

Monday

My Own Sweet Darling;

I miss you fiercely Sweet!! After nine days of complete bliss I am back at Camp and hate it more than I ever did before, mainly because I love you so much and being separated from you like this is so terrible. It's hard to describe the feeling I had when I got back here last nite [sic] on that train.

My ride to Chicago was very nice. The bus made Battle Creek in plenty of time for me to catch that train. Brook Shepard, one of the boys in AST Italian, was on the bus also and I had a nice chat with him all the way into Battle Creek. He's in the same company with Gene Goldfader. The train to Chicago was all air conditioned and all the seats were reclining seats. It was only about half full, really very nice. I ate on the train and talked with a young sailor, 19 yrs [sic] old, who had troubles. He was going out with a WAC lieutenant 26 yrs [sic] old and she just found out his true age. He said that after that she just would not let him get any place with her and said that it was such a shame because he had been doing very well till

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that time. He bought me a couple bottles of beer which I considered good payment for listening to his tale of woe. He was from Port Haron and was going to Notre Dame in the V-12 program.

In Chicago I met Tom Nevin, a Spanish student from MSC who is here at Grant with me. I rode into Camp Grant with him. He also gave [scratched out word] his girl friend an engagement ring during this furlough. She's a Kalamazoo girl and he lives in Boston. What have these Michigan girls got that Mass. Fellows go for.

I got letters from Jim Martin, My cousin Foster and Swiftly as well as one from Mary today. It helped a little to get all that mail altho [sic] a letter from you would have been awfully welcome. Swiftly and Babe now have a son Stuart Lindsay Swift. Foster wrote me all about the wonders of married life and offered some information if I thought I'd have any use for it. I'll have to tell him a thing or two. Jim's letter you know about because he told me just about everything that was in it. Mary wrote quite a long letter in which she said that we seemed to be getting farther and farther apart all the time, etc – We are about as far apart as

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we could be now.

I love you Darling, something terrific and would give anything to have you here with me, or rather to be there with you right now. I just hope and pray I can be with you forever soon. I love you. I'll close now cause [sic] I have to get some sleep but I'll write again tomorrow Sweetheart so don't go way.

A great big hug and kiss and all my

Love

Freddie