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Wednesday December 6, 44

Good Morning My Sweetheart;

I'm very sorry to tell you that I didn't write yesterday. I fell asleep yesterday afternoon and barely woke up to make chow before going to work. I feel a lot better for the sleep though because I guess I needed it. I was able to stay awake quite well last night too. At first I thought I'd get the night off because I was supposed to but there was so darned much work aged of us that I couldn't get off. Bennett and I worked together checking cards and bitching, mostly bitching, about what a damned mess this war was and how very much we both wanted to get back home. I do want to get back to you so very much Sweetheart. I'm really afraid to think about it too much because it just depresses me so much. I love you terribly

They now have a new angle here and are turning all the tents inside out. Theoretically it is supposed to prevent mildew on the inside of the tents, actually it only serves to make the damned tents leak like sieves. They can never leave well enough alone and must always be monkeying around. They did not get as far as my tent yesterday so it remains one of the four tents in our platoon which have not been inverted. Thank God.

The more I think of it the more positive I am that I shall be a casual forever so don't hesitate to send anything here Darling. Unless something drastic occurs I am going to be the last man here. The way I feel right now I just don't give a damn. Casual or assignee, there really isn't much difference if I have to be apart from you.

In an effort to kill time I have once more turned to the Pocket Book Mysteries and read "The Peacock Feather Murders" yesterday morning. That's why I didn't

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write in the morning. I thought I'd do that in the afternoon. I'm sorry Honey.

At mail call last night I got two letters from mom & Dad and that letter from Mary. Mom said that all was going along well, Dad is back at work and the improvement in his health is wonderful. I'm very glad to hear that. I do so hope he stays well now. Mary's letter didn't say much except that she's back at school, graduates in February and wanted to send me the thank you note she got from Babe and Swifty. All your letters are up to date now so all the ones I get now will be new. That means I won't get as much mail from you as I did for a while. They spoiled me by holding it back for a while and then flooding me with mail.

Say Darling, can you take surprises? I hope so because I got one for you. I am going to school again. Yes, I really mean it. They're sending me to Clerk's School here. When I get through there I'll probably be as signed. Can you imagine that, I've travelled 10,000 miles or more to go to school. One thing I will say is that the Army is really [scratched out word] doing a job of educating me. One thing I'm glad of is that they will undoubtedly teach me to type and that is something I can always use to good advantage. I don't know just how long I'll be there but it will be a while. Your mail to me should reach me just as soon because the school I'm going to is right near here. I think it will be a good deal although I don't really know a heck of a lot about it. I'll let you know as soon as I go there. Oh, yes! I have also been

transferred to ordnance corps which is the fifth branch of the service I will have been in. Air Corps [Air corps symbol], M.P.s [M.P. symbol], Medics [Medic symbol], AST [AST symbol], and now Ordnance [Ordnance symbol], The ordnance is the branch I'm best suited for because that's the kind of work I did in the Air Corps. I think I'll like the whole set up.

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I tell you, they are very intent on seeing that I return to you in A-1 condition. Either that or they're saving me for a real emergency. After they've scraped the barrel thoroughly they'll lift it up look under it and there I'll be ready for action. If I have access to a typewriter I'll be able to type your letters. That will save a lot of ink. When I get the ink I think I'll resume writing though because I think it's much better to write letters than to type them. At least I'd much better to write letters than to type them. At least I'd rather receive them written. Mom is going to send me a supply of stationery and ink and is going to have the stationer pack them so they'll be sure of getting here in good shape. I have not yet received the package you sent, or any package for that matter. I hope I get them soon. I'm anxious to see what you sent me Darling.

This afternoon I'll have to get my stuff in order so I'll be able to ship at a minutes notice. I do have an awful lot of stuff to get in order too. Guess I'll make a full field pack and stow my [scratched out word] blanket and all my incidental stuff in it. I still can't get over the idea of going to school again. They just don't know what the devil to do with me. It's all right with me though. Keep 'em confused is my motto. Now if only the Robson domicile and the "little Robson girl" were here it would be just like old times. Since you're not here though it won't be pleasant, nothing away from you could be, but it should be more enjoyable than this present deal.

This damned prickly heat I have is just about driving me mad. It's all over my arms, back and [scratched out word] legs. I just lie here with only my shorts on and rise once in a while to rub myself down with shaving lotion. The alcohol in it takes the sting out of the rash temporarily. It doesn't help get rid of it though. I guess I'll always have

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it while I'm in this heat. They'd better send me north fast or I won't be any good for anything.

I overheard a funny conversation this morning. A rather old and bald boy was telling how he was once a K.P. pusher under a mess sergeant who was very G.I. The mess sergeant was always urging the pusher to make the boys work harder. Finally the pusher got tired of this and planned a little act with the K.P.s and another pusher. He fashioned a whip out of a stick and some rope put a couple of butcher knives in his belt and give the other pusher a carbine. [scratched out word] The KPs were preparing some of the foods. When the mess sergeant entered, this pusher started to lay the whip across the KPs and the other pusher levelled the carbine at at [sic] them and swore he'd shoot the first one who slowed down at his work. The mess sergeant ran, complaining and almost crying, to the C.O. to explain that he was being made a fool of.

While in the lighter vein I'd like to tell you a joke I heard. It concerns some paratroopers who made a practice [sic] jump over the mountain of Kentucky. As they floated down a little boy noticed them and screamed "Hey, Paw! Come Quick and bring yore gin. The stork's delivering 'em full grown.

The PX now sells ice cold coke now. We say three pence for about a pint of it. It's very good. I think I'll go back this afternoon and get some more right after chow. I hope they keep this up because it tastes very nice in this heat.

What would taste very nice now. Nicer than anything I can imagine is one wonderful kiss from you. I'd give anything for that right now my Sweetheart. You are so very wonderful and, even though I've been separated from you for three months, the times I was with you, held you,

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kissed you and made love you are still very vividly impressed in my memory. Therein lies the whole secret of my dissatisfaction with my present life. Knowing what awaits me at home when this is over I can't help but resent being away from home. I love you, see? Very much too! More than anything in the world.

Notice anything different about me now Honey? No, not the fact that I am yellow from taking atabrine, I mean the haircut dumbbell. It's quite apparent because there was quite a bit taken off. I'm quite apparent because there was quite a bit taken off. I'm surprised that you didn't notice. They have quite a barber shop set up. Two chairs a mirror and the whole [scratched out word] works, all for a florin. The makes the second haircut I've gotten in three months. Now bad eh? I'll promise to get them more often when we're together so you won't have to comb the hair out of my eyes to see what I look like.

The more I look at that colored photo you sent me the more I like it. It's very nice Darling and a wonderful resemblance – it really looks just like you. It makes me lonesome as hell though. You'd better be very careful when I get back. I'm liable to just love you to death you little darling. I'm quite a dangerous fellow don't you know.

When I got my haircut I decided that on the way back I'd stop in and get an alcohol rub to ease my prickly heat. By the time I got the haircut it didn't bother me at all and there were no traces of it on my arms so I didn't bother. Now that I'm back here in the tent, it also is back. Nasty and treacherous stuff, that it is. Shannon & I are going to cooperate on filling a barrel with water to take a shower as soon as he finished his laundry.

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Maybe that will help.

Speaking of laundry, I have the exact formula for making washday easy. Take one five gallon can, into the can shred one bar (3" x 2" x 6") of G.I. soap (almost pure lye), stir in 5 gallons of water slowly allowing soap to dissolve thoroughly. Allow clothes to soak in this mixture 48 hours then brush lightly to remove dirt. It does the trick every time. No boiling of clothes required. If the soaking doesn't kill all the bugs in the clothing they just aren't human. Aren't we all? Bugs or human what's the difference. No, of course there's no insanity in my family doctor – BRRRRPPP!!! – of course my mother and father were first cousins but that doesn't make any difference does it?

So, reminding you of the last words of Benjamin Franklin as he gazed, from his death bed, through the window to the fields beyond – "Hold 'er Newt, she's headed for the Shubbarb," I now take leave of you once more and send you all the love in the world from someone who always with love you

more than anything in the world. Very seriously now Darling here's a kiss, a hug and a reminder that I am

Yours Forever

Freddie