken.

You take tennis seriously don't you. I can't picture myself ever playing ten games just to keep a court. That is overdoing the thing a little bit. I knew you'd be practising like mad so you could show me up when I play with you. I'll bet I win our first set. Want to take the bet? Just name the stakes will play for.

You were very brave and noble in climbing that tree to rescue the cat for those kids, especially since you don't seem to care too much for cats. You didn't get clawed and bitten very badly did you? There must be some boy scout in you. Save some of those good deeds for me though. I'll need them. I don't mean that you'll have to climb trees to rescue me but you can save me in other ways. I could stand some of that good old saving right now believe me. You had better be ready to be loved to death when I get back home because you are going to be. Do you mind? I don't think you will mind but tell me so just so I can be sure.

Do you realize that almost all of your last ten letters start out in exactly the same way? "I'm sorry but I didn't write to you last night." Ich! Ich! And after you told me that you weren't going to start any more of your letters that way. I'm surprised. Your letters are very wonderful though Honey and I'd rather get one of them a year than one from anyone else every day. Don't take advantage of this statement now. I want to hear from you just as often as possible.

Saturday -

It is now Saturday Honey, I went into town last night as I told you I was going to. I went to see Paul Katona and chewed the fat with him until 7:20, at which time he had a date to meet a couple of Hungarians he ran across here in Manila. When he left I decided I'd try to get hold of Gene Goldfoder. I got him in the shower and after he got out and dried we took in the movie "Murder, He Says" with Fred MacMurray. It was a screwy picture to say the least.

It was damned nice to speak with him again. He hasn't changed a damned bit and has a damned nice job here. He's going back to MSC after the war. He has his transcripts sent in and has received credit for his AST training. I'll have to send in for my transcripts and send them in to MSC so I won't have so much work to do when I do get around to registering there. Gene just got a letter from Pat Jones and I guess he still likes her quite a bit. I took the ~~liberty~~ liberty of inviting him to dinner with us sometime. Don't forget to keep checking for an apartment Darling. I don't think we'll have an awful lot of trouble since we can get a small unfurnished apartment and furnish it ourselves. I suppose there are unfurnished apartments in ~~San~~ East Lansing aren't there? I'm so anxious to get home so we can be married and start our life together. It will be very wonderful Darling. I wish I would get home soon. The sooner the better.

There were some hillbilly artists at the show to-night. They put on a little stage show which was very corny but enjoyable. They pulled a couple of gags that were quite good. One of them concerned a Wac who was ~~depressed~~; he stood over a hot air furnace. (In case you have trouble with the gag, it lies in the word "de-furred".) Another concerned a soldier who wrote home and asked his wife to send

him \$25 for "shaving cream and stuff". He got an answer. It consisted of a letter and a quarter. The message read, "Here's 25¢ for the shaving cream, your stuff is waiting for you at home."

It is time for lights out Honey, so I'll give you a nice good night kiss and tell you I'll be back in in the morning. Goodnight Sweetheart.

Sunday morning -

It looks like rain but I'm going to brave the elements to go see Mac and the boys. I have to morning off as well as the afternoon so I should be able to get there quite early and make a day of it.

Some of the fellows tell me the invasion of Japan has been put off two more days because of typhoons. At the rate they're going I don't think we'll ever get in there. All the stalling that has been going on has really stretched the formalities out. I'm anxious for the surrender to be signed so we can learn more about the plans for getting us home again. That's all I'm interested in.

At the office I had to do another oblique view of a defended area. I did this one in jig time though. The lessons I learned in doing the other one stood me in good stead in this one. Speedy is the name now.

I finished a very short book the title of which was "Lady Into Fox" by David Garnett. It was a fantastic but amusing little story of a lady, newly wed, who turns into a fox, and of the ensuing problems which her husband finds himself confronted with. He still loves her and tries to treat her as a lady but she gradually becomes more and more a fox. One very amusing incident occurs when she escapes from him only to return much later with a brood of little foxes. The husband has a terrible time trying to reconcile

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himself the fact that his dear wife had so far forgotten her marriage vows that she had "prostituted herself to a beast." It was quite charmingly written and was very enjoyable. I also finished "Strange Fruit" which was a very disturbing reminder of the race problem. I agree with her wholeheartedly that education is the only way that these prejudices can ever hope to be done away with but, even then, it would be one of the hardest jobs ever tackled by any educators. The only way educational levels can be raised all over the country is through governmental control of education, a uniform standard of educational facilities throughout the country. Me and my socialism.

I am accumulating a nice little collection of photos of you Darling. I want just as many as I can get. I'm going to make a little plus to put them all in. They are very nice. Now I can see what these new dresses you tell me about, look like. I think the ~~one~~ one that looks best on you is the one you are wearing in the doorway of the house. It's a white print with colored bands at the waist and hem, and ruffles at the sides. It looks very sweet. I also like the playsuit you have on in the photo where you are leaning against the outdoor fireplace. You fill it out beautifully. Don't forget to send more pictures as you get them Honey. I still have not gotten that roll of film but as soon as I do I shall have some pictures taken and send them on to you post haste. You should have gotten the picture I had taken in town last Sunday.

There was no mail from you yesterday so I should get a letter or two today. It would be very nice if I could come in here this evening and find some mail waiting for me.

I do so love to get letters from you Darling. They are always so nice, and ^{they} cheer me up very much. I love you sweet Darling.

Sunday night -

I just got back from visiting with Mac and the fellows. I got there about 10:30 this morning. It was quite a nice day even though it had looked as though it would rain this morning. Mac and I played some volley ball this afternoon, the first exercise I've had in ages, and I got a sunburn for my efforts. My shoulders are rather tender although they aren't very red; they are quite dark. A few more days like that and I'll have a nice dark complexion. Mac gave me a copy of "War and Peace". I started it at Camp Grant but never did finish it. I shipped out too soon. I will now finish it at my leisure.

Mac just got a letter from Jere and seemed rather cheered by it. I guess their romance is running hot again. He wanted to know if you and I wanted a church wedding. I told him I thought we would be married in a church but did not know which one. Have you decided yet where you'd best like to be married? I'm leaving that up to you. I think I'd like a church wedding so you could wear a gown. It would be much nicer wedding in a church. The only thing that really matters is that we shall be married. Let me know where you think you'd like to be married Darling. Mac would like to be married soon after he returns also. He and Jere will be married in church, if they get married. Mac seems not to be too sure of just where he stands as regards getting married when he returns.

There was no letter from you waiting for me this evening Honey. I thought sure I'd get one and was very disappointed. I did have a letter from Mom though. She wrote it right after she got news of the Japanese surrender. It seems that Dad and Arthur went into Boston to celebrate and didn't get back till 6:30 the next morning.

They had quite a time of it. Mom said that they were going to take me away from you for a day because Dad did not want to celebrate my return home. I think we can spare one day out of our life time although I will hate not being with you for that day. I love you so very much my Darling that each moment with you is the most precious in the ~~world~~ world. Darling, Darling, the moment of our reunion can't possibly come too soon for me I want you my Darling, more than I ever wanted anything in all my life and once I have you again my life will be very full and complete. Goodnight now Sweetheart. I love you!!! Remember that —

Always
Freddie