

Friday 14 September 1945

[12]

Hq 14<sup>th</sup> AA Command

APO 75, Frisco

Bunny My Darling;

I'm at the office now on CQ. This morning I forgot all about it being my turn to be on and I did not go up to the office at all to sweep or dust. Nobody knew the difference anyway. It's just a nuisance. That and the burning of papers. I was lucky tonight because I managed to grab off a few Filipino Boys to burn the papers. They were collecting and burning papers for another section and, as they passed our section, I appropriated a couple to burn out waste paper. One of them was a rather lively kid who liked to play. He has hung around the office working for quite a while and I kid him quite a bit. When he took the paper out I went out to see that it was all burned. He came up behind me and tried to lift me off my feet but did not succeed because I just relaxed and made myself dead weight. He tried, unsuccessfully, a second time and then stood away and solemnly informed me that I must weigh 300 pounds because he thought he could lift almost 200 and he couldn't lift me. I took quite a ribbing because some fellows were there when he quoted the 300 pound figure. Don't be alarmed Darling because I do not weigh quite that much. I have 120 pounds to go before reaching that astronomical figure.

They have given me enough work to keep me busy for a while. I have to finish a crest for one of the colonels, two graphs for the deputy chief of staff (a stupid SOB), a page of stenciled cartoons for the paper, five more envelopes for John Preller (he ordered 20 of them

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from me, a nice supplement to my pay), and I have to get my stuff ready for my pass. Speaking of my pass, I'm sore about that because it has not yet been approved. The colonel has not gotten around to looking at it yet. He was out on a binge for a couple of days and hasn't gotten around to looking at any work for a few days. I wish he would get on the ball though. I'm anxious for that pass to go through. I have to have all my work cleaned up before I get it though. I'll rush through that today.

It looks as if we'll get a little more rain this evening. We had some this morning and we seem to have at least a little rain every day. They've been trying to play off the city baseball finals for about three weeks and seem to be rained out every time. This is as bad as the rain was at Finsch [sic].

Again today the radio is blaring out news of how good the War Dept. is going to be in letting us go home soon. They could still let us home a hell of a lot sooner. I hope the people back home keep putting the pressure on them there to get us home fast because that's the only way we shall ever get home. These higher up officers here are trying desperately to keep the Command going when it is altogether a useless organization of no value whatsoever. They want to keep jobs for themselves regardless. It would be tough for some of these regular army officers to lose their commands and return to their regular grade. If only the people keep the pressure on the War Dept, they'll have to break up the army and get us home fast. They can't get us home any too fast to suit me.

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Guess what? I got two more letters from you today. There are still two letters in between which I have not received. I don't know what could be holding them up. They were written while you were at the cottage. I hope they get here today because I am always starved for letters from you. They are very cheering, and yet they are very pleasantly disturbing. I like to hear you tell me that you love me even if the words come to me from your lips on paper. I like to hear you tell me that you need me as much as I need you. With all the emotion and love for you which has been pent up within me this long year I feel as though I were as dangerous as an atomic bomb just waiting for the spark of ultimate contact with you to act as the [scratched out word] detonator which will set me off. If you feel as I do Darling, our honeymoon will certainly be an active one. I feel as though half of my being were missing, as if I were an individual half-complete, needing you to fit into me and complete myself, or our self, because we shall merge ourselves into one more complete being than either of us are apart from one another. I don't know if this makes sense to you Darling but I feel that in a perfect marital union the husband and wife merge their personalities creating a new [scratched out word] combined personality. What I mean is that I love you and long for the day when I can become a part of you and you a part of me. That most glorious of all experiences and joys of life and one which is [scratched out word] infinitely more so in the case of two people who love one another as much as you and I do. You are, and shall always be, the dearest person on earth, Darling.

I just got two cases of beer. It is canned beer but my friend Hopkins saw to it that I got the best. I got Schlitz. There were all kinds of beer and I was slated to get some rather nondescript brand when Hoppy

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pulled a case out of the back of the pile for me. My good friend Hoppy. He's a good man.

Today I was looking over [scratched out word] my copy of that treatise I sent you. I was glancing over the twenty five suggestions they make. The ones which I think would be the best are 3-6-8-14, also 12 + 13 are not bad for variety. Number 8 sounds as though it would be very good. What do you think of my choices? Are there others which you think would be better Darling. Let me know which ones sound best to you. Of course every one of them sounds damned good and they will all be tried. We may find that some one of them which both of us overlook will be best, or we may be able to experiment and make additions to this list which will prove better than any mentioned in the treatise. Just thinking of the pleasures which lie in store for us raises goose pimples all over me Darling. I love you so that it seems I can bear being separated from you no longer. I just have to have you darling. I guess I'll have to wait though, since it seems we are to be thousands of miles apart for several more months. Months which will stretch into years, decades, and eons before I am back with you to take you as my wife. Have you delved deeply into the secrets of married life with Sue, Ruth, and Marge or don't women discuss the intimacies of married life. I have often wondered just how far women go into discussions of their marital relations with their husbands when they are talking with other women as you and the aforementioned girls do. Tell me! I hope you don't mind all these questions Darling, they are all questions which we would be asking and answering if we were together and were going to be married so I don't see why the fact that we are apart should stop us from doing this now. I love you my Darling, desperately so, and more every day.

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You asked me in one of your letters [scratched out word] what army I am in. I am in no army. The Command is the equivalent of an army in administrative strength, we have exactly the same administrative strength of an army. So you see, I am not in an army at all. How did [scratched out word] that subject come up anyway?

I'll bet Marge is really happy that Archie is home again. Those fellows in Europe really got a break by getting home early. They may not be discharged in the near future [scratched out word] but even at that, they are home at least, and that is what counts. This sweating out the army's decision to send me home. Of course I think that when I get home I want to be discharged right away and do not want or expect to have to hang around some camp for a while. They could cut out all the red tape and get us out fast if they had to.

Well Darling I shall say goodbye for now. It is time for me to leave here and go back to the barracks. Here's a nice kiss for you remind you that I am completely

Yours

Freddie