

Sunday, March 26

Dear Mom & Drey,

Received a letter from each of you yesterday, both in the same envelope. Glad to hear that you are both well, & kept busy.

There isn't any news to write from here. Everything is all right, the food is better than it was at the other place, & we get anything we may need. We have an officers' club, where we can get liquor, beer, & cokes. All that we do here, now, is to fly a few hours each day. Right now, I'm writing this letter from a plane up at eighteen thousand feet. I have no pen with me; therefore, the pencil. When we get back from a flight, about all

we are able to do, is flop on
our beds & rest.

You say that Pearl doesn't
see Stan & Thelma very much.
I know why she doesn't, & I
know exactly how she feels. When
& if she goes out with those
couples, she feels uncomfortable
because she is alone, & she
doesn't enjoy herself. She would
rather be with her parents & go
out with them. I understand that
they never leave her alone, & have
been seeing to it that she is kept
busy. Pearl also spends much of
her time with her friend, Alice,
whose husband is a Lt.-Col., & has
been in China for over a year now.
Naturally, they have a lot in common,
& enjoy themselves together. I don't
blame Pearl, & I know I'd feel the

same way.

Don't worry about me, &
don't send any packages. There
is nothing that I need, & besides,
it would probably reach me
about the time I'm ready to
go home.

Remember me to everyone
at home, & tell Grandma that
these letters are for her, too. I
don't have the time to write
to each one individually - nor
the energy. Keep well & keep
writing.

Love,

Marty