



7-10-44

Dear Folks,

If you can't read that letter I scribbled off last night don't worry about it because there wasn't any thing important in it any way. This one may not be any more legible because the desk in my room is shakier than my lap was last night. When I say my room I mean my room. Every one has a room to himself. It is a waste of space, but much more comfortable.

As I said yesterday, I arrived with a minimum of trouble and effort, and without mishap. Today I finished checking in and have the rest of the afternoon off. I'm going swimming with another boy as soon as he finishes checking in.

Tomorrow the fun starts so there probably won't be any more trips to Mexico or any more

swimming parties after to-day.

My schedule says for me to report to the flight line at 0530 in the morning. The Ford only knows how I'll make it, because there are no bugles, bells or whistles to wake anyone up. I'll have to get someone with an alarm clock to wake me I guess. I'll make it some how though.

I have nothing else new to tell you so I'll sign off now until tomorrow on the next day when I know something.

all my love,

JOE