

Sweetheart;

Here I am back again after the best nights sleep that I have had in a long time. I went to bed before 10:00 and didn't get up until 6:30 this morning. It was fairly cool last night, something which I did not think possible here since I had been led to believe that the nights were just as cool as the days. Of course it does not get as cool as it did at Finsch but it was winter down there while it is summer up here. Our seasons have now become the same as yours. I am at work at the present time, at least as nearly at work as it is possibl [sic] to be with no equipment to work with. As soon as it comes I shall be busy enough to make up for this leisure time though. To tell the truth, I am quite anxious to get to work again because the time goes by much faster that way, and I do like the work I am doing. For the present I am going to try to do a few pencil sketches with the pencils I have on hand. I don't think that I told you that I did a pencil sketch of my friend the Aussie officer on the plane trip. It turned out very well and was by far the best pencil work I have yet done. I think that I will try to develop the other mediums of drawing instead of sticking solely to pen and ink work. There is plenty of scenery around here that would be ideal for water color work so I shall have to put aside my natural aversion of working with color, and will have to try some. You will be kept informed of all the work I do and shall get samples of it all. If I do water colors it will take longer for them to get to you because I shall have to package them.

There is an awful lot of pounding going on around here. All the Filipinos are swarming over everything, Each with a hammer or other work implement. They are just like bees swarming. With so many of them the work should be done soon.

These Filipinos are very small people and all appear to be the same age, all very young. It seems funny to see one of them who seems to be about twelve or thirteen years old and then to find out that he is about twentytwo or twenty three years old. It is deceptive as hell. These little Filipino girls look as if they were playing hookey from the second grade and yet they have breastworks which would be the envy of many girls back in the States. These kids come around collecting laundry every night. I gave them some suntans and fatigues to do. The cost of laundry is one peso for each suit of clothes. This includes all the underwear and socks as well as one bath towel. In other words it is one peso for each complete change of clothes. Guess this is not bad because they do a very good job and starch all the uniforms and press all the underclothes. There are three kids in the gang I give my laundry to, the boy Luis, and his three sisters. He does all the heavy carrying and the collecting and the girls mark the clothes for alteration and also help him carry the stuff. One of the girls is very cute, she is only twelve so don't look at me like that. I am going to try to get her to sit for a sketch one of these days.

Most of these Filipinos are very neat and like to wear white clothes. The men wear these summer sport shirts and shorts, and if they wear anything on their feet it is usually sandals. Most of them go barefoot. They usually wear straw sombreros to top off the costume. The girls wear light cotton princess type dresses and almost invariably go barefoot. The few that do wear shoes wear some fancy wooden wedgies on which flower designs are carved and then lacquered with bright colors, they have bright cloth straps across the instep by none on the heel. I can't see how the devil they can keep them

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on because I have trouble trying to walk in shower clogs. I shall have to get myself some shower clogs because I hate to walk around the floor in the shower room barefoot I get athletes foot too easily. To go back to the Filipinos though, they are [sic] not very well off at all. The Jap invasion has disrupted the whole monetary system here with the net result that prices are sky high here. There is very little to buy and what little there is sells for terrific prices. Bacon and eggs costs \$1.75 American money, shots of whiskey – most of which is poisonous – sell for anywhere from \$0.50 to \$2.00. They are all local whiskies and are not properly aged. I have not yet sampled the stuff and intend to keep away from it. There have been too many deaths from wood alcohol poisoning to suit me I guess most of [sic] the food that is sold is black market stuff and the poorer people, as everywhere, are the ones to suffer. Of course the army tries to see that the people get something to eat but things are still very bad and it will be a long time before they get over the effects of the invasion. The people here got quite a kicking around from the Japs but I guess it wasn't as bad as it could have been because most of them just stayed in their homes as much as possible and had very little to do with the Japs. Of course there were the collaborators and the people who had to come in contact with them and so were termed collaborators by the other. This is an unfortunate because there was really not a thing these people could do because they either had to act nice toward the Japs or it meant theirs and their families necks. One of the fellows who brings us laundry was beaten up by the Japs several times and has scars on his stomach where they cut him with a bayonet to intimidate him. He showed us the cross shaped scar it left. He also lost a baby and his father. All in all he does not care much for them.

It is now afternoon and I am back here in the office hard at work. I just got back from fetching some water for the office. It is the first work I have done here except for the stuff we had to carry in here yesterday morning. I got the water from [sic] a very palatial home near here. It is rather a sorry mess now though because the Japs left a time bomb in it and it exploded with twenty people in the house. It just blew the top right off the place and started fires inside it. There are quite a few parts of it which are still intact and they will make nice subjects for sketches. The building is old Spanish style, as is most of the architecture around here. This morning I was looking over the damage done to one of the buildings and I discovered the ammunition magazine for a Jap machine gun. There were a couple of shells inside it. I gave it a wide berth but the carpenter who was with me pried around it trying to open it with little success. In the bathroom of this building I found a strange sight, at least it was something which I had never run across in the States, it was a secondary toilet bowl with a little spout rising out of the thing. One asking, I was informed that this was a douche. Imagine my embarrassment at not knowing its purpose. Ah well, I am young and uninitiated in the ways of the world. Have you ever run across any of them?

Not all the letters I wrote to you from Biak were lost. I found one of them and will mail it to you. I am having a tough time getting stamps to use. I made the mistake of packing the stamps I had in the bag which is following me up here and now I can't get any. I will have to get one of the fellows going into town get them for me. One of them is going to change [sic] my money for me today. I should have just about thirty five pesos to hold me over for quite a while. I hope our PX opens soon so that I can get things I need without having to pay these extravagant prices for them. I think it will open in the

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next few days.

Something funny happened last night. One of the boys stood mail call and got my mail. He brought it in the barracks and put it on my bunk where he was sure I would see it. I did. I came in and saw the letter there and figured that it was one of the letters I had received before and so I used it for a bookmark in the book I am reading. This morning I took the book out to read and [sic] noticed that the letter had not yet been opened. Then the light dawned and I decided that it must be new mail. It was the first letter I have received from you from over a week and it was so very nice Honey. That is the worst part of moving, it holds up the mail for a while. This letter was very sweet and I enjoyed it thoroughly. You seem to have gotten quite a bit of sleeping apparel for your birthday. I can assure you that you won't have much use for the pajamas after we are married so you had better get all the wear out of them that you can before I get home. They were never designed for a double bed, and a double bed is definitely what we are going to have.

Your story of the woman and the doctor was certainly a strange one. I shall make it a practise [sic] never to let you goto [sic] the dentist's office alone from now on. And if you go, be sure that [sic] someone is with you. That was a heck of a note. I wonder what will happen now. She will have to bear another man's child, other than her husband's, and will undoubtedly have to keep it since it is hers. I think that her husband will be a hard man to get along with because I know that I would want to get a hold of the fellow who did it if that had ever happened to you. That is really a damned serious offense and I think they should toss the book at him. They probably will anyway.

I had an idea the union of those [sic] two kids you told me about who were living at Mabj's would not last long. I think it was a damned shame that they were ever married. Your ideas on the abolition of the term "illegitimate" on the birth record also coincide with mine. It's a hell of a thing to start a kid out in the world with two strikes against him just because his parents did not happen to have taken the preliminary precaution of obtaining a marriage license. That damned silly indictment on the birth record doesn't hurt the parents but does hurt the child. Your friends who argue that, if this were abolished there would be no marriages, does not hold water as far as I am concerned because I want a little more out of marriage than just intercourse. If intercourse is their only excuse for marriage I feel sorry for them. Tell them so won't you? I expect our physical relations to be just a part of the very happy married life we have together, a very vital part of the marriage but not the only thing. If it were just that that I wanted I don't think I'd let anything such as a word on a birth certificate stop me. Not with modern contraceptives. I'm glad that I am going to

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marry you instead of any of those other because we see so very much alike in things. We are interested in the same things and will have a wonderful married life.

Darling, you asked me what size film I could use in this fellow's camera. It is 116 so if you can get hold of any and send it to me I can guarantee you that you shall have a complete collection of my pictures. They sell film and cameras here but they charge about \$4.00 a roll for the stuff. Cameras are also available but a Baby Brownie (\$1.00 size) costs about \$40.00, so I don't think I shall buy any of them in the near future. If you send me the film I can use it though.

There are some portrait photographers and some artists who do quick sketches of people, downtown. I'll have to see about having one or the other when I get paid. The artists I saw did fair work, nothing to brag about because they have the commercial portraitist's flair for flattery, but it will be something to send you.

My drawing equipment just came in, all except drawing boards. We won't be able to do much until we get them but I was glad to see that the other stuff got here OK. The drawing paper you sent me in one package still reek of Johnson + Johnson's Baby Powder. I told you of how the box of powder broke didn't I? The stationery I received in the package is the same way. It does smell nice though.

It is almost time for chow but I'm sitting here waiting for the rain to let up so I can make a dash for the barracks. Yes, it is raining again and I find that this building is not in the least seaworthy. I just got through moving the desks around trying to situate them so the rain wouldn't leak through on them. It was on heck of a job. The desk I am writing at is about the only one which didn't have to be moved.

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The same Evening

Hello Again Beautiful;

One of the fellows and I just got back from a walk around the surrounding countryside. There really wasn't an awful lot to see except green fields, which look very good to me, and some rather forlorn shacks which the average Filipinos live in. Every once in a while we ran across a rather palatial residence which seemed strangely out of place among the other buildings. We passed a lot of small holes in the wall which passed as Café's. All they consisted of was anywhere from one to six tables and a counter. We did buy some bananas. They were very small, about three or four inches long, but they were very tasty. They cost us 5¢ apiece, ten centavos. It was quite a long walk we took and we ended up near some beautiful residences which are being used to quarter officers. They were really very nice.

We have to walk guard around here now and I think my name will be on the list Wednesday night, two nights hence. This will be the second time in my army career that I will have walked guard. That's bad; having to walk it again I mean. The last time was when I was at Marysville Beach just after I got into the army, and that was just a two hour guard. At least I won't have it tomorrow night, unless something comes up, so I shall be able to see the show, whatever it is. I think I'll try to go to the weekly symphony concert on Friday. It plays four nights a week. That's one way of staying out of mischief.

The mosquitos have been eating me alive all evening long and my elbows are particularly hard hit. I'll be glad when they get the screening put upon the barracks to keep them out. These barracks which I speak of are long, one-storied affairs built on a cement base. They have a corrugated iron roof – the better to hear the rain and to trap the heat, my dear, and are walled halfway up with burlap. The top half will eventually be covered with wire. Eventually.

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The food here is quite good. We had chicken with rice tonight and have had fresh butter with just about all our meals so far. This is very nice. The first night I was here I got some fresh bananas to eat.

Say, this evening in the course of my meanderings, I saw just what was needed to convince me that this is civilization. It was a good old, ordinary, everyday mailbox just like the ones back in the states. The only difference was that instead of US the letter PI were stamped on the side. It was just like the home product otherwise, even to the color.

Darling, it's time for me to say goodnight once more and to erase another day away from you, adding it to all those that have gone before. It has been a long time since I last saw you Darling but believe me, every day has served to make me love you more and to realize just how very much I need you to make my life complete. You are more essential to me than anything else Sweetheart, knowing that you are back home waiting for me is a very satisfying feeling. At least it is nice to think of when I get too very exasperated with things here. It is very easy to become sick and tired of the world, the war, and just everything in particular, thinking of you helps, especially when I know that you love me just as

I love you.

Freddie