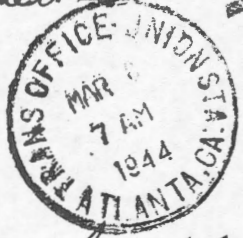


Post Lorraine J. Turnbull m c w
Bks 39 Marine Corps Aviation Detachment - Free
Naval Air Tech. Sq. Center
Norman, Oklahoma.



Miss Jean Turnbull
2929 W. McKinley Blvd
Milwaukee
Wis

Feb. 29

Dear Jeanne.

I thank you for the diary - as yet I haven't even had time to write in it. Guess I'll begin March first tomorrow.

If you ever join one of the services for gosh sakes steer clear of mess duty if you can. It's plain hell, but I'm not complaining - until I've been on about 60 days - and then Seattle - but has it ever get relieved tomorrow so here's hoping.

Last night I had a date with Scotty, a aerial photographer, Cpl & tall, dark, handsome & 23. The date was for six o'clock & that's just when I got back from the mess hall.

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I still had on my
whites so we sat on
the steps and talked.
I had to be at a
barracks meeting from
7 til 8 & he had to go to
work so we're going out
tonight. After 8 o'clock
a bunch of us girls went
to see Detention Baby
a submarine story.

Saturday night I saw
Gung Ho - the story of
Lt. Col. Carlsons and Marine
division raiders and their
Makin Island raid. I wonder
which division Fuzzy
was in? Do you know
his address?

How's Bugs getting
along? Did you
know Tommie his
going over seas soon?
If I can do get to

California it will be
too late to see him.
Butch & Ted are both
sgts. now. I got a v-mail
from Milo the other day.
How is work? Don't
forget those pictures
from Ellen so we can
get some prints made
from them.

I'm writing this at the
mess hall & the 3rd air
wing band is playing.
I've have an odd spare
minute so I'm listening
& writing on my knee.
The band plays every Tues.
during noon chow.
We try to enjoy it, but
with a mess sgt. like we've
got it's almost an impossibility.
It has been raining
an awfully lot lately &
lately. One minute
the sun is out & the

next its pairing.

I'll have to knock
off now, gear - write
soon. So you've been
complaining about not
hearing from me, hey?
I write about six letters
a week - mostly home
& one to Ned, Ted & Doonie.
I've got to start writing
more, but I just let it
go & "crap out" in the
lounge when we're off
duty. "Crap out" is an expression
in the M. C. meaning to loaf or
loaf around.

Dotter, rush of

Love ya,

Bubs.