

Tuesday –

Dearest Sweetheart;

Another day has gone by and the news I gave you yesterday has been somewhat softened. The bivouac they have planned is only going to be ten days in duration from the 10th to the 20th and then I'm quite positive we'll get three [scratched out word] day passes, week ends passes at least. It all sounds much better than it did at first because I couldn't have stayed out there [scratched out word] three weeks. That would've been just too much to expect.

I was glad to receive the letter you wrote on Sunday. I didn't think you would unite them because you did look rather tired. I'm glad you did tho [sic] because then I get a letter every day.

Tonite [sic] I'm going in to town to dine with Bob and Bill. It's a sort of last supper because tomorrow nite [sic] I'll have to get ready to leave the company to go on that damned bivouac. I don't think we'll do much of anything tonite, [sic] altho [sic] if there's a good picture we'll take that in naturally.

This afternoon I had to go to the personnel office with Bob so while I was there I inquired to see if I couldn't get assigned to something else so I wouldn't have to go on bivouac. I

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was told that only an act of God could help me but that the personnel office could not. I also checked up to see what kind of job they had me listed for, and I found out that the [sic] have me listed as being experienced in a job which doesn't exist – you see every job has a corresponding number such as personnel clerk 628, general clerk 055, bombsite mechanic 683 – beside my name they have listed A50 and there's no such number in the books. I still don't know what I'll be doing. Ah, me!!!

Gosh, the flies around here are something terrific, they practically eat you alive. I'm having a heck of a time trying to write and keep the flies off at the same time. They're the damndest [sic] nuisance. It's bad enough with all this heat without adding insects to my woes. They say there are a lot of chiggers out in the bivouac area. I hate the thought of getting those things all over me because they are really bad. By the way, our bivouac area is going to be right in the center of camp across the street from the new company we're to be assigned to. That's about a couple of blocks from a bus stop. I guess they just aren't anxious to have us stick around.

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Gosh, Darling, I hate the idea of not being able to see you this week end. I guess it's just out of the question this week tho. [sic] As soon as possible, however, I will be in Lansing. It's so wonderful to be with you and I hate so much being away from you. You'll never know just how nice it is and how wonderful I feel when I'm with you Sweetheart. It makes everything else seem so very empty and useless. Won't this war ever end. Days like Sunday always end fast, it just isn't fair.

I'm glad your mother and father did not mind my going to Lansing [scratched out word] Sunday. I'm writing just the way I was talking Sunday. I'm trying to write and think how nice it is being with you. Doing those two things doesn't work because thinking of you is a really full time job. I do want to get on with the letter tho [sic] so I'll give up the day dreaming.

Lavigne – one of the boys who works in here with us just woke up. He was sound asleep but the flies were just a little too bad for him to stand so he woke up thrashing the air madly and cursing the flies very roundly. He's still half asleep and is swatting flies for all

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he's worth. I know just how he feels because I'm sitting here with a rolled up Yank magazine doing the same darned thing.

I'm going to call it a day now and go take a shower preparatory to going out to dine. Take care Darling. Remember Sweet that I love you more than anything in the world and that I send you

All my Love and Kisses

Freddie