

Friday 15 June 1945

14 AA Command

APO 322, Frisco

Sweetheart;

As you may have noticed, I did not write last night. That was the first time in a long while. It seems that I got started on a beer drinking bout and forgot to call it quits with the net result that I did not write. This is the first time since I've gotten overseas that I have gone on a toot, and I find that, in matters like these, a little goes a long way over here. I have just a few bottles and really feel it whereas, in Lansing, I could imbibe quite generous quantities without serious mishap. Kowalchuk was on KP and got us a pail of ice to chill the beer. It made it taste very good indeed but now I can't stand the taste of warm beer. I was getting used to the warm beer too. Ah, well! That's life on New Guinea for you Honey. I also discovered that I had bought a dozen bottles of beer which I have absolutely no use for. I'll have to resell them for what they cost me. The only time I'll do any drinking after we're married

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is when you are there to check the exchequer for us.

I received a letter from you yesterday but there was one between it and the last one I had received previously. I gathered from this letter that you had received the pictures from John's wife because you mentioned thanking her. I'm anxious to find out what you thought of them. I hope you liked them and that they were enlarged. When, and if, I get up in the Philippines, I'll send you as many pictures of myself as I can. There should be some photographers there. I wish I would get up there soon. Oh, yes, before I get completely [scratched out word] off the subject of Kowalchuk, I will clear up the question of his nationality. He is a Polish-Ukrainian mixture, with a little of several other Slavic nationalities thrown in.

The name of the operation Mr. Thader had performed on him does sound rather awe-inspiring and, as you say, anything with a name like that should be very painful. I had a lot of fun trying to read it to Kettler. My tongue continually got tied in knots.

It seems a shame to disillusion and disappoint you continually in your efforts at selecting myself and people you know in pictures

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you see. However, I'm sure you saw no pictures of me going up a gangplank. I went up at night, unaccompanied by photographers. There were no other soldiers leaning on the railing because everyone was herded below decks with all their equipment as soon as we boarded. The nice dark smelly hold where I was allotted a bunk with so little space between it and the bunk above it that I felt like a nickel being slipped into a slot. I had a very sinking feeling when I got aboard, loaded down as I was with the helmet, pack, gas mask, and duffle bag and being rushed down some rather slippery stairs to a hold two decks down. Ah, for life on a troop ship. The water was purified sea water and tasted slimy and warm. I'd willingly go through it all again at any time to get back to you though Honey.

I sent you the booklet in rotation today so you should have received it by the time you get this. I hope you like it although there are one or two of those which could have very well have been left out. The one pertaining to 4-Fs for example. A prime example of the warped mentality of some gis who hate the

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army so much that they'd like to see everyone else in it.

I received the box of candy Mom and Pop Robson sent me but I must report that it was in very poor condition. They did not pack it well at all, just put it in a plain cardboard box. Since something nice and heavy was resting on it, it was very much compressed. I couldn't salvage anything except the card that was in it. Thank them very much for it though because, even if it did get messed up, it was very nice of them to send it. If you ever send me any candy you'll be sure to pack it yourself won't you Darling. You do a very good job of packing even if I do say so myself.

Something else I got today was the assignment book for my course from the U of Mich. They said that the tent should be along in a few days and that if I didn't get it I was to notify them so they could check with the bookstore. I'm anxious to get the text so I can get started on the course. There are two exams given, each a three hour exam. It is a four credit course. Those credits are counted on the basis of a two semester

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year and are worth more credit than 4 of MSC which are counted on the three period basis. Oh don't you get just what I mean. The period covered by this course extends from the early Greek civilization to the Protestant Reformation and they recommend that the course be followed up by another which covers the period from then to the present. I guess I'll take that too.

While on the subject of credits, I want to add that a total of 51 credits is being allowed us for the work we did at MSC. I don't know just how many credits are needed for graduation at MSC. Could you enlighten me Honey. I'll get a transcript of my UNH marks to present to the MSC officials when I start school there. My information on the credits comes from the second issue of the "Command Car" which I got yesterday. I will forward it to you posthaste [sic] Darling so you too can enjoy it. You are mentioned in it you know. Popular girl.

I'm quite anxious to receive your sketch of the exterior of the cabin as it looks now that it is completed. I'll be able to tell the difference somewhat because I saw the cabin in the movies

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you had. At least I saw a corner of it. Come to think of it, I didn't pay particular attention to the cabin because you were in the picture too and commanded all my attention. I am vaguely aware of there being a cabin there though.

One of the fellows brought in one of the cheap "How to Write Love Letters" books which are advertised in pulp magazines and I spent a delightful afternoon reading the damned thing. I haven't laughed so much in a very long time. It took a romance from its birth when boy meets girl, right through their engagement and then to the breaking of the engagement, all in letters. At the end of each letter

the author has outlines the strategy which the letter embodies. This outline is the best part of all. In one of the letters the fellow is apologizing for allowing his animal instincts to get the better of him, he having kissed her – AGAINST HER WILL. He is profusely apologetic and berates himself for having been the beast that he was when he ravished her sacred lips. Are you sure ours is true love? I can't remember you becoming particularly indignant the first time I kissed you. The book says the girl should become indignant though, to show

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the fellow she isn't that kind of a girl. Pardon me. I didn't know there was more than one kind. You do enjoy being kissed by me don't you? If you do, you shall be a very contented girl because, upon my return, you are going to enjoy being kissed always. I love you so and am so anxious to be with you to show you how much.

Just for curiosity's sake would you please tell me how the devil you got the peanut butter jar inside that can. I practically had to blast the damned can open and expected to find a tin can full of peanut butter. Instead, I find a peanut butter jar inside the can wrapped in funny papers and Kleenex. What gives.

Say, Honey, if you ever run across the book "What! More Dahl!", a book of cartoons by Francis [scratched out word] Dahl of Boston, a very clever satirist. I'm sure you will enjoy the book very much. I must have told you about him before I am sure.

Well, Darling, it's good nighting [sic] time again so I'll give you a nice lingering good night kiss and tell you that you are the only

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person in the world for me and that I love you and shall

Always.

Freddie

P.S. I don't know whether this cover would be considered a little too forward or not but it is the sketch I used for the title of a paper being put out here. The name of the paper is "On Target and the heading I made was like this:

[sketch of heading]

With the calendar on the left and Herman on the right. I won't make up one of these for Mr. Sayre because I don't know how he'd react to anything this shady. Tch! Tch! You still love me don't you though Honey. That's all that matters.