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Dear Fran:

There are things we have in common, an outstanding quality being seemingly indifferent correspondence. I don't like the obvious fact, and I'm sure you don't. I don't mind not hearing from a pal two or three months, and you probably don't, but let's not stretch it to an extreme of 5 or 6 months! But you sometime might hurl the same maledictions at me, so I don't dare say more.

I know you'll enjoy learning the why's and wherefor's of radio, you'll not only find it engrossing work, but to a large extent you'll be able to work unhindered by the direction of others. And if you get assigned to any outfit like this, that has only 2 or 3 types of radios, you'll find yourself living the life of Reilly while poor Reilly is sweating it out in a defense plant. We have what is considered a radio rep. & maint. man for our battery, and since practically nothing of major importance ever troubles our equipment (due, no doubt, to the skill, vigilance, experience, etc., of the operators!) his is a dreary life. However, he

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tries hard enough to find something to do — like... don't you ever try to pull similar, or worse, stunts... draining the electrolyte from a charged battery, discarding the fluid to carry off the sediment, and then harboring intentions of refilling with plain water? But he's a good kid.

If nothing else, you did gain a good start in forming a foundation for E.E.'ing at ASTP. As I recall, S. of M., D.C. machinery, A.C. circuits and differential equations were part of the Junior year curriculum back at B'klyn Polytech.

Yes, I'm taking a course via the Army Institute correspondence school method.

I thought I had better review differential calc. before starting integral. Consequently, I paid my five bucks fee to the U. of Pa. for their course. A short time later, they sent me ^{all the assignments} ~~me~~ and the intelligence that a certain text would be used for the course, and that it was on its way. It happened that I already had that text in my possession, so I started completing the assignments. My text seems to agree perfectly with the assignment sheets, but before I finally mail in the 's of the

course I've finished while waiting to check with the proper text, I'll have about 40 sheets of paper filled with calculations. I wonder how the instructor will accept 9 lessons at once when one at a time is the normal procedure ...?

Let's see — the last time I wrote to you, I was with the communications squad at the Btry C.P., doing the customary switchboard, line, and grass-cutting work. Since then, I've been relegated to the 2nd platoon C.P. where the work is very much the same. As before, there's no use made of radio communication, but we're putting in a little practice on code, building up speed and transmission facility. As is the case in the gun sections, the members of the platoon C.P.'s are separated from the Btry C.P. and receive chow in heat-retaining food containers that hold a whole meal for an entire section.

If I ever catch any kids of mine playing soldiers or if any of them want to try camping, I'll promptly bounce the nearest sink, sofa, or piano on their disillusioned craniums. Living in tents isn't bad when the sun is shining, and it's even bearable when the sun is

meltingly hot; but in a storm
it's slightly hell. Some time back,
a real, husky wrecker struck at
the ungodly ^(but military) hour of 0100. Every
40 or 50 minutes, one of us (5
per tent) would have to climb
out of net & bed into the rain
to re-stake the booming tent.

It's annoying to be splashing out
in the rain clad in a clammy rain-
coat, trying to keep your roof
approximately where it belongs.
All through the night you could
hear curring between blows of
hammers. But that was only
a prelude to the morning,

when the storm rose to such a
fury that we had to strike the
tents to prevent their tearing
or flying off bodily into the
wind & rain. It was then that I
knew how the poor ~~bedraggled~~
horses out in the fields must
feel, soaking wet, standing back
to the wind. That wind was
strong that I tried folding
my arms and leaning back
relaxedly. — Was nearly slam-
med right onto my face!

Spent the rest of that unmer-
ciful day drain-drying in the
wooden mess-hall.

Every afternoon now is a
holiday. You can sleep until 1:30,
then: a) Play baseball, volleyball, or
throw a football around; b) go out

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on pass: c) go swimming; or d) work on an occasional detail. That last seems to be the least enjoyed-in sport.

Now, at the approach of winter, the weather is surprising. During the day, you go swimming, & during the night, your feet nearly drop off from the freeze. But when the sun climbs over the mountain-studded horizon, the temperature rises immediately.

Beer, coke, and wine rations are still coming regularly. The beer is Australian-made, quart-bottle stuff, potable even when warm. The cokes are the familiar - green bottle "et al" - kind, though slightly suggestive of gasoline, probably because they're drunk warm. But the wine...! Whoever printed the labels might just as honestly have substituted the words "isodorm" and "swamp special" for "sherry" & "port".

I have from good authority the formula from which those wines are made: An ulcer-breeding brew made from choice grapes wrapped in shit, fermented, sprinkled with saw-dust and pissed upon! It's no lie.

How is Joe doing these days? You've told me he was

home. What's he doing now?

I heard from Duddy recently.

At the time, he was finishing his last 4 months of preparation in navigation. He'll make out all right, I've no doubts. In his letter he enclosed a picture of Ann Cole, "the girl". She's pretty, but the picture wasn't. It was in the Duddy ~~picture~~ snapshot style - cracked, crumpled and quite a mess. Looked as though he carried it in his shoes.

I gave him a mild sort of hell for daring to show his friends a picture in that state.

For now, I've nothing more to add except

Your friend,
Eugene.