

Tuesday 31 July 1945

[81]

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

APO 75, Frisco

Bunny Darling;

Here it is, the last day of July and I just got through the ordeal of a good old fashioned Peter Parade. I passed with flying colors. This is the prelude to pay day which was scheduled for today but which never materialized. We'll be paid within the next couple of days though, I hope. I am rather low in funds having six pesos left. I haven't had a chance to do any work on the cartoons I was making up because I have to work on an invitation card for the grand opening of the officer's club here. I think it will turn out all right. [scratched out word] The design is a line drawing of an old Spanish gate in three colors, moorish type architecture. It is quite an interesting gate. It will be a folding card and in the middle I will have the message of invitation and a border of small figures, local color, all around the card. I think it will be a nice card when is finished. It is rather a painstaking [scratched out word] job though.

[scratched out word] Neumann and I are going to see the picture "Thunderhead" now, but I'll be back right afterward. Right back. The picture didn't last very long, there were no short subjects at all. The photography and the scenery were wonderful but Hollywood really entered into the plot in a big way. The family concerned in the picture had a large rambling home with beautiful furnishings, a nice new station wagon, and were sending their son to a military school. In spite of all this there was a tender score of loyalty in which [scratched out word] Preston Foster, amid all these surroundings, tells the hired man that he can't pay him his wages any more, he is too poor. Oh, to be that poor forever.

All the fellows here have their danders up because of some recent disclosures concerning attempts to give officers preference in all things after the war. There have been two such articles in our Pacifican recently. One of them explained how the War manpower Commission is trying to draw up a plan to give the officer preference in post-war jobs. The other article explained how officers on being discharged, get [scratched out word] thirty gallons of gas while the enlisted men get a mere Godspeed [scratched out word] to send them on

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their way. How in hell the minds of these people, who are responsible for these schemes, work is beyond me. It seems to me that there is a small war being fought at the present time to abolish these ideas of favoritism for a military clique. While we fight against such things our dear democratic lawmakers go bustling along with their heads in sacks trying to create the same kind of situation in the States. It seems that bigoted Britain is finally [crossed out words] cutting the cancerous growth from herself while the United States is ready to step in and occupy her old place and create a ruling class. Maybe in the head of my assignment I did not make my thoughts follow through logically but I think you get the idea that I do not like this damned idea at all. There was another one of these suggestions which cropped up a while back when some congressman tried to introduce a bill which would guarantee all former officers the difference in pay between what they make on their post war job and what they [scratched out words] made in the army. Pity the poor officers having to go back into the cruel world and fight for jobs with the [scratched out words] enlisted men. It's a shame. I feel very bitter about the whole thing. That's the beautiful part of the whole deal you can feel very bitter about it but can't do

anything about it. We have representatives back in the States – Congressmen – but are forbidden by army regulations back in the States - Congressmen – but are forbidden by army regulations from letting them know of our complaints, everything must go through channels and can be killed, and is killed somewhere along the line. It's a nice little mess which there is no getting out of. I'm glad that there are a few army publications, two or three, which do have quite a bit to say for the GI because they are the only voice for the soldier. The army, and everything about it makes me sick to my stomach. I'll be so damned glad to return to civilian status again.

I've got to go to bed now Darling, Its just about time for lights out. I love you my Darling. Love you with all my heart and soul and dream of the day when I shall once more be with you instead of being so far away. I think of you always though Darling, especially in the evening when I have to go to my lonely cat. I should be home with you instead.

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Wednesday

Hello Again Darling;

Here it is evening of the first day of August. In two more days it will be eleven months since I last saw you. These eleven months have seemed like ages Sweetheart. They represent wasted months when I should have been with you instead of over here. We shall have so very much to make up for when I do return. We'll have to extend that vacation of ours through a whole lifetime. That is the least we can do to make up for all this time. Anything and everything we do together will be fun Darling, so our whole life will just a nice long vacation. I love you so Darling. I just can't imagine myself ever being married to anyone else, not that I try, because you fit into the picture so nice that I don't even try to imagine how anyone else [scratched out word] would fit. I am very lucky fellow and appreciate the fact very much. I shall have a wife who is very beautiful, intelligent, understanding, cooperative, and above all, who loves me as I love her. It is a great comfort to know that at least you are waiting back there. You are all I have to look forward to. I certainly have nothing to look forward to in the army.

There was no mail from you again today but I did get a letter from Swifty. He thinks that he may come overseas. He told me that Stewart is now walking and in the next sentence added that steward is going to have a brother or sister in five weeks. Swifty was slow getting started, but once he did get started there's no stopping him. He used to say that he wouldn't have any children until the war was over. Babe had different ideas though and is putting them into effect with great gest. I still think that you and Babe will get along very well when you meet. She's just about your age incidentally. Swifty is about 30 years old.

I'm sorry that you are taking my remarks concerning your scheduled cooking lessons. It isn't because the food you prepared was bad, it is because you told me that you had never had practise [sic] cooking a whole meal so I'm just reminding you that you said you would learn while I was overseas so that you'd be able to when we get married. The food you did [scratched out word] prepare for me was very good – that is, with the possible exception of the coffee you made for me one Sunday morning. Even you said that coffee was bad.

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It's too bad your first attempt at sketching the back yard was not too satisfactory. I'll give you a tip though, you are probably working on a small scale and doing rather fussy work trying to get in too much detail. Try working on a larger scale possibly with charcoal to start with. You can probably get hold of some cheap paper to practise [sic] on. I still have trouble because I try to get too much detail in my work. I have improved on that score though. Don't be discouraged though because it takes time. Just stick with it. I have great faith in you.

Regarding the different methods of fixing your hair on going to bed, I want to say that I can see your point when you say that, if you wore your hair long and tied with a ribbon, the ribbon would come right off. There's one thing I insist on though, that is that you shan't wear head nets to bed. I hate the damned things. You look very nice with your hair up though. I'm sure that however you wear it will be satisfactory as long as you are there with it. That is something else I insist on. We'll have a lot of time to decide how it looks best.

When do you think Mom and Pop Robson will buy their new car? Do you think they'll trade in the old one or will they sell it to us? I'd like to buy it so that we could have our own car for our honeymoon. We'll need one to get around. Even though you say their present car is in poor shape, I am sure it would suffice for our needs. Now I'll have to figure out a way of learning to drive a car so I can drive on our honeymoon.

I have been giving thought to your friends on the sand dune and have come to the conclusion that they really must have something there. I'm sure it would be a most pleasurable experiment, and one that we would both enjoy very much. What are your views on the subject? I want your opinions on all matters concerning us both. You didn't run into your friends again did you Darling? You may have gotten more pointers from them.

What is this great fascination which Jackson has for you anyway? You have gone there twice within a one week period. And after what you told me about the place too. Did Neva get the job she was looking for there. Just what kind of job is she trying to get? Not in the prison I hope.

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This evening we are having trouble with the electric lights. Our showers are in pretty good working order, and the food is improving but now the lights are acting up. There's always something.

According to a new order that just came out, I shan't be able to stand guard. The order states that the person must be qualified to fire the weapon which he carried. I am not qualified to fire the weapon which he carried. I am not qualified to fire any rifle so, theoretically, I'm not able to walk guard. Of course they'll probably put me on anyway but I can dream can't I. Maybe they'll take me down and make me fire a rifle so they can get it on my service record. I'm quite sure I couldn't hit the broadside of a barn door though, although I've never tried it to find out. I shouldn't be on guard for another week or so anyway.

You and Neva are certainly a pair of shrewd characters. I like the way you finagled that poor farmer into changing the tire on your car for you. You should be ashamed of yourself. That's a woman's trick though. I can just see the two of you dropping down on our knees and peering under the car every time anyone passed. Think you're rather shrewd don't you? In that last letter you wrote you also mentioned the fact that Hirdd had a show at Percy Jones. Just what kind of chow did she have? She's the

Nazi spy who used to change the records during the noon hour musicale at the Union isn't she? She seemed like a nice kid – platonically of course. You know me better than to think I'd think of other women otherwise don't you? Or don't you?

It's time for goodnight now Darling so I shall give you a nice big kiss and retire to a cozy dream of you

I love you my darling.

Freddie