



U. S. ARMY AIR CORPS

Fri. Afternoon

4:00

3-12-43

Dear Folks:-

Well, Dad, I'm about to go out on my first parade review. They picked the best 120 drillers or marchers out of the 200 in our flight - I was lucky - or unlucky - enough to be one. It may be pretty tough for all I know. We are dressed in O.D.'s & all cleaned up. Maybe we'll get a pass if we do ok. Love you 20.

Nothing much is happening & pretty around here. Now that we've moved we are eating in a different mess & it's much better. We eat off picnic tables instead of at ground & the food is somewhat better. I can almost appreciate a mud road.

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This pen works fine now that
I've used it.

We had an alert last night. We
were all at a boxing match & all
of a sudden we were told to return to
our tents, grab them all ~~up~~ up, get
in bed with our clothes on, get
our gas masks out, & show
no light whatsoever. Shortly
before about an hour later
it was through, complete,
& successful.

Well, the parade is over.
Ray, and I tried. We stood at
attention for a half hour
straight at one time. I suppose
that is too long but I ~~was~~ ^{was}
pretty long of me. There was a
good band too & it really
gave me a thrill & made me
proud when we ~~went~~ marched
at your right past the review-
ing stand. And then when



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They gave the order salute &
played the "Star Spangled
Banner". Boy I'm telling
you the old tears almost flowed.
Boy, was I proud. A guy
itches plenty 'cause he here
but when the old colors fly &
he realizes why his heart he
usually takes on a different feeling.
It makes you feel so damn
tough that the devil himself would
be scared to come near us.

Peace tonight. Not damn.
No war today. You made a
mistake on my ~~mail~~ address
— it is 615th & not 516th
Training Sq. (over)

7⁴-
I'll write again tomorrow.

All my love
Lillian