Dolores Sweetheart;

As you can tell from the date and the number this letter I did not write yesterday. I’m very sorry Darling and will see that I do better from now on. We started classes yesterday morning and already I can type ASDF – ;LKJ – RFUJ – EDHJ. Isn’t it wonderful. I was quite surprised that we did get that much the first day though. It isn’t bad at all and already I can see where they may be able to teach me to type in 30 days. We also had a very dry class on the organization of the military component of our Federal Government, this subject can’t help but be dry particularly since this is the fifth or sixth time I’ve studied this particular theme. The main point is that it’s organized like a pyramid, and as far as I can see, with as much purpose and as much superfluity. I am not happy!!! Does this surprise you when you know that every minute of the day I spend remembering how very wonderful you are and recollecting all the time we spent together and the wonderful feeling of having you in my arms and kissing you. I repeat “I AM NOT HAPPY IN THE ARMY”

The typewriter I am using in class is an Underwood, and, although it is not the latest model, it is still quite a good typewriter. The fact that the typewriters are left in the classroom all through the night, necessities, the posting of a guard over them to assure that there will be no midnight requisition made by anyone interested in appropriating a typewriter, and here everyone is interested in appropriating a typewriter, and here everyone is interested in this. We do have some damned good L.C. Smith’s and new Underwoods. Notice how I’m talking like an experienced clerk already. I have reason to hope that I shall get a fairly good deal from this course since I may get into a headquarters outfit. This would suit me fine.

Our food is very good. It is the same stuff that we got at the other place but fix it up better. My gastro

intestinal tract is responding marvelously to this coddling and is even resuming its normal modus operandi. This suits me fine because for one while I dared not wander more than a stone’s throw away from one of the johns. A terrible feeling I can assure you.

The more I see of this place the more certain I am that again I have stumbled and fallen into a good deal. Our small day room is quite elegantly furnished with varnished tables for writing and with a radio for listening. We also have a lot of books of the Pocket Book variety and magazines a volleyball net, a diamond, and horseshoes provide the means of our athletic diversion and from 3 to 4 PM every day we have an organized athletic period in which we can play these games. I’ll have to try to get myself some shorts and a supporter so I can get my legs tanned a bit. It’s too bad I had to lost those swim trunks, I could’ve worn those. I’d still like to catch the person who took them.

Say, have I told you what happened to Donald Shook, one of my friends in the 270th? You remember how I’ve told you that we’re continually being fed spam don’t you? Well, Shook got a nice Christmas box from home the other day and the first article to greet his eyes when the opened it was a can of Spam. He vows never to speak to his family again.
Our boy Clem Dvorak, the boy who believes the world is flat, is now being made to believe that he is a boxer. He is a fairly big boy and weighs 200 pounds, his ignorance is the only thing about him that exceeds his strength so, under the coaching of a couple of jokers who like to kid him he has been led to believe that he is the coming white hope of the boxing world. They have him out running around the area and shadow boxing. Till he just about drops and then they give him shaving lotion rubdowns. He’s all enthused about the whole thing and wants them to get him about in the regular matches they hold every week. The fellows just want to have fun and don’t want him to get hurt by really trying to box someone so they keep stalling him off by telling him he isn’t in condition yet. I feel sorry for him because he’s so damned serious about the whole thing and is so conscientious about his “Training”.

Last night I saw the picture “The Merry Monahans” with Jack Oakie, Donald O’Connor, and Sheila Ryann. It was quite a good picture and the first time I’ve seen D.O’Connor and Sheila Ryan. They were quite good in it. The picture tonight is “Casanova Brown”, and, since I’ve already seen it, I think I’ll stay in and get caught up on my correspondence. I owe letters to Shugerman, Kennedy and Barnhart, all of whom will be immeasurably amused by the fact that I am going to school in New Guinea. I’m anxious to see what their reactions will be. They should be amusing to say the least.

Do you remember Barnhart? He’s the very shy fellow we met the Sunday morning you were in Rockford. Remember how I introduced you and Bill just blushed, looked for a crack in the street to drop into and, not finding one located conveniently, remembered that he had somewhere to go in a terrific hurry. Well, as shy as he is, he did go out with a girl once – or maybe it was twice. He just took her to dances and that was all there was to it. He corresponded with her when he got in the Army and when he wrote her that he was going overseas she suddenly wrote him a torrid letter disclosing a secret passion for him, or as Bill put it that she was “warm for his form”. Poor Bill sat back and let his blood cool off and then answered her letter in kind, by way of experimentation. In his latest letter he tells me that she has written him another letter in which she expressed her intention of meeting him in New York City on his return and the two of them doing the town together intimidating that things would be intimate to the point of the joint occupancy of a double room with double beds while they are there. Bill is thinking of shedding his present cocoon and emerging as the butterfly – about – town who has a pressing date with a very hot and alluring flame. I never expected it of him even as he had never expected that of her. Bill incidentally, is going to Columbia University after the war, quitting his plans to go to the small Missouri College he attended before the war. I think Bob and I were responsible for his change of plans.

Our humble domicile was invaded by rats last night and the little bastards did away with a good portion of a Hershey’s chocolate bar I had here. I shouldn’t call them little though because they left their footprints in the mud outside the tent and the damned prints are the size of a housecats paw although they are shaped like a rat’s foot. Judging from the prints, I’d say they’re over a foot long. I don’t think you’d like this place at all Darling. They don’t bother us but they surely raise hell with any food we leave lying around.
Sunday night

As usual, Sweetheart, it is raining. It started during one evening meal and hasn’t let up yet. After waiting under the overhand of a roof for a half hour I have up and made a run for it, consequently I am rather moist to put it mildly. I was supposed to go over to collect my pay too. Oh, well, I don’t really need it right now so I [scratched out word] can just as well let it go and wait for the next time a pay roll catches up to me. I may be able to get paid tomorrow night. I’ll have to check up with the company to see about it.

My candle is burning quite low and flickering to beat the devil. I’ll have to get a can to make a shield & reflector for it so I’ll get more light & steadier light.

5.

This afternoon was wash day. I let my clothes soak all morning and this afternoon I scrubbed them, rinsed them and hung them out to dry. Then came the rain and the clothes are being quite thoroughly rinsed out. The best part of the set up here is that the wash tables are just outside the showers and after we wash the clothes we can strip down and take the washed clothes into the shower to rinse them. It’s almost fun that way. It is a very cool way to rinse clothes. Speaking of being cool, I was quite cool at supper since the wind was blowing a fine spray of water through the screen into my face. This was very cool and pleasant and was the most comfortable meal I have yet eaten.

I hope it stops raining long enough for me to go get a canteen full of water. It’s funny to be thirsty when in the midst of so very much water. Our ditches are all running over and the tents are leaking in sundry places. One of the fellows here in the tent pulled my cot in toward the center of the tent while I was gone thus keeping me quite dry until I could get back here and hang my poncho up to keep all water out. The tent leaked right in on my fatigue jacket and almost soaked your photographs. I caught it in time though and rescued them, like the cavalry rescued the wagon trains, in the nick of time.

Our library affords me with my favorite form of diversion, the reading of detective stories. I’ve finished Perry Mason’s “Case of the Curious Bride”, a thriller titled “Farewell my Lovely”, an Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine,

6.

and am now floundering through E. Queen’s “Roman Hat Mystery.” I suppose it’s rather futile and fruitless reading but I enjoy them and derive a lot of simple and innocent pleasure from them. Simple little soul, your lover. But you must admit that he does love you. Never have any doubts at all of that Sweetheart. That will always be. You’re so damned exquisite and lovable and I miss having you to hold so very much.

There’s a ditch running across the path at the side of my tent. It is rather deep and I sit here chortling with delight every time some poor soul sloshes through the ditch about knee deep in water. Sadistic aren’t I. What a facetious husband you will have Darling so many-sided I am. I am very consistent in loving you though.

This [scratched out word] pen I am using is one I bought for lettering. I bought some Australian ink and don’t dare use it in my fountain pen for fear it will clog the pen. The ink is right up to par and
conforms to Aussie standards. It’s OK for use in this pen though because there’s nothing for it to clog. I’m hoarding the reminder of my Scrip for sketching purposes and fueling my fountain pen.

Tonight I’m going to try to match wits with the rats around here – they say the human brain is superior and I’m going to try to prove it. Feel that brain, it’s relaxed too. The way I’ve got it figured out is this; the damned rats can get into my box and can climb the poles and get on the beams supporting my tent, to fool them I’m going to lay the candy atop my mosquito bar so they can’t get to it – I hope. These rats will have to get up quite early of a morning to keep ahead of me I guess. See, I’m smart too. You’re really getting a good man don’t you think – or don’t you?

7.

There will now be a slight pause in the writing of this letter while I light another candle. The candles I use – it’s terrific- but you are more than well worth the expenditure. Honest Injun!!!

One of my tentmates is holding all the others spellbound with his prowess as a seamaster. He is abbreviating a pair of sun tan pants to shorts. When I get a little more wear out of my old set of sun tans I’m going to do the same thing. They make very satisfactory shorts if only I am able to get a supporter to keep my modesty intact and out of sight.

Some fellows tell me President Roosevelt voiced the opinion that the Japanese war could conceivably come to an end about the time the German war ends. I fervently pray that he has the inside track and has the goods to back up that statement because such an occurrence would make me an [sic] hysterically happy person then which you could find you happier. I was glad to hear that you’re wearing the engagement ring to be so you’ll be used to wearing the wedding ring when I get back. That wedding ring will go on so fast and so permanently once I get back that you’ll think it grew there. As for myself, I will have to start sleeping in the raw to get used to it only it just won’t seem right while I’m alone. I won’t make the practice [sic] so realistic that it includes anyone else though. I’m saving all my love for you. Are you still wearing my pajamas. I’ll bet they are a nice fit. You must certainly look good in them. You’ll have to save them so I can see you and see how they fit. I’m very sure you’ll look as lovely as ever in them Sweetheart. You’ll always be the most wonderful and most beautiful person in the world to me.

8.

I’ve did it Darling! I went after water in the downpour and brought some back. I did not step in the ditch I mentioned earlier in the letter but I believe this was the only body of water I mussied on the way over. Another month of this weather and I’ll grow webbed feet in self defense. After a heavy rainfall our whole area looks like an enlarged version of Lake Michigan with our tents as islands. Our meals are regulated by the rise and fall of the tides since we can only reach the mess hall at ebb tide. Of course I wouldn’t kid you Bunny. Honest Fred they call me. See, another virtue I have, I’m honest. Gosh, you hit the jackpot in me all right, you fortunate little Darling you.

I will close now Sweet so that I may pour the water out of my shoes and prepare myself for another journey to you on the wings of a dream so be ready Darling. Goodnight now. Until I meet you tonight I’m telling you that I will send you all my love and kisses

Forever

Freddie