

April 17th. 1944

Dear George,

Your 4/13 letter makes me wonder what we're both worrying about. I see the close similarity between your problems and mine, and I wonder - aren't we just being eight balls?

You're worried about a condition, nothing in particular, and so am I. I'll bet things aren't too bad with you; nor are they with me. Yet, you keep worrying about a T/4 rating in supply that will undoubtedly materialize, and I'm just sweating out this deal. The fear of being sent back to the Infantry, should I wash out keeps gnawing

in my veins. How well I know
that the sooner I leave here; the
more acute my chances for
elimination become. Except for this
latest "return to previous service"
business, I had never worried
about making this. The incentive
is greater than ever now.

It is just that one
slipup; one miscalculation, can
wash you out. I'm going to
have to be letter perfect, or
as close to it as possible.

Nevertheless, we're both worrying
over something which is a
lot beyond our control. N'est-ce pas?

A bombardier shipment
leaves here on the 25th. I expect
to make this one, but one never
knows. I regard what I've

written you about Las Vegas
Summer school. It is now open
again, and the last class to
graduate (last Saturday) got 14
days delay in route. God, if I
could get that — home, with
all the trimmings.

I received a letter from
Florence today, and she wrote
how swell it was up in the
country. I hope she soon leaves
for Minn. I'm certain you'll
locate a room O.K. Your pass
deal is swell, and I know
having Flo & Jim around is going
to be a shot in the arm for you.
Here's mud in your champagne
Bob

Alex. Stoff Bg. 150 SaasB
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Free

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