

Bunny My Darling;

Rest your smooth, cool hand on my fevered brow Darling, I'm melting fast away. Come to think of it though Honey, the touch of your hand isn't quite the thing to soothe a fever for I have not the least doubt that the touch of your hand on my brow would raise my temperature at least five degrees. This will be fine on our honeymoon, for it shall come at a very cool time of the year and the warmth we give to each other will be welcome. I'm very anxious for a little of that warmth giving Darling. Only from you though.

There was no mail from you this noon. This is getting serious now because it has been several days since I received your last letter to me. I did read in The Pacifican that there would be a delay in air mail going from here to the States, but that the mail coming to us from the States would be faster than it has been – I have noticed no pick up in the speed of your letters though. The reason they give for the delay in mail [scratched out word] from here is that they are evacuating casualties to the States by air and this space will be lost to air mail. That is encouraging.

According to the powers that be, the reason not many men are going home from here on points is that they are sending home Americans who were prisoners of war. This sounds rather fishy to me because I don't think we had enough men being held as PWs to tie up all shipping for a month and a half. There has not been more than a trickle of [scratched out word] men going home from this theater so far in spite of all the talk that is being done about getting us home. Some fellow made the statement, in today's

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Pacifican, that [sic] he knew for a fact that a lot of ships – liberty ships – were returning to the States empty because it was claimed that they were not converted for passenger use. The writers suggested that they use their damned heads and put bunks – regular cots, in the holds and give the men 10 in one rations, which are much better than the fare on most troopships. I agree with this fellow wholeheartedly. They could give me just enough space on deck to lie down and give me a couple dozen cans of C ration and that would be all I would ask. Just so I could get home. As the fellow who wrote the letter put it “just give me a rowboat with an outboard motor and, if it has a 50-50 chance of getting me home, I'll try it.” I just want to return to your ever – loving arms.

It is easy to understand why the situation is so SNAFUed when one looks at what the Command is doing. They have some material on demobilization which they have compiled and which I infer is important to the integration [scratched out bit] of the whole demobilization plan in this theater. Instead of hurrying it through in short order, and just supplying the higher headquarters with the facts and figures asked for, they have to make a big show of it [scratched out word] and embellish the whole thing with graphs – over 100 graphs and overlays ranging from two feet to five feet in length, all drawn in ink and lettered with a Leroy set, and all colored in in [sic] six different colors. They have been working on these for three weeks now and for a few days had as many as twelve of us working making graphs alone. They have ceased bothering me about these but have had me making fancy covers for the material to be enclosed in. The silliest part of the whole thing is that, after making each graph, they paste a piece of bond paper on the end of it and on this bond

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paper is every bit of the information covered by the graph with exact figures on everything. The graph is just so much eyewash to make people say, "Look at what nice work the 14th Command does." What I think they say differs slightly. I can hear them saying, "Look at what those god damned fools out at the 14th did. Won't they ever learn the war is over and quit bucking." That is the big trouble, these people don't want to admit to themselves that the war is over and that the military is about as useful as a third leg. They can't see that their fun is all over.

Speaking of things G.I. we are now standing reveille every morning and retreat every evening, and we are going to have to stand a formal inspection sometime in the near future. These damned fools still think we are regular army troops. I never felt more like a civilian or so resented being ordered around as I do now. I'm not making any attempt to conceal my contempt of some of these rank conscious officers either, and find that they [scratched out word] let me alone. They are terribly irritating [sic] though, how much so no one who has not been in the Army a long time could ever begin to know how really chicken these officers are. I believe I could very safely say that well over 50% of the officers in the Army feel [scratched out word] exactly like your former beau, who is now an air corps officer, feels about their exalted status because they have a commission. I'll be so glad to see the end of all this. Now that you have your B.A. and I don't, you won't try to pull your rank on me will you Honey?

You understand don't you that our marriage is predestined to go on the rocks according to psychologists? I remember reading once where a marriage where the women had more education than the man could not help but be

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[scratched out word] unsuccessful. And here you have two years more of schooling than I do. It's too bad too because it would have been such a wonderful marriage while it lasted. Maybe if you don't take any more schooling I could go through college and get my Master's. It would only take three to four years and then we could be married. Or do you prefer to take a chance on me without the extra education? Let me know, I'll be awaiting your answer suspensefully [sic].

Later the Same day –

I went to see Gene and Ryan this evening. There was a show playing so we went to see that. It was a stinker called "The Hidden Eye", starring Edward Arnold. I don't know how he ever got down to playing in B pictures but it certainly is a waste of talent. If they must star him in mystery thrillers, they should use him in the Nero Wolfe role which he has acted, supported by Lionel Stander, who is also a good actor, but one who is never heard of these days. Gene had a copy of some MSC publication which had the picture of Jungwirth's statue "The Spartan" on the cover. It is a fair to middling statue. Not great work, but good work. In the publication there was a poem by some late deceased alumnus of MSC, a major something or other, which poem was "acclaimed as one of the epics of the war." I thought it stunk. The title of it was "My Command," and the author looked on himself as a father to all the men under him. Strictly the [scratched out word] self-glorification theme, but it was bad enough to almost make me retch.

Gene told me that Mac [scratched out word] is pulling strings to get on the staff of the Pacifican. I hope he can do it. Then

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he too would be in downtown Manila and it would be much easier for all of us to get together there. He would like that work a lot better too. I guess I told you that Gene has decided to go back to school. She was undecided for quite a while.

Darling, Darling. It is time for me to leave you now for I am quite tired and have to get to bed. I love you so much Darling, and this bed is so very empty. I wish you were lying here right now just waiting for me to take you and make you my wife. It will be so wonderful when I can do so Honey. The first night will be a night long to be remembered and I only hope that I am able to give you every bit as much pleasure as I know you shall give me. If trying will do it, you will be sublimely happy Darling. I want to thrill you just as much as I possibly can and start [scratched out word] our married life out in good style. With the book as our guide we shall have a good chance of doing this because it will not be the hit or miss proposition that it would be otherwise. That should help a lot. I think that the first night we had better just stick to the first few positions described therein, since they are the easiest. You won't have much of a chance to wear your nice nightgowns either because I want not even that to come between us. That will be glorious Honey and I long very desperately for the time to come when this will all come to pass for

I love you more than life itself Dear

Sweet Darling.

And am yours Always.

Freddie