



U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES
MAXWELL FIELD, ALA.

Wednesday
2100

Dear Mom,

The time is flying once more. I'm so busy at this place that the day passes like an hour. When sack time comes, it really feels good.

It's been raining ~~cats and~~ ~~dogs~~ felines and canines down here all day. The Mississippi is higher than it has been for 12 years.

I got a letter from Ace yesterday. Ace, it's tough he was sent to Pre-flight at San Antonio. I'm in his same class, 45-AP. That means we'll both get our wings in January '45, I hope! I finally caught up to him!



These classes are really on the ball, but they're tough. In A.I. we have to spot a plane in $\frac{1}{25}$ th of a second! And that damned code. Boy that's a killer. We use the sound system. We're supposed to know every letter by its sound, not the specific number of dots and dashes in it. For instance B is dah-di-di-dit, not dash, dot, dot, dot. All it requires is practice, they tell me. The other subjects are quite interesting and not too hard. Today in Malaya Indetrinization we were shown a Walt Disney cartoon showing how to prevent the disease. You would have enjoyed it, the seven dwarfs were in it, Dopey and all.

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I had P.T. yesterday.
 We go to a huge area
 outside of camp. and talk
 it en masse. It's fascinating
 to see all the men doing
 the exercises together.
 I got a little sunburn as we
 took our shirts off. I'm
 going to be tan as a
 nigger.

Well honey lights out.
 I love you. Give Nan +
 Bob all my love, and tell
 them I'll write ~~them~~ when
 I get time. Goodnight
 sweetheart.

Love Son
 [Signature]

McCleskey Clark
 Spaw. L Group III
 Flight 1 - H.H.F. P.F.S (Pilot)
 Maxwell Field, Ala.

MONTGOMERY
 APR 27 3 30 PM
 1944
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FREE!