Wednesday, Nov. 15, 1944

Sweetest Darling,

I am tired from another day of KP. It wasn't as hard work that I had to do but it was long. They kept me busy all of the day. On other jobs you do the work and are then through till the next meal. 3, however, was helping the cooks and that was bad because I had to serve meals and then help prepare the next meal. Rumor has it that we catch KP again Sunday. I don't mind their giving it to me every four days but I would like one day off a week and if I have KP on Sunday I won't even have that.

They're killing us with kindness. We had steaks again for dinner today. They were Swiss steaks and were rather tough but they were fresh meat; in top of that---miracle of miracles, we had fresh creamery butter instead of the usual yellow margarine. It was indeed a day for rejoicing.

Tomorrow we have corned beef hash. I liked corned corned beef when I was back in the States but I will certainly lose my taste for it if they keep this up, corned beef, salmon, and Spam are the old standbys until something good comes along.

Our tent is rather barren again. Henwig, Walchek, and Pappy Morgan have left our little company decreasing by half the camp Grant men are here. Kissner and the Chicken (Redman) are the only ones left. We call Redman the Chicken because he's quite young --- barely twenty --- is a very good looking blonde fellow (Don't get any ideas he has a girlfriend in Indiana), and has a very nice curl in his hair which is his pride and joy. He's a very nice fellow though and we share one another's
company on our pujournas to the local cinema and to the Red Cross.

I have taken to writing to all my correspondents in pencil in an effort to save ink. If you receive letters written in pencil though you can be sure it will be because I am out of ink. I don't care much to receive letters written in pencil and so will put off the inevitable as long as possible.

Again today I did some reminiscing about us and the fun we've had together. Redman asked me if you were jealous and I replied that I hoped you were. Then I started thinking of the time I went to Elver's wedding reception and met that girl— Johnnie—but I have forgotten her name, then whom I had that date with her and walked in on you and Knip at the bowling alley. Knip told me that he thought you were the least bit perturbed. Somehow I had hoped you would be just to prove to myself that you did care for me. You weren't alone though because I was rather jealous of Steve for a while. I do love you very much Sweetie. Then I thought of the day on Boston Common when I gave you the ring. It wasn't very large but I was quite proud of it and much more proud of you. You were the most beautiful person I ever seen that day and grew even more beautiful every minute spent with you since then. You have wonderful eyes, they're so bright expressive and alive. It's just swell to speak to you just to see their changing expressions and their attentiveness and alertness. They're just one of the things I like about you though. The others start at your feet and go right up to your head not missing a thing even a fascinating mole. Why
Bunny, you're blushing. Let's have none of that.

Poor Redmon is out quite a bit of money right now. He loaned $25 to one of three fellows on the ship and that fellow left here today with Herring headed for parts unknown. I don't care too much for the idea of lending money, not only because of the money that you lose, that can be made up, but because I once lent a fellow some money because he was a good friend of mine and not only did he not repay me, but he purposely avoided me after that. It certainly is not worth it.

One of the boys who left gave me a nice little foot locker made for him. It also serves as the desk upon which I am now writing. We've gone a long way toward making the place more comfortable and could do a lot more if we were attached to an outfitter. We did rig up some nice cans today for washing clothes and for drawing water from the wells. In addition to that, we cast some new candles from the metal way from our candles. A kerosene lantern would really be invaluable here. I find when we are stationed permanently it may be that we will have adequate lighting facilities or if not that I will be able to improve something better than a candle.

My book Moby Dick is quite interesting. I don't know if you've ever read it or not but his character Duzque is certainly very unique. I think I'll enjoy it quite well.

Tomorrow night the picture "A Mask for Dimitrios" is playing here and I certainly intend to see it. I read the book "A Coffin for Dimitrious" whose title was changed because the word coffin would not look good on theater marquees. Bob Kennedy saw it and said it was
excellent. We usually have about the same taste in pictures so I'll heed this criticism.

You said in one of your letters that I must have omitted a page from one of the letters I wrote or else I had gone off on a tangent. Whichever it was I hope I have not repeated the error. In your letters you have a fascinating habit of leaving off the last word to about half your sentences. A typical example is your informing me that you are having your picture taken in your new. And there it ends. Of course all I have to do is check back to the first part of the letter read that you have just bought a new hat, and surmise that the new hat is what you are to be photographed in. I don't care what you are photographed in as long as I get the photograph. They and the letters and memories are all I have of you till I can get back to you.

It's only a quarter after seven and yet I feel dead tired. I think I'll close this, drop Mom and Dad a line and then tuck myself into my bed and get a good night's sleep, which includes dreams of you. I do love you very much, Darling, and until we can be together I send you my love and kisses.

Always

Freddie

P.S. No letters came through today either.