

Wednesday, 24 May 1944
1130

Dear Dot,

Writing this letter in class, when I'm supposed to be studying, is strictly "verboten." But I'm just about finished with a "Switchboard Circuits" course, & have only a 4 hr. final exam to take before I go on to the next course. There's only an hour left in today's school session, so I figure that instead of falling asleep & getting gigged, I'd better start this letter. At least then I can keep an eye open for prowling instructors.

Basically, I suppose, there's no real reason for this letter except that I owe you one. There's no news, as usual, of exciting interest, nor even an S.O.P. that I could bat the breeze about for some few pages. The only recourse, then, ~~it~~ is to ramble, knowing that, even though I may believe that what I am writing is boring, you, at least, will find something to think about in it.

This morning I discovered that I'm due to ship out of this joint on or immediately after the 22nd of July. I understand that I won't be taking more than half the ~~con~~ subcourses normally

given a repeaterman while he's in school. That, of course, is unfortunate, since it will not furnish me with many of the things (practical & theoretical) that I felt would be of assistance to me in seeking a job after the war. At any rate, however, I am glad for the opportunity that has been given me to go even this far in the Signal Corps, and am pleased to feel that this sudden reduction in the time I'm scheduled to be in school is not a reflection on my ability to absorb the material they've been presenting in these courses. True, I've made some mistakes and not understood thoroughly the aspects of some of this stuff, but in the long run I feel that, thanks to God, I've done better than I had expected to.

The reason advanced to me for this ~~had~~ halving of our course is that they're already making up our teams in Camp Wood (just down the road from here). And they need us for those teams on or about the 22nd of July. Without too much deep thought it seems to shape up that they're going to need a lot of Signal men to handle communications on the continent right after the Allies have consolidated their positions

along the coast of France or Belgium or Norway, or wherever the invasion takes place. Intelligent planning, or rambling speculation, - either of these, two seem to indicate sin in for a boat ride before another winter sets in. I can make no predictions as to the probable date or even month of this occurrence, and consider it fortunate that such is the case. For tongues are loose, and ears are plentiful, and the enemy strikes quickly. In a way, it's better to live for the present and let tomorrow take care of itself.

1930

I have here 2 letters from you - one I received today, & the other came a few days ago after being rerouted over half the states from Crowder. I'm going to hold on to both of them, cause they both seem to express the deepest of your thoughts & emotions. I am embarrassed at your rather high estimate of me - and self-conscious about it too, since it places a burden of responsibility & a greater fear of failure upon me. It is that same self-consciousness that, thru the years, has had more to do with my "success" than any talents I may possess. For it has forced me to at times

to pursue a rather withering course of perseverance, since even a minor failure unflinchingly mirrored itself as a major debacle. But God alone, thru the Holy Spirit, is responsible for any talents and perseverance I have possessed. At occasional times I remember to thank Him for his gifts, but I would owe you a spiritual debt were you to thank Him in your next mass for the patience and kindness He has displayed in my favor. I only wish my moral life were worthy enough of expressing all the gratitude I owe. But it isn't.

I am pleased that you did not permit my brother to endow you for any protracted period with a jittery stomach and a weary heart. I have thought, at times, that I was fickle, but did not imagine that the fault was apparent to others. In this instance, however, I feel secure in the knowledge that he is wrong in his opinion. I wish more every day that I were in a position to be married. And I have periodic ideas on revamping my post-war plans to sooner accomplish that end.

And now that I have mentioned Joe, I must tell you that I wrote to him last night and earnestly advised him to DO IT NOW. His indecision & fears will get him no place. He is playing with a young lady whom, impersonally, I have appraised to be a whiz at romantic diplomacy in regard to her own domestic policy. Perhaps slightly lacking in tact at times, she is nonetheless coy, and clever and level-minded. She knows what she wants, and in some ways is reminiscent of the female personality in 1890 courtships. Where marriage is concerned, she does not appear flighty, but demanding. She believes that the man is the one to make the first move, and is a clever angler in the sparse pool of male guppies in Cupid's garden. They say that there are a thousand people in this country of ours with whom one might happily mate. I think she realizes this, and that Joe is one of the thousand. But I don't believe that she is going to reel in until she sees her ~~snake~~ float go down. They're only nibbling on it now, but I think our guppy can

get the bait if he'll only open his big
wide mouth. I should be pleased to
have Fel as an in-law, but in any
event, I should not like to lose her
friendship. She is as a sister to me.

Yes, there are many times I think
of you & Joe, and realize what a swell
person the three of us rolled into one
would make. We would have a
lot to exchange if we were enabled
to meet together. I worry little about
Joe, since I know his capabilities. Seeing
him again would almost be like running
into an old friend whom you haven't
seen in years. I guess that would be
the first impression. But we could
really go on from there. I would
give a lot to be able to see him again
for a while, and in some small way
make recompense for the unkindnesses
I have shown him so often in the past.
I can readily see why the Chief believes
that the greatest sorrow in his life was
losing his brother Joe. He must have been
a wonderful man.

For you I feel fear and a
burdening uneasiness at times.
For I fear that you are not

at all Lappy. And yet I have the dumb realization that I cannot raise one finger to help you. I believe that your happiness lies in prayer, adjustment and forgetting. Without seeing you I can say no more.

This, my obstinate mind tells me, is one boy who isn't going to apply for OCS - at least, not in the Signal Corps. This post holds the Corps only OCS. And, seeing the ~~the~~ C.S. that its influence throws thru the ranks around here, I realize that a sojourn in it would result in either a court-martial or the loss of my sanity. I believe I shall not ever attempt to enter the school. I aspire, instead, to a nice, comfortable rating, which seems more possible of achievement, guarantees almost the same financial security, and lacks the odious air of many of the S.C. O.C.S. products I have seen.

No thank you!

Well, Sis, it's nearing bedtime. I have spent considerable time on this letter, and feel it is a fair representative of what I want to say. In some details, I should like to

expound further. But my mind tires
of the task, and realizes a volume
would be required to do the subject
justice. So I leave you, apologizing
for this letter's inadequacies, but
happy in the knowledge you are gay
at heart with my

Love, and prayers,
as ever,

Frank.