



UNITED STATES ARMY

March 18, 1943

Dear Anne

Sorry I didn't write sooner, but by the time there was anything to write about, I didn't have time to turn around. I just do manage to write to Ike and Mom.

I just received the card that you wrote me and I guess the letter you mentioned is still in the mail.

Ike said she had called you and told you where I was so I'll try and tell you what has been happening.

We are quartered in the Freshman Dormitory and Fraternity Houses. The food is really delicious and the College boys act as waiters.

They are treating us just like the Cadets at West Point and I do mean strict. They call us "Mister" instead of "Soldier" and we are on the Honor System. The Honor System simply means no stealing, lying, cheating, and when a soldier signs out to go someplace, he goes by the most direct route, conducts his business and returns

by the most direct route. An air crew student can be washed out for any violation of the Honor System.

Our studies include Economic Geography, History, English, Aircraft Math, Trigonometry, Physics, Medical Aid, and Civil Air Regulations. That is supposed to be equal to about 1 year of college. We took mental exams to determine in what class we should be placed and I must have been working over my head because I have been placed in an advanced class. We are supposed to get through here about May 8. I have really been having a tough time with Physics and Trigonometry, neither of which I have had. I met another Irish boy, Joseph O'Connell, and he is helping me along. Things are beginning to shape up a little.

I took a swimming test Tuesday and, of course, I didn't do so good on that. We took a general strength test today and I did average on that. They really have a nice physical training program lined up for us. We should be physical specimens when we leave here. Most of the other college boys have gone to the Army so we will be trained by the regular University coaches.

As I said before, they are very strict on us. About a week ago, some jerk stuck his head out of a second floor window in our



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section and whistled at a co-ed. An officer happened to be in the street also and he giggled the whole section although some of us weren't even in the building at the time. We get our ^{first} open post this Saturday night and all of section 3 will be restricted to quarters just because some dope whistled. We aren't allowed to speak to the co-eds or WAACs (there is a contingent here) unless we have been formally introduced to them.

I guess that will be about all for now, Anne. Tell Peg I'll make good for her if I have to strain a brain or something. We start flying instruction sometime in April. Give my regards to Paul and Peg and Antoinette. Will you call Mary and tell her where I am.

Ed

P.S.

I signed the payroll the other night so I should get a real pay soon.