My adorable little heathen;

I just received a letter from you this noon. It seems that the postoffice has decided to deliver every other one of your letters now because I have received numbers 37, 69, and 71 but no signs of the letters in between those. I hope they come soon. As you can guess by the salutation at the start of the letter, this was the letter in which you explained your views on the deity. I will have to go into my ideas on the subject a little farther on in the letter.

A new book has just been added to the list of books I am going to read. I have this one though and just want the time necessary to read it. It is "World's End" by Upton Sinclair. It seems that Capron has three of the books in the series and lacks only "Dragon's Teeth" to complete the whole. That is the second book. I will read this and then try to get the second somewhere so I can continue reading the series in its proper order. I think that I will like it because from what I have heard of it, it is very good reading.

This morning I visited with Daley for a while. He sprained his ankle the other day and is hobbling around on crutches. I guess he did a good job of it because it was swelled way the devil up and is painful. It seems that the baseball team is jimmed because he is its second member to hurt himself. The other fellow was the shortstop who broke a couple of bones in his foot. He may get a discharge because the doctor here said that the army usually figures that a man is of very little military value when this happens to him. He had a bad knee, his left one, and now he has broken his right foot. He is in one hell of a fix.

I want to see the show last night and sat through a "Why We Fight" picture and a Merrie Melody. By this time I was developing symptoms of callouses on my posterior so I thought I would retire to the tent to write you a letter rather than sit through the main feature. I will go to see that this evening. I can utilize the time prior to the showing of the main feature by writing to you. It is the picture "Unseen" about which I have heard many conflicting reports, mostly in the negative. Since I have very little faith in the convictions of a judgment of my fellow man, I believe that I may like the picture. Most of these jokers here get a tremendous boot out of the few cowboy pictures that come here. I guess that, on the whole, these boys do appreciate the finer things of life (my standards are my yardstick in this statement but I fully realize that maybe I am wrong and that the things I appreciate are not the finer things after all.) much more than others in the army. I think of the Roy Acuff followers when I speak of "others in the army".

Yours was the only letter that I got this noon. I had rather expected one from Momm because I have not heard from her for quite a while. It may be that her letters are with the ones which I have not yet received. I am anxious to hear from her to find out how Dad is getting along. I hope it has stopped raining at home because the rain bothers him a great deal.

You are trying desperately to get a tan aren't you Honey? I have no difficulty at all along those lines. If I stay out in the sun for any length of time I become black and look definitely like what my last name stands for morose. Very sinister too. Aren't you worried? With this moustache, I should really look very Latin. You so go for the Latin type don't you. Mention of Latins reminds me of an article I read in some book. It was an article written by a Frenchman in which he claimed that the reputation which has been bestowed on the Latin race, the French in particular, was resulting in the destruction of them. According to him, the poor Latin feels that he is honor bound to uphold this reputation, and as a consequence, he kills himself trying. What a way to die though. You ask if I am by any chance of French extraction. Well, if you promise not to take advantage of my truthfulness, I will confess that I am. You're not are you?

This has been a drab day. It has rained all day but at least it was not hot as it usually is. There was a distinct chill in the air this morning. I dispelled it
very quickly with some coffee and doughnuts at the Red Cross. That is a life-saver in the morning. When do you work, you ask? Why whenever Capt Capron can corral me and give me enough work to keep me busy. I do a little work though really. Enough to earn my board and keep. At least the army is still letting me partake of their meager repast and sleep under one of their tents. You can tell from the foregoing sentence that I am at heart, not one with the army. I still like to think of myself as a civilian who has been indentured but who is earning his way to freedom. I am in the army but not of the army. The heart which I left with you is still in civilian clothes. Or haven't you noticed?

The shirt I have on at present is rather a beaten-up article. It is one of the shirts I was issued back when I first came into the army. The sleeves are too short, the collar and cuffs are frayed, and my elbow is hanging out the right sleeve. I still wear it because it is one of the two shirts I have with stripes on it and I am not in the mood to sew stripes on my others. If I ever get up in the Philippines I will try to hunt up somewhere to have them sewed on for me. That is one task I do not like. The trousers I have on are also part of my original issue and are degrading up my legs slowly but surely. I have buttons of every color, size, and description on them. One of these days I shall have to burn them in for salvage.

I think this typewriter will type a great deal better than the other. Darker at least. I just went to chow and have returned, even as gallant Doug did. We had a meal of hamburger which tasted very good. I could not enjoy the meal to the fullest extent though because I saw something before I went to eat which almost turned my stomach. It was the announcement that there would be a non-coms club for us. It seems that this club would not accept privates and privates first class as members though. This very democratic gesture achieved the very honorable and admirable feat of barring from the rolls of the club about 10% of the personnel here. These damned fools are the stupidest people. I guess all people are alike in this respect though. These bulwarks of democracy have no idea of what the hell democracy means and are always setting artificial standards of discrimination. If it isn't color or race or religion it has to be rank. This is a holdover from the regular army where the caste system held sway. I don't like it and am not making any bones about it. The hell of it is that the new battery commander is 100% behind the idea. I was approached today about helping to work on a battery paper. I think that I will accept the offer and that I will do a little sniping in my cartoons. In case I have not mentioned it, I do not intend to join the club. I am not naturally a joiner but this doubly assures my disdain for the dubious pleasure afforded me because I happened to be lucky enough to be presented with three cloth stripes. I can hardly feel all the added prestige that I got with them.

There was no mail tonight but I have fond hopes that tomorrow will bring a lot of it to me.

The Roscommen bond rally sounded like quite an affair. It must have been fun to watch though. Did they get much by way of subscriptions for bonds? Don't speak of those proud mammas and papas, whose progeny were at the bond rally, with your tongue in your cheek. I can just picture you being the very same way when Michael gives his first recital on the bassoon or Ellen makes her debut as a singer. The only difference will be that there will be no bond rally to excuse their performance. Of course, since neither of us are musically inclined (pardon me I forgot that you play the piano) they will undoubtedly not become musicians.

Now I shall try to clarify my reasons for thinking as I do about our presence here. I think that your idea of our arrival here by spontaneous generation is rather hazy. It seems to me that there seems to have been too much of a synchronized pattern of things for it ever to have just accidentally happened that we suddenly popped full-grown out of nowhere. It seems to me that there must have been some force responsible for our being as we are and where we are. I don't mean as individuals because I can't subscribe to the idea that each of us is personally looked after by some supreme being. This force is the concept god. Men realizing that there must
have been some force at work, when the earth and all else in the universe we created was formed, have tried to make this force more tangible by picturing it in their likeness and making it seem as human as possible; this being they call god. I believe in this elemental force, although I do not picture it as a man pulling the strings that control us all, and I also give it the same name god.

Now start in on the third medium I have used in this letter (medium is probably the wrong word because it would take a slight stretch of the imagination to classify each typewriter as an individual medium) and I am still hard at work writing. To continue with the discourse on my religion:

I believe it true that there is no day of judgment or hereafter. To my way of thinking, the only hereafter for us is in our children who will be of us. I can't quite agree with your idea of mentality being merely a machine upon which impressions are made, filed away, and then used. You allow no room for creative thought. I think there is just a shade more to it than that. Many men of genius seem to have been guided by more than impressions they have had. It still seems to me that there is something in each person which will influence his life. You get many types from the same family. The majority of things we do learn, but I still believe there is a little more than just that. Of course I don't believe that we are endowed with a conscience at birth, the kind of conscience which enables us to tell right from wrong because right and wrong are very relative terms. I don't think our creeds are very much different. Many religion or any language though, I still love you very much.

To make the picture "Unseen" and found it to be a fairly good psychological murder mystery. Of course it was quite evident from the start that Herbert Marshall was the only one who could have committed the murder.
These damned jokers in my tent are getting on my nerves. They are all half potbellied and insist on trying to argue with me on any and all points. They got some more ice tonight and need a lot of beer. I had about four bottles of the stuff. It was really icy and tasted very good.

Time to go to bed, Sweetheart. I will begin off abruptly kiss you very ardently and wish for you

Sweet dreams.

Freddy