Dear Sweet Darling;

As I sit here in our little ghost town I feel lonely and feel the need of your presence more than I ever had. I miss you more than you can ever know Sweet. It seems so long that we have been apart and so much longer that we will be apart that, as some of the fellows so aptly put it, “outside I’m laughing, but inside – tears.” You are so very precious to me my darling I’m feeling rather despondent at present and probably shouldn’t write while I’m in this frame of mind, but somehow it’s just like talking to you and it makes me feel better to get it off my chest. You don’t mind my unburdening my troubles on your shoulders do you Miss Anthony.

I would like so damned much to be assigned and to know that I’d be with the same group from one day to the next instead of living in expectation of moving, and leaving all the friends I have made, from day to day. It is extremely bad for my moral, not that the Army gives a damn for that. It’s bad enough being so far from home but when you are constantly losing any friends you may make it is even much worse.

If you ever hear anyone say that the Army does a person some good and that it makes a man of anyone while that person is in my presence you’d better hurry me away to avoid a scene because, surer than heck, about that time they would find that I disagree with that theory quite violently and would not hesitate to tell them so. Today I am thoroughly disgusted with the world at large, with the exception of you. You are the one person in the world who keeps a spark of faith in the ultimate disentanglement of this foolish goddamned mess which the singular stupidity of some diplomats, with the far sighted vision of [scratched out word] moles, has gotten us into.

An interruption of five minutes came between us just then while I availed myself of an offer of some assorted nuts one of the boys got from home. I still haven’t received mine but some packages which were mailed October 5th have come through so I hope to receive mine at some date soon.

Last night I worked like a beaver. I am now an A-1 file clerk. We filed a few thousand cards alphabetically last night and I’m here to tell you that it was one hell of a job. We didn’t finish until well after 11:00 PM and my eyes were as heavy as lead. The coffee we have at 9:00 PM helps a lot. We had tuna fish sandwiches to go with it.

When I got back, and while I was undressing to go to bed, someone came along wanting to know if I were Barnes. IT seems that he was being aroused at midnight to leave here. I don’t know where he was headed for but that’s surely a heck of a time to get anyone up.

Mom said in her last letter that she hadn’t received a letter from Arthur for a couple of weeks. I think, and hope, that he is on his way home. Under the new system, however he’s eligible to be returned here after a furlough of from 21 to 30. When they send me home, they’d better be sure it’s for good and that they won’t need me here anymore because I’m afraid that having once returned home I would be the lightest bit reluctant when the question of being reassigned out here came up. I know just
how Arthur will feel if they pull that off on him. I hope that he does go home and that he will be assigned in the States.

4.

Wednesday, Nov. 29, 1944

Good Morning Honey;

I gave up trying to write yesterday because I was really down in the dumps. Today I feel slightly better, still not in the pink of condition but I am more at peace with the world than I was yesterday. I am threatened with a case of the G.I.s and my stomach is fairly well upset, I think it was the Spam sandwiches I ate last night. Something must have been wrong with them. I trust that I shall live through it to see another day and to dream yet more dreams of you. In fact I’m even going to go on a little excursion to the beach this afternoon.

Last night was spent checking payrolls. I’m getting so I’m quite a hand at it now. I’ll be a regular clerk before I realize it. The fellow I was teamed up with was a Kansas boy, a very good friend of Kilby’s as I found out, and was a very nice fellow to talk with. It helps pass the time when you have someone to talk with while you work.

I was astonished at some of the things in those records. We were checking those of some Negro Troops and the venereal rate was surprisingly. Among whites there are only isolated cases that you run a cross every once in a while but these boys had a very heavy percentage. One of the service records indicated that the fellow had gotten married and then made out an allot-

5.

ment for his wife, he cancelled it before it even had time to go into effect, reason, divorce. Another fellow served a year in the Army from 1927 to 1928 when they found out he had enlisted fraudulently and had only been twelve years old when he enlisted. Someone really bungled things there.

I did my laundry this morning. Two sets of fatigues, shorts and socks. I just let it soak overnight and scrubbed the devil out of them. They are sparkling white. Don’t get any ideas though because my career as a launderer ends upon the expiration of my present contract with the U.S. Govt. No more for me, thank you.

Gerry Inserra just showed me a Hawaiian dollar bill. It’s just the U.S. dollar except that toward the outside vertical edges of the bill on both sides, running vertically, is the word Hawaii. It is also printed right across the whole back of the bill. Gerry guards the finance office one day and the post office the next. He picks up a lot of different coins and stamps which he saves. He told me that he thought I might be able to get some blocks of four Australian stamps if I went down there. I think I’ll try it and if I get them I’ll send them to your father for his collection.

6.

Last night, for the first time in weeks, it did not rain. In fact it was almost as bright as day outside last night. This will help relieve the danger of floods which constant rain would cause. The rain here is quite terrific while it lasts. It comes down hard in a solid sheet. It drops almost straight down though so our tent gives us very adequate protection.
One of the fellows lent me a book which I am sure you would like. It is titled “The Old Soak”, author Don Marquis. It is the effort of an old soak to set down a complete description of a saloon, enumerating all the virtues of one. The story was written after prohibition reared its ugly head and the Old Soak figures that generations of the future will hear people refer to saloons and never know just what one is. As he puts it “Often in my own perusal of reading matter I run onto institutions I’d like to know more of. But no one ever set down and described ‘em because everyone knowed [sic] all about them in the time when the writing was done. After I thought I would ‘a liked to knowed [sic] all about them Hanging Gardens of Babylon, for instance, and who was hanged in them and what for; but nobody every described ‘em as far as I know.” His intent is to be sure this is not true of the saloon which has been abolished by the “Eighteenth Commandment” If you read it let me know how you like it won’t you?

I am now the proud possessor of four candles. Three of them were handmade, by Redmon, from candle drippings, just before he shipped. The other was given to the denizens [sic] of the tent. I’ll have to sit up all night my night off writing letters to all and sundry to burn them up. Another fellow just shipped and left me co possessor of a nearly full bottle of Parker’s Qwik. It’s an invaluable gift out here.

My desk had to be rearranged this morning. The squad leader went on a rampage and made us toss all boxed out of our tents. All the stuff I had in the boxes had to go on the desk. It is now rather crowded but I don’t have to do any more writing on it since I made myself a [scratched out word] writing board from a piece of box and some cardboard.

A little later

Gerry and I started for the beach this afternoon but called it quits. The roads were dusty as the devil since they’ve had a chance to dry out in the past day. You could hardly see twenty feet through that damned dust. After waiting about a half hour we got a ride about eight miles down the road but then decided to call it a day and thumbed back.

We came back here and took a nice cool shower right here. I didn’t feel an awful lot like going to the beach to tell the truth so it’s just as well we didn’t go. Kisner was here waiting for us when we got back to our tents. He’s one of the boys who left a couple of days ago. He is stationed right near here and has a damned good clerical job. Jack Viren is with him too. They got a good break.

Say, Darling, I’m going to start numbering these letters I write. Today will be number one. At our last camp in the States, and on the ship, they wouldn’t let us but I understand that her we are allowed to do it. It will make it a lot easier for you Sweetheart.

While on the ship, I wrote something everyday with only a couple of exceptions which I mentioned in the next letter. I did not skip more than one day at a time as far as I can remember and if I did I would have mentioned it in my next letter. While here I wrote every day.

Goodbye for now my precious darling. I have to go to work again tonight. I wish you were here or I were there so I’d have some other way to spend my nights. Sweetheart,
I love you with all my heart

Freddie