

On Board the Q, at Pier 22,  
Frisco, Cal. (never rains)

Howdy Msgr,

I appreciated the fine letter, it is strange that once the war ended, the old mail bag slimmed right down and news became scarce as good whiskey, and boy let me tell you that is mighty scare (the letter is 'm') (plus a 'c'). The move made by Geo. was a real surprise and no mistake, never thought he would do it.

Life here is excruciatingly dull, mainly because the spiritual is buried under a ton or tow of earthiness and the old fleshpots are alluring to the men. (ain't it fact?)

I used to see Charley Lawler quite frequently but lately we have been missing the meeting. He looks well, but of course you saw him recently so know that. The kid brother drops in a couple of times a week, between dates and parties. He is doing better, for awhile we thought the war nerves were there to stay, but find it is low blood pressure and not dangerous, just embarrassing as he faints occasionally.

Supple writes of the Battle of the Bulge ie Struggle against waist in the land of waste. He too is suffering from notenoughtodoitis, the more I see of the organization of this military, the more I appreciate the weaknesses of the ecclesiastic, they are really virtues.

McElliott is strangely quiet, and I mean strange even misspelled. Glad to hear that he is still around. I have thought of giving you a call several times but this time difference is a menace, about the time that I think of telephoning it is WEE in the hours there. My yeoman just came back from the beach with a big sack of doughnuts--so will knock this off in order to indulge in one of the basis pleasures of life. Mighty tasty but hard on the digestion.

Godd night and pleasant dreams--God's Blessing,

Brady

John H  
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