

Thursday 16 August 45

Hq 14th AA Command

APO 75, Frisco

Bunny Sweetheart;

Our first full day at peace has started. I guess they're negotiating the signing of the surrender now and that V-J day will be proclaimed shortly. It will be anti climactic now since all the celebrating has already been done. All you hear now is arguments about when fellows are going home. Most of them think they should go home immediately, naturally. I'll just sit tight and hope like hell that I am with you within a years' time as I am quite sure I shall be.

The little speech we got last night was just what I expected to hear. Our battery commander told us that now that we are a peacetime army, garrison life will prevail and that military courtesy will be very strictly observed – strictly the old moolah which I expected to hear. He told us that now that the war was over, the army's job had just begun – what a line. Intermingled with the lecture was a little recruiting propaganda. He said that a lot of us – he didn't mean me I assure you Honey – would elect to remain in the regular army just as he would because it was a very good life – I guess it is if you look at it the way he does. It will be hard on him taking the drop from Major back to the status of an enlisted man. I guess he figures that, if the post war army is large enough, he shall be able to retain his commission and so is trying to do a little recruiting. The only battle in which I want to participate from now on is the battle of the bed – with you, and soon.

Since this is my day off, I plan to go into town this afternoon and have my picture taken. I'm going to stay in town till this evening and will eat with Paul

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Katona. Then I will sign up for the courses I intend to take. I didn't do that last night because I decided to take in a show. It was "Bring On the Girls", with Sonny Tufts, Veronica Lake, etc. It wasn't bad, the technicolor was especially good. Of course, sitting on the side, as we were, gave us an oblique view of the picture and gave all the actors that lean and willowy look but it was still quite enjoyable. It was the first movie I've been to in over a week. That's a record for me since I got overseas.

My work on the project I'm doing for Major Capron is coming along quite well. I have a problem facing me now because I must figure out some little symbols to use to depict the various items he wants shown. I think it will turn out OK though. It is tedious work and takes quite a while though. This is really the first ambitious oblique view of an area of the terrain which I have undertaken. The next one will really be tough because the area I must represent is much larger. I don't know when it has to be completed but, in order to do a very good job, I'll have to take a while to do it. Some of the officers don't help very much because they are always coming around to have me letter this or do that. I'm going to bring a bat to keep them away.

Thursday Night

Here I am Honey after a hard day. Guess where I am – yes, that's right, I'm on guard. I'm not supposed to be on till tomorrow night but, through a very strange series of coincidences, I have to be on

part of tonight as well as tomorrow night. If there are any strange coincidences in the vicinity, they invariably seek me out. This will raise heck with my sleep for two nights but they claim they can do nothing else since tonight's regular corporal of the guard has disappeared and can't be found. I'll live through it, naturally, but it is a nuisance.

3.

Earlier in the evening I went into town to sign up for courses at the Institute of the Philippines. As I told you last night, I figured that I would bypass that art class because I think it would be just a little too much drawing for me to do. I went to the photography class to see what they had to offer and discovered that the guy who was teaching it was rather a jerk – he was a GI – so I also by passed that. So, I went in quest of new fields to conquer. I tried the course in Philippine history and found that the teacher was a woman – now I was getting somewhere - I had a chat with her to see just how deeply they went into the cultural traditions of the Philippines and explained to her that I was quite interested in forms of art native to the Philippines such as their textile work, weaving, jewelry making, etc. I turned out that the course was a straight history of the Philippine Islands with a little course of Filipino-American relations tacked on at the end. She did tell me that she had some samples of this type of work at home and that she had quite a few friends who had more, or who could show me where to find information on the subject. See, already I am making time. Of course she does happen to be married, and she is over fifty – but she is a woman. She was very pleasant to speak with. When I first mentioned Filipino art she thought I meant painting and sculpture and told me that there was no great art in these islands. I had to clarify my definition of art, which does not merely mean pictorial art, but which also covers all phases of design, textiles, jewelry, furniture, et al. I think this would be very interesting to study and would provide a little relief for the straight drawing end of the thing and, at the same time still tie in with my art work. As an allied subject I elected Tagalog. I had two reasons for this: one was because it would help me a lot in getting into the good graces of these people

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she said she would introduce me to, if I knew a little of their language; secondly, I want to learn some of it in self-defense because all these people jobber away in Tagalog and I can't understand any of it.

It's time for me to retire now Honey so I'll give you a goodnight kiss, tuck you in, and go to bed wishing that I were going to yours instead. Goodnight Darling.

Friday Morning.

Good Morning Sweetheart, it is a fairly nice morning here, cool and comfortable, and it looks as though we might possibly get some rain this morning. I would not object at all.

By the way Darling, I have a terrible confession to make. I have a new girl friend. I'm sure you'll understand won't you? After all I have been away from you for a year and have been quite faithful to you save for a lecherous look now and then when some female passed by, just the look, never anything more. Until yesterday, and then – she came into my life. She really is quite beautiful – not quite as beautiful as yourself naturally, but she is right here. It was quite a coincidence too – how we met I mean. I looked up suddenly and there she was, I only saw her from the rear, but what a sight, I'm sure you'll understand then why I decided to have her. When Harry handed her to me with the tacks to tack her up I just couldn't resist so now she is pinned up at the head of my bunk a pin up picture titled "French

Dressing” showing a girl in step ins, nothing else, with her back facing me, at least most of it is back although other portions of the anatomy bulged over into the picture, and she is about to step into a skirt. You don’t mind do you? It’s only a painting.

5.

It seems that yesterday was my day to be involved with women. As Harry and I were standing at the curb waiting for the truck back to here a girl came running up to me grabbed my arm and started jabbering away a mile a minute and pointing. I couldn’t make out what the devil the story was and though I was being picked up when, suddenly, a quite drunken paratrooper in fatigues popped up out of nowhere, in front of me, and made for the girl. She scurried behind me and hung onto me for dear life. It was all happening so fast that I couldn’t say or do anything and then – this guy pulled a knife which seemed to be at least two feet long although it probably was not much more than a foot long, and kept on coming. I’m telling you Honey when anything like that happens it just about freezes you. Before I could do anything, the fellow winked at me so I figured his intentions were good. All this while the girl was behind me yelling. The GI suddenly turned away and started down the street and the girl started cursing him to beat hell in Tagalog. He turned and took three or four running steps toward her and she really took off down the street. It all happened in the space of seconds but was the damndest experience I’ve ever had. When I looked around, Harry was about six or eight feet away looking as much as if he wasn’t with me as he could. A few more such experiences and I won’t be much good for anything.

There was no mail for me again yesterday I have gotten more since last Sunday and that is an awfully long time – If I don’t get any today I’ll be very hard to get along with. I miss you very much my Darling; More than I ever thought I could miss anyone. I hope

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I’m able to get back to you soon because I need you very much. You are undoubtedly the most loved woman in the world Honey because I don’t see how anyone could ever love anyone else as much as I love you. It will be so nice making you my wife. You are so perfect for the job. I’ll never leave you again ever my Darling. Our life together will be so very full and satisfying. You can be sure that you will be fully appreciated and that I shall do everything in my power to make you every bit as happy as I know you shall make me.

Goodbye now beautiful Darling. My love is with you

Forever.

Freddie