

May 17, 1943

Dear Mom.

Well there's really nothing to write about. we have been working very hard recently but its just the same old thing day after day. Until the last three days we have been flying most of the day then repairing and servicing our ships for half the night. The ground crew for our ships are at some other field leaving to the members of the Combat Crew the work that is usually done by a crew of forty men. In a ground crew there are forty Mechanics, in the Combat Crew we have two mechanics, the Aerial Engineer and his assistants. So you

see what were up against.  
Its a lot of fun though and  
it makes you take better care  
of the plane while you  
are in the air.

My check came yesterday. I'm  
sending a money order with this  
letter. I tried to call Mother's  
day and since then but some  
how or other they don't ~~there~~  
have lines open between here  
and chiango.

We don't have any idea what  
they are going to do with us  
we have already shipped our  
personal equipment overseas and  
I think the ground crews went  
with it but that all we know  
I got a down swell book the  
other day in salt lake City.  
Its by Ted Malone. About four hundred

pages of poems. I guess it has  
every poem that was ever written  
Ganga Diri, "Coccy at the bat," I  
have read Coccy at the bat" about  
ten times since I got it and every  
time I think its funny.

Well until something happens  
that I can write about I guess that's  
all for now

Love  
G. Hunter