

July 12th. 1944

Dear George.

Received your July 8th letter, and was glad to hear from you again. I hope by now that you have received some mail from me, although I know I wrote less than I anticipated writing.

I was under the impression that you would phone last night, and so we were all in the store expecting your call. It is very possible that I slipped up through. I've been run around so damned much since I hit N. Y. that it isn't funny. Fran and I are

having a good time, but we
sure have been tied down a lot.

Last night we visited
Hassay, and many prepared a
supper with food enough for a
regiment. Today, we all feel lousy.
Hassay handed us a \$50 bond,
which sure bowled us over.
That's a lot more than I
had anticipated.

Mom and Pop are
both well, and business seems
to be fairly good with Pop. Mom
is anxious to know whether
Jim talks yet, and if he eats
by himself all ready. Enclosed

are some ration stamps that should
keep you going. I finally got
these from the busy ration-board.
Mom really appreciates the letters
that Florence writes about the kid.
There's no kidding ourselves, Mom
and Pop are dying to see us
home again - for good. I don't
think they live for anything else.

I thought Las Vegas was
hot, but it has been awfully
humid in New York, and I feel
this much more than I did
the heat in the west. I'll still
take N.Y. humidity and all.

Only two more days left

to this point. Need I tell you
how the time has flown. We've
got a 3½ day trip back to
Denning, and I sure dread it; for
more seasons than one. I hope
Fran can locate a place to live
there, it will be a little
awkward (to say the least) if she
can't.

Glad you still have it
rather easy, and that you're
able to be home every evening
with Florence and the kid. I'm
certain you must all be a lot
happier this way. Give regards
to Florence from Mom, Pop, Fran
and myself. —
With a lot of elbow-bending in mind.
Bob



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