

[added note: Aug. 26 or 27/1944]

Sunday –

Darling;

Blue Sunday Morning. It's raining to beat the blazes here today and apparently will not let up since the sky is very much overcast. It does not bother me very much however since it suits my mood exactly.

Last night Bob Bill and I ate at Bishop's and then went to the show, Yes again, to see The White Cliffs of Dover, a picture very much along the lines of Mrs. Miniver. It wasn't too very bad though and helped to pass time.

No news of our shipment has come through yet but the rumors are flying thick and fast. Many of them insist that our particular group is headed for Camp Beale. As much as I hope that this is in error, I have a hunch that it may be all too true. It is supposed to be a rather godforsaken place, miles from nowhere, up in northern [sic] California. It's impossible to tell just where we will be going though so I guess the best thing to do is just to wait and see what fate has in store for us.

I've got my winter undershirt on today for comfort's sake. It's rather warm and in that respect it is very nice, but, it is also very prickly and itches to beat the deuce. I suppose that I will have to suffer silently though and bear my own little cross. You [sic] lucky, all you have to do is lie before a nice warm fireplace and read the funny papers. You wouldn't invite me would you? I guess you just don't care whether I do catch pneumonia or not. You could be doing so much to keep me warm too if only you were here or I were there. There's just too much distance between us for my own comfort and peace of mind. Why don't you do something about it don't just stand there looking beautiful. End the war why don't you

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I tried but it seems that wishing is not quite enough. I'll see what I can do about it when I get over there.

Bill is giving me an inferiority complex here, he is rattling off letters at a tremendous rate and I just sit here pecking away. I guess I will have to learn how to type. You can show me how after you teach me to drive. Don't you remember telling me that you would when I was in Lansing?

We had a rare treat for breakfast this morning. The cook surprised us with individual omelettes [sic] [sic] and about eight slices of bacon for each of us. It was very good and was one of the best breakfasts I've had in the army. After breakfast I spent a dime of my last thirty cents for the Chicago Tribune and read the funnies in that and also in one of my tentmate's Chicago Sun. Next to you I think I'll miss the funnies most when and if I go overseas. Imagine going without the funnies for months, not knowing how Terry is making out or whether Dick Tracy has caught the Brow. War is truly hell Darling. There is a ray of hope in the thought that maybe the Calcutta Journal The Rangoon Times or the Bougainville Tribune will carry these comic strips if I go to the Pacific. I'm taking it for granted that in the event I go to the European theater, some of the European newspapers will have been civilized to the extent of carrying these features. They must be after exposure to the cultural influence of the G.I. Joes over there for such a long time. It is funny about comic strips though, they can be bought in all P.X.s in

the form of comic books and are the largest selling item in almost any P.X. The adult American mind at work. I know that I personally read them whenever I find them lying around. EVEN !!

You must be hard at work trying to get all the work ready for Miss McKinley's return. Don't you wish I were there to

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help you rearrange some more shelves. Why don't you contact the army and arrange for a release for me on the grounds that I am vitally needed in the civilian job of shelf revising, I'm sure they'd understand. The army is filled with understanding people, it says right here in the fine print at the bottom of the third page.

This noon Bob and I are dining here at the mess hall of the hospital that Bill is in as Bill's guests. I think it was very nice of him to invite us over to share his meager repast, don't you think so Darling?

There are a couple of officers in here now and they are also typing letters. Both of them use the same typing system that I do and it sounds very funny. The typewriters are limping along with very erratic pecks and the fourth one flows along very smoothly providing a nice background against which the pecks stand out very pathetically. It all sounds very funny. Like the rhythm section of a discordant symphony. Boy, have I got poetry in my fingers this morning.

One of the officers came over to borrow some bond paper and some carbon paper from Bill. He told us that he sent duplicates of the same letter to everyone he knew and that this saved much time. A unique idea but one that might lead to complications if I were to attempt to send duplicates of the same letter to you, my mother and father, and to Jim Martin or Swifty. I think I'll stick to my present method since it seems much wiser.

I don't know what I'll do after I eat. I have enough money to get me to town and back but that is all. I will probably go to the U.S.O. or the Mason's and sponge off them again. The happy hours I spent at the Mason's making merry, eating their pie and drinking their milk and cokes. Those are the things that help me keep a slight measure of faith in such organizations. I wonder if other places are

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as nice. I certainly hope so.

Bob just came in looking especially happy for a Sunday morn. Usually he is unapproachable until noontime, at which time he starts thawing and approaches a more civil state of behavior.

There are some pool tables here and I think that as soon as I finish this letter I shall have a try at this ancient and honorable pastime. I've only played a couple of times in my life but have fun fooling around. I know that I should demonstrate more piety on a Sunday morning but I just can't help it. I must be a stinker at heart. Are you sure you realize what you're letting yourself in for when you marry me. Oh, you do? It's nice that you don't change your mind even though you do because one thing I never want you to do is change your mind. It'll be so wonderful being married to you and putting all those postwar plans in action. Say Darling would you send me a copy of the floor plan of that house we were looking at the last night I was in Lansing? I'd like to have it because I like the basic plan of the house,

although there are many changes I think we will have to make if we use that plan. I'd like to have a copy so that when you speak of it in letters I'll have it right there for reference. O.K.?

I'll close now sweetheart, sending you all my love and kisses and reminding you that I am

Yours Forever

Freddie