

Bunny Sweetheart;

I feel let down and damned dejected right now Honey. Those bastards in Congress have succeeded royally in (excuse me) fucking up everything with this damned "red apple" bill of theirs. That will probably make me stay over here a couple of months longer than I would have otherwise. "How?" You ask: well you see Darling, it's this way. The fellows who will really enlist for their year under this new plan are the ones with less than two years of service. They have less than 50 points and probably figure that they'll be over here a year longer anyway. This way they'll be able to get home for a furlough and then only stay in a year anyway. They'll [scratched out word] also get all benefits of the GI Bill of Rights and will get an additional \$50 for each year of service they have had, this is besides their \$300 mustering out pay. They will also, and this is where fellows with between 50 and 70 points get in the neck, get first priority for transportation home. That means that some ten pointer who has reenlisted will get preference over fellow who've been in the army three and four years, and there are quite a few fellows who will sign up. That means I'll be here longer than I had ever expected to. Those goddamned Congressmen had to go and do away with the draft to help the men. Yeah, to help who? The fellows in this theater have been getting the dirty end of the stick all the way. The guys in Europe have gotten home, at least they greatest part of them have, but over here they have hardly started to get men home and now along comes this damned thing. I'd be willing to bet anything they'll be able to get all the ships the want

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to take these men home. If only those damned vote hungry vultures in Congress would stop getting these wonderful brainstorms of theirs. This won't mean much to the people at home because they won't think of it but it means an awful lot to us overseas, but we're so far away that it just doesn't do us any good to bitch. There's no one to listen to us. I am just disgusted with all these damned people. It makes me want to be a recluse trying to salvage what happiness I can from life with you at my side. I'll be damned if I want to waste any of my time in this short life trying to reform anything which is as corrupt as our whole political structure has become so the only course left is to ignore it as best I can. I will admit that it is rather hard to ignore it when I am so far from home. I am decided to start in on the army though and am ignoring all these damned silly ideas they have such as retreat and reveille. They can go hang. The one thing they cannot take away from me is my points. They can have the stripes and confine me to the area; I don't give a damn. I am disgusted with just about everyone and everything except you my Darling. You are my beacon in the darkness toward which I am striving but along the road to which I find many obstacles. One thing a lot of fellows are saying to themselves is that they had better enlist for just the year and get at least half a loaf by getting a furlough home. I'll be damned if I'd ever let them make me knuckle under like that because that is just what they are trying to do.

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Darling, Darling, won't I ever be with you again? God knows that, if wanting were having, I would now have you in my arms far from here and from anything to do with the army – forever.

I just got the idea for a cover for this letter. It follows the theme of the first two pages of this letter. [scratched out word] This is my most engrossing thought at the present but I had better try to forget it and get on with the letter.

Although there was a lot of mail today, I missed out on all of it. I had hoped very much to get a letter from you to sort of console me but even this was denied me. I hope I get some tomorrow, I need it badly.

My guard last night was very hectic. I almost got into a little trouble with the OD (Officer of the Day). I was guarding the motor pool and one of the orders is that there shall be no civilian on the premises. One of the drivers in there picks up his girl friend at the place she works every night and since he has to make a run that takes him right past her home, he also takes her to her home when he goes out on his last run. In the interim, he lets her sit in one of the jeeps to wait for him. When he asked me if it was OK with me I told him I didn't give a damn, so she sat there in the jeep. When it came time for him to make the run he refueled the tank of the jeep and, since I had a flashlight, I lighted the proceedings for him. When he drove away, there was the OD who wanted to know who the girl was and why the devil she was there. I explained and he looked skeptical as hell. He thought the driver and I had her back

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there for some nefarious purpose (officers are so clean minded don't you know. They are all so anxious to put everyone in their own category as lechers). I finally took him up to the fellow who was in charge of the motor pool and let him do all the explaining. Very grudgingly the OD decided that he might as well forget about it all.

There is quite a story about this girl who was with the driver. It seems they are engaged to be married next month (she's half Spanish – French half Filipino) because she is pregnant. She is one of the girls who worked at the Esmeralda when I used to go up there and she told one of the fellows, when we first went there, that she had just become pregnant and that she was going to find some likely fellow to hand the rap on since the father had moved out of here. She must have gotten hold of this guy right after that and convinced him that he was responsible for her condition. Damned clever these women. At any rate, she is getting herself a husband. She isn't to [sic] bad a gal and is quite intelligent (much more so than the guy she picked to marry) so he is probably getting a break anyway. Don't worry about my getting stuck like that because, before a girl can even intimate that a man is the father of her child, certain biological functions must take place and I have not been (and shall not be until I return to you) biologic [sic] these days. I'm staying away from that stuff, it is not for me since my stuff is waiting for me at home to quote the joke I once passed on to you.

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I had better call it a day and get out to the little tin house out back and then retire for the evening. Since it is quite late now. Goodnight now Honey, here's a kiss to keep you till tomorrow and here also is my love. It's all yours.

Forever

Freddie