Thursday
2100

Dear Mom,

This will have to be short and sweet, hon. Plenty to do tonight.

Inspection tomorrow, piles of homework, and my tail is dragging on the floor. Man those acrobatics really tire you out.

My arms are so sore from doing snap rolls, and slow rolls. I can hardly move. I got in four solid hours today.

You asked me about blacking out. Hang in, I'm getting used to it now.
In an Immelman, it's to be expected, you can't do a good one without at least -gaining altitude. In that maneuver, you have to dive at 140 and pull up into a half loop, and then roll out at the top, changing direction 180°. I've only got nine more hours of flying left, honey. My 60-hour check will be coming up on Thursday. Wish me luck.

I love, my dear mom, and still miss you, honey. Give my love to Bob. I'll write her soon. Goodnight, sweetheart.