

[added note: Aug '44)

Monday

Good Afternoon Sweetheart;

I just got my first letter from you since I got back – except for the one you wrote before I went to Landing – and it was wonderful to hear from you again.

Touma claims to know surely that we are going to go to Camp Beale and that we are leaving here September 6th. I had an awful hunch that I would be going to Beale. There is a slight possibility that I may get a couple of days off this week though. I'm not sure, but if I do you can be very sure that they will be spend in Lansing. Gosh, I do hope we get a pass this week. I want to see you again before I go. I miss you terribly already.

Yesterday I went to the USO and wrote a letter to Mac. After that Bob

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Bill and I went downstairs and got in on a smorgasbörg or Swedish version of a buffet supper. It was very good and I had quite a bit to eat. Then USOs here certainly do their duty by me. I have no complaints about that. After the supper we saw the picture "Stormy Weather" since it was free. I now have a total of 8¢ in my pocket till pay day which is Thursday. I'll have to spend my evenings at the Service Club.

In trying to find something to do to keep me busy, they have hit upon the happy idea of making us police the whole of Camp Grant the way we policed Auster while we were there. This has not worked out very well so far and we've done nothing but go out for a half hour's walk at the end of which time we have policed the designated area so there is nothing to do but give us bunk fatigue for a

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few hours. It's a pain in the neck. This morning I amused myself by doing a couple of pen and ink sketches of the fellows in my tent.

Ah, the sun just came out and it is warming up. I just shed my winter undershirt and field jacket. It rained all morning long. Such freakish weather they have here.

One of my tentmates, a Mexican fellow named Jiminez came in at about 6:30 am crocked to the gills. He was really a sad sight. For about fifteen minutes he tried to put a thought across to me but I just couldn't understand him. It must have been funny because one of my other tentmates just lay on his bunk and laughed fit to die. We finally got Jiminez to bed and he slept right

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through dinner. He's relatively sober at present.

Say, I have a problem for you. Think how many different ways there are of pronouncing the word GHOTI – yes, ghoti, that's it. Then I'll tell you another way of pronouncing it that you never thought of. The way you never thought of. The way you never thought of pronouncing it is "fish" as in [fish sketch]. You pronounce the gh as it is pronounced in laugh, the o as it is pronounced in women, and the ti as it is pronounced in nation. The net result is fish. Did you get it?

One of the fellows in here is continually getting boxes from home and keeps me quite well fed. I just had an apple, half a box of Cheez-its, a small box of cookies, and was offered a lemon. He's one of the fellows whose picture I drew this morning. One of his friends comes in here and very carefully samples everything in the box and passes judgement on it. It is very amusing.

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I'll write Mrs. Osgood right away. I should have thought of it myself but it completely skipped my mind. She was very nice to have me over there and feed me.

I'm not going to bother shaving every day while I'm here – unless I get a pass – but will let my beard have a nest and will only shave every other day. If I go to some far off spot I'll just grow a beard, a beautiful bushy one that you'll just love. With my shaved head it will really look good, don't you think? I'll send you pictures if I am in close proximity to a camera.

The Mexican boy here just had a friend who was speaking Spanish and some sergeant walked in to visit and asked them why they didn't speak American. What constitutes the American language I do not know but he was

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encouraging its use at any rate. The Mex boys were rather embarrassed I guess because they both went out to another tent to speak. One of them can hardly speak English so it's only natural that he should speak Spanish. I just wondered if that sergeant spoke the language of whatever country he happened to be in at the time of speaking. That American jingoism gets my goat, especially when carried to petty extremes.

I'll have to leave now to go out for retreat Darling. I'll say goodbye again Sweetheart remember that I'll love you and be with you in my thoughts.

Always

Freddie