My Darling,

Honey, I'm so damned disgusted, we'll never be able to make any plans. I don't know from one minute to the other what's happening when, where, or how. Now I wanted to be with you Easter Sunday. To be able to spend a whole day with you would be wonderful. It's awful honey, I want to be with you so much and yet I want to get through with this training so I can get over there and get back as quick as possible. Honey don't try to talk me out of wanting to go overseas.
because you can't. It may seem strange to you but I'm going to do my damndest to get over here quicker and we can start some sort of normal life together. So far it's been pretty abnormal, a little too much so I think. Hang we're not even leading a normal abnormal life together—we've not even together. And now if they don't send us home until Sunday after telling us we'd go home Saturday for sure, that will top it off. God damn it I'm P.O.'d. I'd like to get stinkin' tonight.

Well anyhow my scores have been better. Got 177 hits today, the best score in the squadron.
I just hope it's not luck and I can keep it up. We're finishing for record sometime this week and that's the score that goes on my Form 5, (the one they look at when it comes to handing out nice juicy assignments.) I wish they'd take our highest score, 'cause I got 177 hits, the way they score us, is about 185% and all we need to qualify is 80% or about 27 hits. Well keep your fingers crossed, baby, and wish me luck, you sure have given it to me so far.

I haven't heard from Steve he doesn't know where I am. I'm going to
Drop him a line though. I think he's in a pool at Moody Field.

Tom's not worried about his glasses. He's glad you didn't send them since the mail situation is so screwed up.

Honey, that regulation you talked me about doesn't apply to us while we're students at a T.T.O. But all the married ones live off the post any hour. It's O.K. as long as we pay our room in the B.A.O. I mean them just don't say anything about it. I don't see how those fellows are going to have their wives down here, we've restricted all the time we're here, maybe they know somebody. Even if I could have gotten off...
The post every night
there'd be no way to
get to you; there's no
transportation here at all.

I'm glad you like
the officer's club; it's
pretty dumpy compared
to some of the ones I've
seen though. The one at
Spence was terrific;
decorated just like
the Aston Bar. It was
really nice, I was there
once with my instructor.

Are you going to
move to the front room?
We can oil the bed, or
maybe sleep on the floor.

I'll get you a footlocker
at coming at times have
any. Why don't you get
one at the PX?
I'm glad you sent for your radio, I was going to ask you to. I mailed you the letter your Mom mailed to us. I hope you didn't mind me opening it.

I hope I can be back by Saturday, and early enough to go to the dance at the club. That's sounds swell to me honey.

Stop dreaming about having babies will you? Those are bad dreams for the time being anyhow, the time being meaning the duration.

I'll call you Friday around five baby, and I hope we leave Saturday. I love you, angel, with all my heart. Take care of yourself and don't gain too much weight. I love you.

I'll love you always.

P.S. Please excuse this sound, I'm writing on my back. I love you.

Yours devotedly,