

5 April,
Pepperrell --

Dear Little Girls:

Another weekend gone and I'm two more days closer to home. We had a rough one here. I went out to fly on Saturday and decided to go over to Stephenville on the other side of the island. Chuck Daubert and Ross White were with me and although the weather was not supposed to be good, it looked good enough for us to make it over and back. Well when we got over Harmon at Stephenville, Torbay was reporting winds up to 70 knots and rapidly falling pressures. One of those intense lows had moved in and we were forced to land at Harmon. We spent the night and enjoyed a wail of a snow storm. This all took place on the 3rd of April mind you. The temperature at Harmon was 20° on Sunday morning and the temperature here at Torbay today isn't much above that. We do have the sun today though so it should get warmer.

I was too late to get to the Px at Harmon and I was sorry too in that I wanted to pick up another little Hummel doll. I have one that I haven't sent as yet and its for J^Oanie.

I've been asked to teach a course in the E6-B computer tomorrow at the Base Instrument School. It will feel strange to stand up before people and talk again. I do enjoy teaching though. I'd like to make it a regular affair but I don't think the boss would like my being gone too much of the time.

I feel like a regular transport pilot these days. Maj White had me make the letdown and GCA approach at Harmon the other day and it was not the best weather by any means. The ceiling was about 600 feet and visibility less than a mile. It was the first real Ground Controlled Approach that I've ever made and he said well done. He said also, that I could go anywhere anytime now and feel perfectly safe.

Just ten more days until the day that recalls the hour that we took the fatal plunge. After nine years I can say a number of things that I couldn't have said that night in Brownwood. First; after nine years, I love you more than I ever dreamed ~~me~~ I could; I have known the complete happiness that comes when you look into the eyes of little ones and see something of the girl you love and something of yourself too; and last but not least I've learned in these past nine years that you are the only one for me. Should I die tomorrow, life would owe me nothing -- truly, I have been a lucky man.

I love you,

Billy