Dear Sweet Darling;

It is with rather a heavy heart that I start this letter. It’s just one of those days when everything seems very futile and useless and I need you and miss you even more than at other times. In times like these I need your soft hands to feel them my face, and to be able to kiss them and let them brush my troubles away from my brow bringing me peace and contentment. The only contentment I will ever feel will be that produced by your presence, away from you everything seems quite pointless an endless routine of nothingness bordered at either extremity by the night with its temporary relief. The clock seems as an enemy which I must battle with all of the long way back to you. It seems so far to that last second when finally I overcome this inanimate opponent and find that I have succeeded in overcoming the last barrier barring me from you. I do love you darling, with a love which is greater than I had ever believed love could be. Beautiful! You are quite the most beautiful person in the world. This is just one of the many things I love about you tho [sic] Sweetheart. God, but I wish we were together Honey. The day I am back with you will be quite the happiest day of my life.

Part of my present state of despondency may be attributed directly to the fact that I’ve just finished reading Joseph Conrad’s very exciting, but very tragic novel “Victory”. I like his style of writing very well but the novel is not the gay and lively nonsense found in so many novels. He is a great master of suspense and of description. This is only the second of his books which I have read. The other was “Lord Jim” which I read in high school and consequently got little out of. I think that I’d better stick to my history readings from now on though, and limit my fictional readings to a minimum.

An added factor to attribute for my present mood is the fact that we have had an awful lot of rain all day. In a way it was very nice because it broke our heat spell and provided us with the first cool weather we have had in a heck of a while. A welcome relief.

There’s no [scratched out word] mail for me today. I had a darned good idea there would not be because the other letter arrived in such a short time. There was a very big mail call tonight but not a single letter for anyone in this tent. Tomorrow [scratched out word] will perhaps bring us better luck.

Since finishing the above paragraph I have seen a movie (“My Reputation”) and climbed partly out of the blue funk I was in earlier in the letter. Now I should be able to continue this letter in a less bitter vein.

So you got an album to keep our pictures in did you? You don’t have an awful lot of pictures of me do you Darling? Oh did Mom give you some of those taken in the formative years of my life? I’ll send you any pictures that I am able to have taken and you can add them to the collection.
Honey!!! I had no idea you had a jealous bone in your body. The way you talk about Mary I’m inclined to think you are (and, if you’ll promise not to tell anyone, I’ll let you in on a secret. I secretly enjoy the thought that you are jealous a little bit. It satisfies my male vanity I guess). So you aren’t including any of the pictures which I had taken with Mary. Tch! Tch! That excludes quite a few of the photos in that group because I was a hermit as far as the taking of pictures was concerned before she broke down my resistance to lenses. We’ll be able to fill that album, and many others, after I’m home because any picture I have taken will be taken with you in it or taken of you. And I do want a lot of pictures of you for our grandchildren and great grandchildren to marvel at even as I always marvel anew at your beauty my Sweet. The next letter I get from Mary, I will itemize the different things she mentions for your edification. OK?

That new gabardine suit you mentioned sounds quite nice. I wish I could see you in it right now. Tell me Bunny, have you put a side that favorite dress of mine to wear when I return. I mean the summer dress with brown and white stripes and the low ruffled yoke. That low yoke. Hmm that was intriguing Darling.

I am going to be very anxious to get the latest package you fixed for me (and any of the others for that matter) because the ingredients sounds very good. I love canned sardines and have not had any for ages. And the Nestle’s Chocolate also sounds very good. I’ll heed your advice and dilute the condensed milk. The blocks and other equipment will also be very welcome and very useful. Remind me to give you a very thorough hug and kiss for being a good girl

and getting that ready for me.

Thursday Morning.

Good Morning my beautiful;

I had to leave you very abruptly last night for a very good reason – the lights went out. So here it is, another day, and one in which I have the afternoon off. I’ll have to do some sketching and then, with the aid of the French English dictionary, compose a letter to Paul Katona. It will be the first letter I have ever written in French and should be interesting from that point of view if from no other. I’ll tell you how I make out.

The graduation present Mrs. Osgood gave you sounds as if it was very nice. You should do more sketching in your letters the way you did for a while -- you were doing very well Honey. You could start by doing a sketch of the design on the box. Why don’t you start doing some regular sketches, it would be a lot of fun for you and with a little practise [sic] you could so some nice work. How about it?

My turn for CQ comes up again tomorrow night. I’ll get a chance to polish off more of my correspondence and should be caught up on all of it by then. I owe about five or six letters. I thought it over and I’m writing to quite a few different people. They’re all very different and yet are all very interesting. Jim Martin, the morose philosopher; Bob Kennedy, quite sophisticated and yet a hell of good
boy; Howie Shugerman, the wise cracker cosmopolite; Paul Katona, the politically minded refugee; and all the others. I’ve certainly made a lot of good friends in and out of the army and I’m very glad that you feel as you do about them and are as interested as I am in them

as friends. I’ve always dreaded the thought of ever marrying a woman who would want to reform me and who wants to start in on my friends. It’s so very nice to know that you love me just as I am and have no visions of making me over into a different mold. The mere thought of that makes me shudder.

I’ve got to go to work now Honey so I’ll just end this letter reminding you that, even though it pleases my vanity to think that you are jealous in matters where I’m concerned, you need never have any fears whatsoever that any other woman could ever capture my fancy. I just love you so very much that this would be an impossibility. Goodbye now Darling, again I remind you that

I love you with all my being.

Freddie