

Friday, October 20, 1944

Hello Sweetheart;

Do I present a familiar picture sitting here on the deck writing a letter? It seems that I have done this before. All this, simplified is just my way of saying that I am still on the ship, safe and sound. The only immediate threat to my well being is the danger of my going stark raving mad, but I feel that the danger of that is rapidly diminishing, and I am accepting this sojourn on our good sturdy seagoing craft with resignation. Things could be very much worse - I guess.

It's fairly cool on this side of the ship and I think that I will spend the afternoon sketching some of the characters around here. All morning I read an Agatha Christie thriller titled "The A B C Murders". It wasn't especially inspiring but whiled away a few more hours away from you. I have butts on the "Peacock Feather Murders". Ain't that peachy?

Poor Kilby, my Georgia friend, is now in the hospital - the lucky dog. He has indigestion and swears that I brought it on by feeding him part of a Hershey bar yesterday. I wouldn't at all mind spending a few days in the hospital myself. Good food, fresh cool water, and a bed with sheets and a mattress and pillow are not to be overlooked. I never get sick at the right time.

Dack Viren, one of the other fellows I chum around with is beside me writing to his wife. He also is one of the multitude of expectant fathers. His wife must really be worried about him.

That chocolate bar I mentioned a couple of paragraphs ago was one which I bought from one of the crew members. The poor unsuspecting fellow walked along the deck carrying a dozen bars and when he passed us, and we saw the bars, we descended on him like a flock of vultures thrusting our quarters at him and taking a bar without waiting to see if he was in accord with our purchase of bars. In about half a minute flat he was clinging desperately to a lone bar and clutching eleven quarters in his ~~left~~ free hand. For a while I didn't think he'd manage to hang onto that extra bar for himself.

Just think of all the money I'm earning by just sitting on this tub doing nothing. 20% more than I earned back in the States for sitting in a pyramidal tent doing nothing. Wonderful, isn't it? I personally hope I get that money so I can send it home to you to get the Christmas presents with. I can just see that money arriving in time to make the next Christmas rush. Maybe they'll pay us when we hit land I hope.

Last night I saw part of the picture "This Is The Army". It wasn't a bad picture but would never make me want to see it again. Immediately after the picture I unfurled my poncho and blanket on the deck and got a fairly good night's sleep. The decks are quite hard and yet there is a good side to it because the stenographer's spread, which I acquire by sitting on the deck all day is narrowed down by the constant mashing my hips get when I roll and toss in my sleep. By the time I get home I'll be so used to it that I won't be able to sleep in bed but will have to curl up on the floor. You'll get used to it though and will also learn to love sleeping on the floor. Don't you think so? Of course we'll have to do something about making the floor pitch and roll so I will feel quite right. Another couple of months on here and we will take our place alongside the Flying Dutchman as one of the mysterious sagas of the sea. I think that in reality it is all the work of the Navy trying to shanghai us.

Well, Darling, I have drained my daily supply of news and chatter and so I will go back to once more realizing how much I love you and miss you, Beautiful. You're my one and only post war plan and I can't wait to get back home and put you in effect. I love you, I love you, I love you!

Always  
Freddie