Good evening Darling;

I hope you don't mind the fact that I am probably in need of a shower. It really is not my fault because when I went into the shower room it was full and there was a waiting line. I decided to come back to my tent and wait a while until the rush died down. I can put the time to good use by explaining to you how very much and in how very many ways I love you.

Now Darling, do I look better? I have very nicely cleaned up now after having managed to squeeze my way into the showers. I feel about a thousand percent better. Don't I look it?

As I was starting to tell you sweetheart, I do do love you terribly. I love you in every mood. I love you when you're happy and your eyes smile at me as well as your lips; I love you when you're sad as you were whenever we parted, when you're trying to smile and yet a tear shows through, when you are enthusiastic over anything we do or plan and sweep me right along with the flush of your enthusiasm. I love you all the time.
my dear Sweet Darling when we're together and when we're apart. I love you always.

There was a birthday party at the Red Cross last night. It was a party for all fellows whose birthdays come in February. They had some tables fixed up horseshoe style, as at a regular banquet, with a tablecloth and all. There was a magician who put on a very good show for the boys and a small band to furnish music. The Red Cross girls, at least I presume they were responsible, had baked a large four-layer cake covered with chocolate icing. The refreshments also included ice cream and donuts. All those without February birthdays had no cake but we did get in on the ice cream and donuts. It was very good. Of course the ice cream you make is much better but this was a fair imitation of the real thing and very good for you girls.

Today found me busier than the proverbial one armed paper hanger. I had to type up a stack of cards so high that I kept me busy from 8:30 AM until night.
through 3:30 PM at which time I had to cut a stencil to finish the afternoon. I hope it came out all right. Elspie don't like the snowing.

Hoppy has arrived in all his glory. He had quite a trip up here. It seems that the official army hangman for this theater was on the ship and he bent. Hoppy can for several hours giving him a very detailed description of the vast amount of knowledge it took to sprung the trap on a condemned man. He produced intricate charts which had men's heights, weights, etc., all marked down and the length of rope needed for each person. It must be a fine weighing in and measuring your victim before the kill. A job that I would just as soon overlook. He confided in Hoppy that he hoped he never had to hang a woman because he had no charts for women.

This business of authorizing murder is all so very silly. One man kills another so he is adjudged a murderer and in his turn is murdered by another good respectable citizen who wonders how any one could commit such a terrible crime as murder. There is very little difference...
that I can see between the murder of a man by an individual and the murder of a man by a group, as in the case of criminal executions. Maybe I'm wrong but I just can't see it. Something else that worries me is how any court can sanction the death penalty for a rape case. Sure it's a crime but why hell make it worth a man's life. There just isn't that much involved in it. You can beat a man to the point of death, impair his sight or hearing, and leave him a physical wreck, and the sentence will be anywhere up to ten years, not too bad. And yet when a man loses his head and attacks a woman, who 90% of the time led him on so that she should be blamed if anyone, immediately ropes are dragged out, lynch parties formed and if he escapes being lynched by the mob when they are emotionally stirred up, he is lynched in a cool and deliberate manner in the interests of justice. The way I add up the books it just doesn't come out right. Have any of your sociology courses ever broached the subject?
I still don’t see how such a short distance as it was from the 5th Depot can make such a great difference in the heat. There was always quite a nice breeze back there but up here it’s just hot and gets hotter until it just can’t get any hotter and then it gets hotter yet. Sounds incredible doesn’t it?

Well, Sweetheart, I have to meet the boys to see the picture “Strike Up the Band” with Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland so I’ll have to leave you for a while. My Darling I’ll be back again tomorrow though. Sweetheart so just go to sleep like a wise girl. Here’s a good night kiss for you

with all my love.

Freddie