

Thursday
10:30

Dear Mom,

I got the city honey
thanks ever so much. I
missed my old Fleetwoods.
They're just about gone
now, but I've found a
place in town where
I can ~~find~~ buy them,
so I'll keep supplied.

This morning I shot
90° stages. These involve
landing the ship on
a certain spot on the
field after a regular
traffic pattern around
the field. I got 6
good ones out of 6!
I have another period

of these then I go
on to 180° side, and
360° side and overhead
approaches.

They're a lot of fun.
The instructor goes over
with one of the cadets
and the other three fly
over solo. (To Haley Field)
There we line up the
ships ready for takeoff,
and the instructor signals
us with a greenlight
one by one when it
is all clear for the
take off. We've graded
on everything, glide
approach, turns in the pattern,
takeoff, and landing. They're
a hell of a lot of fun.

I saw "The Hour Before

I Dawn," it was good, wasn't it.

Last night I had a date with a sharp girl. She reminds me of Pat Ward, my old flame back home, remember? Saturday she and I and Bill Cross and her sister are going to the Paramount Club.

She's a swell girl, really a lot of fun, plenty of personality, too.

I've got two hours in the hulk now. Boy that's some machine. It costs \$17,000! The damn thing is uncanny, it stalls, spins, and does everything a real ship can do. But they're hell to fly, stiff and

very touchy. They don't
buckle like a plane. The
stick will stay in any
position instead of returning
to neutral, as it does
in the P.T.'s.

I'm glad Bob and
Ronnie are O.K. That's
a sharp name. I'm
going to call them Romulus
& Remus. I sure wish
I could see those
boys, and the rest of
my sweet family. I
love you all so much.

Give my love to
Bob, all my love to
you, my dearest Mom.

Your devoted son

Leibel