Hello Honey;

I am very sorry that I failed to write you last night but I'll try to make up for it tonight. Last night I went to the show to see the picture "CONFLICT." When the show was over I went straight to bed because I was very tired. I feel much more rested tonight. I am going to see the picture "KISMET". I've got to be CQ tomorrow night so I'll have to go tonight if I want to see the picture. I am very hot right now since I was just out burning some papers. This weather is bad enough as it is without being near a fire. I just about melted out there.

Today I checked through your letters to see just which ones of your letters I have not yet received. It seems that there are about a dozen letters that have not yet reached me. I hope that I get them soon because about five of them were in a series and you might have included something in them that I have not heard about. Your letters to here have come in almost in their proper order so far. That's the way I like to receive them because then there is no confusion about your referring to something you said in one of the letters that I have not yet received.

I've been trying to get those pieces of wood stained all day long but I have not met with much luck so far. I went down to the carpenter shop to see the painter who had told me that he would paint them for me. In the morning he was not there and this afternoon he was there but the paint was locked up and he couldn't get at it. Paint is a very dear commodity around here and it is kept under lock and key all the time. It seems that everyone here is afraid that things will be taken by midnite requisition. No trust in their fellow men at all.

In checking over the letters I also found the scrapbook that you made for me at Grant. In it was a picture of the house you had included as a possible post war home. I'm going to try to draw plans from the sketch they have of the house just to see if I can incorporate the floor plans that you sent me recently in the plans of this house. I like the exterior of the house in the scrapbook and think the inside could be made up to the exact specifications you suggested.

2.

Thursday morning

Good morning Beautiful;

See how very early I get up these days. You can rest assured that after we are married I shall not be eager to arise at the crack of dawn. I am back on the job of relieving the CQ while he goes to eat. Our breakfast this morning was quite good, what there was of it. We had fried eggs, or rather a fried egg. I hope that you saved that typical breakfast menu which I sent you a while back because I expect all my postwar breakfasts to be patterned after that one. Of course, if you think it would be a good idea you could add a nice thick steak to that list.

The job you spoke of having with those profs may be a good thing because I imagine that you wouldn't have much trouble getting a summer long vacation for our honeymoon and then when I
start school you could probably make arrangements to work for them part time. This would be very nice for the time that I have to go to school to get my bachelor’s degree. Then when I go to Ann Arbor for my master’s you would not have to work. It would only be about a year or so for the work and I am sure that we could get along very well without having you work for that length of time. With what we have saved up by the end of the war and what money we are able to save from what you make while we are at school I think that we should be fairly well set for a start when I graduate. 

I’ll have to catch up on my correspondence tonight while I’m on CQ. I’ll have plenty of time for it. I still have not written a letter to my friend Paul Katona, the Hungarian fellow I met at the 5th R/Depot. And I owe Mac and Frank Ludwig letters too. I have really fallen behind in my letter writing. Foster’s letter has yet to reach me. I’m anxious to find out just how he is and how he is getting along after that [sic] accident he had.

Since today is Kowalchuk’s day off I think that I shall have to work in the office today. At least this afternoon. This won’t be bad though since it will be a relief from being at work on those signs all day long. I like the work on the signs but it does get rather nervewracking after a while since it requires a heck of a lot of concentration for that stuff. I worked all yesterday afternoon at the job of making up an alphabet for use in making the signs for the officers nameplates. That doesn’t sound like very mush but believe me it was a job and a half. I finally got it done but am not yet quite satisfied with it. I’ll have to make some minor changes in it today. Kowalchuk is my critic in all my work. He is a very harsh critic but I find that if I temper his criticism with a little of my own I reach a fairly happy medium. I do need someone to keep me on the ball and make me toe the mark in any work that I do. That’ll be one of your extra-curricular duties when we’re married Darling.

Again last night I succumbed to the lure of the shiny cards and played a little rummy. I ended up a winner by about five shillings. It wasn’t a very long game and no one lost much money in it. Poor Duffy loses every time he plays with us. It’s funny because he can go down to the base and play with some of the fellows in his old outfit and come away a winner by about ten pounds every time, and yet when he plays with us for a shilling ante he just can’t seem to win at all.

It is just about time for the fellows to start coming in now. When they do I shall have to give up my letter writing and get myself back to the tent to get on with my days work. I have to try once more to get down to the carpenter shop to get the boards stained by the painter. One of these days I am going to be successful in getting this done. No one will be more surprised than I am if I am successful in accomplishing this since that [sic] darned carpenter shop is one of the busiest places I have ever seen with everyone running around like chickens with their heads cut off. You should see the fun I have trying to nail one of them down long enough to get anything done. I’ll leave you for now Honey but I will be back as soon as I can. Don’t go away now Sweet. I love you!

I was finally able to get the signs shellacked this morning. I did the job myself and didn’t do too bad a job even if I do admit it myself. They came out alittle lighter than I had anticipated but I think that if I use India ink on them that they will turn out all right. There is a nice grain to the wood and I wanted that to show through. It shows up very well with the shellac on them. Before I am through
here I will be a cabinet maker in addition to all my other trades. I will really be a handy man to have around. And that isn’t all I can do either.

4.

The PX just got in a new assortment of magazines today and I got the works. It included Life, The SatEve [sic] Post, the N yer [sic], Reader’s Digest, Newsweek, Yank, and finally Collier’s. I should be all set for reading material for quite a while now. There’s a new cartoonist in the N yer [sic] who I like very much. He is Cobean [sic] and is the cartoonist who did the cover on the Bostonian magazine that we bought On [sic] our way back from our furlough in Lynn. I didn’t think much of his work then but he seems to have improved a lot since then.

Your account of Mrs Price catching Peggy smoking was very amusing. What a miserable battle-axe she is. I don’t think that she has ever had a decent thought in all her life. I don’t see how she could have with the ideas she has on how to bring up children. She should have an ankle band and shackles welded on Peggy the way she keeps her penned up. As for her not ever trusting Peggy again, if I were Peggy I don’t think that would bother me at all because the amount of trust Mrs Price puts in anything except her crackpot theories on the rearing of a daughter is negligible. I still have to laugh every time I think of the time that John went to dinner at the Price’s after an afternoon at the Hofbrau. Mrs Price must have liked that an awful lot. I’m glad that you have the mother you have because she helps an awful lot and I can’t think of anyone that I’d rather have for a mother in law. Mr Price is all right but very mousy and henpecked I am afraid. Yes, I much prefer the inlaws [sic] I have than any others. I am very glad they approve of me as they do because that makes it perfect all around.

The mystery of the sun bathing is solved. It seems that the Robson family had a sun lamp that they hid away from me and that this is what you mean when you mention taking a sun bath. You had better watch out though because if you persist in staying under it for prolonged periods of time you will look like a finely cooked lobster in no time at all. You never told me you had freckles. Every day I seem to find out something new about you.

Since you discovered that the cookies kept very well in that Christmas you can see to it that I am plentifully supplies with them from now on. If you would that is. Don’t feel bad about having told me what was in the package because by the time I got it I had completely forgotten what you told me it contained. I had given up hope of ever seeing it at all. Now [sic] I wish that some of the others would hurry up and get here so that I could get some more of the things you are sending me. While I think of it Honey, would you get me some penpoints for drawing? Mine are all shot and I don’t think I’ll be able to get any others. I would like some Esterbrook [sic] points if you can get them, or in the event that you could not get those, any others will do. I’d like about a dozen 303s, and the same amount of some other sizes which I can’t think of right now but which I will check up on as soon as I get back to the tent. I think that if you would crop a few in a box from time to time it would be a good idea. That is, if you happen to think of it you could do that. The ones I have now are all spreading at the point and I can’t use them for fine work anymore. I have to fall back on the crow quill points which I have been trying to save for really fine work. I should consider myself lucky to have such minor troubles I guess, there are some people with much greater problems than mine.
Greater than any of my problems except the one of not being with you I should say, because that is a problem without peer anywhere. I do so miss you and I want so much to hold you very close to me and kiss you. You are so very sweet and adorable my Darling.

Before I forget it Darling, did I ever tell you that when you are hurrying along writing one of your letters that you very often leave out words and spell others in the queerest ways. In this letter, for example, you say that when you looked at yourself you were as “read” as a beet. Tch! Tch! Im surprised. You leave you words in the darndest places too. You will probly [sic] tell me about something you just bought and will say that you have just bought the nicest and that I should see how it looks on you. While I realize that there are a multitude of things which when worn by you would borrow some of your beauty and therefore look very nice on you, I still do not know which item you are referring to in this particular case. At times it is amusing, and at otherwtimes [sic] it is confusing.

I have a very strong suspicion that the Command is now the possessor of a herd of covey or whatever you may call beavies of pups. We have a little mongrel bitch around here who is called Queenie, and the last time I saw her she seemed to be on the brink

of motherhood. Since then she has disappeared and I presume that something new has been added. We have more dogs around here than you could shake a stick at, presuming that you would want to shake a stick at dogs. I guess there are about half dozen of them of all sizes shapes and descriptions – and only Queenie. They are quite smart though and the fellows get them to do a lot of tricks such as walking on their hind legs in return for which they receive a piece of gum. They are all [sic] crazy over gum. They don’t chew it, they just swallow it.

There’s the noon bugle call so I’ll have to get back soon.

SOON ----

I managed to keep very busy this afternoon and got quite a bit of work done. At the present time I am in the process of being CQ and find that there is not much to do except answer the phone from time to time and to tell people that I don’t know the answer to their particular problem and that if they call back in the morning there will be someone here who will be able to help them. I did manage to read all of the LIFE magazine I got today, the February 5th issue. There was a page in it devoted to a new style wearing apparel which is put on like a diaper. It looks quite practical and comfortable. It was for women though. You may be interested in it. I think one of those would look very nice on you. There were also some nice sketches of the war in the Balkans, done by Redenthal, one of LIFE’s artists. Also in the field of art there was an article about the artist who draws the characters in Up Front With Mauldin. He is quite young, only 23 years old. Of course I am much older almost 24 now. Just a few more days Darling. My third birthday in the army, and I hope it is my last. That’s a lot of a man’s life to be wasted this way.

More and more with the passing of each day, the realization that you are the most important part of my life becomes more evident to me. I miss you so and yet there is not a thing that I can do about it. That is what hurts more than anything. I feel so damned helpless when I realize that I am not here of my own choice and there is absolutely no way on earth that I can avoid staying here. I think I
have a very good idea of just how a caged animal feels. When you come to think of it there isn’t a hell of a lot of difference. He isn’t in the cage of his own choice, and yet he can’t do a thing about his predicament. I just hope that it doesn’t last too long so I can once more feel like a human being. Something inside me rebels at every evidence I find of anything militaristic. It is rapidly becoming a phobia with me, no fooling. I guess they’ll never [sic] be able to make a soldier out of me, not that I ever wanted to become a soldier you understand. I won’t even want to see a parade after the war. All I want is you. Nothing else just you. That seems like a very sensible request and yet it is so far from fulfillment that I just doesn’t seem possible that we will ever be together again to be with one another for good. Darling, I just love you more than you could ever dream. You are so sweet.

Get yourself ready for bed now Honey because I’m coming to give you a goodnight hug and kiss and to see that you are properly tucked in bed. Hurry now so you’ll be ready when I get there.

I love you my sweet.

Freddie

The enclosed money order is the one I have been promising for so long. You can get those linoleum cutting supplies I asked for with it and the rest is for the furniture fund for you to get the things we need with it. It would probably be best to get that bedroom set first because that is something I can assure you is a must on our furniture list. We should be able to save up enough for that in not to [sic] long a time. I’ll send you some money for it every month.

Goodbye now Sweetheart. Remember always that you are my very sweet and dear darling and that I send you all my love and kisses.

Freddie.