Dear Miss Blaney,

Rain, rain, rain — that is about all we've seen here in the past twelve days. Where, oh where is that sunny south, the one of which people have spoken so eloquently? This is at present primarily a classification center to determine whether the aviation cadet is to continue as a cadet either as pilot, navigator or bombardier or whether he will revert to the status of an enlisted man with the possibility of attending Officers' Candidate School.

The exams are of two types: physical and psychological, the psych in turn being broken down into a written mental exam and, so called ARMA — Aptitude Regarding Military Aviation —, and the physical into an examination of the body and a study of physical coordination; I've taken the first part of the psych and the physical coordination tests, the results of which won't be known for about ten days.

March 19, 1943
I'm still in quarantine and can't leave this post, but we're always on the go—there isn't too much time to sleep, even at night.

How is the "On The Campus" coming; have any more usurpers tried to make away with your editorial privileges? Perhaps some day there will be a "Return of The Native".

If you have any word from any of the other members of my class, I should appreciate hearing of them.

Sincerely yours,

Roger Saroni