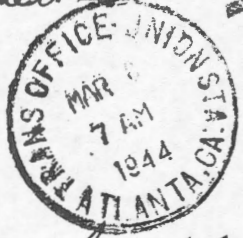


Post Lorraine J. Turnbull m c w  
Bks 39 Marine Corps Aviation Detachment - Free  
Naval Air Tech. Sq. Center  
Norman, Oklahoma.



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.

2  
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  
awfully late 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, much of

Love ya,

Bubs.