

U. S. S. AQUILA

% Fleet Post Office

New York, N. Y.

20 July, 1945  
Friday morning

Dear Doctor Allen,

It has been a long time since I last sent a letter out Mt. Oread way; so I figured I better get on the ball and take care of that little matter. I remember the last time I was there I promised to write more often when I got back to the ship; but then, on second thought, I could have said most anything that day I was there for I was so darn happy and excited, don't you know. Two months have passed since I made that promise, but I had'nt forgotten-just kept putting it off.

Well, Doc I'm not an old veteran at this married life; but I sure-enough think it's the biggest institution there is. I know the 18 days that I was lucky enough to be with my wife, we were living in a little heaven of our own. After my leave expired, I took Dora May back to Portsmouth, Va. with me where we were in the yards. We were fortunate enough to get a very nice three room apartment through the Navy all furnished. We moved in one afternoon, and that evening when I went home from the ship, my better half had dinner all cooked and ready to set on the table. Believe me, she's a good cook too. I mean I was a mighty lucky guy the day I got her for a wife, and I like so many others am ready for that big day to come around when we can really begin to live the kind of life we have dreamed and planned so many times in all the wishful thinking we've had time to do.