

England
July 3, 1943

Dear Mom

I'm still fine, fat, and happy. I've been getting your V-mail letters in pretty good time but I think air mail is just as fast and seems more like a letter.

I don't know whether I have mentioned it or not but every american soldier in England has either been issued a bike or bought one. I think the Germans and Japs could win this war if they would give a bike to every american

soldier all over the world. One of the boys who just got back from the hospital says there are more men in the hospital from bike accidents than there are battle Casualties. One of the most common posture over here is to get out on the wide wings and start a dog fight. When ever there are enough men around they usually have a battle royal, one group being P-47's the other FW-190's. The other night a truck tried to get through one of these fights, ~~and~~ they made him a D-17 and they all ganged up on him. There are more

broken bikes on this field
than there are good ones
in the states.

We don't do as much flying
over here as we did in the
states but the preparation
for a mission and the interrogator
after a mission is a good
18 to 20 hours work so you
certainly don't die of boredom.
I was quite proud of myself
after my first mission, I
didn't get half as scared as
I thought I would, by that
I mean that I didn't die
of fright but when the
Bomberdier announced that
there were fighters at "eleven
o'clock high" that means in front

of us and high). Well just
about that time my heart
stoped, I was flying at the
time and didn't have look
but I could tell where they
were by the way the guns
of the other ships in our
formation were pointing. I
got in as close to the lead
ship as I could and waited
while the enemy fighters flew
well out of range looking off
for a weak spot in our
formation. About 3 minutes
later on they come, about
the same time some one
announced it over the entaphone
our guns started to open up.
That's when I began to feel
better, the closer they got
the more guns opened up and

the better I felt. By the time the third fighter had made his pass I was dazing them to come in. They only stayed with us about ten minutes then they went after another group that must have looked ~~easier~~ easier.

Flack isn't half as bad it just looks like pretty puffs of black smoke in slow motion. They say that the longer you are around it the more respect you have for it.

Tell Joe Kennedy that I'll write him one of these days when I get the inspiration

Be good fore Charlie.

