

Thursday –

Darling, Sweetheart Mine;

I have just finished trying to call you but was unsuccessful and spoke with your mother instead. Our gadding about again, eh? That'll learn [sic] you a lesson. I spoke with your mother about what I asked you over the phone the other morning and she told me that she thought it would be completely out of the question right now. That's what I try to tell myself, but rather unsuccessfully. I just can't convince myself. I wanted to call you tonite [sic] because I heard that orders had come thru for fifty men to go to Seattle, Washington next Tuesday. I'm quite sure I'm not on it but wanted to call you so I could speak with you just in case. I'll almost surely be here till September first, I hope. I hope also that if and when I leave here I go to Camp Reynolds so I can see you a few more times. I don't know what I'll do when I have to go months without seeing you.

Your mother kidded me about the prospect of marriage seeming so good to me just because I had been sleeping on the hard ground out here on bivouac. That had nothing to do with it. What really made the prospect of marriage so very nice is the fact that I have not seen you now for a couple of weeks and realize just how much I love you and miss you and it's really a terrific amount of love.

2.

Tonite [sic] they let us go to a beer bast [sic] for the 8th Regiment – the one I'm in. I should say that they let those of us go who wanted to. I did not go because I cannot drink 3.2 beer. It has a very nauseating taste and is not for me.

Today we had a very easy day and just listened to lectures all day long. It was fun. No work, nothing to do except try to stay awake. I succeeded quite well at that task altho [sic] from time to time I caught myself just about going to sleep. We're scheduled to do the same thing tomorrow morning. I'd soon spend my time this way as any other. Tomorrow nite [sic] we go to a firework demonstration in Bell Bowl. They're going to put on a display of chemical agents used in warfare. I wish you were here to watch it with me.

One of the fellows came back from the 36th Battalion today and told us how Lt. Merrikin was faring. It seem that he is still – and even worse than ever – in hot water. The fellows just don't care for him at all and tell him so at every opportunity. He has restricted just about half the company. Today a fellow walked in and dropped some furlough papers on his desk and walked out. The furlough was an emergency one nine days in length and had been given in May. The fellow just forgot to come back till now. I don't know what Merrikin [scratched out word] will want to do to him.

3.

Some of the boys just came back from the party with a case of beer so I decided to try a bottle. It doesn't taste very good but it's cold so I'll drink it any way.

Tomorrow is our last day before we go out into the woods. It shouldn't be too bad tho [sic] because we'll go out there Saturday and will be back Monday. Then, I hope, we move into the pyramidal tents again. I'm tired of life in a pup tent.

We had another violent rain storm last nite [sic] and I got my feet considerably wet. I had to get up at about 4:00 AM and dig a little auxiliary trench to drain the trench around out tent. Touma my tent mate ran his hand along the top of the tent to see if it was leaking. This started the darned thing leaking. We managed to survive the storm fairly well tho, [sic] altho [sic] I doubt if the clothes I washed out last nite [sic] ever dry out. Art Sadtler really had tough luck during the storm tho. [sic] He had the blankets pulled up around his feet and when it started to rain he reached down and pulled the blankets up over him. It seems that water had gathered in the folds and he just poured it all over himself when he pulled the blankets up. He really has tough luck.

I am writing this letter in the latrine. We have a lot of chains here [scratched out word] which used to be in a classroom. They are the type with the broad arm which can be used as a

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writing desk. These chains are lines all along the walls and there are about twenty of us writing letters here. It's the official writing room.

I just finished that horrible tasting brew. It really is terrible, no fooling. I don't know why I even attempt [scratched out word] to drink it.

Got to close now and get a good nite's [sic] sleep Darling. Goodbye, Sweetheart, I love you and am with you always in thought if not in person. We spend the whole day together in daydreams.

A Great Big Hug and Lots of

Kisses

Freddie