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Pecos Army Air Field Pecos, Texas

Thursday noon November 18, 1943

Dear Dad,

This letter will have to substitute for me in wishing you a very happy birthday. I wish that I could be home to personally wish you and Bernice happy birthday and to spend Thanksgiving with the whole family but I will be thinking of you as I am flying my BT and looking forward to the day when I can see you again.

By the end of this week I will have finished two weeks of flying; I will be soloed out; I will be perfecting the fundamentals and be ready to start on instrument flying next week. To date I have six hours and twenty minutes of flying.

I finished instruments class with a grade of 93% and communications class with a grade of 95%. I am just beginning radio code class

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and navigation class. I suppose that code and aircraft identification will again be the most troublesome subjects.

This morning I went to the dentist to have the stitches removed from my gum. While I was in the chair he decided to look at the other wisdom teeth which he was to pull. He found out however that had not even started growing as yet and that the other was too small to grab. So I will have a reprieve.

This morning we were lectured on new developments in army aviation. Next spring look for:

1. the new super-bomber modeled from the Flying Fortress and B-19: the B-29.
2. the new fighter modeled from the P-39 Airacobra.
3. the new Wright super-light and efficient aircraft engine which when installed in a Fortress will increase its bomb load from three to ten tons.
4. the recently tested and most sensational of all — a rocket propelled plane.

This Air Corps is fast becoming the worlds greatest in manpower, machines and training.

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How is everything at the school these days? Has the number of boys been decreased by the draft or the boom or has the lack of sufficient and experienced workers both at the school and in the field resulted in a decrease in juvenile

delinquency? [sic] I suppose the budget is rather tight these days but is there a prospect of a moderization program at war's end so as to provide transitional work for returning men and future security of their children? Do you have a chance to invite amateur shows from Fort duPont or New Castle Air Base to perform at the school; for bands or for newly returned pilots to speak? Maybe you could get Creighty Miller to speak at one of the regular sports dinners. Is Howell Wilkins going to work with you during Christmas vacation? Has the Wilmington curfew helped reduce delinquency? [sic] Has the A.I. canning class stirred up any new interest in the school. Are you

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going to have inter-scholastic basketball this year?

With the continuous news of allied victories and the relaxation on aircraft spotting I suppose your job as Coordinator of Civilian Defense is just about through except for occasional rallies. If nothing else the program more than paid for itself in strengthening community spirit and in the first aid type of training. Now maybe you can get back into the Lion's Club a bit more and go out to Rock Manor when the weather permits.

Believe it or not, I had oysters fried for lunch. They were small and flat tasting, not at all like the Crisfield variety, but at least they were oysters. I can remember the first time we three children tasted oysters — raw, over the kitchen sink in Crisfield.

Professor Thompson once said, in Psychology class, that a child's character developed most from imitation of its parents. I can truthfully say that my highest ambition is to pattern myself after you.

As ever,

Lee