

Wednesday 25 July 1945
HQ 14th Air Command
APO 15, Fusco

Sweet Darling;

When I come to the end of another day, as I have now, what is there better to do than to sit down and write you a letter. I got through my stint on CO all right even to the burning of the trash, a dirty job at best.

Since I was on CO, I had to eat late this evening. That was very much all right because we had ~~the~~ fried chicken for supper and there was a lot left over. I had the equivalent of over a whole chicken and it was cooked quite well. It was very good, especially since our meals lately have dropped in quality from what they were when I first got here. This I made up for a few of the poorer meals I have had.

Another very irritative order came out today although I understand that it has been relaxed. This order was that we would only be allowed to have a foot locker and a barracks bag to keep our clothes in, any chest of shelves we made were to be gotten rid of. This caused a minor furor and I am told that the order has been relaxed but we have to keep our shelves in order. I hope this is true because it would be a hell of a note if we had to live out of barracks bags with all the facilities we could have in a place like this.

The hell of it is that orders like this are usually issued by officers who have about a half dozen footlockers, several wall lockers, and a chest of drawers or two — all by way of knocking a man down with the mud and muck and then stepping on his face for good measure.

Getting off the subject of my trials and tribulations and back to a letter I want to comment on your trip to Jackson. I had heard that it was rather a wide open town where "picking up" prevailed and the illumination was mainly sunset. You had better stay away from there, it is no place for you. A lot of the fellows from A-5T used to go into Jackson once in a while which is how I heard of it. It seems to be quite notorious.

That trip with Nera was quite disastrous all around wasn't it? I hope your watch has started running again. I can imagine you were rather burned up when that woman knocked it off your wrist, although I

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didn't realize that you did become angry. Tch! Tch!
Hiding things from me.

Some more of the boxes you have sent should be coming in soon. I'm quite anxious to get them and to get some of the food you have sent me, particularly the ~~canned~~ sardines which I like and have not had for ages. I also want to get those linoleum blocks you have sent.

Before I forget it, I want to tell you about the picture I saw last night. It was the picture "Salome, Where She Danced" starring Frounce de Carlo, a beautiful newcomer supported by two actors I have not seen before. There was ~~of~~ as fine a cast of villains in it as I have seen in a long while - Albert Dekker, Walter Hixson, and Kurt Katch. The picture was the most marvelous thing I've seen since I got overseas. It had everything. The scene shifted from the battle field at Appomattox to Berlin and the court of Bismarck, from there to the battle field in Austria, in a quick turn of events the characters find themselves in Drinkman's Springs Texas and finally Inyo, California. Among the incidents in the picture ~~were~~ were the Civil War, a little intrigue in Berlin, the Franco Prussian War, a robbery and kidnapping in a border town in the old West, love in Inyo, an attempt at piracy which involved a Chinese junk, a duel with swords between the ~~villain~~ villain and a cowboy, a chase in stage coaches and, finally, a happy ending. The main character, as far as I was concerned, was a Chinese philosopher with a definite and deliberate Scotch accent. He was one of the most amazing characters I've seen in a picture in a long time. If you get the chance, you want to see the picture. I'm anxious to see what your reaction to it is.

I have been involved in a bit of a bull session and it is ~~now~~ quite late so I shall terminate the letter now, and to bed to dreams of you. Goodnight dear Sweet Darling I love you - always.

Friday evening.

7 Hello Darling.

I did not write yesterday because I was not feeling at all well. I feel a little better tonight but not much. I have a bad head cold and am having trouble with my sinuses at the same time. It is no fun

I can assure you. Yesterday morning I awoke with a sore spot on my palate and during the course of the day the soreness spread through my nose, cheek bones, jaw, and teeth. I really felt miserable. I went to bed early but didn't get to sleep till about 2:00 in the morning. That soreness has just about gone now and the medicines are spraying my nasal passages to help get rid of my cold. I should be back in good health in a very short time under their expert(?) care.

This was my afternoon off so I braved the dust of the roads to go into town trying to locate Paul Katona or Mac. I found the office Paul works in, the desk he works at, but I did not find Paul. He had gone to take a physical examination. I left a note for him telling him I would be back Sunday to see him.

After leaving there I went out to catch the bus back to the Command and was standing on a street corner when someone shouted to me. It was Dick Cooper, one of the fellows who was in A STP with me. I found out that he is in a general hospital about a mile away from the Command. He's a damned nice fellow about 32 years old and used to go with that WAC Captain at INSC. She still writes to him. I was very much surprised to meet someone I knew.

He told me that Bob Domergue is in Okinawa. He was a fairly stout fellow with the very beautiful Spanish-looking wife. I think you knew his wife. I introduced them to you once. Bob went to intelligence school because he had been born in France and knew French very fluently. He took a very lengthy course in military government and in French and at the end of the course just landed and waiting to be assigned to an outfit. Suddenly he was rushed through a ~~one~~ one month course in Japanese and sent overseas where he went in on D Day on Okinawa. This is the army.

Now I hope I have some luck locating Mac. I'm quite sure that Paul can tell me where Mac's outfit is located.

Is Aitchie coming home for good or is he only going to get home on furlough before coming over here? It would be swell if he were going to be home for good. I imagine he must have quite a few points with the kids.

Maybe we should have had triplets before I left so I'd have had 80 points. As it is, I'll just have to get the points the hard way. Now aren't you sorry your reputation is all my attempts at penetrating "festering sores"? I still think we should have been married before I left the States. It would be very nice not to have that preliminary waiting period until we are married. If you can't abolish your "puritanical ideas" (as you phrased it), you had better have a lot of fate on hand because you will find that if I have changed at all it is in the direction of having more persistence and persuasion. Even though we aren't married yet, the day I return to you will be the most wonderful of my life. You can rest assured of that. I am starved for even the slightest look of you Darling.

How are you making out on your latest venture into controlling your appetite for cigarettes? Your mother is trying to bribe you in every way possible isn't she? It would be nice if you could have controlled it and gotten the reward because it would be a good start on the set but, correct me if I am wrong, I think that on the third day you weakened and let old devil nicotine get the upper hand again am I right?

I'll say goodnight now Darling and will try to get a good night's sleep so good night Darling with

All my Love and Kisses

Freddie