

SAIPAN
Aug. 22, 1945

Dear Hope -

Since you phrase it so nicely I forgive you with one stipulation, you will hence forth always use the word William when referring to a Bill, this is to engrave upon your mind the rashness of writing with the pen instead of the brain.

My love-life is about over, I think and now I await the final letter if such is forthcoming. Who knows, this chick may really intend to marry me come hell or high water. No, she's not pregnant, I've been overseas 14 months. Anyway I await her decision — yikes! —

The fact is unescapable but I don't think your

package will ever reach me,
for I believe those beggars
that compose my company
have already devoured some
under the pretext that it
would spoil before it ever
reached me any how! What
a bunch of bums. They
eat my packages, read
my magazines & subscriptions
and forward all my bills.
I love em, the dear boys.
I hope against hope though
that the "Chappie" reaches me
for my heart is gladdened when
I read its pages.

To become serious for
a brief moment — What's
the undergraduate opinion of
a lasting peace? What is
the trend of thought towards
men like our own former
Siram Johnson. God damn
his soul! No we plan

to return to a fake normalacy
and if not what do we
plan to do about it? Certainly
in your ~~HEAVEN~~^{HEN} sessions you
must discuss some thing
besides men, say world
politics or our own govt.
for instance. Gimmie the
dope, eh!!! Me, I've
become radical as hell!!

Life here goes on in
the ~~dead~~ dreary day by
day routine of a casual
camp. There isn't even a
good rumor of when we shall
ship home. Monotony!

I quit now to "hit the
sack", beauty sleep you know
Expectantly yours
Hoikle.

