

March 20th 1944

Dear George,

Received two cards from you today, dated 3/13 and 3/15 respectively. I'm glad you're doing so well on the range, and must confess ~~and~~ I'm proud you shot so well. If I say so myself, it is something to watch me go through my range antics. I've always felt right at home on the range. The cashire is O.K. but so inaccurate, especially at 300 yards. Hope you're serious about doing some shooting ~~at~~ together after the war. However, it's new with you yet, and the novelty will probably wear off. Believe me though, it's great fun to chase rabbits, especially with a dog to hunt with.

I too received a letter from

Mom and Pop, both assuring me that everything is fine and dandy. I think they've got a little pleasant surprise in store for them.

Fran and I spent Saturday in Long Beach, and sure enjoyed ourselves. We both liked it a lot better than L.A. The part called the PIKE is similar to Coney Island and that was a homey feeling. However, the big event of the day, and the surprise I mentioned, was our making some recordings of our voice. I've been looking to do this ever since I'm in the army, and finally I found the place.

I made two 8 inch records and ~~two~~ ^{two} 4 inchers. I sent them on to Kay, the only phonograph record owner in the family. I have urged Kay

to see to it that Mom and Pop
visit them. I also wrote Mom and
Pop about the records, so I guess
they'll get to hear it.

I just ran over to the P.X.
I stopped writing and actually ran.
A new shipment of Kleenex Tissues
arrived. I guess you know that this
is more precious to the women
than gold. Managed to pick up
4 large boxes, and will probably
surprise Fran off her feet.

We also took some new
pictures over the weekend. I know
that those I sent you were
far from good. So perhaps I'll have
some better ones soon.

The big news of the
day is the fact that I am not
shipping out this Wednesday with

the rest of the boys. It now comes out that through negligence, the report of my last 64 was misplaced, necessitating my being held over once more.

Naturally, Fran is tickled, and I'm not unhappy either. It will probably mean another 3 or 4 weeks here, and if the next three weeks are no worse than the last three weeks, everything will be fine and dandy.

George, I wouldn't count on mom visiting you. It would be a pretty rough trip, unless taken by Pullman. Somehow, she declines these offers. I'd give anything if she'd take a trip like that; it would do her the world of good.

Keep well, and chin up! — Bob

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