

England
January 31, 1943

Dear Mom:

Things really happen thick and fast over here. From the two weeks following Christmas I was writing a booklet for new crews. Having had so much experience flying with new crews I am considered an expert on the subject. The day I finished it and turned it in to be rewritten (spelling corrected) I received instructions to report to a British ~~field~~ as an instructor. Since then I have been so busy I don't know whether I'm coming or going. My duties are supposed to be head of the ground school department but when the weather is good I have to fly because we are so short

of instructor pilots. I also fill in when there is any flying of ship to be done. When the weather is bad I give lectures and tests which means that I have papers to correct all night.

The other day our C.O. went off on a business trip, so I being the next highest ranking Pilot in the field, was acting as C.O. for the day. It seemed like every thing went wrong that day, and right in the middle of the afternoon who should show up but one of the ~~biggest~~ ~~best~~ highest ranking generals in the Eight Air Force. I being the C.O. of the ~~the~~ American Detachment on the field had to meet him at his plane. At the time I was dressed in some of the dullest clothes I own and a gigantic winter flying jacket.

We then went to the British Base Commanders office for tea + talk. After that we made a tour of the base so the general could see what was going on. Then we saw the general to his plane and he left. You should have seen it a general so neat and shiny he almost blinded me, ~~and~~ a British Guards Captain dressed in his Sunday best and me, looking like a rag pickers son. But it didn't bother me much I still have the same clothes on.

I managed to get my 2 day pass though I spent 3 days in an old English city not far from my base. They have an old Norman castle that's open to visitors and a museum. I spent the parts of the day when I wasn't sleeping, wandering

through these. The nights I spent in
the local Dance hall where I know a
few of the girls. The rest of the time
~~I~~ spent in London where my best girl
lives. (Next to you of course) Boy is she
nice. Brown eyes, Baby face, about 5'5",
115 pounds, and intelligent too. Her Father
a retired Doctor and they used to live in
France before the war. There nice people.

Well I guess that's about all for now.
I'm feeling fine and am still hoping
to get home one of these days. I hope
every one there is in good shape.

Hic you get the \$200 I sent. Half
of that I hoped you might be able
to save for me. Cheers love
Charlie