

Thursday
1000
on the flight line

Dear Mom,

Gosh this weather stinks.
I've only been up once
this week so far. You see
every other week we fly
in the morning and there's
always a ground fog until
about 0930. I won't
fly this morning since
I'm scheduled as fiddle,
and the first man just
got up. Gee, I'll forget how!

Well, I walked off
three tours last night.
Twenty-four more to go.
I figure that I can knock off
about nine a week, and
if my Squadron wins the
Saturday parade, which
they didn't do this week,

I can finish 12 a week,
since we get open Post on
Thursday nights as a reward.

Boy, I had a rough
day in the air yesterday.
It seemed that I couldn't
do anything right. Honey,
there's so much to learn
and so little time to learn it.
My instructor is really
swell though. As I climbed
out of the plane yesterday
looking very dejected, he
reached down and shook
my head and said, "Don't
worry, we all have our off
days, you'll be a 'stick-pusher'
all night!" That made me
feel better.

I got paid yesterday
pulled fifty-six bucks,
not bad, eh?

Don't let Tottie fool you

honey, Judy didn't tell her
a damn thing. Judy would
tell you before she'd tell
Tottie. She's really nuts
about you, she talks about
you all the time.

I got a letter from
Don along with yours today.
He tells me that Mickey is
engaged again. To some
Sergeant in the army. God
what a woman!

I'll have some more
pictures for you soon,
honey, in my hot-pilot hat.
Give my love to Mom,
Joe + Joe Jr. I love
you honey, with all my
heart.

Your devoted son

Judy