

Tuesday, January 9, 1945

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Dear Sweet Darling;

This is the last letter I will write to you from the Army Clerk's School because tomorrow at 8:30 AM I leave here for the 5th Depot, that damned hole which is quite comparable to Dante's deepest hell. I dread the thought of returning there since I am very sure that they will have everything so mixed up that I shall remain there forever just training and going out on details. Why in hell they can't place men any better than they do is beyond me. I've been here about 2 ½ months now and still I have not been assigned.

We just had out last typing class now I can go lie around in the Depot until I forget all I ever knew about it. The least they could do, but won't, is let us do some work over there that would let us keep in practise [sic] instead of just marching and listening to silly lectures given by people who don't know a damned thing about what they're talking about. Just about all my friends in the 270th have shipped out now and Hoppy isn't going back to the same company that I'm in. At least we'll be able to get together in our time off, if we have any. Just you hope with me that I am assigned soon won't you Darling?

After this class we are being given the morning off to pack our things. I know that I'm going to get rid of a lot of stuff that I've been lugging around for ages. Most of it is no damned good and just takes up space in my bad. I'm going to get rid of those civilian shoes because they're not worth the trouble it takes to carry them. They're pretty well shot.

Just think Sweet, it's over four months since I last saw you. It's been the longest and drabest four months of my life without you. It's unbelievable how very much I miss you my Darling. Life without you with me just isn't worth a tinker's damn.

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We do have so very much to look forward to when finally the war ends and we are together again. This is the only thing that makes this the least bit bearable. I just try to slip my mind in neutral and just let these days slip by fast. Too bad there isn't some way of just blanking out the mind so that time would be non existent [sic] and then restoring it to normality when I was with you. If you miss you nearly as much as I do you Sweet Heart, I feel sorry for you indeed.

Another scorching day lies ahead of us. The only thing all this sun and heat is doing for me is giving me a good tan. I am quite well browned now. I guess I'll lose some of this tan when I got back to the Depot because I won't be able to get out and play in the sun every afternoon. Even my legs are quite tanned thanks to my home made shorts. You'd better spend some time out in the sun this summer so you can get a tan also. If not you'll make me look like a colored boy by comparison when we get married. I can always keep you out in the sun during the summer part of our honeymoon and get you tanned that way. I wish we were starting that honeymoon now instead of only planning for it. It can never start too soon for me. I can hardly wait for my chance to teach you the facts of life from the ground on up. That will be the most enjoyable task of instruction I will ever have. What's that? You think I may be surprised and learn a thing or two myself? Impossible!! I read a big thick book once so there

ain't [sic] nothing I don't know, I think. I hope you do teach me something though, you'll find that I'm a very apt pupil.

I will have to write some letters today. I owe Mom and Dad a letter and haven't thanked my Aunt Bunny for the Christmas package plus owing letter to about a dozen of my friends, I've

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neglected them all in favor of you. See how you rate.

I don't know why but I feel like eating a hamburger right now. I don't know what made me think of it. It just occurred to me that I'd like a hamburger with a tremendous slice of raw onion on top of it. [scratched out word] I really appreciate a lot of the things which I took for granted at home: ice cream, cold coke, hamburgers, malts, etc; we'll just have to keep our refrigerator stocked with all these things when I'm home. The first meal I'll eat when I get back is going to be a nice thick steak smothered in mushrooms. So now I'll go to the mess hall and feast on a meal of canned vegetable stew, or chile con carne, or bully beef. This bully beef is an indescribable imitation of meat. It is bright red and when cooked is still red in color. It is quite stringy and falls apart into long tough stringy pieces when you touch it with a fork. The taste is equally indescribable, it is slightly salty and outside of that quite neutral in taste. It is not very good. Maybe in the Philippines, if I ever get there, there will be no more bully beef. I hope so.

How is Tommy getting along? I imagine that he has probably left the States now. I don't imagine he likes being a medic very well, but I think it's just as well he got in that instead of in the air corps as a gunner. That is a very unenviable job. Give him my regards won't you.

Mom seems to think that you and Pauline could do the town together if you go to Lynn for a visit. Pauline's boy friend [sic] is gone also so you two could just weep on one another's shoulders. You do weep when you think of me don't you Darling?

Later the same day

I just saw a picture which was fairly good but which had a special significance for me since the

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leading lady was the spitting image of you. Honest Injun, Sweet It was just like seeing you right there before me. It was amazing and disconcerting because there you were and I couldn't reach you. The name of the picture is "My gal Loves Music" starring Bob Crosby with this girl, name unknown, playing the female [scratched out word] romantic lead. In the scenes in which she wore her hair in braids she was your identical twin. I just can't get over it.

Today has now passed and night has fell and here I sit putting the finishing touches to this letter by the flickering light of a [scratched out word] candle. Speaking of candles I heard a joke concerning candles today. It seems that at the Wac detachment there is a standing order that all lights must be out by 9:00 PM and all candles must be out by 10:00 PM. Just think it over, it's rather subtle and sneaks up on you.

I finished one copy of the plans for the first house I've designed for your approval. I'll try to make a copy for myself tomorrow and will mail you yours. As I have time I'll put the finishing touches to

the plan and send you copies of all additions I make to this plan. This is a lot of fun. I'm even thinking of making a scale model of some of these houses I design, after I am assigned. That would be a lot of fun and would be a very nice way to pass time.

Well, Darling, I have to get up early tomorrow to finish my packing so I'll give you a big hug and kiss and tuck you away to sleep and dream of me even as I shall dream of you and of how very much

I love you.

Freddie