

Saturday October 7, 1944

Greetings Sweetheart,

From the deck of the good ship (censored) I once again send you my love. If we were in contact through mental telepathy this sending of love would be a continuous process because I think of you so very often. I find that day by day I grow to love you all the more. By the time I get back to you I should be quite super-charged with all this love, just waiting for the spark of your kiss to loose all the pent up energy. O.K., O.K., maybe I am putting it on thick, I don't think so because that's a pretty good idea of the way I feel toward you. I absolutely never dreamed that I could love anyone as completely as I do you Darling. Wait till I get back, you'll see, but I won't say that you'll be sorry.

Today was every bit as uneventful as I thought it would be. I read the "Dutch Shoe Mystery" by Henry Queen, tried an unsuccessful sketch of one of the ~~men~~ men on board and am now writing this letter. We didn't hear the Series' game today but I hope we will tomorrow, not that I have an overwhelming interest in the games, but it does give me something to hold my interest for a while.

Each morning, like clockwork, I run down to the dispensary on sick call to have my

feet painted, a painting a day keeps my athlete's foot away. Yes, I still have the dead disease and am spreading it as I did in Lansing - I still have my doubts as to whether I am or am not to blame for the slight touch of foot fungus you acquired. I'll be a martyr though and let you blame me.

If you ever run across a couple of spare ~~orange~~ orange wood sticks anywhere would you buy them up and when you make up a package for me, include them. My nails get quite dirty and I have a devil of a time cleaning them. I am using a safety pin which fastens my safety light to my Mae West-life preserver - to clean my nails but it isn't very good.

About sending me any of those Pocket Books or anything else, you had better wait Darling until I get another address because I believe this address ~~is~~ is temporary. Of course I want you to keep on writing to this address right along until you learn different. It will be wonderful to get your letters again. I hope some of them travelled air mail and are awaiting me at my destination. I know that is rather a foolish hope but you never can tell.

I trust you are well along on those projects you outlined for me. The rug hooking etc. Now don't tell me you're giving them up. Oh, I'm glad to hear you're not. Are they going to be hooked or braided anyway? I don't think you ever told me.

I feel quite sorry for one of my friends on board. His wife is expecting a baby sometime around the end of this month or the first of next month and he's becoming quite anxious about the whole thing, not that I blame him at all because I know how I'd feel if Michael were on his way now, but I kid heck out of him. He is very sure that it is going to be a boy, so sure in fact that he has bet \$300 on it. It's quite a predicament to be in though because he probably won't know just what happens for quite a while. The suspense is terrific.

My beard is coming along nicely. I hope I can keep it when I go ashore, although I doubt it. If I can I'll have one of the fellows who has a camera take a picture of the thing so you can judge for yourself whether you like it or not. It would be nice to keep your chin warm with when I kissed you, don't you think so? Then too, I could spread it over us like a comforter when we went to bed in the winter time. They are really quite useful things.

I'll leave you for the day wishing
 pending you

All my love and kisses
Freddie