

Tuesday  
1945

Dear Mom,

I passed my 60 hour check, hon! I went up with Mr. Saldano, the group commander. He said my aerobatics were the best he ever had on a check. Boy am I thrilled. I did a loop, slow roll, snap roll, immelman, spin, pylon-eights, two forced landings, and then—"Take me home." It was all over in 39 minutes. You never realize how much those 39 minutes affected my life. Think if I ~~had~~ hadn't made it, how changed it would be.



This flying is a crazy  
business. I've got one  
hour and thirteen minutes  
left to complete my  
Primary training. Gosh  
how the time flew.

I get a ride in the  
front seat this week,  
with Mr. Balke in the  
rear. I have the speaking  
tube and do all the  
talking. That ought to be  
rare. I'll "chew him out"  
if he makes a mistake.

I've got more good  
news, honey. I got 100  
in the Navigation final,  
which brings my final  
average in Navigation up  
to 99! The highest in



II

The class! But that's enough  
braggin' Clark. (I'm kinda  
proud, though).

I had my last hour  
in Link today. He made  
me spin the damned thing.  
Wow, what a workout. You  
have to put it in a spin  
like a plane, with nose up,  
and then let it stall with  
full rudder on. Then the  
fun begins. You start  
spinning around and around  
to beat hell. After about  
12 turns he hollers over  
the earphones, "Recover."

"Recover" - are you kiddin'!  
I couldn't even see the  
hairy instruments. I  
was pushin' rudder, yankin'  
levers, gropin' for the stick,



and finally it came out.  
That's some machine.

Enclosed are some snaps  
of the boys and Radium.  
And "Speaking of Pictures"  
(Copr. Life Magazine) give Judy  
one of me that you have,  
will you honey, she wants  
one. And also have one  
of yourself, Bob, and Nan,  
and their families taken  
honey. I'd love it.

All the love in the world,  
my sweet mother. I miss  
you and long to see  
you, hon. Give my love  
to all.

Your son

