

March 9th. 1944

Mon 7^{ème},

Can't give out with much news today; just isn't any to give out. About all that's new of any importance is my cold. With the gorgeous, summer weather we're having out here, I can't understand how I picked up a cold. Perhaps my getting drenched last Saturday did the trick. Nothing to worry about - probably be over it tomorrow.

Oh yes, in the same squadron but with a new number; 181. Kindly address mail accordingly. We also have a new C.O., whom I all ready know

through Fran. So far, I've
had a snap since joining
this outfit. My afternoons are
all my own, and except for a
little work in the morning, I
have nothing to do.

Expect to ship out around
March 27th. I think I'll leave
Fran here. Certainly, she'll stay
here until my 2 weeks restriction
are up. It may be that she'll
be here until I finish my 6
weeks of gunnery. Las Vegas is a
pretty raunchy town; besides, she's
got a swell setup here at the
club.

Well, hope you get home
before I do, and that may be
pretty soon.

With a handshake in mind, Bob

A/C R. Hoff Sq. 181 SAAA B
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Free

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