

Sunday

Dearest Darling Dolores;

I love you! You're the sweetest, loveliest, and altogether the nicest person I have ever know [sic]. I miss you terrifically and wish more than anything else, that I could be with you right now instead of in this damned pup tent out in the middle of a camp which I detest with a feeling far more than mere detesting. Every day in every way I'm convinced I'm less of a soldier than I was the day before, and the army certainly had little enough soldiering from me when I first came in. Since this little bit has constantly dwindled for the past two years you can see that the only thing I am any good for any more is life as a civilian married to you.

2.

I really find that I am still amused by the fellows in here tho. [sic] They are really characters. Threats makes the same impression on them that rain makes on a tin roof. They never take any chances either. Yesterday the lieutenant walked down a row of tents calling for Corporal Hurrey". He shouted long and loud until finally some little guy said "What do you want him for, Sir? The lieutenant said that there was a phone call for him. Then the little fellow scrambled to his feet and announced that he was Corporal [scratched out word] Hurrey. I thought the lieutenant would blow his top but he managed to keep himself under control. Whenever they blow the whistle for us to fall out no one even looks out of the tent for at least five minutes so yesterday the first sergeant, after blowing the whistle, announced that

3.

he just blew the whistle so he could take a roll call and that there'd be no work assigned. Then men fell out. You'd really have to laugh at this attitude because usually the ordinary G.I. is pictured as quaking in fear of the C.O. Last nite [sic] when the C.O. announced that movies would be shown to us at 9:30 P.M. for our enjoyment, someone wanted to know if they were compulsory.

I'm starting to get used to sleeping out now. Last nite, [sic] with the coming of dusk, Touma – my tentmate – slipped over to the 36<sup>th</sup> and "Borrowed" a comforter. Using the comforter with a newspaper base we have managed to arrange a three quarter length mattress from our shoulder to our knees. It helps a lot

4.

altho [sic] it does not entirely do away with the soreness of our hips resulting from the solidarity of the ground. Seven more days of this and I'll have some permanent bed sores. I try to sleep on my back but that is also uncomfortable. I've got to try to get a few safety pins to make myself a sleeping bag out of my two blankets because it gets cold here at nite. [sic] My fat stick out the end of the tent, and since they are one of the first parts of me to get cold, I have to wear my shoes to bed. Do you think you'll get used to me sleeping with my shoes on Honey? It'll probably be uncomfortable when I put my feet on your back to warm them up.

They're having a softball tournament here and are going to give prizes. Since softball is not one of my sports, I'll have to confine myself to sketching at the games. That'll be fun tho [sic]

5.

I just spilled my ink, lost about ¾ of it too. I have to dip this pen now, I don't think just what I did to it but it does not function. I've had the darned thing for ages so I can't complain tho, [sic] I even got it for nothing. I'll have to keep my eyes open in the PX's for some new fountain pens. I hate to carry ink around wherever I go.

Colonel McKonkie is scheduled to leave here next week for Ft. Lewis thank God. It'll be too bad if poor Bob Kennedy also gets sent there tho. [sic] He does not care very much for the Colonel as does everyone else.

Today I tried something new. I washed my underwear by wearing it into the shower room and soaping it while it was on me. It came out

6.

very well too. I'll have to try it some more.

This has been a useless darned day. I haven't done a thing and would've spent it to much better advantage in East Lansing with you. I could've taken off to Rockford today if I had wanted to but there's no percentage to it because there's nothing there that attracts me so strongly to that place that I'd take any chances at all to go there. If there was a chance of my getting to see you undetected tho [sic] it would be a different matter.

This eating out of messkits is a novel experience. It's just like eating off a metal tray without separate compartments. The food is all tossed together and it seems that every meal we have something gooey or liquid. This noon I had very tough chicken, fairly good

7.

dressing, potato, gravy, and cornstarch pudding all mixed together. The cornstarch pudding was just the added touch that was needed. It all looked like cream of mushroom soup with lumps. In another compartment I had a mixture of apple pie, cheese, fruit cocktail and butter. Saltzman would've gone mad over the color combination. It really is funny if you don't have to eat it tho. [sic] I guess.

You said that you were getting excerpts from all my letters together. It's all right with me, whatever you want to do with them is O.K. Of course you realize that for what I said about some people I could be shot at dawn. It's all right tho, [sic] I'll die bravely. I think that any attempts at marketing them are

8.

doomed to dismissal failure however. I'm glad that you enjoy them tho, [sic] that's all I care about.

They marched us out to play ball today but since I haven't the slightest desire to go out and chase around a ball field on as hot a day as this I just chased myself back here and settled down to writing, as you can see.

Guess I'll close now Honey! Goodbye! Remember that I love you with all my heart my lovely darling.

All my Love & Kisses

Freddie