Dear Mom,  

How's the weather? This week is half gone already. Before I forget it, however, I got my insignia, they're swell. Thanks a lot. They arrived weeks ago, but I forgot to tell you.

Please excuse this hunching, but for some damn reason I can't write tonight. I took two tests today in Maps and Charts and Physics; I think I got 100 in each. I'll be going to the range soon where I will fire the .45 automatic and the Tommy gun.
The range is right on the field about a mile away, so we'll just go there during the day and return for meals and at night.

Today we had a thunderstorm. These storms come up very majestically. We were on the P.T. field when the big, angry white thunderheads came swirling over the horizon. The leaves began to turn over, and everywhere the sky could be seen planes scurrying home like frightened birds. The sun was just setting in the west, and its golden rays reflecting off their wings made them look very beautiful.
It sure made me wish I was up there, it won't be long now, though, if every goes well I'll be flying in about a month.

You asked about my face. The place where the cyste was has already healed, you'd never know that it was there, not even a scar.

I'm glad you had such a good time at Olives. Boy, will we get tight when I get home, man oh man! I sure wish I could have been with you. I sure miss those Sunday nights at the house when we'd have a small supper, build a fire and sit around drinking beer. Those are
The things a fellow misses most. The little wonderful things that seem so trivial at the time. I remember that night that Dee and I got tight together in the living room, and the mob came in to break up our party. Remember how I cried? all memories ... well enough that's it for tonight. Je vous aime beaucoup, mon cheri, bonne nuit.

Je vous aime toujours. To Whom it May Concern.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

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