Dear Mom,

Well, my first week at

PreFlight and I'm still

pluggin'. Yesterday I

went up in the high

altitude chamber to 30,000

feet. Boy, that was rare.

There are twenty men

in each chamber. The

inside is like a submarine

with portholes in it for

observation of the cadets.

I went up to 15,000 feet

without oxygen. It's just

like being stewed, you

feel on top of the world.

Everybody's your friends,

and you get giggling and
talking a blue streak.

So should have seen the

bunch of us in that small

room acting like a bunch

of monkeys. From then

on we had to use

oxygen, by putting on a

mask. Number 12 in

every group goes up

without oxygen till he passes

crit. One thing about anaesthesia,

the lack of oxygen when

someone is suffering from

it he never realizes it.

he thinks everything is

rosy. You ask him how

he feels and he'll be

"ah, shweet." Then he

begins to turn blue
his coordination goes blurry. He begins to have spasms like St. Vitus's dance. When oxygen is applied, he revives immediately, and he won't believe that he passed out. He immediately starts what he was doing just before he went out. This boy was writing his name, so while he was out, the fellow next to him took his pencil away and put his index finger in his hand instead of the pencil. The poor guy started pounding away with the finger, and was dumbfounded at first. I was quite comical. Coming down, I had a little trouble with
my ears, but nothing serious. My sinus didn't bother me at all.

The next time we go up to 25,000, that is where embolism will set in. That is bubbles of nitrogen in the blood that causes extreme pain in the joints. That ought to be fun.

This week I have the same classes. I can now take five words a minute in code, and F.I. is a crutch for me since I know most of the places. Well honey, that's the dirt. All the love in the world from the one that loves you with all his heart,

Your Son.