

We have had a lot of trouble with Pratt over here, and are still trying to get rid of him. Either we'll get rid of him or they will get rid of us - we are waiting for the outcome now.

No one has their own airplanes now. Due to necessity, and battle damage other groups have taken some of the planes away - one of which was the one I brought over; so now we just fly any ship that is in commission when one time comes up to fly. We fly on a rotation plan. It was nice to have a plane of your own for a while, but now everyone else is in the same boat.

This is starting to become a refined war now - with all the hooey we had back in the States - inspections, ~~the~~ ground school etc. We haven't started to wear neckties yet anyway.

Everything is fine though so far. This theater is twice as rough as the 8th Air Force had to go through. This is really the big league out here. Give my best to Harvey and Viola, and all my love to all of you. Don't worry about me, I'll make out all right, but it's rough. Please try to help Cate out on the Gatehouse - she won't be able to move pretty soon. I know you are doing your best though. Thanks again for all your letters etc., I have yet to receive any of your magazines. All my love to all of you.
Your devoted son
P.S. I know it!! Dad?? Mom??
Pete.