

Lt. Frank W. Loops, A.C.
432 Bomb Sqdn. 17th Bomb. Gp.
A.P.O. 520, 9th Postmaster N.Y.C.



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Censored by:
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U.S.A.

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A.P.O. 520 - Post - N.Y.C.
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Heya Folks,-

Notice my new address? - Yep. - that means I'm home for awhile - at last attached to an organization again so I can come off of the basis of "transient officer" that I've been on for so long a time!

You should see this field. - Everyone gets worse in so far as physical comforts go, - but, well, - we don't "bitch" here cause now we know where there can be no luxuries, - so consequently, don't mind. - It's only when there's no excuse for the inconsiderations that most fellows find fault, anyhow. - We are in tents, of course, - and our drinking water comes from hater bags & canteens. Our washing & shaving are done either by using our tin helmets as basins, or by using a neighboring creek! - Today I can boast of taking my first shave from a creek! - I got in it - lathered all

up - and then rinsed off, a bath
I suppose you'd call it, then I propped
my mirror on a bank and proceeded
to shave! - Some luxury! After
shaving - I indulged in a sun
bath - so you can see how I'm
suffering!

The nights here are cold as the
blazes. - You wouldn't believe it, - but
with 3 blankets over me - and one
doubled at that, - I often sleep cold. -
No foolin'. - The days are rather cool, too,
because of an extremely high wind that
blows all the time. Without the wind,
tho, it'd be most too warm ~~but~~ there
would be no dust - so which would
be the lesser of the 2 evils?

They lost no time putting me to
work, once we got here. He arrived
on one afternoon and the next day
I went on my first raid - or should
I call it mission. - Anyway - from the
looks of our target - it must have been
successful - but for details I'm afraid
you'll have to consult your local

2/ newspapers! - (Sounds like a radio newscast, doesn't it!) No - just follow the news from this area and of the type plans we fly - and you can rest assured that your son's brother, lil' Frank is sitting upstairs - having a seat that is much too close when they (the enemy) start cheating and start shooting upstairs at us! I don't see why the Geneva Conference didn't pass a ruling making it illegal for the enemy to use real bullets when they were passing the rest of their silly laws on warfare - (or have I said that before?)

The fellows here are all swell guys.. or seem to be. - Maybe it's just me. - I always seem to be liking most all with whom I have to associate. - The other day on the raid - they were as nonchalant as if they were making a regular training flight back in the States. - Anyone of 'em would have stayed if he could have, I guess, but as long as his name was

listed - well - that was that - all those who really fear combat have all found excuses before now to stop along the way. - None of us like it, - but some one has to do it, - They are all like me - they can't figure why they themselves have to be it! It's sorta like this - going to the targets you figure you're working for the government - but once the bombs are dropped - until you come back - you feel as tho you're working for yourself!

The feelings I had - were queer + varied - and thoughts ran wild in my head like a ping pong ball. Before we went, - from the time I first knew I was going until take off - I had this queer nervous feeling in my stomach - like I used to each Sept. the day school was to start. - I knew something I didn't like was coming off, but it was nothing I could do about it. Once we were flying - I was busy. - And over the target - I was busier than ever - not with the flying - just trying not to miss anything going on. Just I'd watch the ground

Henry - Understand one of the boys
took him along on one of the raids ~~on~~
and almost scared him to death.

Well - so long for now - and be
good - Please don't worry about me and
remember - I love you all!

Love
Frank

P.S. - Just found out I'm off to the
war again - my stomach is again
in high blower and the ping pong
ball is again ping-pong! - Oh, well - keep
your fingers crossed! - Bye for now,
and love again.

F.F.L.