

Wednesday, Feb. 7, 1945

Hq. Btry, 14th AA Comd

San Francisco, Cal.

APO #322

[55]

Good Evening Darling;

I hope you don't mind the fact that I am sorely 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'm all very nicely cleaned up now after having managed to squeeze my way into the showers. I feel about a thousand per cent [sic] better. Don't I look it?

As I was starting to tell you Sweetheart, I do do [sic] 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 [crossed out word] smile and yet a tear shows thru, when you are enthusiastic over anything we do or plan and sweep me right along with the fresh vigor of your enthusiasm. I love you all the time

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my dear Sweet Darling when we're together and when we're apart. I love you all ways.

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 of us 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 New Guinea.

Today found me busier than the proverbial one armed paper hanger. I had to type up a stack of cards so high, honest! It kept me busy from 8:00 AM night

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through 3:30 PM at which time I had to cut a stencil to finish the afternoon. I hope it came out all right. I'll find out in the morning.

Hoppy has arrived [sic] 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 Hop's ear for several hours giving him a very detailed description of the vast amount of knowledge it took to spring the trap on a condemned man. He produced intricate charts which had men's [crossed out word] heights, weights, etc all marked down

and the length of rope needed for each person. It must be fun weighing in and measuring your victim before the kill. A job that I would just as soon overlook. He confided in Hop 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 as murderer and in his turn is murdered by our good respectable citizens who wonder how any one [sic] could commit such a terrible crime as murder. There is very little difference

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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 amazes me is how any court can sanction the death penalty for a rape case. Sure it's a crime but why in 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, [crossed out word] immediately ropes are dragged out, lynch parties formed and, if he escapes being lynched by the mop 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?

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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 nice girl. Here's a good night kiss for you

With all my love.

Freddie