

Saturday 11 August 45

Hq 14th Command

APO 75, Frisco

Bunny Sweetheart;

The question now is, "will they or won't they"? Will they agree to allow the Japanese emperor to remain in power or will they continue the war to a very bloody end. There is much to be said for both sides. I, personally see no harm in retaining the emperor as a figurehead ruler in a Japan which will have been reduced as a power capable of going to war. But, there is the argument that, if we retain the emperor in power, we shall merely be allowing the Shinto tradition responsible for the war to continue so that we shall be paving the way for future Japanese efforts at aggression. I am [crossed out word] inclined to believe that, if we follow the plan outlined in the Potsdam ultimatum, this would be impossible. Whichever way we decide, I hope that the war is over within the next month.

A radio report stated that the army would speed up the return of soldiers after the war with Japan ends and that all men, except the greenest of the green, would be returned home with all dispatch. That means that if the war should end within the next month, as seems very probable, [crossed out word] I may be home on my next birthday in March. That would be the most wonderful birthday present which I ever could receive.

Everything is certainly in an uproar here and the fellows are all speculating as to how soon they will be home. The radio reports stated that the people in the States were not outwardly jubilant over the news and most of them think that we should wage war to the end. I suppose a lot of those people would like to see the war last another year or so so they could take in a little more money. What matter are lives?

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I have decided that this new ink is a little too penetrating for this paper and a letter cannot be read too well if it is written on on both sides. Of course I use more paper this way but save a lot of wear and tear in your eyes. I'll bet you don't even put on your reading glasses to read these letters do you?

This evening I am going to go to the fights here. I am told that they are usually pretty good. I never could get very enthused over boxing matches but there is nothing else to do and I don't feel very much like sitting around the barracks another night. I guess I have been out one night in over a week. The place is starting to depress me. Hoppy got hold of a truck and a bunch of us are going.

Another letter from you came in tonight. I'm anxiously awaiting the letter which will contain the photographs. I can hardly wait to get them. You will have to have a picture taken in the shorts and bra you are making from that old sharkskin dress. That should look very nice indeed.

Do you suppose your mother and father could lend us their camera for our honeymoon? I also want to take a lot of pictures then You can put aside a roll of film every now and then, if you get some, against the day when we do go on our honeymoon. I want the have pictures to supplement the memories of those days. I have an idea that we will have such a wonderful life together that there will always be too much pleasure in the present to think of the past. I want to just spend a lifetime of doing

the things which memories are made of instead of spending a little time like that and then sit back and reminisce about the "good old days". I want our life to be one long honeymoon and I know that it just can't help but be so. We will be the happiest couple in the world Honey, we can't miss.

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Today was about the muggiest and most uncomfortable day I have spent since I got overseas. It was terrible, that office of ours, with its tin roof, is just like an oven. I wish they'd do something about it soon.

How are Mom and Pop Robson coming along with their plans for a country home? I like the idea of a country home myself. One not too far from a large city but far enough away so none of the influences could reach us. I'd never like living in a large city.

God forbid that Neva should ever teach any kids of ours. She has some, or should I say many, attitudes which I would never care to find developing in any progeny of mine. I get a boot of the way she knocks around Monty's, the Hotel Olds, and some of those places and then, to illustrate how moral she is, tells how she and her fiancée have never mentioned the subject of sex. Since sex is a very integral part of married life, I think that two people, who have gone so far as to become engaged, should know what the other's views on sex are. For all they know they may have such widely divergent ideas on the subject that they could never hope to find happiness and satisfaction from married life. I don't necessarily mean pre-marital relations, although I believe that would be much more preferable than the attitude she takes on the subject. Our ideas on the subject are quite compatible and I know that we shall find as much pleasure in this phase of our martial life as we shall in any other. Our whole life together will be a wonderful one though Sweetheart. Everything about our life together will be perfect, just being together would make it so.

Sunday Night –

Here it is, the end of a very nice day. I accomplished a lot today. I went to visit Mac and the boys. I made very good time out there and travelled

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the 26 miles in slightly more than an hour. When I got back here there were two letters waiting for me, one of them contained the pictures you sent. While I'm on the subject of pictures, I want to ask you to send me that picture you have of yourself at the age of that little girl on the cover of the SatevePost. I still think you looked like that.

I got out to the prison where Mac is stationed at noontime and found him in the messhall eating. He was quite surprised to see me, as were all the other – Reid, Compaan, Filer, Kaye, Tonkelson, Sanainnati, and Planteen. John Maynard is not here, he's in the Southern island of the Phillippines. It was a very joyous reunion and we had a lot to talk about. They were all quite enthused about the surrender reports; Mac went off the wagon last night celebrating the news. It was the first time since I last saw him that he had been on a bender. I guess he and Jere are not quite as warm toward one another as they used to be. She has a job with a chemical Co. in Detroit, I believe it is Parke – Davis, and seems to be completely wrapped up in her work, to the exclusion of Mac from mind. The mail has

dwindled to a trickle. Don't you ever take a job which you like that much – I think that the only one which could engross you to the extent of excluding all else from mind is the job of being my wife. I will see to it that that job is very interesting to you.

Mac's outfit is busy processing Japs, Formosans, Chinese, and Filipino collaborationists. Mac says that, of the four, the Japs are by far the best to handle and seem to be completely satisfied with their lot. They do a lot of work around the camp area and Reid has been in charge lately. The Japs have made him a nice belt from leather scraps and a pair of very nice slippers. Reid says they are the hardest and most willing workers he has ever seen. The Formosans are not at all popular because they are lazy and very insolent. Last

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month was their national ghost month when ghosts are supposed to come to earth and torment the Formosans by eating out their intestines. They could wake up screaming in the night claiming that ghosts had suspended them near the ceiling of their tents and had played other tricks with them. There was a riot in the stockade one night and one Formosan was trampled to death. The guards had to get out fast and stand guard from the outside. According to Mac, he spoke with quite a few of the Americans who had been interned here and was told by them that the Japs had not treated them too badly and that they ignored the Americans most of the time but, the Formosans had maltreated prisoners at every opportunity. The old story, kick someone and he promptly turns around and looks for someone he can kick. He said that the collaborationist women do their damndest to expose themselves when American guards are around they undress and make a lot of noise to attract attention. I guess they figure that they may be able to buy their way out, or maybe they just want men. I enjoyed talking with them very much and we're going to try to have a get together in town some night soon. We want to get Gene Goldfader in on it too. He's stationed here in Manila. Before I forget it, I want to get a little gossip off my chest. John Maynard, who carefully guarded his virginity through the first 21 years of his life, was seduced by a beautiful little mestiza down where he is. He sent Mac a photo of himself and the girl and I must admit she looks to be worthy of the sacrifice, she is quite beautiful. Don't go worrying about me now because I haven't tread even [drawing of hand] this far off the straight and narrow. Ain't that good.

It's too bad the pictures didn't come out better Darling. Your mother spoiled the ones she took by jiggling the camera – give her the devil for me won't you, and the others were taken from too far away. If they had been taken much nearer they would have been much better, especially the one of you and Susan – your motherly

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expression wasn't all that showed on that one – very nice the picture was too. The one you took in the still damp bathing suit was also quite interesting, as is any picture of you Honey. The one which came out best was the one of you leaning against the fireplace – those legs, whew, there goes my blood pressure. Take more pictures to replace those which didn't come out, only this time warn Mom Robson not to move the camera. I'll have my picture taken this week Honey.

In one of your letters you mentioned the fact that Sue had returned and that she had imparted some knowledge to you which would be of use to us. You know better than to leave me dangling like that. What was the information anyway? Tell me right away and quite teasing. Don't give me the story

about storing it away for future us, there's no time like the present. Where did Sue go on her leave of absence any [crossed out word] way? I'm full of questions tonight ain't I?

I hope you made out all right in your civil service exams. If you get the job you'll have to give it up when I get back because I don't want anything to interfere with our honeymoon. Too bad there wouldn't be some way you could get a leave of absence for about six months but I guess they frown on that sort of thing don't they.

I must close now Darling, hoping that tomorrow brings a message of peace. Goodnight my Darling

I love you with all my heart + soul.

Freddie