

We have been in a bit of bad way. The long stretch of sea duty had a bad effect on mail, nerves and food. We have been mixing the butter with MUM in order to get it past our noses, the eggs were evidently meant for Valley Forge, in fact we are sure that the hen that laid them never had the opportunity of voting since I owa hasn't been a state that long. Even the flour has been tainted, why I don't know but I have found it impossible to eat the stuff. Net result have lived on spaghetti spam, rice and beans (lima, navy, string, mexican jumping, kidney and just plain beans) and the gross result is that a lot starch, no exercise and sedentary posture have turned me into a fat, greasy, sloppy monk in faded dungarees. We should kick, I have never slept in a foxhole, never lived on K rations, never gone (voluntarily) for very long without a bath.

^{W.C.} Yes, mien deah Monsignor, we are very grateful. God and the Blessed Lady have been most gracious in bestowing blessings upon us. We have never suffered a battle casualty, our only deaths were from natural causes, and the prevailing illness has been catfever. I have even avoided hangovers, since the US Navy is dry.

~~Enough of this or that.~~ ^{ad} Shake it easy, Suh. Give my regards to the usual select few. God love you and thanks for everything. Oh Yeah, I finally got a bunch of Witnesses, also the news on the Chapel, the diocese. I have even recieved a clipping of Jus Kress holding a monster in his arms. At first thought it was a picture of a Baptism. Suggest as caption for it: Sweepers—
~~Man Your Brooms!~~

We hope to get home someday,

The insignia on the envelope is a special feature. We figure it will make a good souvenir if you give a —, whayso, Paulin, Monsignor.

As ever

Fatley Brady

*Kenneth M. Brady
D.V.F.*