

July 21st. 1944

Dear George,

Hope to hear from you pretty soon, and expect that I will. I'm rather anxious to know how everything is going. Especially, am I anxious to know how you are doing with Danny's deal.

As you suggested, when I was home I phoned Danny. That wasn't until my last night, as I was trying to avoid visiting him, which would have meant another evening I couldn't call my own. During the course of our phone conversation, I mentioned to Danny how anxious I was to see your transfer come through.

I also mentioned that the folks were praying hard for good results. Danny was surprised you had written them any thing optimistic about this, and he said he would write you about same.

In any event, Pop felt that Danny didn't like your writing or telling any of us about this whole deal, and he feared Danny might be angry. If such is the case, I guess it might be my fault for mentioning this over the phone. I hope I didn't cause any riff between you two; certainly I had no idea it was to be a secret from us.

You might let me know, as well as Pop, how this all

worked out. Pop was really concerned over this incident.

I was also quite surprised that you wrote me at home regarding your possible shipping out for parts unknown. Naturally, Mom and Pop wanted me to read this letter from you to them. I left out what paragraphs and sentences were necessary, but I was surprised. In any event, I hope your rumors are untrue, and more than likely they are. I used to get many such rumors, but only because guys get the jitters. Just sit tight, and plan; that's all I keep doing.

I haven't started my training here as yet, but although it will be the end November when and if I graduate, I keep thinking and planning how I can beat my next assignment, which is almost definitely to be combat duty. But, just as you, I can do no more than take it as it comes, and wait and pray for the fates to be kind.

So far we've done very little in the way of anything resembling school or work. But when it does start, it will start with a bang. The course is reputed to be awfully rough and tedious. Sleep will be a luxury we won't enjoy very much of. I'm very

decisions of getting through though, and I'm sure going to try. Should I wash out, I'd probably see combat as a gunner within two months. Besides, it would be expensive.

As it stands now, Fran and I have an excellent opportunity to save a lot of money while I'm here. She's working in the Officers' Club, behind the Snack Bar, and earning a pretty good salary, besides getting two free meals every day. She still lives on the post for \$8 a month, and finds it very enjoyable and convenient, besides economical. When I start drawing flying pay, which I hope is next month, we'll have an opportunity to save more money than I ever thought I'd save.

Among other things, I'll have about three or four weeks of night flying. This sounds exciting, and I'm sure I'll get quite a thrill out of it. If nothing else, this will be an interesting course.

I'm restricted to the Area, but managed to see Fran last night. She's only a few blocks away, and is allowed on our area. This racket business does have some advantages.

Hope that you and Jim are having bull-sessions all ready, and that he has your gift of gab.

Trusting that all's well with Florence and yourself, and that I hear from you soon.

Best regards from Fran. —

With a handshake in mind. Bob

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