

England

March 12, 1944

Dear Mom;

Since my last letter I have come back to my own base and the old job. It feels mighty good to be around Americans again. There's nothing wrong with the RAF, as a matter of fact these a damn nice bunch of fellows, but comming back to ~~see~~ this base is sorta like getting back home (a little bit anyway). Now that I'm back

my next step will be getting home.
If every thing goes well I hope
to be there around the end of April.

All the letters I have received
in the past month have chewed
me out about not writing enough.

Boy I ~~wish~~ wish I could write more,
but I guess I just ain't got the
will power. I sit down right after
night with all the good intentions
in the world, but I just never
get anywhere. I think its partly
due to the way I live, I can't
seem to find any difference between
one day and the next. I think I
will have to set aside one day a week

when I will do something entirely different, like taking a bath, so I can tell one week from the next.

That reminds me, we are very well looked after as far as church is concerned. The Chaplain says Mass every morning at 6:00, on Sunday we have Mass at 8:00, 11:00 AM and 6:00 PM. Every morning there is a Mission. The Chaplain will hear Confessions and give Communion before and after briefing, then if you wish he will come out to the ship before take off and give Absolution. He has quite a full schedule doesn't he.

Since I started this letter last
on the twelfth I have been promoted
to the rank of Captain.

In looking through Anna's last
letter I'd say this guy Joe really
has her snowed under. I guess he
must be quite a boy. In answer
to her questions about my young
lady friend in London, she is English,
her father had enough money to
retire and they lived in France
because the weather was nice. Her
name is Stella Heaton. The last
time I was in London they had quite
a raid, but I don't think I'm much
of a hero because I was in the

subway from the first rumble of
the ~~good~~ guns to the all clear.

All the time I've been writing
this thing all the rest of the fellows
in the barracks have been shooting
the bull about their experience in
flying school, now they have me
so distracted that I'd better quit
writing before I start trying to explain
how I fell into an inverted spin out
of an emelman at Jackson once.
I hope every one is feeling fine

Love
Charlie

P.S. Now A.P.O. No. 559