

Saturday

1175

On the flight home

Dear Mom,

I just got down from a good flight. I shot landings & takeoffs today at Haley ~~field~~ our auxiliary field. It was beautiful

today. We were just under the clouds at 1600'

~~The~~ We were just scrapping the bottom of them, it

was like floating around the ceiling of a huge

room. Mom, you have no

idea how much I love

to fly. There's nothing like it. The sky is

a separate world. When I

get up there I forget

all everything, and have

a little bit of heaven.

When are you going
to return to N. Rock
honey. I want to call you
when I solo, which
will be next week, or
the first of the week
after. I'm behind schedule
because of this shitty
weather. Today the ceiling
lifted early, however.
Next week I fly in
the afternoon again,
so I'll catch up on my
time.

My average in Engines
is 98; in Airplane Structure,
92½, making my mark
in academics 95¼, not bad, eh?

I think of you always my
dear mother, take a kiss and
love from

Your son Leeds