

Lt. Frank W. Loops, A.C.  
432 Bomb Sqdn. 17th Bomb. Gp.  
A.P.O. 520, 9<sup>th</sup> Postmaster N.Y.C.



, Mr. & Mrs. Charles E. Loops  
5418-13th St., N.W.  
Washington, D.C.

Censored by:  
J.W. Loope, Lt., A.C.

U.S.A.

432nd Bomb. Sqdn.  
17th Bomb Gp.  
A.P.O. 520-8 Post-N.Y.C.  
June 19, 1943

Heya Folks,-

Notice my new address? - Yep. - that means I'm home for awhile - at last attached to an organization again so I can come off of the basis of "transient officer" that I've been on for so long a time!

You should see this field. - Each one gets worse in so far as physical comforts go, - but, well, - we don't "bitch" here cause now we know where when there can be no luxuries, - so consequently, don't mind, - It's only when there's no excuse for the inconveniences that most fellows find fault, anyhow. - We are in tents, of course, - and our drinking water comes from litter bags & canteens. Our washing & shaving are done either by using our tin helmets as basins, or by using a high boing creek! Today I can boast of taking my first shave from a creek! - I gotten it lathered all

up - and then rinsed off, a bath I suppose you'd call it, then I propped my mirror on a bank and proceeded to shave! - Some luxury! After shaving I indulged in a sun bath - so you can see how I'm suffering!

The nights here are cold as blue blazes - You wouldn't believe it - but with 3 blankets over me - and one doubled at that, - I often sleep cold. - No foolin. - The days are rather cool, too because of an extremely high wind that blows all the time. Without the wind tho, it'd be just too warm ~~but~~ there would be no dust - so which would be the lesser of the 2 evils?

They lost no time putting me to work, once we got here. He arrived on one afternoon and the next day I went on my first raid - or should I call it mission. - Anyway - from the looks of our target - it must have been successful - but for details I'm afraid you'll have to consult your local

✓ newspapers! - (Sounds like a radio newscast, doesn't it!) No - just follow the news from this area and of the type planes we fly - and you can rest assured that your son + brother, lil' Frank is sitting upstairs - having a seat that is much too close when they (the enemy) start cheating and start shooting upstairs at us! I don't see why the Geneva Conference didn't pass a ruling making it illegal for the enemy to use real bullets when they were passing the rest of their silly laws on warfare - (or have I said that before?)

The fellows here are all swell guys.. or seem to be. Maybe it's just me - I always seem to be liking most all with whom I have to associate. - On the other day on the raid - they were as nonchalant as if they were making a regular training flight back in the States. - Anyone of em would have stayed if he could have, I guess, but as long as his name was

listed - well - that was that - all those who really fear combat have all found excuses before now to stop along the way - None of us like it - but some one has to do it - They are all like me - they can't figure why they themselves have to be it! It's sorta like this - going to the targets you figure you're working for the government - but once the bombs are dropped - until you come back - you feel as tho you're working for yourself!

The feelings I had were queer + varied - and thoughts ran wild in my head like a ping pong ball. Before we went - from the time I first knew I was going until take off I had this queer nervous feeling in my stomach - like I used to each A.M. the day school was to start - I knew something I didn't like was coming off, but it was nothing I could do about it.

Once we were flying - I was busy - And over the target - I was busier than ever - not with the flying - just trying not to miss anything going on. First I'd watch the ground

Henry - Understand one of the boys  
took him along on one of the raids  
and almost scared him to death.

Hell - so long for now - and be  
good - Please don't worry about me and  
remember - I love you all!

Love  
Frank

P.S. - Just found out I'm off to the  
wars again - my stomach is again  
in high blower and the ping pong  
ball is again pingeing! - Oh, well, - keep  
your fingers crossed! - Bye for now,  
and love again.

F.L.