

Friday

Darling.

I'm at the Service Club again playing ping pong. I finally won a few games [scratched out word] against Manny and McManus. We've been playing all afternoon and have had a lot of fun. This morning Bob & I went out to our retreat and hid away. He read while I sketched him. I did a pretty good sketch of him today. He claims that at the present rate he will be the most often sketched soldier in the Army. Some of the boys foolishly decided to play softball in front of the barracks today with the net result that the Major in charge of the battalion caught them and restricted them all for the week end. I just get far away from the company area whenever I can, that way I stay out of harm's way.

It's another wonderful day just like yesterday. I hope the week end is like this. It would be nice to spend at least one week end together & not have it rain. We might even be able to have a picnic you know it. That would be swell.

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I just got the letter you wrote last Monday. I don't know what the devil held it up so long. That's pretty poor service between Lansing and Custer. I could've carried it back and forth in that time.

Junior popped in here and I saw him for the first time in quite a while to talk to him. He seems to be getting along fine and says that I should tell you for him that I'm behaving myself. That's as much as he knows about it – oh, excuse me I didn't realize you were listening, I didn't mean that. Just kidding.

Just think, at this time tomorrow I should be almost in East Lansing again. Won't that be swell?

The rumors have started again. We met some fellows who were studying languages at Chicago U. and they told us that they're leaving here today for Ft. Barkley, Texas for the Medical Corps. I

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wouldn't mind getting in that. At least in the medical corps you're doing some good instead of harm. We heard from one of the fellows at McCoy and they are all getting furloughs and are going to be transferred to other outfits when they get back. Some of them have already gone to medics and one to the engineers. It looks as if they may take pity on all us AST's after all and give us some kind of break, I hope.

We visited [sic] with the boys from the P.W.P. Companies last nite [sic] (yes I know I misspelled visited – so what) and they were really tired. They had been out on the range firing all day and had to eat and prepare their own meals there. They were out there from 4:30 in the morning to about 8:15 at nite. [sic] I never saw such a sad and dejected looking lot of boys in all my life. They were bushed. I'm glad I've got it easier than that altho [sic] some of the

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fellows helped load some guns, destined for our company, on a truck today. We are supposed to drill all morning & work on details all afternoon. I hope not. My present schedule suits me to a "T". Relaxation, that's what this army needs. Last nite [sic] we also saw a picture called "Her Primitive Man" which wasn't bad. I got a boot out of some of the gags in it. Tonite [sic] I must press my uniform. I've got to make a good impression on one of the librarians at MSC. Goodbye now Darling. I love you.

All my Love & Kisses

Freddie