

Sunday  
1930

Dear Mom,  
Eighteen more to go,  
honey. I walked six more  
off this weekend. I think  
I'll buy some rollerskates.

Say honey, before I  
forget it, do you think  
you might dig up a  
coupon of Fleetwoods for  
your son. They don't have  
them here. They would  
be very much appreciated.

There's no news what  
soever honey. I have a  
test tomorrow in Engines,  
we're studying fuel systems  
now, it's very interesting.

Between tours today I went  
~~was~~ swimming boy that  
pool is heaven sent.

Right now I'm sitting in  
the day room in my  
bathrobe + slippers. The  
fella kid me about the  
robe, but I like to wear  
it, it reminds me of  
those Sunday nights we  
used to spend at the  
house in front of the fire  
with "bea"! Those were the  
days. (ah, a change of  
color!)

Tomorrow I'll probably shoot  
landings. Sometime this week  
I will begin my supervised  
solos, Wednesday perhaps. When  
I solo I'll call you about  
seven o'clock my time, eight  
o'clock E.W.T. I will be grand  
to hear your sweet voice  
honey. You have no idea how  
much I think about you and  
wish I could see you. I love  
you with all my heart.  
Your son  
Judith

P.S. - Here's some pictures of the H.P.

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