

Saturday, Nov. 11, 1944

Dearest Darling Dolores;

Today I am on K P but am still happy because I got a nice long letter from you. It's the one you wrote right after you got my first six letters. It was wonderful Darling and I enjoyed reading every word of it. Of course I know my brother's name is Arthur. You weren't very sharp on that one sweetheart and missed the point completely. Read it over again and then look at the top of the first letter I wrote you. Ah, me! You're shipping Sweetheart.

Call me Gunga Din because I am a water boy on the detail today. This is the third time I've had K P since I got in the Army. It's rather hot work but isn't too bad. Henwig, Ingers and I handle all the water, which is put up in five gallon water cans shaped like this. They are ~~easy~~ easy to handle but they do get heavier than the devil after a while.



Yesterday I didn't write to you Sweetheart. Instead I went to the show to see "Summer Storm" with Redmon. It was a good picture. When I got back I was so tired I just went right to bed. I had to get up at four o'clock this morning. It's very strange Darling but almost everyone is in bed by seven o'clock at night every night. An ordinary day's work really takes it out of me here so that by seven o'clock I'm ready for bed. When we're married we'll have to keep up this practice only I don't think I'll be quite as tired as I am here, not with you there with me. I quite agree with you when you say that existence as rabbits would be much better than existence as feet. Rabbits do have more fun than anyone.

In regard to your suggestion that you quit work when we get married and that we take a month or more vacation just relaxing and enjoying ourselves I think that I have very fully covered all that in my letters. I want to be home in March so that we can take off till the following September. We could just have a wonderful time. Spend some time in New Hampshire and then maybe your mother and father would let us go up to the cottage for a while. I am so lazy that I'm sure when I get out of this Army ~~etc~~ I'll never do a hard day's work in my life, but I guarantee you that we'll be very happy and will have a wonderful life together.

I would say that you are as strongly entrenched in the minds of Mom and Pop as the girl they want most for a daughter in law as you could possibly be. Mom's last letter mentioned a letter from Mary which she was forwarding to me. Drum wanted me to tell her what was in it and told me that she felt sorry for Mary but that I was to do nothing, under any circumstances, to hurt you - as if there ever was any danger at all of that. It just shows you just how much they think of you at home. She also said that Dad was feeling swell and that the doctor told him he'd only have to take two more treatments and would be as good as new. She says the improvement is remarkable. Oh, yes! she also reminded me to refresh your memory about visiting them when you graduate. What is this strange power you hold over them anyway? Is it the same one you hold over me? Whatever it is, the Mauncies certainly go all out for you.

Our beer tickets were issued last night and, since I was offered a half pound for mine I decided to forego the dubious pleasure of drinking beer

and to sell the ticket. I paid 38¢ for it and was paid \$1.60. I'll be foolish not to.

I'm doing a series of small pen and ink sketches which I will send you as soon as I get enough of them done. They aren't very detailed but should give you an idea of the surroundings here. The sketches are done on filing cards - on the back of them - and the comments are on the front or ruled side. I can carry these around in my fatigue pocket and sketch whenever we get a break. Of course one of these fine days I'm going to run out of ink and filing cards and will have to resort to pencil and whatever paper I can dig up. That's war for you though.

Every time I read your letter I feel homesick and miss you like blue blazes sweetheart. You're so very dear to me that every minute away from you is like another bar on the prison I feel I am in. That's just exactly how this all seems to me. The rules are the bars that separate me from all the beauties of life. I consider myself more unfortunate than a prisoner in the States because here there is no time off for good behavior, no visiting day to see the people you love, and there are not even the recreational facilities offered prisoners. It does seem odd, doesn't it, that in a supposedly free world where civilization has advanced to a remarkable stage, a person must serve time and waste away the best years of his life. Men create situations like this and then point fingers at one another trying to ease their consciences by putting the blame on one another. It's just a case of man's brain proving to be a Frankenstein's monster and creating things which prove to be more harmful than beneficial. Philosophy, that's what you're getting again.



K.P. finally ended and I'm quite thankful for that because it was rather rough. I really worked all day but was let off early tonight. I will probably catch my death of cold because I got all sweated up, got rained on till I was thoroughly wet, and then had to get inside the refrigerator which was cold as the devil. To top it all off there were cases of beer in the refrigerator which belonged to the cadre. I couldn't even get a sip. One of the fellows who was working with me is quite droll and quite amusing. This morning he was really blowing off about how unjust it was that the cadre should have all that beer while we can't get any. About that time one of the cooks took a can of beer out and brought it into the kitchen where this fellow was standing. The cook took one sip and then set the can down for a minute while he went into the back room. This friend of mine hurriedly downed about three quarters of the can and, after setting the nearly empty can down where it had been, set about looking very innocent and unperturbed. The poor cook came back and couldn't figure out wherein hell the beer had disappeared to. It was all a very amusing procedure and helped pass the time.

Walchek, one of my tentmates is really sounding off about his own stupidity. He got his mosquito net all fixed up ~~and~~, crawled in and tucked himself in very nicely when he discovered he had enclosed a lighted cigaret inside the net with him. He had to tear out a corner of the net to get rid of the cigaret.

God damn! all this talk of having your picture taken and I still don't got one. You'd better start sending them along, sweet because I want to surround myself with pictures of you. The more I have the merrier I'll be.



I'm glad to hear that you're not giving up the idea of those projects you said you were going to work on. Is there going to be provided paper eh? Let me know how you're coming along won't you Darling. I just want to keep track of all new developments so don't go teasing me like that by telling me all about your pictures and not sending me one - I want a lot of them.

This letter situation is terrific. I still have 22 of your first 58 letters en route and have not received them. A lot of mail came in yesterday so maybe some of those letters will be here. I hope so, and yet I'm afraid that if I get them all I'd have to settle down to a very long period of waiting for more. I can always reread the letters I do get through.

Tomorrow I plan to go down to the beach swimming and sketching. That's as nice a way of spending a day as I can think of when you're not around. If you were here I'd undoubtedly think of something better to do with my time but until then my present program will have to suffice.

Goodnight for now Sweet Darling, I leave you sending you

All My Love and Kisses  
Freddie