

10 February 1945

Hq Btry, 14th AA Command

APO #322, S. Francisco, Cal.

[58]

Good Morning My Beautiful Darling;

It's morning, the sun is out, the birds are singing, and I am terribly in love with you. It is very nice being in love with you even though we are so far apart because there are such wonderful prospects for the future. It seems strange that I should be living in the future when all my French antecedents (?) say that one should live for today, yet today has so very little to offer that it isn't worth trying to make it last. All these boys around here are making me very homesick when they speak of how many months it will be before they go home on rotation. My only hope is to go home for good at the end of the war. The only good thing about this is that I won't have to worry about ever leaving you again as I would have to if I went home on furlough or on rotation. We should end the war in time for us to celebrate my 25th birthday, or at least your 22nd. That should give us time for a nice long vacation extending well into September. That's just exactly what I'll need when I get out of here, a nice long rest and plenty of YOU, the rest isn't so very essential either. I'll settle for just you, quite a nice little settlement that.

Well, Sweetheart, it appears that after all these long months of waiting I am finally getting paid at the end of this month. The money I'll get will mean a few more place settings of silverware as well as the money to buy those linoleum tools which I told you I wanted. Wait till you get the money from me though because there's no great hurry for them. Just as long as I get them some time before Christmas if they take as long as the Christmas presents I have coming I may not get them for [crossed out word] next Christmas. With them I can go into the card making business on a large scale. As it is I'd have to make each one individually and it is not worth the work involved.

2.

Noontime

Whew!!!

Allow me to mop mah [sic] brow Missy 'Lores. I am brushed. I did quite a bit this morning, the major part of which was punching holes in some paper and fastening the sheets together into looks and also stapling other sheets together. I finished it all up on good shape. I have a book of my own giving a lot of examples of forms for various kinds of military correspondence, which is what the books I made up concerned. They're darned helpful, particularly in my case. I won't have to be continually asking questions and receiving martyred looks with the answers.

There was an inspection this morning. I guess I passed it because I don't see my name in six foot letters on any bulletin boards around. It was more a tent inspection than anything, and we had our tent fixed up as presentable as it shall ever be. One of the boys in here got a broom and we [crossed out word] swept all the large rocks and boulders out of the tent. It doesn't look bad now. That is, it doesn't look bad compared to its usual appearance, but compared to the other deluxe frame tents around it, it still looks like a hovel. Do you think you'd care to live in a tent after the war. It would be economical and

easy to move. I could rig up a little harness and you could just carry the tent whenever we moved. You don't like the idea? Well, it was just a suggestion to see if you'd care for a nomadish existence.

Gosh, Bunny, but you're getting a lazy husband. The only expenditure of energy I'd even dream of attempting with any ambition is making love to you. I wish I could do that, but since that is impossible for the time being I'll just relax and do as little as I legally can. The mere idea of exertion is tiring as the devil.

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An awful lot of the Nashua boys have Australian wives. This fellow I met said that it must be about 50% of the men in his company. He married one himself and showed me her picture. She's quite an attractive girl. The fellows [crossed out word] certainly must have gone for them in a big way. I guess though that it wasn't so much of their having any more than American girls, it's just that they had it over here. Don't you ever worry though my Beautiful because you, 10,000 miles away, are still very much more appealing to me than anyone else ever could be over here; besides, I can't get down to Australia.

The [crossed out word] same night:

Oooow!!!

I must be getting old. I went out to play ball for the first time in four years and right now I feel all lamed up. My fingers are stiffer than the devil. I really looked as if I hadn't been on a ball field for at least four years too. Never did I realize that I had ten thumbs on my hands instead of fingers. Three balls went rolling right through my legs and one fly ball slipped through my hands and caught me right on the chest. I did damned well at bat though strangely enough. I hit fairly long drives all over the field. No one was more [crossed out word] surprised than I was although I must admit that everyone was very surprised.

Everywhere I go I seem to run into hillbillies. There's a hillbilly orchestra putting on a show here tonight and such moaning and wailing you never did hear. They are perhaps the saddest group I've heard in quite a while. Occasionally they take a break to let one of their members recite some little moron jokes. Right now they have swung into the sweet and lowdown number titled "Wednesday Night Waltz," a true piece of hill music which should never have bothered

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to come down.

I'm eating a very delicious chocolate bar which was given [sic] me for dessert at the mess hall tonight. We have chocolate bars several nights a week. They sure taste good. The steak we had tonight was also quite good. It was swiss steak but the cooks turned out a darned good job. This morning we had some nice toast with a lot of butter on it. Butter accompanies our every meal too, real butter not that damned synthetic axle grease we were always served at the 5th Depot. I am very well fed.

Gosh Sweetheart, love for you just seems to well up inside me until I can just think of nothing else and must tell you all about it. It's terrible [crossed out word] loving you like this because it just means that I miss you just as much as I love you. It's such a damned shame that we can't be together as should be and yet there's not a damned thing we can do about it. That's what makes me so mad about

the whole thing; it's so very futile. I hate and resent the fact that anyone, or any group of people should have such absolute and irrevocable power that they can dictate how I shall lead my life. What makes me all the more mad is the fact that there are millions more like me of all nationalities and on all sides in this war who have no interest in conquest or the conduct of war but who are a disorganized majority, powerless to do a damned thing. As I was saying though my Sweetheart, through all this one outstanding fact remains. I am very madly in love with you

With all my heart and soul.

Freddie