

Tuesday

Dolores Darling;

I'm writing this letter while lying flat on my stomach on a nice green lawn along the Rock River after having consumed a hearty meal at Bishop's Cafeteria. I'm with Bob Kennedy and Bill [scratched out word] Barnhart.

Gosh, I don't think I'll get my furlough until Friday at midnite. [sic] I was hoping I'd get it Thursday instead. Joline said that if we did not leave until Friday at midnite [sic] he would drive me all the way thru [sic] to Jackson which would be very nice too. Oh well, as long as I get it, that's all that counts.

It's too bad about your champagne binge, I was sorry to hear about Capt. Hall drinking your champagne. You must've had some sweet wine instead, probably port or some other such sweet wine. You should've at least had some dry wine which is much more palatable.

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There are some motor boats racing up and down the river right now. I think it would be great fun to be riding out thru [sic] with you now. We could go out to one of the islands in the river and spend the nite [sic] there. Hmmm! Quite an appealing thought don't you think?

This will be rather a short letter because I intend to take time out to telephone you tonite [sic] and let you know that I still am not exactly sure when I get my furlough except that its either Thursday or Friday midnite. [sic]

There's a beautiful moon coming up. I hope it is [scratched out word] a full moon when I see you. It looks so nice up there. It will be wonderful watching the moon rise above the ocean in Lynn. Gosh, I love you Darling, you're so very wonderful that [scratched out word] it seems almost an impossibility that anyone could be so nice.

Today we really had to sweat. All our classes were out under the very hot noon day sun and I really sweat it out. Capt. Finkle, one of our

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company officers conducted all the classes since he is the only officer left. He's a very kind-hearted old soul and is very amusing and pleasant to speak to. Our CO pulled off another nice one today. It seems that six of the new fellows who came in from Camp Ellis went AWOL today and so Lt. Fayin decided that he would teach us a lesson and make us all be in bed by eleven o'clock tonite. [sic] Why we are all guilty because six fellows went AWOL is quite beyond my comprehension, but the Lt. thinks that is quite a just punishment. He is a pain in the neck.

I've got my shoes off now and it feels very nice and cool. I still wish you were here. I guess it's no use tho [sic] so I'll close sending all my love and a million hugs & kisses.

Freddie