

9-1-43

Dear Miss McGlynn,

Yes, I'm still moving as I probably shall be till the war is over. From Blythe I was sent to Marana Basic near Tucson, Ariz. After nine long, hot weeks, sweet though they seem to look back upon, I pulled up stakes and come to Luke last Monday.

Nine weeks seemed to be just about long enough to stay on one Post. Usually toward the end, we begin to get tired of our surroundings but not so at Marana. There, the last few days it was getting so I almost didn't dislike the place. It could be because then our flying was finished and we got passes four nights in a row and I met a Lieutenant and his sister I had known back home.

It's funny how I met the Lieutenant. One of his sisters had written me shortly after I got there telling me he was there and to look him up. Having no time I never did. Well, the afternoon of our graduation dance all the boys in the barracks were feeling frisky and really raising hell. We went too far and in walked an officer. He gave us the usual "song and dance" and, after saying we'd be restricted for the weekend, left his name and told us to report to his office later.

Sure enough he was the brother I was supposed to meet but what a way to meet him. We went to his office where I immediately brought

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up the subject of Lynn and his cute sister. Needless to say, restrictions were forgotten and he brought one of his sisters, who was with him to recuperate after an operation to our dance. Who says it doesn't pay to get into trouble?

Luke Field is about the best looking camp I've ever seen. Tomorrow we start our regular schedule including flying so I don't know how hard they work you here. This is where they hand out those Wings so all I care about is being around on Nov. 3rd, After that I'll still be moving from camp to camp before going over. I'll write again when I can. Thanks for being so good with your Salem News. I certainly enjoy getting them.

Sincerely,
Ralph