17 March 1945
14 AA Command
APO 322, Frisco.

I'm not positive about the number honey. I think this might be 85.

Darling! Darling Bunny,

I miss you very much this evening. I think I miss you more tonight than I ever have before. I just feel blue and down hearted and want so much to have you with me so I could hold you and kiss you. That's all that is wrong with me. I know but knowing this only makes me the sadder because there's nothing I can do about it. Everything in me rebels against the forces which keep me from you and I am developing an extremely deep seated aversion to anything at all that smells of militarism and the Army. Darling, I don't ever want you to be away from me after I return to you. I just want to be with you every moment that I possibly can. I do love you so terribly much. My dear sweet Darling.

Today was just another day to cross off the calendar with an X. They are all so empty with that sameness that just
makes life here an existence where every
menial event, which will pass time and
make me forget for a moment just where he
is, is grasped at as a drowning man
grasps at a straw. To the sort of existence
which numbs the mind to reality in self
defense, an existence in which every man
lives in the future, all his thoughts, dreams,
ambitions and plans are for the future. That
day when he will be released from his bondage
and once more assume the dignity of a
man. It's a wonderful day that's coming my
sweet, some day in the future, not too far in
the future either, I hope. Each day my mind
lives through one of those wonderful days to
come when we shall be together and the
joy of my dreams becomes the joy of reality
for me to love and to be loved by.

I hope I don't sound morbid, Darling.
It's just that I can't feel that I am living
without you here with me. There's an empti-
ness in me that needs filling, to the empti-
ness of existence without you.

A little of this feeling may be attributed
to the fact that I received some very bad
news in a letter from Jim Martin. Four more fellows I knew very closely at school have died recently. That must be about a dozen or more gone now. It's so damned phony.

Jim also asked to be remembered to you.

He's a damned good boy and I think an awful lot of him. We'll have to raise him a standing invitation to visit us when we have our home. I hope he's able to get his master's soon so he can get a job in some small college as he hopes to. I don't think he is too fond of teaching children. In fact he mentioned the fact that he had interpolated a little of the philosophy of Bakunin, simplified, with the left-minded on democracy in the civics book just to see how his pupils would react. He mentioned the fact that Richards, one of our gang, got a "crackerjack" commission in the Navy just recently.

This book I got, "This Age of Steel" by Gustav Stolper is a beautiful little argument for capitalism and "laissez faire." In it the author says that the industrial nations of the world, the great capitalistic powers, deserve all that they have. He maintains that to them rightly belongs the best of everything. Those nations which have no great capitalistic
Economy he feels sorry for but says that they must learn to accept their inferior status and cease to rebel against their fate. This is a position which cannot and should not be bettered. It is hard for me to conceive of a man thinking along those lines. I just can't see how anyone can rationalize that philosophy. It sounds to me like good propaganda for isolationism and the jingoism which Mr. McCormick of the Chicago Tribune advocates. And still the people fall for that line.

This latest youth magazine had a lengthy article on the slaughter of the American prisoners by German SS troops at Malmedy, Belgium. That was really a brutal thing. They just herded them inside an enclosure and machine gunned them as they stood with their hands raised. It seems so foolish for the Germans to be doing that when their days are numbered as they must be well realize if they have any sense at all. They are just paving the way toward a very harsh peace where no quarter at all is given. There seems to be much talk of returning Germany and Japan to agrarian economies by confiscating all steel and all industries within those countries. All I hope is that they are able
to settle a peace this time which will enable us and our children to live without fear of another war disrupting all our lives.

I was at the Red Cross for a while tonight. The art exhibit was good. There was some very good work there. Although mine wasn't the best, it was not the worst either. Most of the other work was finished studies while mine were merely sketches. I'll send you the sketches as soon as I get them back. The pen and ink sketches will go well in the notebook.

They served ice cream at the Red Cross. They had chocolate syrup, fruit cocktail, peanuts, and strawberry jam so we could make sundaes. I had a chocolate, fruit cocktail sundae. Very good incidentally.

While re-reading your letters today I ran across a letter I had written to Paul Katona and put in the envelope from one of your letters for safe keeping. I then forgot all about it until I came across it in that letter today. He will think that I have forsaken him. I want to keep up a co-
response with him because he is an extremely interesting character.

Well, Honey, I'll close this letter for tonight enclosing a big hug and kiss and reminding you of your date tonight on the third floor past the east corner of heaven. Try to get there early Darling because

I love you.

Freddie