

Saturday 8 September 1945

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

APO 75, Frisco

Sweetheart;

This barmy summer day finds me with pen in hand – ah! Would that ‘twere hand in hand with you instead – writing to you to tell you what has transpired since last I took pen in hand, etc, and I assure you that not a hell of a lot has transpired. I went to bed last night and enjoyed a nice night’s sleep uneventful until I floated off in a dream of you and awoke with a start to find that I had to do a quick change job of sheets on the bed. Fate did not intervene in the dream, and I won you over to my nefarious designs, cad that I am. You didn’t even resist me either and seemed to be enjoying it. This is the first time your presence in a dream has been quite that successful but after all, I only have two mattress cover halves to use as sheets, so this cannot occur too frequently. Incidentally, the scene of last night’s affair between us was the living room of the Robson home and everything was disquietingly reminiscent of the time Fate intervened. Could be I have had that in a dim dark recess of my mind and it has just now come to the fore. It was quite realistic though; how very realistic, you can judge from the results produced. It was very nice while it lasted. You had on that same housecoat with that intriguing zipper down the front. You must bring that along on our honeymoon Darling. I like it very much. I’m sorry you too could not enjoy the dream as much as I did. You probably new [sic] nothing about it now did you? I’m tired of just dreaming of you though, I want to be really with you loving you and sharing the delights of our married life together. Dreams are all right but one must always awaken from them and then it is very hard. I am desperately anxious to start in on the never ending dream of our

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life together.

At the moment I am doing nothing, but I did have to do a job from an officer who was worse than an old woman. He is out deputy chief of staff. He told me what he wanted but he was very vague so I practically had to drag it out of him. Then, when I finally did get started on it, he kept running in to see how I was making out. He never let me alone. I guess I showed that I did not like being bothered so much because he did finally take off and I didn’t see him again till the work was just about done. It, just as everything else must according to these officers, was [scratched out word] to go to the general. If the general saw 1/10 of the stuff put out here, he would indeed be a busy man. And yet all these officers think that all they have to do to make us jump inside out is to tell us something is for the general. Some of them got quite irked when we still insist that we have other work which we must finish first.

In a very few moments I am going to leave the office to go and get ready for guard mount. That is a damned nuisance, but one which must be put up with. I hope it rains and we can’t hold the thing. It has been rained out the past two nights and the storm clouds are gathering right now. I hope they don’t merely threaten but that they decide to do a very good job. The guard itself isn’t bad but that guard mount is the damndest, most useless ceremony in the world. It consists of standing out there for about a half hour while the band plays at us and an officer marches around looking at our persons and our guns, then goes back to the front and starts a general saluting of everyone in the vicinity. It looks just as silly as it sounds.

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It is almost tomorrow my Darling and again I am writing to you. It is quite a dark night out now, and cool, just the kind of night I would like to have you with me. Of course any night is the kind of night I would like to have you with me but I feel particularly lonely for you tonight.

I received a letter from you tonight and that cheered me up very much. It was one which was written at the cottage and you mention Gary again. How serious is this? I'd hate to lose you to a six year old. Now he holds the light to light your way to the john. I'm glad he is young enough that he does not carry the matter – or the light – any farther than that. He would be encroaching on private territory there. That is only for me, exclusive. Of course I would be gallant and do the same thing he did and I'd go him one better, I'd even escort you out there and see you safely seated, which is something he did not do, and had better not try. From your description of your excursion out back, I gather that you do not have a bathroom in the cottage. That is too bad. It would be handy on our honeymoon. I think I remember you saying something about Pop Robson intending to put one in though. You couldn't very well take Sue's advice if you had to make a 50 yard dash in the chill still of the night every time. The way I feel about how we shall spend our time, you would beat a well worn path out there all day and night long if you did follow the advice. It seems years and years since I was last with you, and every day now stretches into a week and then a month. God knows it was hard enough when the war was on but, now that the war is over, it is almost unbearable. Just thinking of another six months over here without you is enough to make any man despair.

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The damned mosquitos here are quite bad. They haven't bothered us much in the barracks since they sprayed the place with DDT. That stuff is really good. They use it in a kerosene solution and just spray everything with it. Then if an insect just lands on the wall which has been sprayed with the stuff, he is a dead duck. One spraying lasts for months. We'll have to try to get some to combat the insects we shall run into on our honeymoon. If we are vacationing we will undoubtedly end up in some mosquito laden section and this would be just the thing.

I read an interesting article the other day. It concerned some products which General Electric planned to put out after the war. There were the usual line of things, radios, washing machines, ironers, refrigerators, and even deep-freeze units – but then there was the item which caught my eye. It was an automatic dishwasher which they intend to put on the market for less than \$100, and right after the war too. That would be the solution to one of our greatest problems. Do you realize what a time and energy saver that would be? We could just shove the dishes off into this gadget and go into the living room to read the paper or do any other little thing we wanted to do, and then a little later come out and see that the dishes are stacked and the dishwasher drained. It would be worth many times what it would cost.

In an old issue of "Life" magazine I found a three page spread on one of my favorite comic strips, "Male Call" by Milton Caniff. It seems he has put them up in a book answering to the name of "Male Call" which sells for only \$1.00. If you can get hold of a copy, and would put it

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away for me, I'd appreciate it very much Honey. There'd be no point in your sending it to me now because God only knows how long it would take to get here. It is a very well drawn and very good strip though and I'm sure you would appreciate it very much.

Oh, Oh! It is raining. It is also morning. I got to talking with one of the guards last night and the first thing I knew it was time to go to bed. I didn't get much sleep though because some jokers in the next barracks had had a few drinks and wouldn't shut up. They get my goat. Some of them get drunk and have no consideration at all for anyone else who may want to sleep. I've been conducting a campaign in my own barracks and have been fairly successful in squelching a couple of the fellows who do that. All I do is make it a point to get up bright and early, when the first bugle blows and seeing that they are very thoroughly awakened. This has worked very well. I don't mind a guy getting crocked, I do myself upon occasion, but I do object to their being so damned noisy.

As I started to say, it started raining just as I sat down to write this letter – there is no connection there, it was mere coincidence. Not raining hard mind you, just raining in a rather persistent tone. It had the general sound of one of those rains which never get very bad but linger on for quite a while just raining medium hard. I hope it stops as I want to go out and see Mac and the boys today and would not care to have the journey marred by showers. It is about 50 miles out to there and is a bad enough journey in fair weather let alone in rain. It seems as if they never get rain out there when we get it here and vice versa. The good old tropics I always say.

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What are some of the other odd bits of chaff which you have gleaned from the conversation of Sue, Ruth, and the other married women. We shall have to put our heads together and pool our information so we can best prepare to plan our own campaign. I have a fairly good idea that the copy of the pamphlet I sent you is about as good a basic guide as any but we can supplement it with any other information we may get. Don't forget to let me know just what you think of the various things in it – and which of the twenty five quoted techniques you think would be best. I have a copy of the thing so you can refer to them by number. It is going to be very nice to start working on the proving of the stuff in that, Darling. No one else in the world would ever do for that job but you. I know you shall be very cooperative and I shall most certainly be so, so we shall make a wonderful thing of our married life Darling. The most wonderful marriage in the whole world with the most wonderful girl in the whole world. So, let's have some of your ideas and comments on that.

Goodbye now Darling. It is time for me to leave you again. Remember please, when you are lonely and miss me, that wherever I am you may be sure that, at any time at all, you are foremost in my thoughts, as you shall be

Always

Freddie