

suppose I will ever attempt to vie for honors in this field.

Along comes tattoo at 9:30 P.M. which means to douse the lights and put the silencer on the chin music. At about 10:30 is heard taps and is followed by ~~the~~ bed check at 11:00 and whoo be the man that does not have his head on that fellow at that time.

It is during the period shortly after 9:30 P.M. that these men indicate the gross imperfections of their character in the improper development of the esthetic of women relationships, disclosing in their talking the extreme in ugliness of life and the intolerable corruption of their mind. Their thoughts are decidedly indecent and indicate a failure at restraint or ennobling of their sexual instincts. There is surely something in their minds that is hopelessly wrong. Nor do I know how long I will be able to listen to this unmitigated blackness. It just cannot be put in description or words. It isn't the filth of the idea and conversation that hurts me, because I realize for instance that the mating of birds in springtime is not, in my mind, to be considered filthy, but it is more unfortunate that he hasn't seasonal instincts but spreads his emotions and excitements throughout the year.

I lie in bed night after night with this cat-calling corruption seething up & down the hut, fed by new ideas from 18 rotten minds. I seem to ache with the rawness of it all and knowing that it will cease only when the bugle calls for taps. The waiting is long but it finally comes and suddenly peace falls on my mind. Surely this world would be a cleaner place to live if man were mindless. It has been inferred that in order to feel comfortable among these men one must