Sweetheart;

I received two more letters from you this noon. Four letters in the last two mail calls isn’t bad at all. I wish I could get as many all the time.

Tch! Tch! My puritanical young fiancée. So you think that two of my envelopes were almost lewd. I suppose one of them was the one where the little boys are trying to drag Herman into the house where a Flip girl is in the window flashing him a great big personality smile. The other was probably the night club scene. To tell you the truth Honey, I’m trying to get as much of the local color into the covers as I can and I assure you that the scenes are very typical of this place, I’d say they were even subdued a little in the cartoons. I don’t think the postal authorities minded, and, now that I have done those particular ones, I have covered that phase of life in Manila and will go on to the other aspects of it. I’m quite sure that they won’t stop me from illustrating the envelopes.

Last night was my first night of classes and I think I am going to like the courses I am taking. The woman I told you about, who teaches the Filipino History, is quite a character and has a very good sense of humor. She got off several quips during the class. She was telling us what percentage of the Filipino blood was attributed to the different peoples who have helped make the Filipino of today what he is. She said that, although the Spanish were here for 377 years, they did not intermarry to any extent so there is very little white blood. She added that the American soldiers were doing quite a bit to remedy this.

She told us that we must have read about the discovery of the Philippines in 1521 when Magellan landed here. The Filipino version of its discovery is a little at variance with this because they figure they were discovered long before that by the early peoples who migrated here from the Asiatic mainland.

Her last little story concerned the Filipinos version of the creation of man. He fashioned a statue of clay and put it in an oven and baked it. When he took it out, he discovered that he had baked it too much and the man was black – the Negro. He wasn’t satisfied with this, so he made another man from clay and baked him in the oven. When he took this one out, he discovered that he had not baked long enough and that he was too white – the white man. Still dissatisfied, he fashioned yet a third clay man and, using the lesson he had learned in the baking of the other two, he regulated the time and temperature of baking so they were just right. When he took the man out he was finished just right and was a nice medium brown – the Filipino. She is an excellent propagandist for the Filipino people is quite nice herself. I overestimated her age. She must be about forty five instead of fifty five. She taught at the University of Michigan on an exchange of profs with the college. Her regular job is teaching at the University of the Philippines, she has a doctorate there.
The Tagalog class is really a little too crowded to enable us to get individual attention such as we would need to learn the language right. I will be able to get the pronunciation though and can work out the rest with the help of our text. The text consists of a little language guide on the language. We should get other books if they can get hold of them but that is debatable. The language should not be difficult to learn because like Italian, it is pronounced just as it is spelled. The instructor stressed that and contrasted it to the English with its weird pronunciations such as the difference between tough and dough, both spelled the same but pronounced differently. In Tagalog they would become “taf” and “do”. It is rather sensible.

Our meals today were terrible and I didn’t eat much, so this evening I accompanied John Kowalchuk to the Esmeralda and had some chow mein to satisfy the inner man. I danced two dances to sharpen up for the dance tomorrow night. I’m rusty as the devil Darling and when I get back you’ll have to get to work and teach me from scratch so I’ll be able to get around at least fairly well on the dance floor. It will be a lot of fun taking dancing lessons from you. It is very much fun doing anything at all with you though my Darling. I enjoy anything we do together. Just being with you is all I need and I hope I am with you soon. The official surrender is expected within the next ten days and then maybe I’ll learn just exactly what the program for getting us back to the States will be. At the present time I’m still inclined to think that I shall be home in March or April. I hope I’m home at least by then Darling. I need you so much that it seems as if tomorrow would not be soon enough to be with you. I wish we were together right now so I wouldn’t have to be writing but could tell you everything that is in my heart. It is a heart filled with love for you and yearning to have you with me. Life seems empty and quite cheerless when you’re not around. But, it makes me feel good to think of the good times that lie ahead of us.

As soon as I can find a box to put them in, I shall send you the shoes I bought for you and shall also enclose several of the books I have finished. Hoppy should have some boxes that I can use because the PX got in a large supply of new goods today. The more I look at the shoes, the more convinced I am that I want to be there to see you wear them. They should be hard as the devil to keep on since they have no heel straps, just a toe piece. I think they are different and rather cute though.

Now that they have lifted rationing restrictions on many things you should be able to get that new girdle you said you needed. Has the abolishment of rationing made much difference, or are things still hard to get? By the time I get home, things should have settled down a little so that there should be enough of just about everything. Don’t forget to start picking up some clothes if you can will you. In case I didn’t mention them, you can add underwear and socks to the list of things to try to get. I understand that the underwear situation in Michigan is critical and that the men have taken to wearing women’s scanties. Truly a deplorable state of affairs. I do not want to wear the brown GI shorts on our honeymoon to remind me of our separation. I want to forget all about the army and the time I spent in it and start living my life with you. You’re very nice to live with for a lifetime. I couldn’t possibly have picked anyone nicer.
Tell your mother for me that I think you should take a temporary job instead of a permanent one. You are going to have to quite the job when I get back so you can go with me on our honeymoon – I want you there too – and I do not intend to make our honeymoon a short one which would only last a short time allowing you to go back to the

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same job. If your mother says anything more about it just tell her how I feel on the subject. I don’t want you to have any ties at all when I return. I want you to have a job which you can just – kiss goodbye and come with me. I’m going to abduct you from your job. I’m very selfish and want you all to myself.

Wednesday Morning –

I had to leave you abruptly last night because some Flip boy came in looking for some paper because he was starting school. I gave him the rest of this paper because I don’t like it at all. Giving him that was a mistake because I couldn’t get rid of him. He decided to give me lessons in Tagalog and finally I had to go take a shower to give him the idea that it was bedtime. He took the hint then, but when I got back from showering the lights were out and I couldn’t finish this letter.

It’s time for work now Sweetheart so I’ll say goodbye and go up to the office to daydream of you.

I love you Sweet Darling

And shall

Forever,

Freddie