

May 28th. 1944

Dear George.

Just as last Sunday, I'm home writing you in answer to the last letter I received from you. And just as last week, the letter you sent me is back in camp. However, it's the letter in which you enclosed a swell picture of Mom, Pop, and Jim. Mom and Pop look pretty good, Jim really looks swell. I don't quite get the blonde curly hair, but it sure is becoming. Florence's last letter, received two days ago, says that Jim is the cutest kid on the block. I am inclined to believe that she isn't kidding.

You seem to have the racket
I know all mail orderlies have. I
don't doubt that you even have the
opportunity to catch up on some
reading. However, you'll soon tire
of that job, and I guess you're
concentrating plenty of thought on
that deal Danny instigated. I
can't blame you for wanting it
to materialize; I sure hope it
does.

Flo's latest letter makes me
assume that if it doesn't work
out for you and Danny, that pretty
soon she'll be joining you. I
know you'll like that setup —
give it a trial.

As for me and Fran —
Fran's new PX job is

rather easy, and she likes it. During my lunch hour, I manage to spend some time with her. She's now a hot sales girl. I think she'll have a similar setup when I am in Advanced. This day weather seems to be causing an abundance of sore throats, and now and then Fran complains, but otherwise all is well with her.

me - I'm busy, busier than Nell. It's not a physical grind comparable to that of the Infantry, but the hours sure are long. I don't get any time to myself. My eyes are still pretty bad, and my letter writing

is suffering considerably.

Thursday, I was out skeet shooting. I fired 50 12 gauge shotgun shells and hit 38. Not bad for the first time. We'll shoot about another 100 rounds of skeet. This is something I always wanted to do. I wish I didn't have to be doing it in a uniform though.

In about two weeks, I'll start flying. The 5th week, when we fly, I'll be at Indian Springs, about 50 miles from here. In fact, next weekend will be my last one on pass while I'm here. I'm still hoping for that delay on route.

Hope you're getting the breaks.
With a handshake in mind —
Best regards from Fran — Bob

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Free.



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