

Camp Robinson, Arkansas
March 19, 1945

Dear Everybody:

I am very much afraid that too much time has passed since that super cocktail fiesta and that I am very remiss in saying thank you. It is not however because I didn't appreciate the swell send off. Tonight there are sheets of rain beating down on the roof of our shack and the very memory of the good-will and good cheer at that gathering gives me a nice warm feeling - a bit thirsty too! I may be a little partial it was the best damn farewell party of them all and I certainly appreciate all the work that went into arranging it. So from the botton of my heart I say thank you all a million.

While in training in Washington I saw Betty Reeve who seems to be enjoying her work. Every time we met we discussed in pleasurable detail the party. I looked in the gym one day and had a laugh watching her struggle with a group of about two hundred with the various paces of square dancing. Good help the wounded vets when those gals get them on the dance floor in those muscular numbers.

I'm down here for a spell getting my final training before being shipped. The work is very interesting and life in the Army has its advantages as well - such as cigarettes, good food, etc. The only thing I can't get used to is being saluted by the poor GIs who on this post are required to show this courtesy to the Red Cross. At the end of the first day my arm was stiff. In Washington the only salute I got was from a group of Chinese soldiers who quite understandably couldn't tell what the hell I was.

Well, cherrio folks. As soon as I get a permanent address I'll send it to Mae Gardes and I'll hope to hear from some of you once in a while. In the meantime thanks a lot for everything and luck to you all.

Yours,

pigs in one sty pi
share the work.



CHARLES ALLEN

"Never mind, Miss Hamilton. I just
found it right on my desk"

THIS WEEK

E'en tho as a sec. she was hard to train in
So much so he vowed he'e ne'er do it again
With phone calls coming in which he never did hear of
And legions of lacks -- O, myheavns above!
What strain and what stress all caused by this Miss
To say nothing of coffee and a brown hot cereal dish

But away with all this, and let this note be
One of a deal off deep thanks and appreciation to he --
To he for all his long-suffering endured
While the writer was new in the ad business, for sure --
She has missed even the teasing in that 15th floor spot
And her two years of happiness there will ne'er be forgot.

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Windsor
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25¢, 10¢.

WDER

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E-UP

Woodbury Powder
of Woodbury
a cost. A glam-
here \$1.

...went to the
side — and so
the boy opened
letters, and when
s, nickels and
dimes there was \$1,200 heaped on the
dining table. Rankin Good was just about
the most astonished boy in Cincinnati.

The Idea Grows

THE sound of that voice didn't die, but kept on echoing. The newspapers took up the idea and published stories about Rankin Good and his table heaped with letters and jingling with money. Committees of boy and girl workers were organized across the country — 40,000 boys and girls plugging for the idea contained in that letter. The result: more postmen at the door. Here was a good cause; one letter had been enough to light the fuse.

President McKinley heard about it, sent for the lad and made him an honorary

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THIS WEEK