Darling, darling, darling!
I love you. This seems to me to be the most appropriate way I know of to start a letter because it tells you what is foremost in my mind at the time I write and at all times. Nothing could ever supplant you in first place in all my thoughts, not even for an instant to live you and breathe you. You are as vital to me as food and air and much more beloved. You are everything a wife should be, my darling, and I love you very much for being just that. I'd rather have you waiting for me miles away as you are now than have anyone else in the world right here beside me. Having known you and loved and been loved in return I could never have anything less and anyone else would be something much less. I don't know how I can possibly stand being away from you for over a year, darling, but stand it I will if it will bring me back to your arms in the end. That's all I need to make my life complete, just to feel your arms around me once more and your lips on mine. I love you, darling, more than I could ever succeed in telling you. Demonstration of my love for you is something which will be hard to do in just one lifetime, although I shall attempt to demonstrate it to the best of my ability when once more we are together. All this is something which you must purely know but which I delight in telling you over and over again so that you don't forget it for even an instant. I wish you were here with me, darling, or better yet, that I were there with you. This place is bad enough but without you it is quite unbearable.
angrils to leave here and get to my regular outfit. I'm sure I wouldn't be violating an army restriction if I told you that the assignment I am getting seems to be even a better one than I had ever hoped for. I'll tell you more about it at an early date.

While I remain here though, I fear the government would learn no more information than this.

You should see me now, sweetheart. I'll let you know the last twenty pounds since your last saw me and have taken a couple of inches off my waistline. I don't think I weigh 160 pounds now believe me nor my trousers all have to be pleated around the waist when I fasten my belt, they are that much too large. That embarrassing double chin I was giving birth to has been alleviated also. A much bigger improvement has took place. For the better I believe, unless you, like Mrs. Trump's wife Bible, like to have your men in the substantial side. That's my way of thinking would just be making it hard on yourself. Although I'm very sure that panting of the wonderful food you will be able to prepare, so ably by the time you return will do a little toward bringing my weight up, but the exercise I get will counteract that to an amazing extent. Blessing again young lady. My, my, I'll have to do something about that.

The wearing out of my clothing is being eliminated today by the airing out of my barrack's bag. The bottom of the damned thing was quite moldy from sitting on the ground. This wonderful new junior climate doesn't.
As an addition to the scrapbook I'm enclosing a shilling with this letter. One shilling is equal to twopence, or 16 American cents, in American money. This is what I cut the child on their bracelet from. An additional enclosure is the sketch of the dental clinic done the day I went and had my teeth filled. The clinic is very well equipped. Much better than I had expected from the model clinics at Camp Grant, where such primitive equipment as pedal operated dentist drills were used. Our clinic here is much more luxurious. I was one of the few white boys in there on this particular day. Almost everyone else was colored.

That book "The Moonstone" was quite good. I was quite fooled right till the very last part of the book when the villain was finally unmasked. It is well written for a mystery, having been written way before the modern blood and thunder era of mystery stories became so popular. I had passed it up in several anthologies because it looked so long but am quite glad I read it this time.

Have you read "The & Mrs. Cugat" yet? Do be sure to send it to Honey because it is quite the best book of its kind that I've run across yet. It's very seldom that I find a book written by a woman, which can hold my interest and amuse me all the way from cover to cover as this one did. Once or twice Mrs. Cugat reminded me slightly of you, Darling.
I don't know if you've seen an overseas edition of the New Yorker as I'll send you a couple of those I have here. I will mail them to you separately. I wish they'd advertise it because I get quite a bit of enjoyment out of just reading the ads and seeing what's being sold, eaten, and worn in the States.

Well, Darling I'll leave you for now to see the U.S. show "Cover Girl" which is showing here tonight. It should be a fairly good show and I'm sure it will be appreciated for no other reason than for the fact that there will be girls in civilian dresses in it. The only costumes the War or Red Cross girls wear are slacks, and the slacks they wear make them look a mile wide across you know where. I suppose it is rather unfair to blame it all on the slacks though. At any rate it is nice, and brings back memories of home to see a girl in a bright colored dress. There are girls in particular whom I would like to have here in slacks dress or otherwise just as they were here. Guess who I could mean and then see if you can imagine why I'd like to have you here.

It must be because

I love you with all my heart.

Freddie