

Friday 20 September 1945

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Hq 14th AA Command

APO 75, Frisco

Bunny Darling;

Here it is, another day, and a fairly rainy day at that. I hope it stops raining soon because the enlisted men are supposed to play the officers at volley ball this afternoon. I hope very much that we win. Nothing would give me more pleasure. We have quite a nice volleyball court. It is on a lawn back of the officers club. If there aren't enough men Mac will be able to play with us. I hope he can because he too would revel in being able to defeat the officers. Mac is even more bitter [sic] about them than I am, and that is really saying a lot. He is doing a lot of loafing, readying, and letter writing here. I have had to work in the office the past two days so he has spent his time at the desk reading and writing. This evening we are going into town to see Gene and Ryan. We couldn't make it last night because of that damned venereal disease film. I hope they have exhausted their chickenshit ideas by now.

I shall now take a little time out to explain the above term. You seemed quite shocked to find out that I used such a word. This is one word which I had just taken for granted that everyone knew. It is one of the few truly universally used phrases in the army. It was coined because there is no word in the English which can cover the meaning of this word. Anything chickenshit is anything which [scratched out word] is unnecessarily obnoxious or irritative, particularly those obnoxious or irritative things done by those of higher rank (the ranker individuals) to those under them. There is no one word in the English language which can convey this, and the even [scratched out word] more subtle meaning which this word has.

Our game with the officers has been rained out today, Damn it. I had wanted to play but I'm afraid we're not going to have much of an opportunity to play for a while because it seems that the rainy season is really under way. It has rained every day for at least a week now. It gets very tiresome after a while and I hope it ends soon.

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Mac and I played chess last night. He beat me through a very stupid play of mine. I think I could have had him but I just made one mistake. I did beat him the day before. We had a very good game. I lost my queen right off the bat in that game and when the game ended I had made two queens with pawns. That's what enabled me to beat him; he was so interested in getting my king that he forgot about my other men. We'll have to play some chess from time to time, not too often because we will have other things to do.

I got hold of an old piece of drawing linen the other day and decided to have a sheet made from it. It is linen which is coated so that it looks like paper. It is used for drawing and tracing. I gave it to the laundry girl and told her that if she would wash it I'd give her half of it. When the stuff is washed the coating comes right out and leaves a nice soft cloth. Elsie, the laundry girl, didn't know just what the devil the stuff was. She took my word that it was cloth and not paper, but she was still puzzled as the devil. Last night she brought it back all washed out and from the way she spoke I could tell that she was very surprised, but pleasantly so, that it was really nice cloth. When I got back to the barracks I looked at

the laundry ship which she had returned to me. One the back her mother had written (obviously before she had washed the stuff and found out what it was), "To Mr. Maurice why is your cloth look like a paper. I hope I can was it. Its good I have a good idiaa (idea)." [sic] Then she must have washed it because she crossed this out. Elsie said she was going to make a dress of her piece. She also told me that, when I sent my piece of cloth to the laundry next, her mother would hem it up for me.

You are being rather harsh on John Kowalchuk Darling. He really isn't a bad fellow at all. You should know that no matter what company I kept, I'd still be faithful to you. Neither John, nor anyone else could lead me astray. I will admit that John is rather an old roué, but I never go out with him anymore. I really am behaving myself notably well Honey. Not surprisingly so, because, with someone as nice as you waiting for me when I get

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back, it would be surprising only if I were foolish enough to go out with anyone else.

I'm glad to hear that you are working on that scrapbook for me Honey. It will be very nice to have. You should be able to get a lot of material for it. I know the picture of the Boston Gardens which you saw in a magazine. It was most likely the one that appeared in Life magazine the week they devoted all the space to Boston and the institutions therein. I'll always have a warm spot in my heart for the Gardens. I have such wonderful memories of an afternoon in July when I presented you with your ring. That was a wonderful day and a very wonderful girl to whom I gave the ring. She was truly the loveliest lady I have ever seen and the most desirable by far. You are, and shall always be, the most desirable woman in the world Sweetheart, the only one for me. Knowing you, there can never be another for me.

Something that puzzles me is how you people could have made a mistake and made double exposures on every picture in those two rolls. Aren't they numbered at all (the film I mean)? If they are numbered, how come you didn't turn it to a different number each time? You don't want to go spoiling pictures of yourself that way Honey, the pictures you did send were wonderful. In fact they are my favorite pictures of you.

The new announcements on the point system are very confusing. They say all 70 point men will be cleared out of the theater by November 1st and on that date they will start taking sixty point men. Then they don't mention the 50 point men but merely say that, in midwinter, the point system will be discarded and all men with over [scratched out word] two years in the army will be discharged. It is confusing. I have 56 points at present and will have been in three years the 15th of next month. Either on points or on length of service I should get out sometime during the winter, sometime before my birthday. I wish I could get home before my birthday so we could be married on that day. Marriage to you would be the finest and most wonderful birthday present anyone ever had.

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Anytime I get home will be too long for me. Lately, time has slowed down to a snail's pace. It seems at least a year since Japan surrendered. I knew it would be like this. It makes me so damned mad because I know damned well that if they really wanted to they could get us all home in a few months. That is what hurts so much. Here we have the largest merchant marine and navy in the history of the world and they can't get the men home any faster than they are. It's a very phony set up and is keeping me from you. That is all I know and care about. I should be with you making love to you but instead I sit over here

wasting away more precious time. Time is the one thing that can never be recovered and I have already wasted more of my allotted span of time than ever I wanted to. I'll have so very much time to make up when I am with you again. It will be wonderful, but still it doesn't help much now when I need you as desperately as I do.

I'm glad you like the covers I have been doing lately Honey. I think they are getting better too but the ideas are coming [scratched out word] hard now. I still manage to dig them out but it gets harder. That's 'cause the same things happen day after day with monotonous regularity. It was quite gratifying to find out that I got one idea which the creator of Sad Sack used. That was the cartoon I did of the kids watching Sad Sack take a shower. I used that cover on an envelope quite a while before Baker got it in the Sack. Maybe he purloined the idea.

Goodnight now my Sweetheart.

I love you now and

Forever.

Freddie