Dear Mom,

I started classes today. They're all extremely interesting, consisting of Morse code, military aircraft identification. In the afternoons I have P.T., drill, use of the carbine, and other basic things. Next week I have my basic classes in the morning and academics in the afternoon, and continue to alternate from week to week. These current courses are only about 20 hours in length. Thus when I finish them I will start others such as chart and map reading, naval identification, fundamentals of flight combined with physics.

There are seven men in
my room now. They're all swell fellows. Three came from Catawba with me. Reveille here is at 0545 now, it used to be 0500, but lights are out at 2100.

We eat in a huge mess hall at equally huge tables, all the lower cadets together. The tables are about 100 feet long and are the usual six feet wide. There are 25 of these tables in the mess hall, so you can imagine its size. We march to and from meals, and in the hall a certain time being called to attention at its termination. Whether we're finished eating or not we have to leave.

I am dying to know where Lee is. He must be here.
Send me his barracks and room number if you have it. Also please send me some hangers. I am going slowly nuts without them. Send me about a dozen. I will be sending my bathtub home as we can't leave them here.

If there is anything you can think to ask me just ask. It would take a volume to tell you all we do here, honey.

You know how trains always make you feel lonely? Boy, they do me to. On the way down on the train I was feeling pretty blue, but and sure wanted to see you, just plain homesick. It's all gone now though, no time!
I love you my dear mother, and miss you, honey. Give my love to all at home.

Your Son

P.S. - Please don't forget the hangovers!
P.S. Jr. - Enclosed is my name tag from C. T. A. for my S. B.

Mrs. Ruth S. Clark
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