

England
August 16, 1943

Dear Mom

I keep saying, quote
"Well I'll write tomorrow,"
end of quote. Long before
tomorrow comes a week has
gone by. There is really
nothing to write about if
I should try to say tell all
that has happened since
I last wrote I wouldn't
have any ~~stories~~ stories to
tell when I get home and
besides most of it would be
cut out.

Jack and I went to London
and looked up Ray Sanders,
he hasn't changed any.

I hear about three days ago
a fellow who has been in the
squadron for almost a month
and a half come in and
introduced himself as Homer
Tripp. The girls will remember
him, he used to play foot-
ball for Stonington. He was
also a track and Baseball
star. He is a co-pilot to.

The candy came and was
in swell condition, By the
way, the next time you send
some (hint) don't send any
mounds, they don't keep well
and I don't care much for them
anyway. You can eat them if
you wish.

I'm sending a picture that
the army took for the public
relations office. I don't think
it's much good. You may
form your own opinion.

Well this is my last
piece of paper (a new fresh)
so I'll have to cut this
short.

Tell Bobby that I've seen
all those planes he mentioned
but I wouldn't want to stick
my neck out and say one was
better than the other. They're
all good, but they all have
their own special job. I sure
love to see Spits and P-47's
escorting our formation, but the
German ships are really good
to. Tell every one to take care of
them selves and write when they
get a chance. See you later.