

9-7-15

Dear Folks,

I don't have to, walk with the infantry,
Ride with the cavalry,
Shoot ar-tillery,
I don't have to, fly over Ger-many
For I'm in the A.T.C.

To the tune of "The Old Gray Mare"

Any way that is the way the situation
looks now. It seems that there are
numerous "ar-craft" spread all over the
U. S., in places where they shouldn't
be. And its going to be up to us to get
them where they should be. All pilots dis-
charges ~~of~~ have been froze for ~~30~~ 60

days so I guess I'll still have to play
soldier for awhile longer even if I
have grown rich of the game. They may
unfreeze us just as quickly as they
froze us, ^{so don't} fret too much. I for one

an fact the fretting stage. I've gone
to gnawing nugs and teasing little
babies.

Jim, my room mate, got ^{day before} word yesterday
that his father had just died. It was a
terrible shock because Jim didn't even
know that he was sick. He went out to
his aunt's house in L.A., and they got
him on an air-liner at midnight. The
base had his emergency ^{leave} ready for
him when he went down to tell them
that he wanted to go home. He had lost
his briefcase with all his money and
credentials and he got off before I had
a chance to lend him any money but when
I called his aunt yesterday she ~~he~~ said
that she picked him up. Without his
A.G.O. card he couldn't even write a
check so I was worried about him until
I learned that he had gone out to see
them first.

More about ferrying air planes and
dischargers in the next letter.

Love,
Joe