September 12, 1944

Tuesday

Hello, Again Darling:

At the close of another day I find myself more confessing to you the events of the day. It's so very nice to be able to write to you and tell you everything that has happened during the day. It's as much like being with you as things ever can be until I get back to really be with you. You can't realize how nice it is. Sweetheart. You're the most wonderful listener I ever had.

I passed my insurance physical bright and early this morning and spent a couple of hours in this way. While waiting I read Illery Queen's book, "The Spanish Cape Mystery." The examination was quite simple but yet it was much more complicated than the overseas physical was. When I got back I ran into a showdown clothing inspection, laid all my clothes out on the bed and then laid down on the floor and slept for an hour until the checker came. When he did come he didn't even bother to look at the clothing I had very carefully laid out but instead he just read off all the items on the list very fast and gave me credit for having it all. I was quite disappointed because I had gone to great lengths to lay the clothing out nicely. Tomorrow
we're supposed to go down and draw some extra equipment, shoes, extra fatigues, full field equipment, etc. Then, when we get that done we will have another inspection at which they will exchange any clothing that looks worn or also any clothing that isn't the right color or shape, or doesn't hang just right on us. When that is done we get a new list of clothing to draw—this is the issue which gives us a hint as to which theater of war we're going to—and after we draw this we have another inspection where we can hand in anything else we don't care for. Just before we leave we have a final clothing check to see if they missed anything in the previous dozen exams. All extremely complicated, don't you agree? The shoes which we draw will be nice because they won't have to break them in. They're saddle leather and are very soft. We also get some dubbing—an oily substance—which closes the pores of the leather protecting you against moisture and also deters everything with which you come in contact when wearing them.

This afternoon all we did was lie on our backs waiting for them to call us out.
They didn't call us out all afternoon so I was able to finish the Ellery Queen book. I have been able to discover the murderers in each of his last two books I have read. Congratulations! Maybe we should become a detective team. (chuckle) My brains and your beauty. I'm sorry. Darling, I just took it for granted that you had both beauty and brains, you realize that don't you. That reminds me of a situation which arose between Isadora Duncan and George Bernard Shaw. She was a great believer in eugenics and wrote G. B. Shaw an invitation to make her with child. She said, 'I could not help but be superior with her beauty and his brains.' G. B. replied that he was sorry but he could not comply with her request because he didn't want to take the risk that the child might have his beauty and her brains.

I'm going to a show with Bob Kennedy. We saw a very weak picture called "Atlantic City." Thursday there's going to be a very good picture here. It's "Arsenic And Old Lace" with Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, etc. It should be very good if it is anything like the play which I saw at Lowry Field and liked very much.
I hope I get a letter from you soon.

Darling because I miss you immensely and would like so much to hear from you. The first mail started to come in from Grant today but I didn't have a letter. The mail came through in short order from there. I know I should have sent that telegram to you on Sunday when I was in town but I didn't. In any case, it will be so very nice when I start getting letters from you regularly once more though. They help so much, sweet. I love you so.

I got the book “Coffin for Dimitrios” from the library tonight. It’s supposed to be a pretty good book. I don’t know if I’ll have time to read it but I hope so.

Tomorrow night Bob and I are going into town if I can get a pass. Bob leaves Friday as he wants to spend as much time as he can in town before he does leave. He really is going to the tropics too. He is even getting sun glasses. Quite extra,

How are you all getting along at the cottage. It would be so nice if I could be there with you Honey.
Wednesday Mom—

They put the litter out on me Darling, but here I am back again as soon as possible. They just can’t keep me away from you.

I really have characters in this barracks with me. Two of the fellows are having a very infantile feud. As soon as one of them goes to sleep, the other one rushes over and wakes him up shouting “C’mon get up. P— call.” This goes on all through the day and for into the night. Another pair keeps trying to ambush one another with the fire extinguishers. They’re just about burned out the damned things, squirting them at one another. The fellow directly across from me is an Italian kid who is wonderfully free from the handicap of brains and who’s one beautiful hatred is all officers. Last night he was arguing with himself as to why the bachelor officer’s barracks were declared off limits for enlisted personnel; the only conclusion he could arrive at was that the officers brought the beds and nurses there to date their lads and did not want enlisted men to snoop on them so the area was declared off limits. That was the only conclusion he could arrive at. The fellow next to him agrees with him in all these crackpot theories and gives him new and wiser ideas to work on. It’s really a madhouse.
Howard Gold went to Marysville last night and this morning he is extremely irate and won't anymore to set foot inside Marysville. All he did was eat, drink and walk around town. He had a steak at the Hotel Marysville which was "as tough as old leather". The waitress asked him how he liked it so he told her that. Then he had a drink, walked around the block, had another drink, walked around the block again, and so on until 9:00 P.M. when he called it quits and hurried back to camp. He's quite disgusted as is everyone else who went to town. Bob and I are still going if I can get a pass today. They are rather skimpy with passes. There's a lot that can be done right here though so that's no particular hardship.

Everyone is laid out on his bunk fast asleep. It presents quite a picture. The major in charge of the battalion said that he was going to whip me into shape for overseas duty but I don't think this is helping very much. All we do is lie on our bunks and sleep. Bob's C.O. called his company out the other day and told them that there was baseball and volleyball equipment in the
supply and that he wanted to apologize for
making anyone feel out who wasn’t interested
in these games but that they could go right
back to their bunks. It’s a wonderfully lazy
life but I fear it’s going to make me quite
gazy.

All the fellows are falling out in antici-
patation of a formation. They just aren’t used
to being left alone for any length of time and
are always sure there’s a catch to any
life as easy as this.

This is the last letter I will write to
Roscommon. Starting tomorrow I’ll send
them to Lansing. That way, if the letters
do get to Lansing before the weekend your
father can just bring them with him when he
goes up to get you Sunday. I take it for
granted that he is going up to get you Sun-
day. It has seemed funny addressing your
letters to Roscommon after having sent them
to East Lansing for so long. It will seem more
natural to send them to 510 Butterfield Dr.
again.

I’ll close now, my Darling Sweetheart,
sending you all my love and kisses and a
great big hug. I love you!!!

Freddie