Darling,

Well! I really put in a day's work today. It's the first one the Army ever got from me so I shouldn't feel bitter about it, but I do this. We have a new detail now. To quote St. Vitus we are "policing the world." It really isn't the whole world, it is just an area about 3/4 of a mile square which we have to clear of everything that isn't growing. I helped uproot anti-tank emplacements and all sorts of other engineer installations consisting of logs sunk about six feet into the ground, stacked railroad ties, piled up blocks of cement and did a hundred and one other sweaty jobs.

I feel quite tired although I didn't work too very hard. We are almost finished this so tomorrow I may be able to goof off again I hope.

I haven't got C.Q. Saturday night so unless something very unforeseen comes up I'll be able to get a pass to see you. I'm keeping my fingers crossed now that I don't get C.Q. on Sunday so I have to come back here early.
I got a letter from Arthur today. I'll bring it with me Saturday. I got quite a kick out of it.

This evening Bob and I went to see a picture called "Uncertain Glory" starring Errol Flynn and Paul Lukas. It was a picture about Occupied France but was quite different from the usual run of pictures on Occupied France. I rather enjoyed it.

Many more days of this outside life and I'll be quite tanned. I now resemble a parched lobster and have lost all trace of my classroom pallor. We all have very flushed faces. The skin is pulled quite tight on my face and it feels as tho it would crack if I changed expression.

There was a small variety show put on here by French people last night. It wasn't bad. I only saw one girl from the college, she was one of the girls on the cafeteria line at school. I didn't watch the whole thing but played a little ping pong with some of the fellows. I won two games and lost one. I did quite well because I haven't played for a heck of a while.
Tomorrow we start eating regular family style. That means they put the food on the table and God help the who doesn’t help himself. If you make a grab for the food you’d bow hound, if not you’re a hungry man when you leave the table.

Trowbridge has been rechristened Drawbridge by the lieutenant. I guess Est. Mutt can’t quite get the name straight but it always comes out Drawbridge whenever he refers to him. Trowbridge is still succeeding in getting my goat by making a general nuisance of himself. I can’t stand him.

I’ll be glad when Saturday is here again. I miss you an awful lot Darling. Every time I see you, you look better to me than ever. I guess it must be that I love you an awful lot. I do. Goodnight now. I wish I could say it to you but will have to let the letter be my substitute.

All My Love & Kisses

[Signature: Frieda]