

Monday, November 13, 1944

Dearest Darling;

Two full days have gone by now and I haven't received a single letter. There's plenty of mail at the post office but they're certainly not getting my share to me.

I just got back from the show where I caught glimpses of the picture "A Night of Adventure" between the massed heads of a vast G.D. audience. It seemed that all the heads were in constant motion making it doubly hard to see, to top it all off a third detrimental factor entered into it and that was the fact that the seats in the last five rows, where I was located, are built lower than the others. All in all I did a hell of a lot of neck stretching to see a fairly good picture. I never do it in civilian life but out here ~~the~~ one must do what one can to relieve the monotony of our day to day tedium.

Our hike today was not as bad as I expected it to be. Instead of being a  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hour affair it lasted about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours and the pace was quite sensible for a change. I could almost enjoy hikes if they were all of that variety but I am completely out of sympathy with anything more strenuous. They may woo me over to the idea of exerting myself but, knowing myself as you do, I am inclined to share your opinion when you scoff at this idea.

Tonight in the picture one of the actors expressed my feeling for you. It went something to the effect that I love you more than I did yesterday but not quite as much as I will tomorrow. Isn't it strange Darling that when you love someone very much, that love seems to

grow all the time. Before <sup>2</sup>very long I'll just love you to death. Aren't you afraid sweetheart? I would be if I were you. That's dangerous don't you know.

Do you remember the fellow who bought the goat at Camp Grant? Wood was his name. He is now with me here in New Guinea. He was telling us that at the last camp he was at in the States he realized that he wouldn't be in the States long so he wanted to spend what little time he had left in a prone position. He and a few other fellows went into a barracks, dragged all the spare mattresses in the building into one of the non com rooms, piled them up about three or four deep all over the floor, locked the door and just slept all day, only emerging at mealtime. He has quite a few officers around here tearing out their hair trying to find him. He is absolutely the most independent man there ever was in this man's army. The bone of all officers. I would like to see him tangle with the camp commander here because he'd be more ~~of~~ <sup>than</sup> a match for him. Nothing or no one on earth could ever force him in the least. The medical officers here gave him a physical exam to see if he was still limited service as his record stated. The first question the doctor asked was how Wood came to be placed on limited service, what his ailment was. Wood calmly replied that he had no ailment. The astonished doctor then asked again how in hell he ever got on limited service. To this Wood replied that if he told the doctor how it had happened he wouldn't be believed so there was no use of wasting both their valuable time telling him. The doctor got so mad that he gave Wood a very

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Careful examination and wrote all the ~~big~~ diagnoses in Latin so Wood couldn't read them.

Henwig and Redmon are trying to decide just how much Redmon should be paid for his beer ticket. Redmon wants three florin and Henwig wants to give him two. It looks like a stalemate to me, but one which is apt to go far into the night and ruin my plans for a good night's slumber. I'll have to hop on their necks as soon as I finish this letter.

Next morning

Good morning sweetheart, no, no, don't let me disturb you, let your head rest right there on my shoulder, that's a nice girl. Gosh but I love you dear. I'm looking forward to the day when I return to you as the most wonderful day in my life, to be followed by a lifetime of days even more wonderful.

My candle burned out last night so I had to leave you in a hurry and went to bed. It got quite cold during the night and I woke up once shivering. It was the ~~damned~~ damndest feeling. I was ever so slightly awake and it felt just as if there was a heavy weight on my legs. I couldn't move a muscle but just lay there thinking that it was cold and not doing a thing about it.

They've got a new system of breaking me up during training, the net result of which is to put me in with a group of men I don't know. All my friends are in another group. The squad sergeant doesn't think very much of the fellows I came in here with because most of us don't exactly think his soul is as lily white as he would like us to

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believe. Quite a few of the boys let him know just what they thought of him and as a result we are all in the doghouse. I guess he thought it would be a good idea to split us up.

I forgot to tell you that our hike yesterday was with stripped field packs. That hurt. Our C.O. did have the good sense to take an easy pace and not try to kill us. You know, sweetheart, I was never meant to be a beast of burden and the thought of harnessing myself with a pack, just like a goddamned mule, rankles like the devil.

I'm not sure but I think our squad may possibly get K P again tomorrow. I hope so because I'll most surely pull it and if I do I won't have to go on this silly training. It's very silly too. I'll let you know if I do get it and I hope I do.

Goodbye now Dearest Darling, Remember always  
that

I love you with all my heart

Always  
Freddie