My Pawling

I can't understand it, must be something wrong, we actually haven't got anything to do this morning until 10:30 (P.T.).

Oh well, I'm not complaining, I'm dragging.

I went over and shot some more rounds in the gun-air instructor this morning. (Hmm, that sounds very strange, they have WAC's for instructors).

Well anyhow, it made a good score.

This afternoon I shoot skeet again. Aye yes, skeet skeet
a great sport. How the hell anybody ever hits one of those pigeons is beyond me. 
Then that small cannon they give you to hit them with weighs about 100 pounds 
and knocks you over every time you pull the trigger. It gets tiresome picking yourself 
up and then putting your arm back on. Great sport, great sport.

Well honey, I fly tonight probably a cross country. 
That reminds me I better 
draw up my maps, it helps

Sorry I couldn’t write 
last night darling, but Tom 
and I went to the movies.
Saw "The Suspect" with Charles
Laughton and Ella Raines. It was good, one of those jobs with plenty of suspense.

The weather here has been beautiful lately, very warm and clear. I got in three hours in the air yesterday. I shot a forced landing stage, cross wind, and that was a real experience. We all (about 12 ships), circle the field at 2000', and are called in one by one to land. No traffic pattern or anything when you're called in. Just cut your throttle and lower the wheels, wherever you are and try to make the field; it was a lot of fun, anything goes.
just as long as you got into the field. The first period I had a ship whose (which's) wheels wouldn't go down, of course that helped. Some fun!

Well darling, I've got to draw up those maps. I love you honey; gosh I wish it was four weeks from today even 25 days. It won't be much longer now, I keep telling myself.

Give my best to everyone and to you my darling, I send all my love and devotion.

P.S. I love you.

Always,

Field.