Dear Mom,

Is the time up? This week is half gone already. Before I forget it, however.

I got my insignia; they're swell. Thanks a lot. They arrived weeks ago, but I forgot to tell you.

Please excuse it; this was a hussertching but for some damn reason I can't write tonight.

I took two tests today in Maps & Charts and Physics. I think I got 100 in each.

I'll be going to the range soon where I will fire the .45 automatic and the Tommy Gun.
The range is right on the field about a mile away so we'll just go there during the day and return for meals and at night.

Today we had a thunder storm. These storms come up very majestically. We were on the P.T. field when the billowy white thunderheads came rumbling over the horizon. The knees began to turn over, and everywhere the sky could be seen planes scurrying home like frightened birds.

The sun was just setting in the west, and its golden rays reflecting off their wings made them look very beautiful.
It sure made me wish I was up there, it won’t be long now, though, if every goes well I’ll be flying in about a month.

You asked about my face. The place where the cyste was has already healed, you’d never know that it was there, not even a scar.

I’m glad you had such a good time at Olive’s. Boy, will we get tight when I get home, man oh man! I sure wish I could have been with you. I sure miss those Sunday nights at the house when we’d have a small supper, build a fire and sit around drinking beer. Those are
The things a fellow misses most. The little wonderful things that seem so trivial at the time. I remember that night that daycare and I got tight together in the living room, and the mob came in to break up our party. Remember how I cried?

Our memories will remain that it was tonight. Je vous aime beaucoup, mon cheri, bonne nuit.

Je vous aime toujours,

Votre Fils

cc. J. E. Clark
Sect. 6 Sq. 4
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