Thursday
18 20

Dear Mom,

What weather! It's been
loosing all week. I haven't
flown since Monday. It
some gets on your nerves
when you don't fly.

Well, all we've been
doing all week is going
to ground school on
shooting script. That's
a lot of fun, we have to
take it to develop our
eye to allow for a moving
target which requires
lead. I'm getting pretty
good too! I broke 20
out of 24 today in the
rain, no less. We all got
soppin' wet. But we had
to shoot because we needed
to fire 150 rounds here.
We've conducted around 250
so far and my arm is
killing me. Have you ever
shot a 12 gauge shotgun?
Man that baby kicks like
two mules! It just about
knocks you over.
Boy, it's raining like
cats and dogs now.
Every day we have a
weather briefing in the
morning for the current and
coming weather. The guy
that gives them to us is
a failure and it's be
a character.
"Well, fellas," he says, "today we're going to
have light intermittent
drizzle in the afternoon with
The passage of the cold rain.

Gosh, he looks at you with those big blue eyes of his and it nearly breaks your heart. He hasn't got a hair on his head; reminds me of Elyen. Remember Elyen? The poor lad hasn't hit one night yet. If they call this downpour intermittent drizzle (light), I'd hate to see it when it really rains around here.

Well, nearly 15 more days. Gosh, I'm getting excited. The Cadet Corps Commander is trying to have the graduation held on the flight line.
I hope we can have it here, that would be swell. Maybe we could get some planes to fly over in formation and stuff right now. We're all sweating out the Flight Officer back. Instruments, and the development of a "20 mission crush" in our Officer's Flighter. I've got mine in a small bulge in my overcoat pocket that should do it.

Give my love to Bob. When is she going south? Tell her I love her, and Mom too! I love you all, angels, and miss you terribly. But you have a special place in my heart, Mom, and it will always be there for you. All the love in the world. Your devoted Son