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Friday afternoon July 30, 1943

Dear Mother,

I have just finished my gunnery final examination a bit early and so I am going to try to get some news home.

Tomorrow I will have M.M. all day, again as a pot washer.

Monday will mark the beginning of our last three weeks here so I suppose that we will be getting even more intensified training and tests. Then I will start primary flying training, probably somewhere in the Southern California and Arizona desert. If I can pass the two months of primary I may well say that I am in. But they are going to weed a lot of us out. Most of the washouts will come from "insufficient progress" which is mainly a lower military flying aptitude. It is claimed that anyone can fly but that only a few can learn fast enough and the military way. I hope that I am one of the few.

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Squadron 64 has leased the Santa Monica Beach Club for a Graduation Party the night of August 21. There will be dinner at seven, dancing and refreshments until 2:00 A.M., and dates from Paramount Studios and Douglass Aircraft. Paramount is also providing entertainment. It sounds like a grand affair. Next week-end will bring my first pass by the way.

Some of the test grades were just announced. I made 87.

I received a fine letter from Dr. Johns about the plague last week. Mike, Billy Jim and Howell Finn also wrote. Billy Jim is stationed with a Star engineering unit at Conneticut [sic] University.

I'll try to write more Sunday.

Love,

Lee

P.S. I just refilled my pen at the barracks and am mailing this immediately. Please send some air mail stamps.