Dear Bob
Happy birthday
darling and how does it
Seem to take life easy - I wich
I were in the next bed - we
could play parchesi (sp?)
like we used - the kids
dragged the board out the
other day & wanted to know
how to play it. It brought
back the many night we

played it down in the apartement.
Also the night I had my feet in your
Coat pocket & we ended in the gutter,
that was the famous night you
burned your bottom - I can think
about that and laugh my head off
yet - it probably was the goofiest
evening I ever had
you're not missing a thing by
being in the hospital - everyone goes
through their same monotonous
motions-if I don't find something
to left me out of the boredom soon.
I'll lose the little mind I have left-
Dingle is fine - he had a tooth
pulled yesterday & you'd think he had
A major operation - poor dear and
I'm so unsympathetic (is there such
a word teacher?)
If you get the mood - write
me some letters - I still have the
little Egbert ones.

Ill try and get out to see
You - if I can corner one
of your brothers
Henry up & get in the
pink again - I think I need
a bachelor friend
with love
Ollie
P.S. I feel like addressing
this
Sir Robert "Pink Nose" Markoe
you have it coming you
know - & you may get one
like it yet.

AUG 15
830 PM
1941
Mr. Robert P. Markoe
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