

Very Early Sunday Morning

Sweetheart;

I wish you were here. I'm having a nice time sun bathing by the river with Bob. There's a nice cool breeze and I'm lying here on my comforter comfortably absorbing the rays of an early morning sun and trying to ignore the insects for whom I seem to play the part of target for this morning. I do wish you were here with me tho, [sic] everything would be perfect then Darling.

We're losing two more of our boys. Dave Warren and Tom McManns are leaving either tomorrow on Tuesday & are going to a general hospital in Texas to a school there. They're going to pull off another trick like the one they pulled on Aman and Domergue and do not plan to give them any advance notice of shipment because they have not yet been notified that they're shipping. Someone saw the order tho [sic] and told them or they'd have had no time at all to make preparations. I don't like the idea of their shipping us out like this. You never know who'll be next or when he's going. Our boys are really being scattered now.

Bob and I went to the show last nite [sic] and saw "Standing Room Only" with Fred MacMurray and Paulette Godard. The show was pretty good but I enjoyed the theater even more. It is the Coronado and is one of the most ornate and junky pieces of architecture I have ever seen. It is supposed to resemble the patio of a Spanish garden and is built

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up with mosque like cupolas and balconies all over the place and counterfeit threes sticking their tops over them. The ceiling is made to resemble the evening sky and they have lanterns hung all over. It really is an extremely garnish sight. It's the worse one I have yet seen. Bob tells me there's a worse one in Kalamazoo with stuffed parrots hanging all over the place but until I see it this is number one on my list of theater monstrosities.

I didn't know whether to tell you or not but Bob says I should so here goes. New orders just came thru [sic] from Washington saying that they needed these General hospitals for which we are training in a great hurry so we are to be rushed thru [sic] as fast as possible – the minimum training period is five weeks – and at the same time are to receive P.O.M. – Preparation for Overseas Movement – all of which means that they are going to make a concerted movement to get us overseas in the least possible time. This does not necessarily mean that I'll be overseas in a month or so but I thought I'd just let you know in case. A furlough is part of P.O.M. So I'll at least be able to spend a while with you. You know it would really be nice if you could come home with me on furlough wouldn't it? I just happened to think of it when I thought that you have never met Mom &

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Dad. I want to remind you now that you won't run into anything lavish at home. We live on the second story of a three [scratched out word] apartment building and it is nothing elaborate. I know you'll like Mom & Dad tho [sic] and I'm sure they'll like you, I know I like you very much and that's all that counts. You probably won't be able to make it tho [sic] since you'll work at the library, but I thought it would be nice if you could. I could show you the ocean and let you eat seafood. The ocean is very nice when viewed at nite [sic] from the beach at Lynn. There's a beautiful esplanade along the shore in Lynn with a lot of benches from which to look out over Lynn Bay. Very nice. Then there's Boston, also a very nice and

quaint place which I'm sure you'd like very much. We could even make a trip up into New Hampshire for a day. It would be fun.

Yesterday afternoon we had mass athletics which consisted of playing queer and infantile games such as a version of drop the [scratched out word] handkerchief in which a belt of webbing with a metal lip is used to flag the hide off the man who drops it. It was a very wasted afternoon as far as I could see and did not leave me in rare good humor as it was supposed to. They did let us take a canteen full of water out there. All this nonsense lasted a full three and a half hours and leads me to doubt the serious manpower shortages stories.

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I don't know just what I'll do today. I'll probably just go to the USO and write a few letters, then just wander around town.

I made the hotel reservations for you and your mother and got a double room with twin beds and bath at the Hotel Faust. I took the room for the 16th which, I believe, is the day you said you'd be here. The room costs \$5.00. There were a couple of other hotels but they didn't appeal to me very much from the angle of cleanliness and comfort. The Faust is a nice hotel tho [sic] and I'm quite sure you'll like it. The room was reserved in your mother's name.

Our commanding officer is revealing himself to be more of a pain in the neck every day. Shugerman's sister is here in Rockford visiting him and he had a detail for today so he got a fellow who was willing to take over his detail in exchange for a little cash. Then Shugerman went to the C.O. to ask for a pass since he has someone to work for him. The C.O. told him that not only couldn't he have a pass but that he also could not have anyone take over his detail. Shugerman told him the circumstances but he still wouldn't let him do it. He pulled off [sic] a dirty deal on Dave Warren too. Dave's brother, whom he hasn't seen for 2 years, was in Chicago last Tuesday and Dave asked for the day off to go see him. No soap. The C.O. just said that he saw no reason to let him

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go. Stuff like that is so damned unnecessary. He could give us a break once in a while. He is bucking for a captaincy now tho [sic] and is bound that he will get it if he kills us doing it.

We have a very tough schedule ahead of us this week including obstacle courses, nite [sic] problems, bivouac practise [sic] and everything else I don't like. All this stuff is really a pain in the neck. I wish they'd dispense with this training and merely send us to school somewhere where we wouldn't have to do all this stuff. The Percy Jones General Hospital would suit me fine. That's the one in Battle Creek.

According to Dame Rumor when we are thru [sic] here our unit is organized and sent to an island of the west coast to a staging area where we await shipment to a Port of Embarkation. If we go to the west coast I guess it's almost a sure bet that we'll end up in the Pacific Theater of War, whether or not we like it, and I won't.

I'll have to dose now Honey because it is time to go back. I still wish you were here, if you were I'd just forget all about going back and we could stay here forever.

I love you Darling

Freddie