

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