Tuesday

My Darling,
A solid day of "sack-time," (solo). As usual I didn't fly today. It rained, and I mean rain.

And did it rain. But I predict I will be clear tomorrow, seein' as which a cold front, with low strato-cumulus and swelling cumulonimbus passed, followed by a high broken condition of altocumulus (unrarefied?) I don't know how 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 rowboats 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 shows
on knee length dresses.
Tonight the mighty spectacle
It was "The Dancing Pirate".

The Dancing Pirate was some description (I can't spell it) beat
H-E who could dance about as
well as Rickin. 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 airplanes, and
then they expect you to learn
the most important thing that
might mean your neck some
day in 17 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? Oh boy! I've got a beast. 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. Funny.

I love you my darling and miss you terribly.

If I don't see you this weekend the 18th I will somewhow. 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, Teddy.