

Wednesday

Sweetheart;

Today is the day I am to call you to let you know if I can get a pass for the week end. As I have told you, the chances of this are practically non existent, but there is a slight ray of hope. The bivouac may be delayed until Monday, in which case they may give out week end passes. Of course this is a very remote possibility but it is still one which I refuse to overlook. Something good has got to come from all this. I'll try my damndest to get Lansing this week end tho. [sic]

Bob is explaining the intricacies of this typewriter to me quite a remarkable little machine. I'm getting so I handle it like a goshdarned pro.

As the time for the start of our bivouac draws near I find my self [sic] disliking the whole idea more and more. It is such a stupid waste of time and all. They could accomplish just as much by taking us out some sunny afternoon and showing us how they want us to do everything and let it go at that. We don't have to go over it all the time and time again for ten days. It's a hell of a waste of time as far as I and everyone with the least bit of common sense can see. Allof [sic] which goes to show just how much common sense is possessed by all these gentlemen-by-act-of-congress. I sometimes think that I am not completely happy in the army. I know I should be, but I guess I am just an ingrate at heart.

They have got my spec number right on my orders from here but that won't make much different in view of the fact that the army service forces are rather short on bombsights this year. They are no longer standard equipment on jeeps and have therefor ceased to be of military importance outside the air corps.

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There is a retreat parade tonight and as usual I am not intending standing it. Of course my mind may yet be changed for me but I hardly think so because the lieutenant is convinced that we in the Plans and Training tent are like beavers when the work comes out. You and I know different but I won't tell him otherwise if you don't think I have appeared quite busy of late because the lieutenant requested that some of the men more vitally needed to conduct the affairs of the company be excused from the bivouac. I'm quite sure that this will not go through because they are so very enthused about our getting experience in the field that they will undoubtedly refuse to release us. The Colonel told one of the fellows that he thought what they might do would be to transfer us to the 38 Battalion and then send us back here to the thirty sixth on detached service. That would be nice as I say but is improbable.

It's awfully hot today. It would really be rough out there on the drill field. I understand that the C.O. wants to have the men out there about an hour and a half before the parade to practise [sic] because it is a farewell parade for General Baylis who is going to Ft. Lewis There was a very touching picture in the camp newspaper yesterday. It was a picture of the general and his wife and over it in true Mr. Chips fashion was the line "Goodbye General and Mrs. Baylis". It struck me as being very funny.

One of the boys came in at about ten o'clock yesterday morning quite crocked and was called in on the carpet by the C.O. As the fellow stood wavering around the C.O. passed judgement on him and told him that he would have to go out and in the field with the men and play games – and – he would also have to work every night for a week until ten-thirty. Swintocka looked at the Lt. and said "Look

here, Pal, I ain't in no condition to go in the field. I've got to get some sleep. I'm still half crocked. The Lt. was very much upset at being called "Pal"

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and let Swintocka know so. Swintocka then pleaded to be sent to the guard house where he would receive more humane treatment and would be allowed to sleep. The C.O. then made the classic statement "No, Swintocka, that would be the easy way. You'll have to suffer the penalty of your digressions." The upshot of the whole matter was that a staff sergeant was appointed to guard Swintocka and see that he did the work assigned to him. The guard spend all last night avoiding S Swintocka who is at very best the very poorest of company.

That fellow I wrote to in West Africa answered my letter with a description of the place he is stationed at. It really is marvelous He and three other fellows have a hut to sleep in. They hire a native to take care of the place and keep the place in order. Natives are also hired to do K.P. so the burdens of work are very light around there. There are two movies, two P.X.'s, and enlisted man's club, and also tennis handball, and basketball courts. He sleeps on a mattress nine inches thick though where he gets it is beyond me. That's the Air Corps for you though. Nothing too good for them.

Last night Bob and I had to go into town without Bill because he had a night class at the hospital he works at. Tonight we are attempting another meeting, with more success we hope. We're just going to eat a meal and then infest the service clubs. We may even try a new one for a change. Giving them all a break don'tcha [sic] know. It will probably be the last one we have because Bill's hospital shows signs of being gone by the time I finish the bivouac. It seems funny to think of our going overseas after all this time.

Well, Darling, comes the time when I must leave you again and take a shower. I just got a letter from Mary telling me that all was entirely clear and that he realized that all is over. She did say that if I had your approval she would like to write to me and have me give her suggestions on her sketching and cartooning. Do I have

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your approval Darling? This letter was quite nice and she apologized for her mother calling mine. She seemed to be quite burned up about that.

Again I will start to end this letter and tell you that I love you more than anything in the world, Honey, and hope and pray that I can be with you with weekend. I do love you.

All my love and kisses

Freddie