

Hq Battery
14th A.A. Command
A.P.O. #322, S. Francisco.
Saturday 3 February 1945

(52)

Bunny Sweetheart;

Surprised! I told you I thought my days at the 5th Depot were numbered and thank god I was right. I am finally assigned although I do not know exactly what my duties will entail other than that I am supposed to be a general clerk. The setup here looks quite nice. We have wonderful shower facilities and my first meal was not found wanting when compared to any army food I have eaten. I don't particularly care how much work they give me to do as long as they allow me some time to write to you. The tent could be a better one but I certainly have slept in worse places. All our water is from pipes, just step up to a spigot and you can draw a nice cup of water. No more milking the hister bag for water. I report ~~from~~ for an interview tomorrow morning, the results of which will determine what my duties shall be. I hope I get a good deal. These are all my first and very nebulous impressions of the place. I'll revise these impressions, if they need revision, when they have solidified. Oh, pardon me, I almost forgot to mention the fact that our ~~coke~~ PX dispenses ice cold carbonated cokes for only sixpence the canteen

cup full. It is like nectar from the gods my darling. The sweetest thing I have ever tasted with the one exception of your thrilling and intoxicating lips which are incomparable. Those so sweet lips of yours that I have been yearning to kiss more and more with the passing of each day. Our reunion day can never come too soon for me sweet heart.

I am not alone here. Some of my friends from the school are here, something for which I am very thankful. It always helps to have someone you know so you, or in this case I, don't have to start getting acquainted from scratch. Old Hopkins and I are not destined to be separated I guess. We're sticking together all the time. Wherever I go he goes or vice versa. If only Bob Kennedy would pop up now, all would be swell.

Among unusual facts which you may or may not know are these: I have now been in six branches of the service, Air Corps, A.S.T., Military Police, Medical Corps, Ordnance (I was in ordnance for two months on paper at the 5th Depot), and now, and finally I hope, Anti Aircraft Artillery (The whole gamut from the Air Corps with its motto of "We sustain the wings" to the Anti Aircraft Artillery with their motto of "Down with the airplane"), the second curious fact is that I have now been in all these forces

in the army, the air forces, the service forces, and now the ground forces. That's getting around quite a bit and getting nowhere.

At present I am writing this letter from our Red Cross recreation building where there are wonderful facilities for writing letters, ink'n everythin'. And we are being serenaded by an orchestra which is putting on a show in the main rec. hall; the writing room is a small annex. The orchestra just played a number titled ~~my~~ "I'd be wearing my blue serge suit," this statement is made in reference to what the vocalist will be doing if there is another war. What I and I both will be doing, only I don't particularly care for blue serge.

Gosh, Honey, this music makes me want to dance. May I have the next dance? Thank you kindly lovely lady. It's so nice to have you in my arms again and to find myself dancing with you with your lovely cheek resting against mine, holding the whole thrillingness of you very close like this. You dance divinely my love, as light as a feather on your feet. It's almost as if your feet weren't even touching the floor. Perhaps your head is as high in the clouds as mine is at the moment. Never was there wine which could give so sweet a headiness as the wine of your very fragrant nearness to me when you're in my

arms like this. Your gown is lovely Miss Robson, and you looking so demure. Your hair is lovely Miss Robson glinting in the faint light of the room, framing your face and emphasizing the very beautifulness of you. Your eyes are lovely Miss, so deep and blue and so melting and so very soft and loving. There's a beautiful tinge of color in your cheeks Miss Robson, a faint blush; of happiness perhaps? Your lips are lovely Miss Robson, as they purse themselves taunting me, there, they asked for kissing and are now the redder for the kissing. You're lovely Miss Robson, so very lovely in all your various moods and fancies, so very very lovely, and so very much my own my Darling. I'm afraid the dance has ended sweet and it's time ~~for~~ for our stagecoach and eight to turn once more to a pumpkin and mice. The spell is gone but your loveliness, as ever, lingers on.

The only bad thing about this whole business of shipping from APO 111 is the fact that now it will be ages before letters and packages catch up with me. It's bad enough now that my letters have to go to 270th R/Co. and then back to the 282d R/Co, but now they'll have to be forwarded again. Whew! They'll be in rugged shape by the time I get them. All I need now is for this outfit to move to really put the finishing touches on the whole matter.

The war news continues to sound very encouraging, especially with our baffling and brilliantly executed series of landings now in progress in the Philippines, and the Russian push on Berlin, although I fail to see where the capture of Berlin is of such tremendous significance. Germany can still fight on as hard or harder than ever even after losing Berlin. It would be a great blow but not a fatal one, not immediately at least. It all does look so bright Darling that I think there's quite a fair chance that we may see my 25th birthday in together somewhere in the hills of New Hampshire or the hinterlands of Michigan as man and wife. Shumm!! That's something very wonderful to think about Honey. I do so hope that it will be thus, I quite believe it will because the luck of the Maurice's wouldn't desert me at this stage of the game.

It's too bad I didn't come here several months earlier when Arthur was at this A.P.O. I would have liked so much to see him. We seem to miss connections. When, and if, I reach the Philippines I am sure it will be to find that he has finally left to return to the States. That at least would be a great consolation to me because I know how much he wants to get home again after all these years out here on this desolate damned island. It's so hot here all the

time, at least 90% of the time it is. Today it seemed especially so. The one strange thing about the heat now is that, although I still perspire, I don't perspire nearly as much as I used to. My loss of weight might possibly account for that. You still love me as much don't you darling, even though there isn't so much of me to love? Maybe your love is a little bit more concentrated for all this not having so much of me to love.

Goodnight Darling. That's a good girl. Close your eyes while I give you a goodnight kiss, tuck you in, and tell you that

I love you my sweet

Freddie