

Thursday

Dear Mong What weather! It's been louser all week. I haven + Flower since Monday. It When you Don't Fly Well, all we've been Loinn all week is young no Joans Lucy of shooting skeet. That's alot of Ru, we have to take it to develop our eye to allow for a moving tauget which vegvines lead. I'm yetting pretty good too! I buoke 20 out of 24 today in the vain, no less. We all got

soppin' wet. But we had to shoot because we need to five Mso would have. We've comteted avount 250 So fur and my arm is Willing me. Have gow ever shot a 12 grage shotgue? Man that baby vicks like two mules! It just about Knocke you over. Boy it's vaining like cuts and dogs now. Every day we have a weather briefing in the wovent and Coming weather. The que that gives them to us is a failing and i's he a chava eter. "Well Colla's) "Well Kellins" he says, "today we've going to have light intermittent duizzle in the afternoon with



the pussage of the cold Roon? Gosh he looks at you with Hose bing blue eages of his and it heavy breaks your heart. He has n't get " hair on his head, reminds me of Elmen Remember Elnea? The poor load hasn't hit one vight yet. If they call this down pour intermittent drizzle (light) I'd hate to see it when it really vains around here. Well honery 17 hove lays. Cosh I'm getting excited. The culet comps Commander is turing to have the graduation held on the flight line.

I hope we can have it there, that would be swell. Muybe we could get some planes to Ply over in formation and stoff. Right now we've all sweating out the Flight officer act, Instruments, and the development of a "20 micrion chush in our officer's Flighter. I've got mine in a small ball in my overcoat pocket, that should do it. Crive my love to Bols. When is she going south? Tell her I love her, and Man too! I love you all, unques, and miss you terrible. But you have a special place in my heart mom, and it will always be there for yout. all the love in the would.
Sour Levotyle Son