Thursday evening  
November 11, 1943

Dear Mother,

I have fifteen moments for a brief note. Maybe this schedule will help explain why.

0545 - first call - 0615
0615 - breakfast - 0645
0700 - flight line - 0730
1315 - lunch - 1345
1400 - athletics - 1500
1500 - showers - 1530
1530 - ground school - 1730
1730 - formal retreat - 1830
1830 - dinner - 1900
2030 - ground school - 2130
2200 - tape

* This doesn't include time for getting equipment or self, for going to and fro, etc.

Yesterday I took the required practice parachute jump. I left head first from a thirty foot tower only to be jerked terrifically about two feet above the ground as the rope attached to the parachute...
attached to me came to its greatest extent.

I now have three and a half hours in the BT-13 and am just beginning to get acquainted. The complicated procedures required for each different maneuver in changing prop pitch, mixture, gas tanks, instruments, throttle, radio, trim tabs and flaps are the bottleneck.

 Believe it or not, every day on the flight line I wear sweat suit, flying suit, leather jacket and gloves to combat the cold.

Write soon. Could you send me some cookies for Thanksgiving? I wish that I could be home with you all then but I will be thinking of you anyhow. Nine weeks of basic, nine weeks of advanced, and then maybe I can get home to see you all.

What should I do about getting Shirley a birthday present? What do you all want for Christmas? I would like a good flying wrist watch from the family. The army takes care of most of my needs.

Love,

Lee