

May 26, 1944

Dear Mother,

Yesterday I received a letter from you dated May 4 and also one from Betty written before she went to Mexico.

Remember the fellow that I was suppose [sic] to see on the train when I was home on leave. I had a letter from him yesterday. He is still in San Francisco. Says if he ever gets his boots and Levis on again they will have to rot off.

Tomorrow is my day off. I am going to town this Saturday so I will get to see Jean for the first time in over three weeks.

[page 2] The sun is shinning [sic] this afternoon a little more brightly than it has for several days. Summer may come soon after all. I hope so.

It is not time for the mail to be put up today so I do not know whether I will get any mail or not. You know I hope that I do as I am alway [sic] glad to receive letters. As a soldier said a letter is like a five minute furlough.

There is not much news to write about so I will close for this time.

Your son,  
Tom D