

Monday –

Good Morning Sweet Darling;

Ah me! It's another beautiful morning and I had a pretty good nite's [sic] sleep so I feel nice right now. The chow line is a mile long so I'm just going to sit out till it goes down quite a bit and then I'll go. Some fellow, started it over a half hour ago and it hasn't moved an inch yet. I'll be damned if I'll go out there and waste an hour or so just standing in line when I could be writing to you instead.

This idea I have of making a sleeping bag out of the blankets works quite well, especially since I borrowed some safety pins to hold the thing together. Now, just wait. One of the pins will undoubtedly open during the nite [sic] and stall me. I always expect the worse from this darned

2.

bivouac.

Yesterday wasn't too bad a day. I wish you had been here tho. [sic] I could have enjoyed it much more with you Darling. We could have gotten a lunch and spent the day in Bell Bowl. As it was, I just laid around here and really wasted all that time. At least half the fellows goofed off and went to town. The bivouac area looked quite deserted.

One of my friends here, Art Sadtler, is after me to get married right away. He said that he had a talk with his wife and they decided that I should. I wish we were married right now Darling, it would be wonderful to think of going home to you every time I got time off, particularly if we were married. Of course it's very wonderful even tho [sic] we aren't married but would be even better if we were.

3.

The inside of this tent is really a mess. My blankets are covered with dead grass, and jammed into the back end of the tent are barracks bags, furlough bags, gas masks, packs, newspapers, a box of Lux, a camera, two shovels, and a Reader's Digest. It really is piled up too. Little ants are scurrying over everything. They're a damned nuisance.

At nite [sic] the ants bother most of the boys and you can hear fellows start cussing a blue streak when one of the darned things gets in their ear or nose or starts crawling up their leg. Remember when we went on our picnic? I never saw so many of them as there are around here tho. [sic] They're everywhere.

4.

One of the fellows in the next tent to Art Satlu's is a jockey who used to ride at East Coast Tracks. Some major here has a stable of horses so he got this kid a job here at Camp Grant doing nothing except ride his horses in races around here. Saturday nite [sic] the kid stepped away to give one of the horses a workout and the darned horse fell over on him while he was riding it. He got up Sunday morning and he was really lame. I didn't think he'd ever recover because he looked very sad indeed. I guess he must be a tough little guy tho [sic] because last nite [sic] he went right back for some more riding. He told us about a little colt over there. The colt is called sneaky because quite a while back one of the stallions broke out of his stall and got into the corral with three mares. The next morning the kid said they found the horse outside his stall looking as if he had been lathered with

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a nice sudsy soap. He had lost over 200 pounds during the nite. [sic] This colt was the only result of the night's work so they decided to call him "Sneaky" because of the way his father sneaked out to create him. That must be a wonderful way to lose weight, don't you think? I'll probable fade away to a shadow on our honeymoon.

They've just now started to feed the fellows. It's about time. I'll have to fortify myself for my jaunt to the dispensary on sick call. That athlete's foot doesn't want to clear up so I'll have to keep after it till it's gone. It's also a nice way to get out of going to classes. These classes are horribly boring because I've been over all the stuff time and time again until it has started to spill out my ears. It's [scratched out word] very boring.

6.

I will close now to mail this. I love you! I love you!

I love you!

Freddie