Good Evening Beautiful;
Lovely as you aren't you? Don't you ever cease looking as breathtakingly gorgeous. It's enough to make a person love you very much you know, and you wouldn't want that to happen now would you, Honey?

I just returned from seeing a very corny picture titled "The Man in Half Moon Street," a would-be thriller-chiller which fell short of its mark. It was the boring story of a man who was keeping himself young by swapping glands with younger men who had a habit of dying in the process - sometimes fatally. At the time of the picture, our hero is only about 20 years of age and looks not a day over 35. Fate is fast catching up to him though and after 35,000 miles he needs his glands changed. The picture deals with his efforts to find a likely looking gland dealer to effect the swap, and once he has found him, to find a surgeon to do the swapping since his aged and decrepit friend, the discoverer of the secret of perpetual life, who wasn't having any today thank you and was in the process of repenting for his attempts to outdo the gods. The
They all come to a head when the subject is being discussed, and Scotland Yard mùa up to him, and he loses the last of his elixir of life. He and his assuance rush off to Paris to disgorge upon when he is struck by the justice of the State's and ages 90 years in as many records. It was a hurt rending melodrama and definitely a B Class picture. It is the prelude to a series of good pictures though.

This afternoon was very afternoon off and I spent it doing not a bit of anything constructive. I read a few stories in an Ellery Queen magazine. I thought of the AK this noon, and then read part of a book I just got from the Information and Education Library, titled "Magnus Merriman," a fairly interesting satire on an aspiring political candidate who is also an author and composer. It's not anything epic but is enjoyable reading and easy to digest.

The AK offered us new variety of products today and I made a haul which included four loaves of Lorna Doone shortbread cookies-a plastic cigarette case and some pecan candy bars. I don't think I told you that someone made off with my cigarette lighter. I had it down on a desk...
for a minute while I went to talk to someone and when I returned it was gone. I should have been more conscious of it. I know there was hardly anything left in it so I don’t know what good it will do the person who took it. I’ll have to go back to matches again, I guess. I’ll keep an eye peeled for it in case it shows up anywhere. It is better than the devil right now, Hon. I sure wish we were back there in the cool climes of Michigan or New Hampshire with you and your love to keep me warm.

Another of your letters arrived today. It was the one you wrote March 7th. You seemed to be quite upset about the fact that Huskie just told you you should have been finding notes all through the semester.

Look, Darling, I never bargained on getting a Sherlock Holmes wife but you can certainly find information out when you put your mind to it. You were right about that stuff about Eddie Rose but how you discovered it join the meager clues you found is beyond me. I’m sure you’re psychic, which makes it nice because then you could surely know how very much I love...
you. Something I try to tell you but find that it
cannot be expressed adequately in words. Have
you arrived at any psychic conclusions about
me? If so, reveal them, Honey. I want to see just
how much of a weirdness you are.

Your plight with the cigarette shortage
what it is is really bad. Never did I think I'd see
the day when you smoked Kools, and stale
Kools at that. Damned if I was still struggling along on
Chesterfields myself. There is a plenitude of ciga-
retes here and I only regret that I can't send
some to you. Maybe you'll have to stop smoking soon
if it gets any worse. I hope your theory that there
will be cigarettes available during spring vacation is
right. For your sake, I hope so.

In your letter you made a reference to the
cherry wood bed and added "if we ever get the bed.
What do you mean, if we ever get the bed? Of course
we're going to get it. You don't want to sleep on
the floor do you? Although if you were here with me that
would be quite healthy. We can save the money
and you, please a little that you put aside, and you
can buy the set and use it in your bedroom
still. I get back. Have you been successful
in discovering any pictures of the kind of set you want or any style of furniture which it resembles. Even one of your sketches to give me a picture of it so I'll know just what you are going to get.

Josh, it's almost the end of March already. It's sunny but the days seem very long and the months very short. I hope the months continue to tick off fast because I do so want to be back with you again as soon as possible. I have now been overseas about six months and it has been almost seven long months since I last saw you my darling. That's more than half a year. I know it isn't long compared to the length of time some of these fellows have been overseas, but to me it has been seven long eternities, each one emptier than the last.

There's a small lizard in the tent. I get quite a lot out of these little lizards. They're just like a chameleon and are about four inches long. They are nicely colored with blue and green stripes and are quite bold little devils. He just scurried right across the tent right near me and is now under Kowalski's duffle bag.

One of the boys was telling me that at the
place, he was stationed at before, there were lizards about three or four feet long which were harmless but which scared the devil out of him every once in a while. He said that one day he was lying in the cot when one of these lizards came scurrying into the tent and leaped completely over the cot frightening him half out of his wits. I have yet to see any of these large creatures in my little friends in the tent. I would just as soon dig the pleasure.

Well, Darling, it’s closing time again and I will leave you very reluctantly telling you that I love you with all my heart.

Freddie