Sweetheart,

I love you even more than I did yesterday, unbelievable as that may seem. Everyday you are dearer to me but not nearer except in spirit. That way I’m with you all the time but it still doesn’t do me much good physically and right now I am longing for your presence. Ah me! Some day this war will end and when it does I’ll see every one of the friends and neighbors who invited me into this fiasco frying in hades before they get me out here again. Why in hell people can’t run a world in an orderly enough fashion to preclude the necessity of warfare as a measure of arbitration is beyond me, particularly since they chose to use me as a pawn in these games. There’s nothing I can do about it this time but the next time I’ll be unavailable.

Today I went on sick call to get something to clear out my nose. This dust gets up there and I have one heck of a time breathing. I now have to inhale salt water through my nose every four hours and then stuff my nose with boric acid to keep out the dust. The only thing I can’t figure out is how I’m supposed to breathe with a noseful [sic] of boric acid.

After sick call we were all put to work cleaning rifles. This is particularly interesting because the guns are packed in a very thick layer of cosmoline a preservative grease which is solvent in gasoline. The gasoline burns the devil out of our hands but I’m not complaining because I’d a damned sight rather do work like this than go out to take training. I’ve done so much damned training since I’ve been in the Army. Unassigned for nineteen months out of the twenty five I’ve been in the Army.

There were some flashlights at the PX tonite [sic] but I got over there just in time to see the last one sold. Lucky Maurice always at the tail end. It’s amazing how the only ties I don’t go over there early happen to coincide with the times they offer something worthwhile for sale. It’s all a conspiracy against me I’m sure. Ain’t it awful the way they gang up on me Sweetheart.

This afternoon they had me putting together the bolts on some of the rifles. That was a nice job and I became quite adept at it but yet something queer happened because, although I’m sure I assembled them all right because they all worked when I tested them, there was a piece left over. Someone must have tried to sabotage me by putting that in there to cross me up. You know me better than to think I’d ever make a mistake, don’t you Darling?

There were quite a few pieces left over and we put them all in a box with the fond expectation that whoever works on that detail tomorrow will be able to find enough parts to make a rifle or some such thing. Knowing most of these fellows as I do, I wouldn’t be a bit surprised to find that most of those pieces find their way to the States in a charm bracelet.

I wonder just what you’re doing right now. Probably just getting up in the morning. I wish I were right there with you so that when you opened your eyes the first thing you’d see would be me. I would be very tempted to just fold you in my arms and give you the best kiss you have ever gotten, then – well, then you can just let your imagination take over from there only you can be sure that among other things I would tell you over and over, as I do now that I love you more than anything in the world.

Tonight one of the boys went over to get some cigarets [sic] so I had him buy me some tobacco for the pipe I bought the other day. The only tobacco they had was Granger, rather a rugged kind of tobacco to break a new pipe with but it will have to do till something better comes along. Don’t tell me you can’t picture me with a pipe now. I was very surprised to hear that you are smoking Philip Morrices because I can remember the time when you ranked them on a level with Kools. Maybe you will stop smoking but I’m very much inclined to doubt it. I’ve heard you threaten to do that several times before but nothing ever came of it then either.
Let me know what kind of chest your father makes you. I had a vague idea that you would not be the one to make it, not that you couldn’t you know but just that a rowing girl with a college schedule plus library work to do wouldn’t have time to do this. (Diplomacy plus). I love you whether you make the chest or not Sweetheart, nothing could change it. You’re [sic] being or not being a carpenter wouldn’t make any difference. I’ll be doing the carpentry in our family when I get back.

Well, Sweetheart, I’ll be signing off now sending you all my love and reminding you that I am

Yours Forever

Freddie