

Friday

September 15,44

Sweetheart;

I'm afraid that I very nearly did not get started on this letter before bedtime. I was a very bad boy and went to a show over in the Wac area. After the show I went into the PX there and had a Pepsi Cola and a milk shake while Touma, Thomas, Sgt. Maxwell, and Sgt. Gearhardt quaffed brews. I behaved myself though and did not flirt with any Wacs while I was there. Wasn't that nice of me. Too [sic] tell the truth, I couldn't flirt with any of them because every time I looked at one all I could think of was you and you're so much nicer than any of them that it was hardly fair to them to even think of comparing them to you. Darling, you're so much sweeter and dearer to me than I ever dreamed anyone could be that there just could never be anyone else – ever. I love you Sweet.

I guess I told you, in the letter which I forgot to mail to you, that a couple of shipping orders came out this morning and that I was on neither of them. Since they are both tropical shipments I am not sorry I missed them. Rumor has it that there will be a new order out tomorrow and I will probably be on that one. If so I hope it's an arctic

2.

shipment. Some of the fellows have had a little fun with the boys who were on today's orders. The rumor they spread was that all of us – only 41 – who were not on those first orders were to go to a general hospital at Santa Barbara. All the other boys knew that it was an impossibility but yet there was enough of a doubt in their minds that they were extremely curious.

That sore throat of mine has developed into an old familiar ailment. Do you remember that miserable cough I had the first part of the year Honey? Well, I'm afraid that I'm once again threatened with it. I get quite choked up and try not to cough but when I don't cough it just gets worse. It's a darned nuisance. I hope it clears up fast. I think that the drastic change in climate is responsible for it all.

There was supposed to be a G.I. party here tonight but not a single person here did a lick of cleaning up. The C.O. probably won't like the idea but I have an idea that it won't make any difference because none of the fellows give a damn since we won't be here very long now.

3.

Some of the boys came in just now and they have gotten quite potted on 32 beer. I don't know how they can do it. Either they imbibe enormous quantities of the stuff or they have great imaginations. Maybe it's a little of both. Right now they're arguing like mad about New York and whether it's any good or not. The consensus of opinion seems to be that, to New Yorkers, New York is the epitome of all that is good and worthy in a city; but to anyone from outside New York, it is not so hot. They're going at it hot and heavy.

You appreciate a good story so I guess I'll tell you the adventure of Wilmer and the Goat. Wilmer is a Georgia boy who is tall, gawky, about twenty seven, and lazy as all get out. Just before we left Grant, Wilmer decided that what he wanted to do more than anything was to spend a few days in Beloit, fishing and vising with his girl friend. So, Wilmer got an overnight pass Thursday of the week before we

left Grant and stayed away until Tuesday morning. One of his adventures during this time was the one with the Goat. It seems that Sunday night Wilmer was drinking in a bar in Beloit when he met a civilian. The civilian seemed like a nice enough fellow so Wilmer started buying drinks for him. When a sufficient amount of alcohol had been

4.

drunk, the civilian got a crying jag and told Wilmer how desperately he needed money. He had spent it all and payday was still three days away. Wilmer, wanting to help the civilian asked him what he had to sell. It developed that the only thing the civilian had, in which Wilmer was the least bit interested, was an old billy goat, so Wilmer agreed to give him all the change in his pockets for the goat. They got it into Wilmer's car [drawing of car] and hastened over to get the goat. Wilmer paid 75¢ for it. They then took the goat back to the tavern with them and sat it upon a chair at their table. It wasn't long before they noticed the goat lapping up the stale beer on the table top. Wilmer got the inspiration then of seeing if he could drink a goat under the table and so the goat was fed shots of whisky with beer chasers. Before long the goat was as drunk as Wilmer was and was wobbling around fiercely begging for more drinks from the customers. So passed the night. [sic] In the morning when Wilmer had sobered up slightly he found that he had acquired the goat and, although he knew he had had a reason for buying the goat in the first place, he found that with the process of sobering up had come the

5.

process of forgetting why he had bought the goat. After a quick inventory of the situation he decided that he would ingratiate himself with the cook so off went Wilmer, his car, and the goat back to camp. Trouble was encountered at the M.P. gate, however, when the MP decided that the goat could not enter the camp since he was not in uniform. Despite much arguing, the MP remained adamant and Wilmer had no choice but to get rid of the goat. The goat was taken back to Beloit and was duly presented to Wilmer's girl friend who is now in possession of Wilmer's goat. This story sounds rather fantastic but it's exactly what happened.

Saturday morning –

Good morning Sweetheart. Every morning when I waken I look on the pillow next to me and feel so darned empty when I realize that you're not there beside me. You should be don't you know and at the earliest possible date I'm going to awaken in the morning with your beautiful head nestled right into my shoulder just as it should be. Why can't it be that way right now Darling. I wish so much that it were. This war will end soon though and there will be absolutely no time wasted before we're married. I love you.

6.

I didn't tell you about my haircut did I. I got my first haircut from a woman barber yesterday. There's one in the PX here and she's supposed to be a terror as far as haircutting is concerned and gives strictly GI haircuts. I managed to start a nice conversation with though and my hair was cut just as I desired. She's a character and is built along these lines [drawing of lady] only more so if possible. She's

from Nebraska and sympathized with me for being so far from home. She knows just how I feel. She's really quite nice when you get to know her.

I have to get ready for an inspection now Honey so I'll close this letter telling you once more that there isn't a sweeter, nicer person in the whole world and that I'm the fellow who will love and worship you

Always

Freddie