

Friday

My Sweet Darling;

I just finished a very inconsequential interview where the only fact which I was able to give was that I am by army profession a bombsite mechanic. Of course they could have found that out by a quick check of my forms at personnel but they have plenty of time on their hands so we had interviews. A lot of fun. At least it gets me out of work this morning. This afternoon I have to go on an eight mile hike. I hope it isn't with full field pack because if it is I will have to take down the tent and then [scratched out word] put it up again when the hike is over. Lots of fun.

Got a letter from Jim Martin yesterday. He finished up at Ann Arbor the 25<sup>th</sup> and heads back for New England and his teaching job. He got a letter from Bruce Singleton, the Marine fighter

2.

pilot. In his letter Bruce complained that there were not maze Jap Zeros around the fight "and just when he'd gotten so he didn't load his pants every time he saw one too." That last was Bruce's own remark. He is certainly a frank character and is also very crazy.

One of the fellows who went to Reynolds last week wrote back and said that a lot of the fellows were being sent back to camps like Ellis, etc to be reclassified because they couldn't find units to send them out with from Reynolds. It seems that that is not necessarily the jumping off place for everyone. They're going to have one heck of a time finding room for all of us here because we have so many men with ratings. I never saw so many in all my life. There's a nice breeze right now and it's still cloudy out. It rained fast. We did dig our drainage ditch around the tent tho. [sic] Rather, Master Sergeant Touma dug the ditch while I

3.

was being interviewed. We dig a small ditch all around the tent so that the tent overlaps slightly [drawing of where tent is on ground] this way the rain allegedly pours off the tent into the ditch. They never told us what would happen when the ditch filled up tho. [sic]

The letter you wrote on Wednesday just came. I don't know what I'd do if I didn't get letters Sweetheart. They are so nice. You don't think I'll miss the letters after we're married and are together so we don't have to write letters do you? No!! I didn't think so, I just thought I'd ask. You really think that being with you will make up for the lack of letters do you? Quite sure of yourself aren't you? Well, I wouldn't be surprised if you had every reason to be. I miss you so much that I must love you an awful lot.

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Saturday Morn.

God what a miserable nite [sic] I spent. It was cold and I didn't have enough blankets to cover me well enough so I'd be warm. I kept waking up all nite [sic] long.

Our hike yesterday afternoon was quite rugged. We didn't have heavy packs and it was only ten miles but the sun was so hot that it was miserable. My fatigues were dripping with perspiration. I had to

do my laundry and clean my mess kit last nite [sic] so I didn't have time to finish this letter. In cleaning my mess kit I used Brillo and went out on the lawn and sat barefooted and really gave it a scrubbing. It was a mess tho [sic] so it still doesn't look too good. It's clean and that's all I care about.

I have had a slight measure of good luck out here. My Company Commander looked strangely familiar to me and I thought it was just because I'd

5.

seen him around the area. I stopped him yesterday to ask about taking out insurance and after giving me the information he asked me what school I went to. When I told him I'd gone to the Univ. of New Hampshire he grinned and told me he had been in my class there. We had a little chat and then I took off. This may come in handy when I ask for a three day pass tho, [sic] it certainly will not hurt at all. I'll have to cultivate him a little. That's the first stoke of tolerably good luck I've had in quite a while.

I was just thinking that one good thing about its being so cold last nite [sic] is that the aunts stayed in their holes and didn't bother us. It's a toss up which is worst tho. [sic]

6.

This morning when we had reveille we had a little fun. One of the platoon leaders reported "Sir, second platoon absent" to the consternation of the O.D. Then when it was finally settled that only two men in the company were absent the O.D. wanted to know where they were.

We are having a full field inspection this morning; I just laid out all my equipment. It's all a great pain in the neck as far as I'm concerned. I wish we were married Darling. I wish we were getting married as soon as the bivouac ended. I love you so very much, Sweet. The end of the war seems so very far away. God, this is a hell of a way for a man to be wasting his life. It's unproductive and futile. I only wish to God there was an end in sight so I could plan definitely on returning to you at some specific date. This way you

7.

just go along indefinitely with no relief in sight.

It's so wonderful to think of you and our life together after the war. You don't have to worry about our being too rural because we'll always be in touch with the city and will go in quite frequently so we don't get too rural. I think I know what you mean when you speak of those women at MSC.

Here comes the officer so I'll close Darling. I love you! So very much! You're the dearest thing I'll ever have in the world Sweet. Goodbye now. Remember Darling, I'm

Yours Forever

Freddie