

Lt. Frank W. Loops, O-667527
432 Sqdn., 17th Bomb. Gp.
A.P.O. 650, 70 Postmaster N.Y.C.

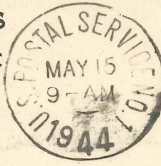


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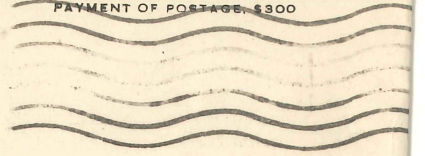
Censored by:
Frank W. Loops, Lt. A.C.

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A.P.O. 650, 78 Postmaster-N.Y.C.
May 7, 1944

Hello Jacks,

Today's mail brought me my first in several days, but guess I'll not complain, for I'm usually well taken care of. Got about 3 V-mails from Sister, one from Fred & one from Brother & Janet. - Janet wrote me one and Brother wrote his between her big lines! - It was quite a letter, but I managed to catch up on the system quickly.

Brother said, as did Fred, that Brother had met his draft board and was still a civilian - and supposedly in line for a store of his own now! - Good news, huh?

Did I write you that "Butch" is no longer with us? - Some Italian hit him with a motorcycle about

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a week ago - crippling him pretty badly. - Nothing broken - and Doc tried to care for him at the dispensary, but after several days it became apparent his hind legs were paralyzed. - Everyone agreeing there was no use keeping him alive in that shape, an Italian guard took him out and shot him. That way none of us had to do it! See what a hard bunch of soldiers we are?

Been flying again lately - instructing Al Brenner again. - He's getting pretty good. - Next time up he is going to give me lessons on how to fly straight & level! - He does it better than I can. - But then, he's been checking me out on the bomb sight and so far I haven't done bad on that! - Guess we are just a bunch of versatile guys.

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There has been a big feud on the last few days. - Pretty soon I'm going to have Doc throwing rocks at me when he sees me. Some of the other sergeants have been sending papers thru for their fellows to go home - but not us. It makes us so damn mad. Doc is most responsible for us in our plight. He being a "ground man", and stuck for the duration seems to hate to even try for us. - No one can understand just how he figures, but unless something is done - there's really going to be a "blow up". But enough of such talk. We live it, talk it, & eat it, so why write about it, 'cept that subject matter is so hard to find lately and that one being our upper most one - it is most readily written about. Besides - it's anyone's prerogative to "bitch" in the Army, once in a while!

41 Have been relaxing around, laying in the sun lately, trying to get a suntan. - One day it was just a bit cool & think I must have picked up a slight cold. - Either that or hay fever again! But I think a cold. Besides not having seen any of my "nemesis" around, I have a few other "cold" symptoms.

Hay - what do you suppose we found the other day? - A real "sho nuff" swimming hole! - The only showers we have are real hot, so with the coming of hot weather, we went on a sortie looking for a cool bath. - In a stream not too far away we found where some one had sorta dammed it up, making a nice swimming hole. - Not big - but enough to take a few strokes, get wet - and cooled off. The water is crystal clear and pleasantly cold. - There was a time when I would have reniged

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but this is not it. - It's funny how ones ideas + conceptions of some things change!

Glad Ma read "The Robe". - Don't know when we enjoyed a book so much. - Guess having been to Capri and seeing a heck of a lot like it described, it made it so much more real! - The Italians still labor + live in much the same conditions as the book, - and certainly with ^{our} observations of the Arabs + their Kasbars - it's not too hard to visualize conditions as they must have been in Palestine in Christ's time.

Jim Carey came home with a "clarinet" the other night and such goings on, you never heard from one tent. - He used to play the thing professionally - and is really quite good. He also have a Cornet - which Trump + McLain (the other two in the tent) play. - Gee - I could sure kick myself

6! for now learning to play something.
Think maybe, eventually, I could learn
to do something with the clarinet - but
it would take time and lots of
patience! - The accordion I wrote about
has been returned to its owner, an
enlisted man, - so my musical abilities
are now stymied for a while. Wish
I could find an accordion tho, think
I might be tempted to buy it!

Guess I'd better come to a halt
now. - It's almost "briefing time" and
I have a few chores to do before then.
Keep your fingers crossed and I'll be
seeing you one of these days soon.

Lots of Love,
Frank.

Clarinet - so! - I just looked
it up!