

Thursday 19 July 1945
HQ, 14th Air Command
APO 75, Fuzio.

Hells Sweet Darling;

I finally received mail from you. It was two letters, the second one had my new address. Now you know why you didn't receive mail from me for so long. I didn't mail any letters to you from Beak because I thought I'd just be there a few days. It turned out otherwise though and then I lost them when my packet was stolen.

You realize that in the first of these letters which you wrote to me you committed yourself to manicuring my nails when we are married don't you? It was when you were reminiscing about the time you did manicure my nails. They could use a little of that treatment now because they are quite shoddy looking. You'll have a heck of a job the first time. Maybe you should let me hold hands with a professional manicurist to get my first one so that your subsequent work will be easier. You don't mind my holding hands with other women do you Darling?

Do you think you'd care to visit Canada on our honeymoon? It must have made quite an impression on your mother because she's already recommending it. I have always wanted to see Canada though. I've heard so much about the land of my ancestors and have never been there. I'm sure we'd both enjoy it. You could also get in a lot of shopping and bargaining to get things that you want. We could buy our China there, since it is cheaper than in the States and they have the best English made China ware. It would be very nice. I still want to spend some time on our honeymoon away from people. I just want to have you alone for a while. You have no idea of just how very tired I am of being with a lot of

people and of what a relief it would be to me to just get away from everyone with you and just relax and enjoy life. After a short time of that we could go anywhere our hearts desire.

If there are any strings attached to that job at the sanatorium you had better just forget it Honey. If you took three months training and then had to work for them a year that would take you right to the end of next year. That would not be good because if the war ended suddenly, and there's always a chance that it might, I'd get home before then, I hope, and that would result in some unpleasantness. I want you to be able to marry me right away when I return. I hope that I'm not out here till next December and feel that I shall be home before then. You must be very pessimistic about my chances of returning, much more so than I am.

My luck in contacting Mac and the others has been nil and ~~that~~ it threatens not to get too much better since I can't find out where they are located. I have tried to get them on the phone but have had no success. If I could get a day off to scout around I could find them but I can't get a day off since we do have a lot of work to turn out.

I have to write Mac a letter and see if I can tell him how to get here.

At the present time, in case you haven't noticed it, I am on detail unloading trucks. We have three crews at work in the job and the way it works is that each crew takes a truck in rotation. Since one truck comes in every half hour, and it takes about five minutes to unload each one, you can readily see that I am not killing myself with work. This evening I shall draw my beer ration and can cool my work-fevered brow with that. It's a tough war everywhere Honey.

I was quite surprised to hear that Harper gave you a good letter of recommendation because he did seem to be rather sore at you when you left. Oh well, maybe he was just overflowing with the milk of human kindness and you just didn't realize it.

I'm quite sure I know where Jack Osgood is but I won't be able to meet him. I wonder if he was at Beak when I was there. You can give him my present address and if he ever comes up to Manila he can drop in.

There has been an awful lot said about the kind of USO shows we get over here and none of it is good. They send us third and fourth rate entertainers and expect us to go wild over them. If an act stinks, it stinks just as much over here as it would at home. And the show which I've seen here stunk. Frankie "The Voice" Sinatra let loose a tirade on the subject the other day.

I will now discuss another of the things typical of this place in a bit. Today's subject is the prostitute, and there are plenty of them around. The city is full of little kids trying to interest passersby in "pom pomming sister" for six pesos. I understand that the kid gets one and the girl five. One of the fellows here decided to try one and was led to a house where the kid beckoned four girls to the window and let the fellow pick out the one he wanted. Then the guy was ushered into the house into a room where the whole family was gathered - mother, father, et al and was led into a back room by the girl he had selected. He claimed it was quite an embarrassing procedure. Another of the tales told concerns a fellow who was picked up by a girl and taken to her home. When he got there he discovered that she wanted seven pesos. He only had four. The girl held out for seven so the fellow started for the door. The girl grabbed him by the arm and said, "Well right, four pesos ~~on~~ we do it on floor. In bed seven pesos." The way I look at it, it was a trifle harder on her instead of on him.

I am treading the straight and narrow so you don't have to worry. I will admit it is very disconcerting having so damned many women around though. It makes me think of how I want you Darling, Of how very much I love you and miss you. This war just has to end soon so I can get home to you.

Speaking of getting home, I see where they are going to announce a lower point number for

4.

redployment. The article stated further that it was quite a certainty that the points would be totalled again later this year. I have 53 at present. At the end of the year I will have 64 points. I just hope that I am with you a year from now Sweetheart.

I'll straighten you out on the rainy season in New Guinea. When it started raining it rained about every other day so I said that the rainy season had started. This, however, was the false dawn and was followed by a period when it rained a little every day. I classed this as the rainy season only to find that it was merely another milestone on the way to the rainy season. The real rainy season was just starting when I left there and, according to a letter from one of the fellows who is there now, is well under way. During the real rainy season it rains all day every day. I am told that we are in the rainy season here now and I believe it. Our battery area is one solid sea of mud. The trucks plowing through the stuff and churning it up aren't any help either. It's one hell of a mess. The mud did drift out for a day about a week ago and then the dust was unbearable.

Another letter just came tonight Darling. Three letters in one day is damned good. I am glad the picnic turned out to be a success, although I'm surprised at you girls drinking. I didn't know you imbibed. I suppose you'll blame me for leading you to drink because of the drinks I brought you on our four-bough. At least it is very nice to know that my wife won't look down the length of her nose at me every time I take a drink. I can assure you though that, as far as I am concerned, there will be no rum or gin in our laider. I do not care for either of them. Whenever you girls get together it results in a story fest. You didn't tell me any of the current crop though. I enjoyed the others. I'm surprised at Nava though. I didn't think she went in for that sort of thing. You'll have to also let me in on any pointers you have gotten from Mary, Ruth and Sue, which would be of any help to us on our vacation. I imagine they have confided in you. Just for curiosities sake I have often thought that it would be interesting to eavesdrop on some one of the conversations held by you and your friends. Just as a matter of idle curiosity you understand.

The enclosed cartoon is an illustration of a donkey such as I told you I had seen here. I was glad to hear that you too had never run across one because I was beginning to think there were things my mother never told me. I guess they just are not as popular back in the States as they are here. If the place I saw one of them in was formerly a night school, as some people contend, it was a hell of a place to have one of them.

Kowalchuk is after me to go into town with him on our first afternoon off and shop around for a picture studio or an artist. There are plenty of sidewalk artists here, so that we could get pictures to send home. I'll see what I can do about it Honey. Don't forget to send me any pictures you have taken of yourself. You had better get to work and have some of those cheek cake photos of yourself, which I asked you to have taken, before the summer is over. You haven't forgotten have you Honey? Although I have quite a few pictures of you, I haven't nearly as many as I want and only have one of the type I asked for above. That is the one of you in your play suit, or whatever it was, in the back yard. Very nice too. I hope the film you are sending gets here soon. Harry has a full roll in his camera and will probably use that this week end. I think the Army has a film developing center here where we can get them finished in jig time.

You are right when you say that first class mail takes a long time getting here. Harry Zeiser received a letter yesterday which took $3\frac{1}{2}$ months to reach him. Packages do better than first class mail.

Friday Morning

Here I am again Honey after a very rough night's sleep. I had a lot of trouble getting to sleep because most of the fellows were drinking beer and being noisy as hell. I guess it must have been after midnight before I did get to sleep. Some of the fellows in the barracks down are just too god damn damned noisy. The fellows in my section were all in bed early but the Chaplain's assistant and the medics in the barracks were at it way into the night.

In whiling away a little time till the
line for chow is shorted. It's too long now
and I have to stand out there for about fifteen
minutes before I ever get fed. That I don't
like so I'll just take my ease for a while.

Well Honey, I guess I will end this letter now
and get my bunk set in order.

Goodbye Sweet Darling. Remember al-
ways, ~~Red~~

I love you with all my heart.

Reddie