

Sweetheart;

Another day without any mail from you. I'd better get a letter because I'm feeling very low and oh, so lonesome. I miss you so very much Sweetheart. I have missed you all the time I've been away from you, and I shall continue to miss you, just as I love you, more and more every day.

I went out for a walk and did a little sketching today. Nothing much, just a study of the church I told you I wanted to sketch and a few sketches of people. I sketched the people at the cock fight I went to. It was the first, and most likely the last, I have gone to.

After I finished the sketch of the church [scratched out word] it started to rain so I couldn't start another sketch from a different angle. I headed back for the highway to thumb back to the Command and it stopped raining so I wandered around the sidestreets [sic] of the village. I hit a couple of dead end streets and finally stumbled on one where there were some Army vehicles parked. I wandered up the street and heard an uproar of shouting coming from what looked to be an old barn. I went up and saw that it was the place where to cock fights were held.

For the grand sum of one peso I was admitted [scratched out word] into the building where there was a large throng of people all shouting and gesticulating at the same time. There was an excess of noise, of motion, of smoke and of offensive odors. It was one hell of a

2.

place. I'll draw an approximation of the floor plan of the building which was a one story affair, really just a roof held up by pillars. There were no side walls, just a fence all around.

[large drawing of floor plan]

The crowd is gathered around the arena which is raised about four feet above floor level. In the waiting room, which is really a part of the arena but which is separated from the arena [scratched out word] proper by a fence, are all the contestant awaiting their turn. Refreshment stands are all around the place, all operated by women, since the men are busy watching the fights. The stairs at either side of the waiting room lead up to two small balconies looking down on the arena. The admission to this is an additional peso. The floor of the arena is dirt.

It seems that everyone is shouting at once trying to make a bet on the next fight. The air is full of fists filled with peso notes. I can't see how they can keep the bets straight for it seems that they just make bets with anyone and don't keep any records

The smoke and the smell of all those strange foods is almost enough to turn ones stomach

3.

There are cocks tethered to the ground all over the place. There are people there of all ages and of both sexes, predominantly male though, and they all seem to be frenziedly excited about the fights.

In the arena are a gatekeeper, a sweeper, two starters, and what seemed to be a judge or referee. The owners bring their cocks into the arena and thrust them together to a point where they just are out of one another's reach. Then the starters chase the owners out of the ring and each takes care

of one bird. They take turns allowing the birds to strike at one another's necks just by way of getting them mad at one another. The birds, being no smarter than the people, fall for this gag and allow themselves to be all worked up about it. Then the spur is given a final check. It is fastened to the left leg and is a razor sharp steel blade about four inches long.

For the start, the birds are swung forward three times so they're staring one another in the eye, then they are set down on the floor three or four feet apart. They give one another a fishy eye for a minute and then fly at one another for a great fight which usually lasts almost a minute until one of them gets a direct hit and goes down. They usually hold the defeated bird up and, if he is not quite dead, allow the victor to administer the coup [scratched out word] de grace. It is all a very gory business but they love it. The finale comes with the sweeper sweeping up the stray feathers and blood to prepare the stage for the next battle to come. It is all a damned nauseating business which does not appeal to me. There are probably fifty fights of a day.

4.

The movie this evening [scratched out word] was terrible. It was a Gloria Jean debacle called "Easy to Look At" There were no short subjects or anything except just this main picture which lasted only an hour, thank god. I hope they get a good picture soon, I'm getting awfully tired of seeing these damned things.

In search of entertainment, I went to the club last night and got in on the party there. There was an orchestra and some fellows brought girls so there was dancing. I did not dance, however. I did have a whiskey coke and a couple of bottles of beer but that, plus a couple of turkey sandwiches (canned turkey and spread damned thin too) and a little bit of salad. Oh yes, I almost forgot the cup of coffee I had.

Four of us got together and played a rubber of bridge. They closed the place up when we each had a game toward rubber and each had 90 points toward the last game. That was as nice a place as any to end the game. It isn't bad at all up there in the club. The place is decorated very nicely except for the mural behind the bar which I consider quite out of place. All the woodwork is painted a la Pennsylvania Dutch and is very gay and festive; then, over the bar is a mural, done entirely in blue, consisting of nude women in a forest of blue trees. In the center is a naked man supporting an equally naked woman in his arms. It is entirely out of character with the rest of the room. The funny part of it is that the fellow who designed it is one of these terrifically "impressed - with- own- genius" characters who thinks that he has meticulous taste.

5.

He was just thinking of something that was all right by itself but he didn't take into consideration the way it would fit in with the surroundings.

The fellow who did this is truly a character. He considers himself the totally and completely cultured man and all his associates are merely uncultured boors. He will use rather obscure and pedantic words and will then, without prompting of any kind, explain what the word means. He acts very much astonished if anyone should know. He is probably one of the most boorish people I know but I enjoy having word duels with him and finding little cracks in this armor which he throws up around himself. I think I annoy him at times when I do this, [scratched out word] I hope so. I think he is just a

man who is trying to overcome a fear of being inferior by building up his ego [scratched out word] by learning a smattering of this and that which the ordinary fellow does not run up against and then trying to awe him with this learning. Whatever the reason, he is terrifically obnoxious character.

Enough of this though Darling. I must leave you now so I shall once more remind you that I love you with all of my being and am yours and only

Yours Forever.

Freddie