

Saturday 4 August 1945

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Hq 14th AA Command

APO 75, Frisco

Bunny My Darling;

I love you. I love you more than ever anyone could have been loved. You are such a Darling. I miss you so very much and wish you were with me now. You are the very sweetest person in the world and I realize more day by day just how very much you mean to me and how much I love you. The happiest day of my life will be the day I return to you – regardless of your puritanical leavings. Just being back with you would be enough. That is all I ask.

It rained tonight but hard, and how well I know, I was at the theater, our little plot of grass from which we view Hollywood's latest insults to the general intelligence of the American public – or maybe they are right, who knows. While I was at the show it started to rain slightly so I thought I'd leave and have a dish of chop suey and then come back to the barracks and write this letter. The storm got much worse instead of better and it really poured down. I got soaked to the skin even though I had my rain coat on. My new shoes got their baptism by water.

Sunday –

Honest Honey, my intentions were the very best and I did want to finish this letter last night – but again Harry and I engaged in a friendly bull session with the result that before we realized how late it was, the lights went out leaving us in the dark – which incidentally, is as good a place as any to be when the light [sic] go out.

Again it is raining to beat the devil and my pant legs are once more soaked. This gets monotonous. I suppose it will rain tomorrow night when I am on guard. At least I don't have to walk guard tomorrow. Under the new system here buck sergeants only pull corporal of the guard. Of course I'll still have to get up twice during the night to post my guard. What I know about this guard is really pathetic too.

I must tell you the story behind the cover of this envelope. It seems that I took off yesterday afternoon and decided to do some sketching. I went out and found a little settlement of nipa huts – so called because they

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are thatched with nipa huts – and I went to work with a vengeance. I was sketching along very nicely when suddenly a little boy came along and walked right up to me and said his name was Felipe, he was eight years old and was in grade two – here he produced two fingers for emphasis. Then another little boy came along and was introduced by Felipe as his six year old brother Rodolfo, grade on. I tried to strike up a conversation but I guess he was interested in seeing what I had on the sketch pad because he was craning his neck to see. I showed him and went back to my drawing when along came a group of about a dozen little kids, all with these pails they carry to get the leftover at the mess halls around here. They all came over to see. Felipe took over as official explainer of what I was doing. There was a fast and furious patter of Tagalog being bandied around me from all sides. Felipe told me they thought the work

was very good, they were a very gratifying audience. They stood around there jabbering away for about fifteen minutes and then decided it was time to go get their food. Felipe asked me if I was going to come back again. I assured him that I would be back to finish the sketch so he asked if I would draw a picture of him. I'll have to do a quick sketch of him if he shows up the next time I go there.

The sketch as far as I have gone, promises to be the very best pen and ink work that I've done since I got overseas. I'll finish it the next afternoon off I have and will send it to you to see if you concur with that opinion. So far it is coming along very nicely and there are no rough spots in the work. I still have a lot of foliage to do in the foreground of the picture so I won't promise too much.

I am now, and have been all afternoon, on CQ. It has been very quiet here and I have been able to write several letters, do some envelope designs, and do a little reading. It [scratched out word] hasn't been a bad deal at all. Of course it would have been nicer if I could have gone

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to see Mac and the boys but I'll be able to do that next week. I hope.

While I remember if I want to tell you a joke I heard yesterday, it concerns two old maids who enter a grocer [sic] store and walk tittering to the counter. The clerk came to wait on them and the spokesman for these two giggled and said, "Hannah and I want to buy two bananas." The clerk told them that there was a sale on bananas and they were selling for three for a dime, so wouldn't they want to buy three. She thought for a minute, and started to say no, when the other one nudged her and said, "Oh, go on Emily, we can always eat the other one." You do get the point I presume young lady.

A letter from you arrived in the noon mail. I don't know how long you rented the cottage for but if you rented it for just a week that was one of the last letters I will receive from there. It was written Friday morning when you were very disgusted with Ruth for having spoiled the steak fry. That was too bad, especially since steak is so very hard to get. What was the matter with her anyway?

So you're learning a lot about kids are you. Well it will always come in handy when we're married. I should think you would be learning though, since all your friends are mothers or will be soon. What's the matter with you, you're just not on the ball. Don't get me wrong though, I have no ideas of your mothering anyone's children except mine. I'm glad you have gotten over your early aversion to the idea of having children and that you are now looking forward to it. Of course you realize that they will have to be postponed for several years while I finish school. I think it is a good idea to spend the first few years of married life without children anyway. Of course I'm not allowing for accidents, which do occasionally occur, as Margie no doubt can explain to you. They are something which nothing can be done about though. With what you gain from Marge's and Ruth's experienced advice you should be able to avoid their mistakes.

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Oh well, a little mistake never hurt anyone.

Since you like to smoke very much maybe you would be interested in trying the method the women here use to [scratched out word] smoke a cigarette. They smoke cigarets [sic] with the lighted end inside their mouths. Don't think I'm crazy because that is a fact and I not trying to kid you. I always used to think they had unlighted cigarets [sic] in their mouths because there was never any fire in

evidence. Then it occurred to me that if the cigarets [sic] were not lighted the women wouldn't be exhaling smoke, but they were. Then I found that they put the lighted end in their mouth. This isn't so foolish as it sounds though because there are several advantages to this. At night, if you don't want anyone to know you are coming, there is the solution to all your troubles because you can smoke and still have no telltale glow. Then there is the solution to the ashes problem. They just have no problem; they don't have to worry about looking for an ash tray whenever they go visiting, or worry about dropping ashes on the rug (if there were any rugs here which there aren't), no indeed they have no ash problem – they eat the ashes. By getting the butt down very low they leave a very minimum of butt and can eat it. They just keep working the cigarette into their mouths as it burns down until finally they are just holding about a quarter inch of butt, then a quick saliva douse and the butt is ready to be gulped down painlessly. So you see that there is definitely method to their madness. Try it.

One of the fellows bought a piece of sugar cane today and let me sample it. It is a bamboo like stalk, in jointed sections and is about an inch thick. The grain back is peeled off it and inside there is a pithy wood. This is chewed and gives off very sweet juices. The kids around here buy that stuff the way they buy lollypops at home. Speaking of kids, I'll have to try to get a candy bar or something to bring

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along the next time I go sketching.

And still it rains. I'll have to end this letter and make a break for it soon I guess. It seems as if the rain is going to last all night. I'm glad they put in the new walk so that we can come to work without getting soaked.

Darling, Darling! I love you so. I want so to hold you in my arms making love to you and telling you and showing you just how very much I do love you. You are a wonderful person and I am very lucky that I met you because I would never have been as happy with anyone else as I have been with you, and my happiness with you has just started. The happiness we find together is, as you say, all up to us – I know that we shall be the two happiest of people. I love you Sweetheart and shall

Always

Freddie