

April 13, 1942

Dear Gertrude,

I received mom's letter, one from Robert, one from Richard and the church paper this morning or afternoon whatever you want to call it. I eat dinner at 10:30 A.M.

There is 12 days of school lift [sic].

There sure was a big train full pulled out of here Saturday night. It must have been a half a mile long and had two engines pulling it.

I always dream about home on Sunday night but I sure had a plane dream last night. Everythang [sic] was just as real as it could be.

I'm going to have my church letter sent back home if I get shipped out which I will. I done about the same thang [sic] yesterday as I always do on Sunday. I couldn't do much different without a car or anyway to get around.

Nearly a third of the class I'm in have washed back due to sickness or some other cause. The bay in one of the pictures I sent home is in the hospital now.

I dread getting out of school but I'll be glad when I do and see where I go. I guess waiting will be the worse part of it or I hope it will be.

I would write more but I don't know a thang [sic] to write.

Norman