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Wednesday night

June 2, 1943

Dear Mother,

Today for the third straight time there is no flying because of the heavy hot wind. It's like mid-August here as far as heat is concerned.

The first letters have come in from the old E section. They are at Santa Ana, California, for two weeks of classification, and will stay there for nine weeks of pre-flight. So far they have taken tests, physical and mental, and gone through minerature [sic] basic training again.

There are some more pictures included here. Another role [sic] is being developed and I have a new role [sic] to use. I'll ship home the camera when I leave here because I'll not be allowed to keep it further.

That's sure tough about Mr. Abrams!

Thank's [sic] for the cookies.

I just finished reading a good book by Laski — "Where do We Go from Here?"

There's not much more news from here. There is a fair bit of excitement about the coal strike

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although much of that is a result of the sectional rivalry between Pennsylvanians and Californians. The settlement will have its reactions though, probably unfairly against the miners.

When I get to classification, and from there on in, I will have to cut my correspondence drastically. So spread the news as much as possible when I get shipped.

Last night the Miami boys were finally issued the rest of their equipment — suntans, socks, toilette articles, handkerchiefs, ties and hats.

Shirley's class had a very nice commencement announcement. I'm sorry I can't be there.

How's the garden?

Summer school began here yesterday — mostly girls of course.

Love,

Lee