



UNITED STATES
ARMY AIR FORCES

Tuesday

My Darling,

a solid day of sack-time, (solo).
As usual I didn't fly today
it rained, and I mean rain.
God, did it rain. But- I
predict I will be clear tomorrow
seeing as which a cold front,
with low strato-cumulus and
swelling cumulonimbus passed,
followed by a high broken
condition of alto stratus (ununderstand?)
(I don't) but anyhow it should
be clear with the weather we
had today it should have
rained itself out.

But let's not talk about
the weather, let's talk about us.
Well, I couldn't get hold of
the C.O. today, all the newboats
were being used for official
business, so I had to stay

on my side of the street.
So I'm going to mail him on
the line tomorrow morning.

We still ~~haven't~~ gotten any
mail in, this is pitiful.

I haven't got any questions
to answer, and there's no
news, so I guess I'll just

have to tell you how much I
love you and miss you -
and gosh baby, that's a job.

Oh, one thing we did
wade to the movin'-pitchers
tonight. The local theatre
(as they call it) is equipped
with the finest 16 mm

projector available, the only
thing is they can't get any
16 mm (mm = millimeter) film,
so we have to suffer through
colossal productions of some
two-bit company that frowns
on knee length dresses.

Tonight the mighty spectacle

II
was "The Dancing Pirate".

The Dancing pirate was some
~~decrepide~~ (I can't spell it) beat
H-F who could dance about as
well as Rickie. What a show.
Oh well, there's only 11 more
days to go.

The last class they had
here in March fired exactly
400 rounds per pilot, and
they're all in combat now,
I guess. It's a fine thing.
It takes them about a year
and a half to teach you
to fly the airplane, and
then they expect you to learn
the most important thing, that
might mean your neck some
day in 107 days! You
can be the best flyer in
the air corps, but if you
can't knock 'em down, what
the hell good are you? I
can think of a lot of good
changes they could make
in this program.

Honey, do you like Nebraska,
Lincoln in particular? I'm
just wondering that's all.
So don't bother packing your
skis, yet.

Say darling, what do you
do for a stiff neck, -neck?
Boy I've got a beaut. This
lying in the sack all day is
killin' me.

Speaking of that angel,
I guess I'd better climb back
in, it's getting late, as it
usually does this time of night.
can't understand it, every night
at this time it gets late, -fanny.

I love you my darling
and miss you terribly.
If I don't see you this weekend
I will Sunday ^{the 1st} sometime. That
will be Easter Sunday won't it?
I hope I can be with you
then darling.

You have all my love
and devotion - always.

Your devoted husband
Judd