

Sunday 2 September 1945

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Hq 14th AA Command

APO 75, Frisco

Sweetheart;

It is all over Darling. The surrender is signed and sealed and the war is over. There was a very impressive ceremony held at the signing; Mac Arthur officiating as master of ceremonies for the show. He used five fountain pens in signing the surrender, undoubtedly they will be used as souvenirs of the signing. The Japanese did not seem to be particularly happy about the whole thing but there was very little they could do about it.

This afternoon was my Lying In Afternoon. I did nothing all afternoon except read a couple of stories in Smith's "Decameron" and the issue of Coronet which you sent me. I particularly liked one of the things in the Decameron. It concerned Madetime Carrol who was asked by some newspaper men who she would most like to be stranded on a desert island (this was the result of her selection by Harvard men as the Girl-We-Would-Most-Like-To-Be-Stranded-On-A-Desert-Island-With). She replied that the person she'd most like to be stranded with would be the world's best obstetrician. That is as sensible an answer to a question as I have heard in a long time.

The 14th played the 5th R/Depot (remember it?) in baseball today. Our team lost 1-0 but that was really a surprise because the 5th has about a half dozen big leaguers in its lineup. Hopkins pitched a very good game and only allowed four hits. That also surprised me because he hurt his arm a couple of years ago and has had a lot of trouble since then. They say he really had the other team swinging on his softball. I guess I told you that Hoppy pitched pro ball and had a tryout

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with the Cincinnatti [sic] (spelled wrongly) Reds. I guess we have a pretty fair team.

We are supposed to get some volleyball courts and already have a game lined up with the officers. I hope we can beat them because if we don't we'll never live it down. We should have a fair team. It will give me an opportunity to pump a little ambition into my lazy bones. I have become very lazy lately Darling.

This afternoon I opened up a can of the cookies you sent me. They were chocolate chip ones and were very good. They were just as fresh as the day they were made. These cookies are my favorites. Thank you, you Darling. You're very wonderful you know, and beautiful, and talented, and lovable, and the only wife for me. You're all those things and heaven too. I don't believe in a heaven in the hereafter so I sought out my heaven right here in this life and you're it Darling. That's a big order for a little girl to fill but if ever anyone is capable of filling the bill it is you and no one but you. I love you Darling more than anything in the world. My world just starts and ends with you. It will be so much fun being married to you, living with you, doing things together. We'll just have to find some way of earning our daily bread by working together. I want our marriage to be the perfect partnership that I know it can be. That includes everything. It will be much more than just a physical partnership – although that aspect of it shall always be a very prominent one. I want us to be able to do anything together. I can assure you that you shall never become a golf or an office widow you may become a golfer if I do or I one if you do but I

want us to do things together. We have the same views on many things and have like interests in entertainment. I'm sure ours will be the happiest marriage ever my Darling.

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I did a sketch of a carabao the other day but did not care much for it so I just put it aside. I just happened to notice it on my shelf and I tried to doctor it up a little. The result you shall find in this letter. It is quite a typical picture of a carabao. The damned things just find a nice mud hole or muddy stream and just lie in it for hours with only their heads and probably – as in this case – a little of their back. I think they have an idea there because it must be much cooler underwater than out in the heat here. Even the dumb (?) animals know better than to stay out in the heat. Here we, the civilized people of the earth work in a hot building torturing ourselves farther by wearing a lot of clothes and keeping ourselves buttoned up with sleeves rolled down at all times. It may be that the animals are dumb but, from my ringside seat, I look and wonder.

Our pay seems to be held up again this month. If they noticed the shortage last month I won't be getting much of anything this month. This is the second month our pay has been held up like this. They'd better get on the ball. I guess I told you that we got no beer ration last month either. I hope to heck we do this month. I could stand an occasional bottle of beer very well. One of the fellows let me buy his beer so I'll get two cases when they do issue it. When and if.

There is a big V-J day program on the air right now. They have all the big stars on the radio. This is a great day. It begins a new kind of life. There has been war in the world for many years now. War in China, Spain, Ethiopia, Europe, and the world. And now it seems that the wars are ended and that we are to have a respite in which we much work hard and fast to establish a

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lasting peace, or, failing in this, we shall go on to another war; a war which, with technological improvements brought about in this war, may well see man's destruction of himself. I hope we can make a go of the peace. We have to, there is no other choice except complete destruction. There is no reason in the world why we cannot achieve universal peace despite the pessimist cries of "against human nature" and "it will never work because it never has, there shall always be war." These people are the greatest threat to a peace. Before the war there could be talk of world peace with tongue in cheek but the atomic bomb must draw the tongue out of the check and make the talk earnest.

From problems of the mind to problems of the stomach: I must make a note here for posterity. Again we have had fried eggs two mornings in a row. This morning we were given two of them. To add impossibility, we were allowed to have seconds if we wanted them. Life is once again beautiful. The moral value of a little item such as a well fried egg is not realized by the army else they would make much better use of this ace in the hole. Fried eggs are the only thing which will get confirmed late sleepers out of bed to sweat out a half hour long line of standers. I wonder if the chicken stops to think, when she lays the egg, just how much she is doing to further the war effort. Memorials shall be raised to scientists who discovered sulfa drugs, plasma, and penicillin, officers who have blundered their way to victories, entertainers who have gone overseas to entertain the men, and to sundry other people but who has ever stopped to consider the poor Rhode Island Red or Barred Plymouth Rock who have worked day in and day out, never shirking, never

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absent, never holding out for time and a half, or for more mash. Here's to the chicken, long may she lay.

I was supposed to go out to see Mac today but it rained so I thought I'd best forgo the pleasure. Kowalchuk tells me that they played ball right near where Mac is stationed and that it did not rain a bit there all day. Gene was supposed to go out too but I don't imagine he did. I may go into town tomorrow to see Gene. I want to get that catalog from MSC, which he has so I can know more definitely just where I stand in regard to my credits. I'm going to write UNH this week to get a transcript of my marks there for forwarding to MSC. I imagine they will be heartbroken at losing a native son. Personally I don't think UNH realized just what a brilliant student they are losing, but you do don't you Darling? Say yes!

It is getting late again Sweetheart so I'll say goodbye to you for now. Goodnight my darling. Every night my cot looks more and more – empty and cheerless. The day when I substitute it for a nice bed compared by the loveliness of you shall be the happiest day of my life. That day shall mark the last day of this nocturnal loneliness for me forever. For I shall be yours

Forever

Freddie