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 while a cold front, with low strato-cumulus and swelling cumulonimbus passed, followed by a high broken condition of alto-stratus (understand?) (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 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 knows
on knee length dresses.

Tonight the mighty spectacle
I was "The Dancing Pirate".

The Dancing pirate was some deceiver (I can't spell it) beat H-E who could dance about as well as Rich. 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 lots 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.

Says darling, what do you do for a stiff neck, neck? 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 13th, I will Sunday 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