

Tuesday night
[March 9, 1943]

Dear Shirley,

I want to congratulate you here and now for your excellent letter. You have no idea how it pepped me up. The only others that I have received have been one each from mother, dad, Grandmother Minkler and Mr. Boykin and I have written over twenty — Imagine me writing like that if you can. Probably some delay comes from my change of address and the usual slow mail though. The cookies haven't come yet but you may rest assured that they will be mighty welcome. Could you send me the addresses of Glen Tisdale, Stanley Nock and Billy Jim Tawes?

Right now it is raining cats and dogs outside so maybe we won't drill be able to drill tomorrow.

Flight 629 is now under the direction of master Sergeant Ross and is ^{about} humming now. He is the typical Sergeant — florid faced, hell-bent-for-election, bark worse than bite but thoroughly capable soldier. He served at Torrejidor by the way and is going overseas again next month. We all think ourselves very lucky to have him as our leader. He seems to me to be a sort of combination of Mr. Yinger and Coach Leckrone. One of his personal inspections is really an event!

Relay my congratulations to Frank and Isabel if you have a chance.

I would appreciate it very much if you would send me a copy of Ben's pictures. Could you get one of our whole family too?

I haven't heard any good jokes down here at all. We're kept on the run too much to give any time for that. Our jokes consist of laughing at our "plight" or the army. For example - you can't put soap in the hotel soap cup, nor a tooth brush in the toothbrush holder, or scrap in the waste paper basket, nor ashes in the ash tray.

Well it's ten minutes before curfew so I'd better close.

Love,

Lise