

31 July 45

Dear Bob:

Got a letter today from Dad that scared the holy livin' hell out of me. It was all about your blowing your top to the tune of 108°, Doran running down there and all. Seriously Bob, I hope everything is 1000% better for you now, I mean it. If for nothing else, who will help me derable date Bernice when I come home. I know you were there and all but damn I never realized it was 'so serious. I don't know what else to say except that you much better by now.

as for me I'm on my way home. The hospital board finally decided on a name for my trouble & its sending me home. I'm in Paris now, was flown here in a jiggy-back P-38, but am lying around here waiting for a plane.

when I get home I'm supposed

to be sent to Regional Hosp.  
now if I'm correct that means  
somewhere near your home.  
Anyway I've already requested the  
Winter Hosp. as where I want to  
be sent. If it works out OK we'll  
be there together & can raise  
hell in the ward. How about it?

I sure look forward to being  
home again. Della Ann Fox is still  
writing those luscious letters  
and I'm still scared of her. She &  
I are the last two people  
I ever dreamt would end up  
together. Remember when we used  
to run around with her when  
she lived out at the Monte  
Carlo?

Last time I saw you when  
we really had fun was in  
nyc. what a nite - you & I at  
the Diamond Horseshoe & you  
all the time saying that the

Scotch tastes just like water.  
Yes, sure did - so much so  
that 'later in the hotel room we  
were using separate bowls to get  
up that 'water.' Hah.

If a nurse is reading this  
to you - ask her what she's  
thinking of two such nuts. Also  
how about a date when it's all  
over.

Gotta write the folks, Bob &  
let them know where I am. I  
may see you in 10-20 days. If  
I don't get assigned there I ~~ll~~  
~~Be~~ will (she won't be there yet)  
stop ~~in~~ in and see you on  
my way. OK?

Be good & don't let those  
white beds get you down.

Bob