

Tuesday 17 July 1945
14th Air Command
APO 75, Fresno.

(12)

Hello Darling;

I did not write to you yesterday because I went to a birthday party. One of the fellows in the office was 21 years old yesterday. We threw a party for him and were able to get a truck for transportation. We bought the liquor at one place - 6 pesos a bottle for rum or brandy in a shabby sized bottle - and went to a rather quiet little tea room where we bought lemonade to mix the drinks. Even mixed that stuff was potent as the devil. Sid, whose birthday it was, got to talking to the waitress, a little Spanish girl, and before we left he had dated her and arranged a date for one of the other fellows, not me, with her older sister.

We didn't have too riotous a time there although we all managed to get quite a glow on. Two of the fellows weren't drinking so they did the living. From that place we went to a small hole in the wall whose only attraction was a six year old boy who played the piano quite well - he had to stand on a chair to reach the keys. We didn't stay there very long but came back to the battery where we dropped off a couple of the fellows who weren't feeling too well then we decided to spend the evening in the Club Camarada. We went there and I had a couple of egg sandwiches to chase down the drinks. We talked for a while and then headed back for the barracks. I think this will give me my fill of night life for quite a while.

There was no mail from you yesterday. I guess the next letter I receive from you will have my new APO. The noon mail call just ended and I got no mail. I have been getting your letters in very good time even though they have been addressed to my old APO. The last letter I got took only seven days to get to me.

The "Desert Island" by Cameron should be a pretty good book. I can imagine just about what H. Allen Smith's choice of stories for such a book would be. You are one of the mainstays of the publishing houses the way you are buying up books madly. Were you able to resist reading "Oregon Harvest" until after you had read "Presidential

Agent. "My guess is that the temptation was too much for you and that you read it. Tell me if I'm right won't you Honey.

Your list of reasons why you want to marry me leaves me unconvinced. You could go to shows and play cribbage with your mother, your father can reach things on high shelves just as well as I could, and you could get a dog to warm your feet in on cold winter nights. So your reasons do not hold water. You must have some other reason, some reason which I can't imagine. I've tried to figure it out but just can't. There is the possibility though, you may want someone to wash your back in the shower, or do you tub? Tell me is that it. My reasons for marrying you are very many and you can be sure that they are all much better ones than the ones you ~~gave~~ gave me and which I have mentioned above. I have different ideas than you on what a bed companion should do. People just usually don't get married in order to be able to keep their feet warm in bed. Of course it is quite probable that even with my ideas ~~you~~ you would not be bothered by cold feet but in my scheme of things that is just a minor thing. With all the rest of you to keep warm I should worry about your feet. No, Darling, I will strike a happy medium and trust that the glow will spread to include even your feet. I can't promise anything but I'll do my damndest and that's all you can ask. Now that you know the worst of my ideas you're probably greatly shocked aren't you? I have an idea though that you won't be because I think you had a corner but similar idea way back in your mind. Confess now Honey. It will be very much fun making love to you Darling. All I can think of is how very desperately I want to be back with you. All day long that is the only thing on my mind. I hate the army and every thing that is keeping me from you. There's a direct ratio there. Each passing day finds me loving you more and more and, the more I love you the more I hate the army.

All I need to get over this mood is a little piece of paper discharging me from the army.

No time for me to get back to work Darling so I'll leave you for a short while. Goodbye now.

Early Evening the Saturday

Here I am back again and rather enthused too. On the news tonight they told of the bombing of Tokyo by a carrier based plane fleet of 1500 planes. Minutes labelled the raid as a pre-invasion softening up. It may be that this is the last year of the war out here Darling. God, but I hope so. It would be so nice to be getting back to you soon. The way our fleets are going to town now, maybe the Japs will show another of their green and many sided way of talking themselves into things and will talk themselves into surrendering. I hope so.

Captain Capron, of whom I have spoken quite often, is now a major. He just got his leave this afternoon. I know damned well that it will take me weeks or months to get out of the habit of calling him Captain. One of the fellows congratulated him on being made a major and then in the next breath he called him Captain. Incidentally, he wants me to do a series of the cartoons which I put on your envelope for him. I'll be able to pick up some much needed change at the present time I am flat broke. I'm glad that I paid for my laundry when I handed it in because I was able to get it tonight. They did a very good job and it was quite reasonable too. I sent it to the battery laundry.

Tonight is the grand opening of our PX but there's such a damned long line that I am just overlooking it. There was a rumor that one of the colonels was supposed to come down and cut a ribbon to open the PX. I don't imagine it was true but it would not have surprised me a bit if they had. That would really have been an event wouldn't it? The good old army. Even the rumors around here are good.

Say Miss Einstein, if you persist in playing chess I will have to borrow Major Capron's book on chess and cram on the subject so I'll be able to hold my own when you challenge me to a match as you undoubtedly will when I return. Such a very smart girl, my wife. I'd even learn to play chess to make her happy. The supreme sacrifice. I think that I have a few other methods to keep you happy up my sleeve. In case the last sentence is rather baffling let me explain that I would not plan on putting you up my sleeve to make you happy, I mean that I have up my sleeve the methods of making you happy. No, no, Honey. That's just a figure of speech, you don't understand. Figuratively the method is not up my sleeve, it is in quite another location. Oh well, I could draw a picture but I don't want the postmaster general to pull an "Esquire" deal on me and ban me from the use of the U.S. mails. You can be assured that the method is a tried and tested one. No, no, Darling, I have not tried and tested it personally. It has been tried and tested by thousands of our generations and all started long, long, ago, in a land far, far from here. The bible says that it was called Eden. A beautiful place where everything was free, yes, I said free. The story was tidied up a bit by the censors, there must have been some, because they made a little apple and a snake the goats for the whole deal. This was the start of the modern day habit which causes questions to be raised by little children and necessitates the dragging into the whole affair of hordes of little bees, birds, and buds. The bible, as I said, tosses in the old bunkum of the eating of the apple but I'm skeptical as hell because I don't think they found Cain and Abel behind an apple blossom or in a cabbage patch and since there were no chimneys, I know the stalk couldn't have dropped them down the chimney. I suspect the writers of the good book of trying to cover up the whole deal with this finney and transparent fabrication.

This couple, Adam and Eve, started something which has in it the elements of perpetual motion. They can talk all they want about the poor little rabbits but I don't notice them swarming all over the earth the way people do. So you see Darling, this method is no hit or miss affair but has been given a lot of thought by a lot of people. I guarantee it.

Now to lower the tone of this letter a little, I must tell you a smutty story I just heard here. It concerns the conversation of two Englishmen in their club drinking of scotch and soda. The first says, "I say Cerrington have you heard about old Fuddly?" "E was picked up by the police for aving an affair with a orse." The second says, "I say, don't you mean a mare?" The first ~~one~~ replies, "Oh, yes, that's what I meant, there's nothing queer about Fuddly." — Mom and Pop Robson probably would not approve of my telling you such stories but this one struck me funny. If you have any difficulty in puzzling out the point to the story write to me or better yet, speak with one of the big girls about it.

As it rained like the devil all night, I did not go to the show but in lieu of that I ~~stayed~~ stayed in and played a few rubbers of bridge, my partner and I got quite thoroughly trounced and lost three rubbers in a row. We did manage to win a few games, but very few. I never was a whiz at the game and have not played it since we last played together so you can get an idea of why we lost. It was a lot of fun though and the two fellows we played against have played together quite a lot so it really wasn't as bad as it sounds. We still lost though.

I was glad to hear that your mother got back from Canada all right. She certainly made quite a haul didn't she, all the stuff she brought back. It seems funny that American made items which can't be bought in the

States, are plentiful in Canada. If just doesn't seem right, you collected some more items for the Hope Chest too. Tell me, isn't it getting rather crowded now Honey? Where can we get a set of dishes such as the ones your mother brought back. Can we get them in the States or do we have to get them from Canada. I couldn't tell from your sketch about the color and design of the set but our tastes in such matters are very much alike so you can go ahead and start getting it now. I'll try to earn a little extra money to send to you for it. We'll be all set to sit right down and eat when we're married. We don't want to forget the cherrywood bed though because that is an integral part of the method I mentioned earlier in the letter.

One thing puzzles me about your mother's trip to Canada. Just how did she find out that most of the Highlanders are not strictly regimental. The thought just came to me as I reread the letter. What has Mom Pokoon been up to? Did you give that blanket to Sue or did you decide to keep it for Michael. Again my curiosity is stirring.

It is bedtime again Honey, so I'll give you a very nice good night kiss and will get to bed to dream of us - I hope. Every day I realize more and more that you are my whole world and that all this time is merely time to be endured till I can be with you again. Then we shall start a lifetime of making up for lost time.

I love you my Darling and shall
Forever.
Freddie

I was glad to hear that your mother got back from Canada all right. The centennial was quite a haul. I think she'll be off to the States for a while. I think she'll be off to the States for a while. I think she'll be off to the States for a while.