

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

Pictures of the H.P.

Here's some

P.S. -