

Monday

Sept. 11, 1944

My Own Darling Sweetheart;

I have had a big day today. This morning I went to be interviewed and to make out allotments and this afternoon I had a physical examination. The interview was funny. I discovered: [1.] that I am now a pharmacist, [2.] that I am on a designated shipment [3.] that since I am on a designated shipment I will in all probability be gone in a week's time. The fact that I am a pharmacist testifies to the efficiency of the army classification system. In what other army could the produce an expert in such a field with a mere sweep of the pen. What I will be expected to do in this capacity I do not know but at least if I get a job in which I will use this spec number it should be a nice job because pharmacists don't race up and down the lines of battle concocting mystical potions to soothe the aches and pains of our men. When I asked the classification expert what the spec number 149 was for he drew out the AP on spec numbers thumbed through it and then very gleefully asked "Do you know anything about pharmacy?" When I replied in the negative he chortled and said "Well congratulations, the army has just made you a pharmacist."

2.

Of course I could always paste labels on bottles and count aspirin tablets, etc.

The shipment on which I am to leave has already been drawn up – i.e. it is a designated shipment – and this means that it will leave within the next week or ten days. I imagine that the interim will be quite hectic. I don't know where I'll go but I'm rooting for Alaska. I would like very much to be stationed in Alaska, far from the damned heat of this cursed California sun.

It was quite hot today. The temperature was 100 ° inside the PX this afternoon so it must have been about 110° or 115° outside. It was really a scorcher no fooling. Last nite [sic] was quite cool however. I felt the cooling because I had no blankets so today I drew my blankets from supply and will not be cold tonite. [sic] There's a slight breeze right now which feels wonderful.

All I do during my spare time is drink a lot of water, tonic and milk and then just lie on the bunk and sweat it all out. It must be very healthful and pore-cleaning though so I shouldn't complain.

3.

If I stayed here any length of time I would surely lose weight. Maybe that would help because I am violating the tradition of the Maurices and am putting on more weight that I need. That probably doesn't matter at my age though because Dad weighed about as much as I do when he was my age.

Again I did not send a telegraph Darling. I was going to and went to the Service Club and two PSS trying to find a pay phone but the Service Club and one PX were closed and the other PX had no phone so I just gave up. You'll have to wait for my letter Sweetheart. I do want to hear from you very much too Sweetheart. It's been almost a week since I've heard from you. Any letters you send to Grant after I saw you last should be getting here soon though.

Bob Kennedy sprang a good one today. As he was leaving me he informed me that he was going to have tea and strumpets. Sounds like a very good idea.

One of the fellows who was stationed in the Aleutians for quite a while told me about how bad it was being separated from women for so long. He said when he got back he was all set to get married but had to wait five days. According to him those five days were hell and he

4.

was in misery through the whole five days. He couldn't even touch her without becoming extremely excited sexually. I had to laugh when he told us but he told me not to laugh too loud because I was in a swell position to find out just what he went through when I got back from overseas. I still hope I go to Alaska, and I still love you, and I still look forward to my wedding day as the happiest event in history. And I would like to tell you once more how very much I love you but for fear of being repetitious I won't because I know that you know that I love you more than anything else – ever, so there's no need of my telling you so once more.

Everyone here has had a G.I.haircut. I guess I'll have to indulge soon. I will wait until I hit the P.O.E. though and get it there so it will have a change to grow out to quarter inch length on the boat ride.

Some of the fellows are out in front of the barracks singing tender and sentimental ballads. At present they are kicking around the song "Let me Call You Sweetheart," having just finished a tough struggle with "My wild Irish Rose." To add to all this there's a dog fight going on out back. Some fun.

5.

I have to go down first thing in the morning for my physical exam for insurance. It will, I am sure, be more rigorous an exam than our overseas physical which, as I told you on page one, was merely a shorthand examination for venereal disease. It was all a great force as they all are these days. Everyone passed with flying colors.

We're supposed to be off restriction tonite [sic] and should be allowed to go to town. I hope so because it's dead here. Well Sweetheart I have to close again because of lights out so goodbye Darling. I love you! I love you! I love you! Honest.

All my Love and Kisses

Freddie