Dear Mom,

The time is flying once more. I'm so busy at this place that the days pass like an hour. When each time comes, it really feels good. It's been raining cats and dogs here all day. The Mississippi is higher than it has been for 12 years. I got a letter from Ace yesterday. Ace, it's tough. He was sent to Pre-Flight at San Antonio. I'm in his same class 45-PF. That means we'll both get our wings in January '45, I hope! I finally caught up to him!
These classes are really on the ball, but they're tough. In C.I. we have to spot a plane in a 1/100 of a second! And that damned code. Boy, that's a killer. We use the sound system. We're supposed to know every letter by its sound, not the specific number of dots and dashes in it. For instance, B is dah-di-di-dit, not dash, dot, dot, dot. All it requires is practice, they tell me. The other subjects are quite interesting and not too hard. Today in Modern Industrial Administration we were shown a Walt Disney cartoon showing how to prevent the disease. You would have enjoyed it, the seven dwarfs were in it, Dopey and all.
I had P.T. yesterday.

We go to a huge area outside of camp and take it en masse. It's fascinating to see all the men doing the exercises together.

I got a little sunburn as we took off our shirts off. I'm going to be tan as a nigger.

Well honey, lights out. I love you. Give Mom and Bob all my love, and tell them I'll write when I get time. Goodnight, sweetheart.

Love, Son

[Signature]