

Thursday

Dear Sweetheart;

I love you very much. I got your letter with the house plan in it and am going to fool around making revisions in it. I'll send it to you when I have revised it so you can see what you think of it. I also checked off the names of the books I'd be interested in and will send that to you tomorrow. I forgot to bring it with me when I left the company area tonite. [sic] They just paid us and I am in the Mason's waiting for Bob to put in an appearance so we can eat out this evening. It will be our last evening together before he leaves for Beale because tomorrow night I will C.Q. and will be chained to the orderly room for the night. I certainly will try to get Saturday off Sweetheart because I want to spend as much time as possible in Lansing with you before I leave.

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I was very ambitious this morning and ironed three sets of underwear and sewed on a set of stripes. The stripes were sewed on the uniform I am wearing at present. The uniform is one I just got from the supply sergeant and needs a good pressing. I didn't have time to do that today tho [sic] because my afternoon was spent going over to get shoes – a project in which I was unsuccessful because they were fresh out of 11 C's – and being paid. Tomorrow will be spent drawing new equipment and having another clothing check. They're endless.

I got the scissors Darling. It was very sweet of you to send them. I couldn't imagine what was coming in an unused package tho [sic] and though I might be getting my Christmas present very prematurely. I'm glad to get the scissors tho [sic] because I can certainly use them. My mustache was beginning

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to look seedy. That wouldn't do would it Honey?

It rained all last night and when I got back to the tent I found that the rain had shrunk the canvas so much that one of the corner poles had torn a very nice big hole almost directly over my head. I was quite tried as it didn't make much difference. I just pulled the bed out a little and went to sleep on the damp pillow. I'm really roughing it.

Bill Barnhart has left. I just got his APO address. I'll have to keep in touch with him because he's a very interesting character. The other day a captain came over and asked Bill if he could borrow the typewriter. Bill thought it over for a minute and finally said, "all right, you can take it but you'd better not use it long and bring it right back when you're through because I need it." The captain looked

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slightly surprised and went off with the typewriter, assuring Bill that he would not use it long.

There was no retreat tonite [sic] because the pay line did not get started till very late. I took off as soon as I found out I did not have to stand retreat. That way I was able to get an empty bus and a nice seat. Most of the other fellows waited to eat.

I wrote a letter to my Aunt Blanche today. She will really be surprised because it's the first letter I've written in ages. She's the aunt with whom I lived one summer while I was working in Nashua. Every Sunday morning she would feed me a breakfast of wonderful baked beans and a couple pounds of delicious steak. She's a pretty good skate and is about the only one of my father's sisters that I care for at all. In fact, she's the only one dad care for

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at all. Her husband, my Uncle Elphege, is also very nice. He's a Canadian and was born and brought up in Canada. He's also the one who's favorite saying is and exasperated "Sonoffa gon." Will have to visit them when we go to New England next. I'm sure you'll like them very much. If they have me fault it is an overwhelming hospitality. You can't refuse anything there and just have to take it. I also have to write to Foster's mother. Mom said that she wanted to hear from me. Such popularity must be well deserved. O.K., O.K.!! I'll stop being so egotistical – or at least I'll try. I have got a right to be you know – and you must admit it. Any fellow who has a girl like you certainly must have something on the ball.

The sweet odor of hot coffee is coming to me from the lunch counter here. I don't think a cup of coffee would

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spoil my appetite do you? Just a little cup of coffee never hurt anyone. You do agree with me don't you? After all, Bob may not be here for a while yet and I certainly couldn't starve in the meantime. I guess I'll close now Sweetheart reminding you again that you're the sweetest, dearest and most wonderful person in the world and that

I love you with all my heart

Freddie