

Tuesday 23 July 1945

[76]

Hq 14th Command

APO 75, Frisco

Good Morning Beautiful;

It's early morning and here I am, after an evening of guard, writing to you again. I feel pretty good this morning. My shoes are drying out in the sun, I just scrubbed the mud off them so I could hand them in to be repaired. I am standing guard over them to see that they do not decide to wander off, as everything which is not nailed down does. These Flips, Filipinos, will life anything that's laying around. They got a pair of Kowalchuk's shoes which he set out for just a minute. That was enough. They'll try to buy anything in the way of clothes and are continually offering rather fabulous prices for sun tans and for mattress covers. The fellows who sell them this stuff are just eating their own throats by helping the black market along. God knows it needs no help. I think that if there were any way of getting change in here that it would help a little in controlling inflation. There is very little change, American or Filipino, and this makes it hard because all prices are in nice round figures. It's a hopeless muddle at the present time but I hope they get it straightened out soon.

How do you like my new haircut. I think it is quite nice myself. The barber had me in the chair for the better part of an hour and gave me "the works" everything except a Swedish massage. He also decided that I should comb my hair back on the sides and put some goo on the train it that way. It does look better that way than the other though. I was seated in front of a long mirror all the while I was in the chair and felt very self conscious starring myself in the eyes every time I looked up. As I said, though, I did get a very good cut, all for only a peso.

Last night I played a few rubbers of bridge before and after guard mount I didn't play too badly although I did stub up two hands miserably. It seemed that the only hands my partner and I could make

2.

were those in which we were doubled by our opponents. We won four out of five of those and had redoubled two of them. That helped us considerably. I'm learning something about the game slowly but surely.

The guard mount last night was really something to marvel at. I was all neat and had my rifle cleaned and oiled. The only trouble was that it was the first time I had ever done inspection arms with a Garand rifle and, of course, I used the wrong hand to open the damned thing. I really don't see much difference as long as it gets opened but, obviously, the officer of the day thought there was a difference because he told me of my error. I guess they will just never make a soldier of me Honey. They've tried hard so it isn't their fault. I guess there is just nothing military about me.

Speaking of the military, I see where an editorial in "Stars and Stripes" in Europe gave the military leaders in Europe quite a lacing. They reminded them that the soldiers in Europe were civilian soldiers and not professional soldiers and that they were men who could tell the difference between necessary and unnecessary restrictions, so why didn't the army wise up to itself and allow the men more freedom rather than stir up all the resentment they had created among soldiers. The army is fining men heavily for failure to salute or for having button unbuttoned or looking comfortable in any way.

I guess that right now the whole world is waiting anxiously to see if the conference in Pasmam results in Russian entry into this war, or even if Russia exerts any diplomatic pressure against Japan. Guesses seem to be that a surrender ultimatum will be given to Japan to surrender and avoid invasion, and that this ultimatum will be signed by G. pritam, the U.S., and Russia as belligerents in the war. I hope the columnists are guessing right because I don't see how Japan could refuse to surrender in the face of such a demand unless the people as a whole are bent on self destruction. There must be some element left in the country which could and would force a peace at this stage of the game. I sincerely hope and pray that this is true. An invasion of the Jap homeland, while successful, would still be one of the costliest military moves of history and

3.

one which it would be well to avoid if possible. Of course I do not advocate any such thing as accepting less than the complete abolition of Jap military might to gain this end because that would be paving the way for more trouble later. The next couple of weeks of diplomatic negotiations will be the most important of the war though.

Yesterday I received letters from you and from Pauline. I was surprised at getting a letter from her. It seems that she wants me to play Dorothy Dix to her love life. She has met a fellow that she thinks an awful lot of and is wondering how to go about telling Charlie. This new beam is a med student at the U of Arizona, he gets his MD in two years and plans on getting a further degree in psychiatry. I guess she is really quite stuck on him. She hasn't said anything about it to Mom and Dad because they think quite a bit of Charlie, so she decided to tell me about it. The only advice I can think of to give her is to do as she wants about it. She's much too young to pine away at home waiting for someone. Ah me! I don't want you to get any ideas though because you're going to marry me, see!!! And just as soon as I can get back to you. Just don't go entertaining any notions of anyone else. You can be sure I won't.

Another problem also confronts her. She has decided that she wants to go to college and wonders about her credits for entrance. I don't know just how many credits she has from high school. She'd like to start next January at the University of New Hampshire. The only trouble with that is that she wants to take quite a few art courses, and the U of N.H. is very weak in such courses. I think I'll suggest that she do a little shopping around to see what other schools have to offer. I had thought of recommending MSC to her since they have a comparatively good art department and usually manage to come up with some Cracker Jack instructors such as John DeMaitelly and DAVIS Lee and her husband who's name I forget at the time. Would it be possible for you to get her a catalog from MSC, or to find out the courses they offer in Art, English, and History since these

4.

are the subjects in which she is most interested. Also find out the cost of everything there, what would be her chances of getting a job in school, and what the entrance requirements would be. You could send the information right on to her. I'll tell her how to get the same information from the U of N.H. and she can check upon other schools herself. She wants to find out about the entrance requirements so she could make up the work she needs at night school before she started college. Oh yes would you also find out when it would be possible to enter MSC. Can you only enter in September, or have they made provision for entering at other times also? I'm glad to see that she is interested in going to college because she is really a smart girl, albeit a little temperamental. I personally think she would be much

better off and happier than if she kept right on working. I'm sure she could make out well after seeing some of the girls who get through college. Not you of course, I was referring to some others I have run across. I realize that you are really very intelligent Darling, honest I do, and you're quite beautiful too – very beautiful, at times I think you a little too beautiful for my peace of mind with all those wolves running around back there. Just ignore them though. You will won't you? I'm a very lucky fellow having a girl like you as much in love with me as I am with you. At times it just doesn't seem possible Darling, but I am very glad it is so and I shall do everything I can to keep it so always and to make you always just as happy as you shall make me. It seems that everyday away from you is the emptiest day ever, then the next day comes along emptier than ever. One of these days Honey, the time will come when all our days are filled with happiness. I hope that day comes very soon. It just can't come soon enough to please me.

The shoes finally dried, I turned my clothes in for salvage, bought some magazine (including the Post with that little girl on the cover – I still think she looks just as you must have looked when you were that age, what does Mom Robson say about it), and sweated out

5.

a very long coke line. Then to chow.

I saw one of the funniest sights I have yet seen this noon. At the end of the chow line was an officer who was supposed to see that we took our atabrine. He made very sure we did by making us open our mouths and popping the pills in. I guess he just about choked a few of the boys when he tossed them too far down. The terrors of war. They're everywhere.

It is very uncomfortably sticky here today and has been for the past two days. That is because it has not rained. When it rains we curse the rain because of the mud it brings; when the sun shines we curse the sun for the heat and discomfort it brings. There is no happy medium. I'll be glad to get back to the good temperate climate of home. I suppose I should be quite thankful that it isn't raining because if it were I'd have shoes filled with mud. I decided to turn the heelless shoes in for repair and am wearing the leaky ones.

We're having a lot of fun trying to outguess the powers which provide us with water in the washroom. It seems that the winter is only on about three or four hours a day and the rest of the time were just out of luck in getting water. I don't know what the trouble is but I wish they'd fix it. I can usually take an early morning shower but the water is inevitable off at night and I can't take a shower before going to bed. I sleep much better if I have a shower just before going to bed. It makes me feel much cleaner. I guess I'll just have to suffer without it unless they solve the water problem. We never had this trouble at Finsch and I can't understand it here.

I just ate an early supper and am about ready to go to the office to relieve the OQ. I only have to stay there an hour so I guess I will write a letter to Mom. I wrote one last week and I don't know whether I mailed it or lost it. If I didn't mail it I'll probably be getting letters telling me so. I'll have to write more often but I haven't been writing to anyone except you for quite a while. One of these days I'll have to sit down and get all caught up on my letter writing.

6.

Late Tuesday Evening –

It's quite late Darling, I just returned from the movies. I think I'll just go right to bed now and close this letter. Won't you join me, in the bed I mean, not in closing the letter. It's a date then Darling and I'll expect you. You can wear your new nightgown. I love you Sweetheart and will bring you

All the love in the world.

Freddie