

Friday –

Good Morning Sweetheart;

I'm at work as you can tell by the letter I am writing. I just signed up for a week end pass and feel quite sure that I will get it because I've been a good boy of late so I would be sure to get the pass.

This promises to be a very slow day around here because about half the company left this morning for General Hospitals and for Overseas Replacement Centers. They have no rosters on the remainder of the company so there will be much goofing off.

We have a new first sergeant, one of the variety who believes that all things come to he who shouts loudest and frightens the men most. I don't think I like him very much so I'll just steer clear of him and in that way I will avoid trouble. He used to be in the induction center at Fort Dix, New York and is another man who is used to handling recruits exclusively. These men are always in for trouble because of the fact that they are under the impression that they can mold the people under them just as they please and make whatever they desire of them. This assumption is wrong when handling this company because the men in this company have all jelled and are very poor molding material. Oh well, toujours gai! I always say. Toujours gai!

I have gone all morning under the assumption that today was Saturday. Bob and Lavigne just

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woke me up to the fact that it is only Friday and that I will have to wait an extra twenty for hours before I am able to see you again. Damn, but I was sure it was Saturday.

Last nite [sic] I didn't do very much. We are in town and then had 1 (count it) bottle of beer and went to the show to see "Long Voyage Home". Just as we were entering the theater Bob and Bill were ahead of me and when they opened the door into the theater itself a little girl about ankle high came running out between their legs almost bowling them over and half frightening them to death and continuing her mad flight toward the women's room. She must've been about five years old. You would have loved to see the expressions on their faces.

The theater we went to was a new one outside town. It was quite modern, altho [sic] the pictures are quite ancient. On the walls were two large murals – Hawaiian motif – done in phosphorescent colors which glowed weirdly in the lite form the screen.

For dinner last nite [sic] I had a T-Bone steak which was fully a foot or more in length and as wide. It was a huge things and – altho [sic] I have had better pre war steaks – it was surprisingly good. The price wasn't too bad either. That was my splurge for the month. Now, I'll have to start being frugal so I'll have enough

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money to visit Lansing as often as possible. I have an idea that I'll be here all thru the month of August at least. I did not want to leave here because of lack of love for you. It's just that the place gets on my nerves so much. It's true that I am able to see you on Sunday but that merely makes me want to see you more. When you stay on the move, the excitement of going from one place to another passes time. I do like the idea of being able to see you frequently tho [sic] and don't ever think I don't. I seem to love you

an awful lot and, despite all my wishful thinking about going out, I'm quite thankful that I am as near Lansing as I am.

Got another letter from Mom in which she told me that the doctors decided that there was no trouble with his lungs – thank god. I hope they can fix him up all right.

Mom also enclosed a letter I got from a married woman and said that she hoped I wasn't also [scratched out word] "involved with a married woman because that would be just too much." The married woman was Babe, Swifty's wife, and she wrote to tell me that Swifty had sent her the picture of you and I in the library. She said that it was about time I got wise to myself and picked out a girl like you. She also said that you look like a very nice

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sport and she and Swifty are looking forward to seeing me and meeting you when the war is over. Poor Babe still isn't resigned to the idea of Swifty's wanting them to live out west when the war is over. She said she'd never tell Swifty wanted, but she also asked me if I wouldn't try to influence Swifty just a little if it were possible and try to get him to go back East. I don't know whether I can or not but I'll try. Babe really is swell and I'm sure you'll like her.

Your suggestion about the honeymoon before Michael and the other children is wonderful. I think it's superb in fact and it will certainly be carried out. We can just go away all by ourselves and spend a wonderful honeymoon together with no one else anywhere near. Darling, I think you're a genius. In fact I'm sure of it. You get such wonderful ideas.

Two of the fellows in my tent have left and a third one is scheduled to leave the 28th. He doesn't know it yet but I just saw the orders come thru to get him ready to leave. Howard Gold was also supposed to be on that list but his name was taken off and another substituted. The boys are leaving as overseas replacements.

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Babe said she thought I looked like Dewey in that library picture of us. I really hope not but maybe I do. One never knows does one.

[scratched out word] One of the fellows I know in the company broke his hand and got it cut up last nite. [sic] He was in a bar with his wife and another fellow when some soldier came along and started making passes at his wife. This friend of mine is rather a quiet looking fellow so I guess the other guy though he'd be able to get away with it. Skafgaard told him to stop bothering his wife but the fellow just ignored him. Skafgaard got up and hit the fellow, knocking him out. Then a friend of the unconscious lad whipped out a knife and headed for Skafgaard who just took the knife away from him and laid him out alongside his friend. [scratched out word] Skafgaard cut his hand and broke a couple of bones in it. The two fellows who started that trouble are being held for courts martial. As I said before tho, [sic] Skafgaard looks so mild that I just can't picture him doing anything like that.

I'll close now Darling and go eat. I'm hungry as a bear for some strange reason. It was very thoughtful of Miss McKinley to bring the box for you to send me [scratched out word] something in. Thank her for me. Goodbye Sweetheart until Sunday morning remember that I love you more every minute.

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Take good care of yourself for me.

All my Love and Kisses

Freddie