

England—
January 15, 1943

Dear Jim,

I received your letter of Dec. 15th yesterday and was so glad to hear from you, old fellow. No, you son-of-a-gun, you are entirely mistaken—I was never quite so glad to hear of anything as I was of your marriage. True, I'll admit, it came as a tremendous surprise—in fact, I wandered about the B.O.Q. in a daze, the fellows thought I was ill for I passed up two good arguments and a crap (dice) game. Really, Jim, I didn't think you had it in you—I don't, I know. I am sure I would like Betty very much, I wish I could meet her—maybe I will sometime soon. But, anyway Jim, congratulations to you both and I wish you much happiness and success---I know you must be very happy—keep it that way, Jim. And Betty, Jim can be a swell fellow if you handle him right but he can be onery [*sic*]!

We are getting along pretty good over here, still haven't found the one with my name on it but several times lately I thought I had—we have had several good fights in the last two months but you probably read about them in the paper. Several of the missions we thought our time had come but we got back somehow or another, these 17's can really take it—and dish it out! Well, Jim, it looks like Spring will soon be here and then we really will start to work—what I want to say is, Jim, one of these missions we might not be so lucky—if my crew and I should ever fail and not return I want you to know something. Ever since I have known you Jim I have enjoyed every minute of it—you are truly my best friend, I hardly see how a fellow could ask for a better one. I just can't seem to be able to put it in words, but—well, should I be lucky enough to get back to the States we're still gonna have that ranch together, aren't we? And whatta ranch it'll be. It is nearly time for bed so must stop for tonight. Let me wish you success and happiness again and name the first one after me, will you?

Buenos noches, amigo

Your pardner,

Jack