Dear Mom,

I went to the Range today and fired the .45. Boy, that's some gun. It's terrific to shoot. You really know you've got something in your hand when it lets go. Plenty of kick! The thing weighs about four lbs., and when you fire it, that four pounds really pushes back. My score was a 70, which is qualifying. You need 65 to qualify. Tomorrow I fire for record to be entered on my Service Record, today was just familiarization.
With the piece and its range procedure, it holds eight rounds fully loaded, and is completely automatic. It is the most powerful pistol in the army, throwing a slug nearly 1/2 inch in diameter at 1700 feet per second. It can tear the whole body out of a man as it leaves the body. It's very difficult to shoot because of its weight and kick.

I took my physics final, final, final, final, midterm. Tuesday, I got 95 because I put down 200,000 instead of 200,000 for the answer.
Today I took my maps and charts final. I think I got 100. I'm talking chemical warfare now, it's a very interesting subject. Boy these new gases we have now are really something. Mustard, nitrogen for instance, can kill in fifteen minutes. Adamsite, which explodes in the air and removes all the oxygen, kills in 10-20 seconds, if deeply breathed. You'd be surprised how much we have used gas in this war, also not directly against the enemy.
but indirectly. For instance when we captured a small island in the Pacific that was of great use to the Japs but of no value to us, we sprayed it with tons of mustard gas, thus stopping the Japs from occupying it, and freeing us from the trouble of keeping much needed men and supplies there to defend it. Pretty smart, eh honey?

For the past three nights we have had dreams. I don't believe I've told you about them. You see, the whole cadet corps is run on the honor system, symbolized by the two


code which we have to learn, which is:
"an aviation cadet will not cheat, lie, or steal,
or allow any other cadet to allow remain in the
Corps who is guilty of the same." When some
one violates the sacred code, he is "drummed
out." We are awakened in the middle of the
night, and have to don class "A's" ties,
white gloves, the works, and fall out in squadron
formation, while over the speaker system
a drum beats a
constantly increasing tempo.
When the stop, the group adjutant reads off the violation and the cadets name. All commands are given in a whisper. It is very impressive. After the drum of the guilty man has an hour to get off the cadet area, and his name is never mentioned again in the corps of cadet cadets. Honor is everything here, without it a cadet will never survive in the corps.

Well honey, I've got some work to do. I love you with all my heart, give my love to Bob, and that cute little son of yours. He's cute. I love you, angel. Your devoted son.