



AIR CORPS TECHNICAL SCHOOL
FORT LOGAN, COLORADO

28 June 1943.

Dear Miss Blaney,

"Are you a father?"

"I'll bet you're a happy daddy."

"How many children have you?"

"Why didn't you tell us this before?"

Er--crunch--and by the time I could swallow the candy I was eating, I was declared a proud father with a thoughtful family who had sent their daddy a few gifts for Father's Day.

It so happened that I received three boxes of candy at the same time, and the office force, composed of three women and three noncommissioned officers, concluded that the gifts had arrived just in time--the day before Father's Day.

This made for a pleasant day in the office, (the gifts I mean) and when I got to the barracks, we had a little party. The wine jellies are the kind that make your taste buds cry for more. It may have tasted like liquor, but I wouldn't know --anyway that's one jelly that wont get you in a jam.

I am at present working in School Headquarters (took time off for this letter) until I go to school in a few weeks. It is better than working on the rock pile until school starts. I worked on that detail for two days--It's good exercise, but one fellow almost rocked me to sleep. These details are formed mainly to keep fellows out of mischief until they start school. Some of the fellows weren't working too hard, and they kept looking at the mountains in the distance as though the sergeant was going to ask them to shovel one mountain onto the other or scrape the snow off Pike's Peak if they got through too soon.

The other day we had a five-piece orchestra playing during chow. When the boys march in the street, the instructor does not say "Hut, hup, hip ho," nor "Hut, two, three, four," but they say "a, s, d, f, space, or juj-space, frf-space," and in this manner they keep the cadence. They also have their own song, "I did not bring my specs with me."

On the enclosed card it said, "Here's a little gift," well, its a little gift that goes a long way in making the fellow happy, and the Bryant Service Club may well be proud of the work they are doing because we are proud of them. Some of the boys told me they went to the wrong college. I'll use Nick's pet saying and mean every mill of it, "Thanks a Million."

Leger (Morrison)
Leger

PS It occurred to me that the initials C. B. on the outside of the envelope might have some connection with playwriting. Maybe in your spare time (?) when you are not acting as a purchasing agent or a news writer or one of the many other duties you perform, you might turn to writing more prize-winning plays. C. B. DeMille will have someone stepping in his shoes--another C. B.--What a headline for "On the Campus," C. B. vs C. B.