



Thursday evening  
December 9, 1943

Dear Mother,

Another cold front moved in today and at present I can shut my eyes and imagine that an old northeaster is blowing in Wilmington. Low ceilings have cut flying time heavily of late. In fact, my twenty hour check and my instrument check were postponed because of the weather. To date I have 32 hours of actual flying and six hours of Link trainer to my credit. However, cross country flying, night flying and Sunday flying should get us through Basic by Christmas. Then we can lay around until Advanced starts on January 7, 1944.

Our first cross country will be Saturday: Pecos, Salt Flat, Antermittent Lake, Van Horn, Pecos. It will take about three ours as we fly in a radius of about fifty



miles from Pecos. Night flying will start Monday.

I received letters and clippings today from you and Dad. Those clippings and your letters are something I look forward to every day. I opened a package of underwear and socks the other day. Was I supposed to? Please mark the Christmas packages. I've got enough underwear now, thanks. Tomorrow I am sending out 56 Christmas cards. It seems as if there is one for every corner of the globe. I want to try to get a phone call through to you all sometime Christmas week so let me know what time best suits you. I am afraid Christmas itself is out because of limited telephone facilities at this base. But you know that I will be thinking of you as I always am.

Love,

Lee