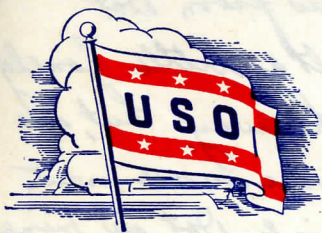


Sun. nite, 5/2/43 8:30 P.M.



Dear Mom,

I got your letter you wrote Friday night, and, in a way, the govt gave that eagle a phypis. Enclosed is \$25 of the \$36.75 I received. I went to town last night, visited a number of U. S. O.'s, and had some beers & a grilled steak sandwich with French fries. All in all, a good time. I also bought a pair of polaroid sun glasses. I have \$10 left, so I'll try to squeeze along on it. But please don't think I'm depriving myself by sending this money home. If I need money, you may rest assured I'll send for it. I don't give a Lang what you do with this money, mom. You can use it for bills & house expenses, for chickens or the victory garden, for Chuech, or, if she needs it, to help Dot settle her debts there at home. But I would like it if you used some of it to buy an $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{1}{4}$ keg for the Katz's, the Kewans, the Kaupps, and the Shieldses. Sooo - drink one on me.

Nothing new here. I rec'd a letter from Dot
Fri & answered it tonite. Felt a little lonely
when I heard Joe was on his way, but, as
you say, prayer is our only recourse now.
And I always remember him & Dot in mine.

To set you straight, mom, don't expect me home
on a furlough when I finish basic. I'll be
lucky if I can get one by September, and
luckier still if I ever get to see Dot before
the war is over. Still haven't written Callon.
No time.

Doggone it, how come we could never keep
those damn chickens alive when I was home?
Gosh, I can just taste one of them now.
And your story about Stupe! It was good
to hear about him. I certainly wish I
had him here.

Well, mom, I know the note is short, but I
just can't think of anything to say. If you
want to know anything, just ask me a
few questions.
I'll write soon.

Love & prayers, as always,

Frank.

P.S. Auntie wrote ^{yesterday} ~~fat~~ & sent me
a dollar.

Frank

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