

28 February 1945

Dear Ted,

Have I written you since I returned to the company? I'm really vague on facts & seem unable to remember ~~the~~ anything. Now that I'm back I've met some of the guys from the old company like Moch, Tobari, Tada (his supply of pills & medicinal supplies seem depleted), Johnny, Bob & Ed, all of whom seem to have integrated themselves far easier than I had. I have no idea when I shall meet legs tho you can realize that of the group which came over quite recently he's the one I'd like to see most.

Congratulations - Johnny & a few others tell me that you'll very likely go to OCS if you're not there at the moment.

I can't doubt you'll be a very good one at that after experiencing yap-yap & countless other examples of the drags of the pot.

I can just picture myself, Ted, in Sad Duck's position - ~~not~~ meeting you (without of course recognizing you at first), giving you my usual half-hearted salute and the rest should be left up to the imagination. Who knows perhaps I shall yet be serving under you in which case I shall certainly be a bundle now that I've learned so much more than I did, the glorious yip of gold-bickering tho I'm far from being an article yet.

I suppose you know Siechi Tanaka from Dry Company. He & I awhile ago were occupying the same room at the Hotel Continental in Nice. He had to find a blind date & like a fool I accepted, not having learned my lesson in the Old England. To join the girls (if they may be called such) we went to the infamous Queen's Bar, that ~~the~~ den of iniquity, a sort of clearing house for peddling flesh. Mon Dieu! My date was the choicest antique there, a super-annuated blonde whose equal in age there was none! Well she ~~can~~ know a rubic when she sees one - got a cough at eighty francs. Then a few watered vermouths on some dunes, my first since leaving the islands (& it definitely showed it!). Thence to a restaurant where we bought a meager supper for the girls at an exorbitant price - More wine. To the Club Bejattelle, a night club where the atmosphere is a bit more refined & it just isn't cricket to hurl chairs & tables there. The orchestra played some innocuous tunes, the air was hazy with cigarette smoke & I was definitely feeling high! The lights were turned almost completely off & I tried to convince myself that in this atmosphere Renée Renée (the boy) looked young & beautiful. Impossible!

I could still see those deep furrows on his forehead
& those pursed lips. So then when I wanted to see youth
I merely looked over at the next table where there was a
girl with one of most magnificent pairs of legs I've seen.
After a few rounds I ~~definitely~~ had begun feeling some
fears about my pocketbook & Janak & I had
to pull our resources for the last round - we even
watered the watered vermouth to allay the waiter's
disapproving frowns. But here's the pay-off to show
how sweet & innocent I am - I took Kinie home without
even trying to get into her bedroom. Is it that
such a boy couldn't arouse any feelings of lust - also
this ~~is~~ I'll leave to your fertile imagination. On the
way back to the hotel, I joined a band of French civilians
carousing thru the streets & had a glorious time
singing!

Yours
Bob