



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 - 1300  
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 - taps

X - this doesn't include time for G.I. ing 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, <sup>fuel</sup> mixture, gas tanks, instruments, throttle, <sup>the</sup> radio, trim tabs and flaps are the <sup>chief</sup> 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