

July 23rd. 1944

Dear George,

Am in receipt of your 7-21 letter, and I'm really glad to hear from you again. Yours is the first letter I've received since my arrival here, and it looks as though the mail service is pretty good.

It's good to hear that all goes well with you, Florence and Jim. It sounds as though Florence's being away from home and her people is one fine move. Jim doesn't seem to mind the change either, so I guess everything has been working out for the best.

Just as I wrote before, my departure was accepted with spirits high. The war news is excellent, and perhaps this fracas will end

sooner than we expected. However I'm still inclined to believe it will be upwards of another year; I hope I'm wrong.

Before I go any further, I'll elaborate what happened with Danny. I wrote something about this in a previous letter, but I'll straighten you out.

When I phoned Danny, I asked how your deal was coming. I mentioned that you had written me and also the folks some optimistic letters regarding all this. Danny was a little disturbed that you had done this. He just thought it was unfair to raise the folk's hopes too high, only to let them down.

I told Pop of our conversation, and Pop was afraid you had betrayed Dan's confidence by

letting us in on what should have been kept secret. Pop even felt that Danny would take it badly, and that a lot of friction would result.

That's the whole story in short order. I hope I didn't put my foot into it, but I had no idea all this should have been kept from us. I sincerely trust nothing develops. Frankly, I think Pop made much more of a fuss over it than necessary; I hope such is the case.

I've been to classes only once, yesterday, and it didn't go badly. I rather enjoyed it. I feel that I will complete the course and get a commission, but not without plenty of work and study.

Fran is happy, living in the
civilian barracks. Weekends, when
I'm off, we'll have to get a
hotel room, otherwise the setup is
perfect. She makes the best out
of everything, and I tip my hat to
her. She's one good sport. I've
seen her every day since Thurs-
day. Her job in the Officers Club is
pretty good, and all in all, we
should save some dough here.

It's raining cats and dogs,
and it looks as though it
isn't going to let up. I start
flying in a month or so, and
I'm happy to see it rain now.
Perhaps we won't suffer the
consequences of bad flying
weather.

Best regards to Florence
and Jim, and I hope all's well.
With that Bourbon in mind Bob

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