

August 6th. 1964

Dear George,

I've been so tied up that I haven't even written home in about 4 days. Consequently, I've quite a bit of mail to catch up with. So even now, I shall have to be short and sweet.

I finally managed to spend a weekend in this great town. That is, almost the entire weekend. I had to go back to camp this AM to drill with the squadron from 0900 to 1700. It seems the Major doesn't like our formations. Things are so chicken, that if I get out every other weekend I'll be doing good. But we've got our sense of humor in

good shape, and bottled in alcohol, so we'll manage.

Had an awfully rough exam yesterday, and am sweating out the results. I think I made it though.

Rather surprised you haven't heard from Dan. I sure hope he isn't sore about something. It looks as though that deal is falling thru. But the Germans are going fast, and it looks great, maybe this will all end before long.

Haven't heard from you in several days. Hope my last lengthy letter didn't offend you.

You know I meant no harm.

Hope Flo + Jim are fine and dandy, and that your new job is O.K. regards from I ram with a hand on the hip in mind. Bob

P.S. Please include Bob's address in the next letter.

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