

28 February 1945

Have I written to you since I returned to the company? I'm really vague on facts & and seem unable to remember 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 & medical supplies seem depleted), Johnny Endo & Ed, all of whom seem to have integrated themselves far easily 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 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. Sans doubts you'll be a very good one at that after experiencing Yap-Yap & countless other examples of the dregs of the pot. I can just picture myself, Ted, in Sad Sack's position- meeting You (without of course recognizing you at first), giving you my usual halfhearted 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 should instantly Bea burden now that I've learned so much more than I did, the glorious job of goldbricking than I'm far from Being an artiste yet.

I suppose you know Seichi Tanaka from Dog company. He and I awhile ago were occupying the same room at the Hotel Continental in Nice. He had to find a blind date and Like a fool I accepted not having learned my lesson in Ye Olde England. To join the girls (if they may be called Such) we went to the infamous Queen's Bar, that 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 knows a rube when she sees one - Got a corsage at 60 francs. Then a few watered vermouths And some dances, my first since leaving he islands (and It definitely showed it.) Thence to a restaurant where We bought a meager supper for the girls at an exorbitant Pricel- more wine. To the Club Bagatelle, a nightclub where The atmosphere is a bit more refined and it just isn't Cricket to hurl tables and chairs there. The orchestra

Played some innocuous tunes, the air was hazy with
Cigarette smoke and I was definitely feeling high. The
Lights were turned almost completely off and I tried
To convince myself that in this atmosphere Rene
(the bag) looked young and beautiful. Impossible!

I could still see those deep furrows on her forehead
And those pursed lips. So when I wanted to see youth
I merely looked over at the next table where there was a
Girl with one of the most magnificent pairs of legs I've seen.
After a few rounds I began having some
Fears about my pocketbook and Tanaka and I had
to pool our resources for the last round - we even
Watered the watered Vermouth to allay the waiters
Disapproving glances. But here's the payoff- shows
How sweet and innocent I am- I took Renee home without
Even trying to get into her bedroom. Or is it that?
Such a bag couldn't arouse any feeling of lust - alas
This I'll leave to your fertile imagination. On the
Way back to the hotel, I joined a band of French civilians
Carousing through the streets and had glorious time
Singing.

Yours, Bob