Dear Little Sunny Face,

You're looking very beautiful aren't you my Darling? Remember the first time I told you that? You refused to believe me. That's one of the things I first liked about you, sweetheart. Most girls who are beautiful realize it all too well, yet from the way you react, I knew that you were beautiful. I knew that you didn't realize it. I did, do, and always will realize it too. You're the most beautiful girl in the world, sweetheart, and I'm the luckiest boy. I wish you were here so I could just drink in that beauty. Josh, Darling, you're so damned sweet that I don't know how I'm going to stand being away from you any longer. Baby. It had been too damned long, despite all the stories I've heard of fellows being over here as many years as three months, four months almost to the day. That's longer than I was ever intended to be away from you. If only they'd move me from place to place I could feel that each of my moves brings me a little nearer to you. As it is, I have to console myself with the idea that each hour that goes by is one more hour to be checked off on the time we must be apart.
You complain that all my jokes have been old and outdated. Maybe you haven't yet heard of the one about the Chinaman who decided to send his money home to China. The first week he brought his American money to the bank and received 100 yen for it. This he sent home. The next week he exchanged the same amount of money and only received 95 yen for it. Upon inquiring he discovered that "this was due to fluctuation and next week it will probably be more than 100 yen." Satisfied with this explanation, he sent the money home.

The third week he returned to the bank to exchange his money and only received 90 yen. He just shook his head sadly and walked away muttering "I cheated again. Now don't tell be you haven't heard that one. If you don't get the point just ask one of the big girls who won sure will explain it.

As my sketch will tell you, today I only had a half day of school. We were given the afternoon off to install new plumbing fixtures consisting of:

1. one (1) pit, about 4' by 6' by 3' deep
2. one (1) quartermaster light-hole
3. a lot of earth piled around the whole
4. One (1) tar paper and screen building surrounding the whole.
It is quite an intricate little system whose specifications are sternly dictated by Army Regulations and rigidly adhered to by all. I was on the log fetching detail for a while and we dismantled an old deserted camp site to get some of the nice long poles (we’re not lazy, it’s just much easier to get them already cut). I was promoted from this detail to the job of transposing piles of sand to new locations around the bogs. This mystical box of which I speak corresponds with the good old American institution “the john,” except that in Army language it is known by the cross-name of a L-A-T-R-I-N-E. Isn’t that nice? Don’t worry though, Don, not allowing this to influence me unduly in drawing up the plans for our postwar home, I favored the little house in the back yard long before we got out here. Of course in writing it might get a little cold but all will have to do is keep the seat behind the stove to heat it. Ouch!! Say that pistol down lady! I was only fooling you. If you insist, we’ll even have Ames pajamas.

The plans for the house are not yet completed. I started on another plan for a small home that can be enlarged later. I just got another idea and jotted it down. Fields
as many as my mind will dictate to me and send them all along for your approval. I'll keep duplicates of them so that if you refer to something in one of the plans I can check on my copy to find what you're talking about. I'll stay right on that. Darling.

Tonight was beer and fight night. I drank my can of cold beer and loaded the two cans of warm beer for use after volleyball games. It tasted quite good then. The fights weren't too hot. The last one threatened to be moderately exciting but just at the end of the first round one of the boys got a slight cut alongside his eye and the referee stopped the bout as the injury couldn't be made worse. It was a good idea because things like that can be fairly serious.

Well, my own Sweet Darling, once more my candle burns low, my eyelids droop, and my head yearns for the comforting support of a pillow. I will leave you to retie to sweet dreams of you until tomorrow when I can daydream of you as I do and shall continue to do.

Always
Freddie