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Sunday 27 May 1945
1400a Command
APO 322, Fresno.

Hello Sweetheart;

Sunday, just another day of the week, has passed and I sit here with somewhat of a headache trying to write this letter. It's just one of those small headaches that doesn't hurt much but just enough to remind me that it is there.

The mails were good to me today and I received a letter from you and also received the leather case for the colored photos. The pens were in the case and were in very good shape. They were well timed with the paper you sent me in the package I received this week.

A word in regard to the letter though Miss Robson. I did like it and was pleased to receive it, but I just want to remind you that Manny's prophecy seems to be in danger of being carried out. It seems that the day before you started the ~~letter~~ letter you did not write, the day you started the letter you covered half a page, and the day you finished the letter you added another page. I hate to complain because you have been very good about writing, but for the past month or so, since you went to work, your letters seem to be dwindling away to notes which are telling me less and less about you.

I love you and am very much interested in everything you do so how about making your letters quite personal as you used to and tell me just what you're doing, and when, and what goes on back there. You told me once that you didn't want our letters to lose their personal touch but you are doing that Darling. Your letters read that you did this and this and this and that's all. I like to know all the little things that happen. Things which you used to write about before. They make you seem much nearer to me. Don't take offense, I am sure you won't, I'm just doing this because you told me to tell you whenever I noticed anything like this. I know you think of me just as much and think just as much of me, and I also know that it is easy to put off writing and come to consider it just as a duty, but don't ever feel that way about it because letters are the only thing I have of you and I want them to be complete in their picture of you. You can come out of the dog house now Honey. I'm sure you never noticed this about your letters.

I didn't do very much today. I did manage to transfer these latest cartoons I am making for the article our section is putting out, to the paper they will be inked on. All I have to do tomorrow is ink them in. I have to reduce one of the

Cartoons in size so it will be on the same scale as the others. They should come out well on that pen and ink paper you sent me. That paper has a very hard surface and is ideal for ink work.

I had to make my daily trip to the dispensary but think that I will be through there before very long because my affliction is diminishing daily and I should soon be back to normal. I am going to try to swing a little deal with one of the fellows who works in the dispensary. He wants some fine chain to use on a locket. I have a chain that would fill his needs and I want an extra eyedropper to fill my new Waterman's Drawing pen. I'll see how I make out in bargaining with him.

After Dark this noon, I watched a ball game between the 14th Command and some colored outfit. The colored outfit won 6 to 3. The fellows from the Command never practise and just turn out for the game so it's a wonder to me that they do as well as they do. This is the first game I have watched in several months.

When the game ended, I went back to the battery and participated in the sport I adhere to, volley ball. For three hours we played. It started to rain, but since we were all in bathing suits, we decided to play through the rain. That rain felt

very nice after I had gotten heated up playing the game. I have always liked rain. I do not care for the by products of rain - mud. It seems that the two go together though.

You certainly are an avid newsreel fan aren't you Sweetheart? I'm very much afraid that you shall never find me in any of them though because they are all taken in combat zones and this outfit is anything but a combat outfit. You could keep a weather eye peeled whenever you see pictures from Okinawa. Kennedy may be in them. He's in the 27th Division.

It's too bad Peggy and Blair broke up but I can't say that I can blame him for not being able to stand her mother. Mrs Price is undoubtedly the most shrewish woman I have ever met. I'm glad she's not your mother because if so I'm afraid I'd be tempted to put her out of the way with some rusty old sashweight and slope with you never to let her darken our door. As it is, I am perfectly happy with my in laws and think I have been as fortunate in having them as I was in melting their daughter. That was the luckiest thing that could have happened to me. I am very much indebted to Bob for bringing you to the bowling alley the first time I saw you.

Your social calendar seems quite filled these days what with all the showers, weddings, dinners, and teas you are going to. Some day soon I shall be returning and then we can both go to the only wedding which interests me. Then Mr. and Mrs. Maurice will disappear from the public eye for quite a while. I am in such close contact with people for so long since I have gotten into the army, that I will just want to get away from all people except you.

You needn't worry about my attending that dance Monday night. The CO decided that problem for me. It seems that the names of five men were drawn from a hat and these five are to be the sole representatives of the 14th Command at the dance. I guess there will be a like delegation from all the other outfits in the vicinity. I thought something like that for the enlisted men was incredible. It can't happen here. So tomorrow night I shall go to the show. Tomorrow I have an afternoon off. I almost forgot all about it.

Our tent was unlucky this time. We had hamburgers to eat tonight, and no one from the tent was on K.P. Kowalchuk is on tomorrow but we are going to have spaghetti then. Till now, Le and Duffy have had K.P. on days when there was

good food.

It would seem that I got the wrong idea when you told me that you got Mom an apron on Mother's Day. I thought you meant that you got it as her gift from me. I found out different when Mom thanked me for the beautiful roses and then told me about the apron you sent her which couldn't "be described very well in a letter but has to be seen to be appreciated." She liked it very much.

It is the bedtime hour once more so I shall leave you with a nice long goodnight kiss before I go to meet you in our usual dream.

I love you my darling.
Very much.

Freddie