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Dear Frank,

This is a slightly delayed letter, but I kinda thought you might like to hear from part of the scattered remnants.

Last I heard of you was Camp Crowder, and since then it might be anything - probably nothing that would make you cheerful in the mornings.

Just tonight I wrote Charlie Campbell, who is in Chicago doing some very secret work with industry there. He's got an apt. and a nice fat per diem - so he's in good shape. I also wrote Little Kenny, who is drafting for a base photo mapping company in Portland, Oregon for the duration. I saw him last while I was at O.C.S. in Ft. Belvoir while he was at topographic drafting school. He's really got a good deal now, and may be married by now.

Nester was at O.C.S. about four classes behind me, holding out in great shape, and looking like a million bucks.

Pete and Jim went back to Ft. Wood after finishing school at Belvoir, and were still hanging around there pulling details

and waiting for assignment. I got that report from Kenny in September.

By the way how's your battered love life making it. Mine was finally brought to a successful culmination 24 Oct. 44 when I married the old high school sweetheart, Kathleen, at Coulee Dam. We had a lovely wedding, and needless to say, I really enjoyed being home for the first time in twenty months. Kathleen is here at Peley with me now, and right at the moment I'm enjoying one of those evenings at home that they say we're fighting for.

My duties here at Peley are multiple, but with it all I'm making out all right. This outfit is hot, and at least by spring I may be bowing out of the states. I hope that when it's all over you can keep that date with me out in the north west.

If you have any news you want to pass on, be sure and pass it on.

I remain your pal

Dave