

Munday  
18 Sep 44

Dearest Frank:

Guess it's Sassy-ho & off you go!  
Heh? Dang it all - was hoping you'd  
hang around a little longer so I'd  
get another look at your ugly mug &  
hedragged physique. But I suppose  
these are things a lot more attractive  
& important to warrant your attention  
now. And while I'm being very  
feep & casual about the whole damn  
thing, you know you carry with you  
my love, my prayers, & all my  
deepest wishes for a safe & successful  
mission.

Yes, I've been a stinker on the  
mail lately - but oftentimes these  
recruits really keeps us busy. And  
mother makes an awfully good  
middle man in this correspondence

packet. Adding it all up, had a notion you'd be slipping off into the shadows momentarily. And now I'm breathing quietly, awaiting your APO. Incidentally, Judy Woodman who lives with me (bold guesses, am I not!) has a bro-in-law, Bang Smith who is evidently outward bound on the same tramp steamer. He's in Co C - 3170 Sq. Sv. Bn. Ever bump into him?

My idle female curiosity & a real fraternal (or can you say "sororal") interest, has me guessing about the destination stamped on your ticket, & the travel stickers on your watched baggage. Since the season is practically over on the Riviera & the rest of the Continent, I'm assuming you're taking one of those very popular Cook's Tours to one of the S. Pacific

utes. Judge me if I'm dreaming!  
 If you are headed West seems to me  
 you should eventually meet some of  
 the old beachcombers we both  
 know "out there" - Richie Sharnhill,  
 Dembinski → and I know practically  
 a whole company of Wacs in Australia,  
 including a former CO → to say nothing  
 of a few more friends who are pre-  
 doubtedly in New Guinea. So, anytime  
 you're hard up for someone to fan  
 the breeze with, or want to get some  
 off-the-record stuff on your big sister  
 let me know & I'll send you my  
 little red book.

You sure hammered up those,  
 you lug. Not even a suggestion would  
 you give me & here I'm got 2 bits  
 that doesn't know where to go to  
 get spent. Please give a Betty &

get you some of those nice arm bands,  
+ a beer for myself.

And speaking of Beer, Nancy  
tells me that Beer or Pub Crawl  
deals out with 16¢ stuff in Brisbane!  
You, too, can be the life of the party -  
but how long can you live on stuff  
that potent. I've deteriorated so, even  
B.B. can get me down & am I ashamed!

Wrote to Peg last week - a  
peppy, stupid note, designed only to  
tell her I was coming home & how  
about a note out. Hope she understands  
my brand of humor & that I'm at my  
dummiest when threatening to beat  
her ears in.

Stages of peeing are all furlough  
are out, too. Can't possibly afford a  
sky-larking trip to Jelucog, N.Y., & back  
to Lehattanog. But I can't complain.

You know, this year has been  
 awfully good to us. It got us  
 scattered to hell - & then brought us  
 all home within a week of each other.  
 Now, at the end of it, you're taking  
 Joe's place in combat - & please God,  
 perhaps '45 will see us all back in  
 244 again, for good. Say, I'm really  
 going to be behind the 8-ball, where  
 we're all trying to out-lie & out-flank  
 each other with war stories - there'll be  
 Joe, with his saga of Africa & Italy - &  
 you with your Pacific Isles - as it  
 & his trek thro' Marie Bylandt, Jimmie St  
 from the Tress, Hawaii & Japan; Richie  
 Thornhill with 2 or 3 yrs back of New Guinea.  
 And then, there will be I, outnumbered  
 & out-shouted trying to get us a few licks  
 about my exile in St Oglethorpe.  
 Ah well - what else if you can point

with pride & joy "I was Patricia  
Queen of '43!"

Well, having cheated enough on  
the job today, I've have to close.  
But I promise to come through  
with something more sensible, more  
often.

meantime, take care - &  
remember me when you're scratching  
a fine US bond.

My love & prayer, as ever  
Bob