

I still haven't decided completely about the future for I still have 2½ - 3 years obligated service to go, though I was taking night courses in graduate psychology in Norfolk in hopes of getting my masters ^{some} day. The idea of a Naval career appeals to me more and more, though I still have much to see and learn before saying yes or no.

As for my work out here, you know from my letters to the Allens that bombing and I aren't the best of friends. Actually, the fact of dropping bombs is abhorrent to me, for killing and destruction are just not part of my nature. And yet I condone what I hate by my daily actions of continuing to fly, when I could do as some have and turn in my wings, for my flying is completely voluntary. I search constantly for a rationalization, and though I believe we should be here and am fully aware of what the enemy is up to, I don't think I'll ever come upon a solution that will let my conscience rest easy. I am a living paradox or hypocrite, for I say I believe one thing, and do another. I love flying, Naval Aviation, and the Navy, but the part about dropping bombs fights with my heart and soul. I know I am doing what God wants me to and that I am here to serve him, but to fathom the mysterious and seemingly incongruous ways the works leaves me totally perplexed.