

Tuesday

Darling;

This will be very brief because I have been chasing around all day and still have to shower and wash my mess gear before going to bed. I have to get up at 4:30 in the morning to leave. We're supposed to get there Saturday nite [sic] and I think we're going in a Pullman troop train. We'll have to eat out of mess kits which is my reason for cleaning mine. It doesn't seem possible that I'm going to leave to go to the West Coast. I'll be able to write you all about California though, it's the only part of the country, with the exception of the southwest, that I haven't been to. I haven't been to the northeast either so I'll take that back. Sorry.

The Xmas [sic] tags I'll enclose in here. Thank you for sending them Darling. I'm glad you apologized for accusing me of taking your wallet. You really hurt my

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feelings you know but I'll forgive you for a nice big kiss. Mmmm!!! Thanks a lot sweetheart.

Today Mitchell, one of the fellows who work in personnel, told me that my new spec number was not that of a surgical technician but that it was 149 and nobody knows what that is. I thought at first that he had made a mistake because that's identical with the score I got on my General Classification Test, but I found out later that that is the number they gave me. I'd like to know what it is first to satisfy my curiosity. They made one of the fellows in my tent a baker and another one a cook and neither of them has ever been into a kitchen before. Another fellow who worked in a morgue in civilian life was made a butcher. I don't know how they ever handed them out but I'm sure that in cases of doubt they stuck pins into the list of spec numbers while blindfolded and gave the person the number so selected

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I finally got all my stuff into the duffle bag and the small handbag but it was quite a tussle. I didn't realize that I had so damned much stuff before. The steel helmet they gave us takes up an awful lot of room. I'd like to get rid of the darned thing. I'm doing pretty well, only shipping with two sets of dirty underwear and a couple pair of dirty socks. I'm quite proud of the laundry I did last week.

Sweetheart, I love you so and am going to miss you fiercely until I'm with you again but until then, Darling, remember that I am always thinking of you and that you are the one bright thing which gives me the assurance that all will be well after this is over. I derive a lot of hope and a wonderfully pleasant feeling from the knowledge that you and I are so very much in love and that as soon as I am back again we will start out on a new life

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together. A life that we will make the most wonderful and most perfect ever.

Darling I Love You;

Freddie