Wednesday

Bunny My Darling:

Another half hour of waiting for reveille in which I can write to you.

Last nite [sic] I went bowling at the alleys here on the camp. They have pretty good alleys here. Evers and his wife were going and they invited some of us to go along. It seems that I was the only one who wanted to bowl so I went along. My scores were pretty good. 141-166-145. I got a lot of strikes but usually didn’t follow them up with much of anything. Evers’ wife is the most ungraceful bowler I have ever seen. Her approach is something like that of an ungrainly cow walking sideways and she tries to throw the ball the whole length of the alley. Some fun! I had to try hard to keep from laughing when she sat down on the alley once. Such is life.

Bob went in town to a dinner at the home of some people he knows here. I guess he had a good time because he seems quite happy this morning, something unusual for him so early in the day.

2.

We’re supposed to paint the barracks today. I hope I can get out of this detail but I probably won’t be able to. This should at least give me something to occupy my mind for the day. Yesterday afternoon, while I was at the Service Club, the boys had to wash the whole barracks down well. I came back and my clothes were strewn all over the bed. My foot locker was across the floor and everything was upside down. I thought sure as the devil that we were moving out of here. No such stuff. They just gave us the order to put on our fatigues so I guess they sure as heck expect us to do some work here today damn it. Manny has the right idea. He’s going on sick call. I should’ve gone too.

All the fellows who were on furlough are back and they’re all running around like [scratched out word] mad trying to find an empty bed. I don’t know if they have found any in the next barracks but this one if full, even tho [sic] they put in some extra bunks at the far end of this floor.

3.

We may go to the boxing matches tonite [sic] if there isn’t anything else to do. Billy Conn is refereeing the bouts.

These fellows who’ve just moved in with us are [scratched out word] rather a stupid bunch of boys. I hope that either they or we leave here soon because some of them get on my nerves and are going to be told so if they keep up this stuff. Every one of them is busy trying to impress everyone else that he is tough and knows the score. They’re just like a bunch of kids.

That map of the Pacific Ocean that I told you about is now in my possession. I’ll bring it with me when I go to Lansing Saturday, if I’m here Saturday. Your mother would probably like to have it to check [scratched out word] on the progress of the war. It is a very nice map and is about five feet by four feet in size. Of course I don’t think it could be pinned up on a wall but if it is laid out on the floor and you stand on a chair above it you can probably use it all right.

4.
Delicious rumors are now floating around wholesale. Mc Manus, the C.Q., says that in the orderly room there’s a notice saying that 50 men are to ship to Camp Ellis, Illinois tomorrow at 800. This may not be us and it may. I hope it isn’t us because I do want to see you again before I go. If we are shipping out I hope they let us know beforehand so I can call you; then you would be able to come up here to see me. As I have probably said a thousand times before, this waiting and indecision are very irksome to me. If only they could tell us that on such & such day we are going to a certain place.

I met a fellow from Nashua, N.H. today. He has worked with my uncle for seven years and met my mother & father just before he came into the Army. I [scratched out word] had fun reminiscing with him and with another fellow I met from Colorado. They are both in their late thirties and are much better to talk to than the rest of the fellows around here.

5.

Later –

That legendary shipping order [scratched out word] didn’t include us but was for some of the other boys. About a dozen of them have left. We just heard that a new order just came thru [sic] telling them to keep right on holding us till orders come thru from Washington. We’ll probably sit the war out here waiting for orders to come thru (what’s so bad about that?)

We almost got out early today. I wish we had because I was going to take off for Lansing if we had. Instead we had to stand inspection, something which got me quite angry.

I did have a nice afternoon anyway. It was spent out on a nice hillside in the warm sunlite [sic] with Mr. Kennedy as company. The rest of the fellows were trying their darndest [sic] to look as if they were working so they wouldn’t get hooked for a detail.

By now Darling, got to get this posted so I’ll leave now. I love you an awful lot and send you

All my Love & Kisses

Freddie