

Hda. Hudson
Box 737
Coleman, Tex.

March 19

Received August 7, 1944

GEPROFT
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Lt. Robert L. Fowler
Serial No. O-687577
Stalag Luft 1
Via Stalag 3
Germany

11386
U.S. CENSOR

Coleman, Jeff.
Sunday Nite
March 19, 1944

Dearest Robert,

As I write this, I can only wonder if you'll ever get. I found your address in the Hamlin paper & it probably wasn't all there. Anyway here I go again. I wrote you several times through your old A.P.O.# but they are being returned all along. I also got a Christmas card back the other day.

It is more like December than March. A Norther came up last nite & is still here. In fact, it is so cold Dad has the water cut off. I guess that is "Jesus feather" for you.

Do you remember Joille Burrough? You went to school with her at Dartton. Anyway she married a Lt. New years Eve & he has been sent overseas. Guess she'll be home before long. I he met him in Stephenville where she was working. She was a stenographer there at the college. She knew him about a month. Another was marriage.

The new class only has 183 cadets. Quite a cut from the others of 230. They get younger all the time. Sanna & I met them & find they're only 18 or 19. He then turn up our noses. Aren't we mean? I'll entertain them, but darned if I'll

raise them: you know facts of life & so on.
The classes are supposed to get larger now.

One of the old buildings, where the gym used to be, has been made a ~~theater~~ theater. With picture shows & entertainment on Friday Nites. One of the officers said it was a necking party. The wives & girls all go out & I guess they really have a time. They make them either go to the show or stay in the barracks as they caught too couples around the buildings.

Hannah is just saying how she hates to get old. She'll be 25 next month. He've decided to stay this age. Wish we could.

Last month a scared cadet stepped out of his plane calling for help. An officer walked up to him, saluted & said "What is up?" The cadet said "My instructor fell out of the plane." Soon the instructor, Anderson, came in carrying his chute. He said they were doing a loop & his sleeve caught on the safety belt & he tumbled out. The funny part was that he had on his glove & had to take it off in mid-air before he could pull the cord. I wonder if you have had an experience similar to this.

I wonder a lot & guess I'll wait a long time before everything is cleared

up. I wonder how much will be censored & so on. If this isn't returned I'll keep writing, as you probably can't write me. I wrote your mother & she didn't answer my letter. Probably too busy.

My brother is in the Navy now. He writes us almost every day. He is sure Mother's boy. Did you know him? He has finished his boot training & will get to come home, perhaps before long.

Robert, I hardly know what to write & am making a poor attempt at this. I do hope you get it & write me if you can. With my sincerest wishes for seeing you soon, my regards and



Lots of love
Ida Mae
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