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U.S. SCHOOL OF MILITARY AERONAUTICS
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

August 27, 1917.

Mother precs.

Wasn't it bully to see one another & have been feasting on the memory of your visit ever since you left, and I want you and Cousin Joe to know that I enjoyed every minute of your visit.

Well at present it looks like it was all a false alarm, for I haven't heard anything further about my leaving

for France. Evidently the War Department did not consider it best for the interests of the armed forces of the United States of America that I be sent away from the Ground School before the completion of my course. The Commandant has recommended me and that is all the information that he is able to give me so I still have hopes. However it is only three more weeks before I graduate and so it makes very little difference anyway. Besides your loving son was appointed Wing

Commander yesterday and that helps some. I must say however that I hated to give up my Squadron for they certainly are a bang-up bunch and drilled like the deuce.

The studies are getting somewhat more varied and a bit stiffer so I have very little time to write during the week. We are now studying Meteorology, Astronomy, Engines of various types, Flight - cross country, reconnaissance, bombing, machine gun, wireless, rigging, aerial observation, instruments etc. etc.

All of the studies are wonderfully

interesting and it seems a shame that we are allowed so little time on each subject.

The past week was an eventful one and a fine test for the nerves. First four of the boys in my squadron were dropped back a week for delinquency in studies and I had to appear before the Comdt. and plead to get them reinstated. This was accomplished and every one of them is making good. Next we were required to remain in the dining hall for one hour at each meal while it only takes us about twenty minutes to eat. The boys got

restless and more restless as the minutes slowly passed and then began to enact warfare on the Western front using muffins, butter plates, sugar lumps, etc. Well naturally the Comdt. didn't think it much of a joke when he heard about it and has taken away our privileges for the week end. During the next meal two members of my squadron got into a fight and I had to dive across the hall and separate them - one of

them, ~~seemed~~ a boy named Connoly who started the fight, seemed very grateful to me. I made them shake hands and make up and they sat down together again and were just as pleasant and affable during the rest of the meal as two game roosters.

I think at least one of them will get fired out for the offence.

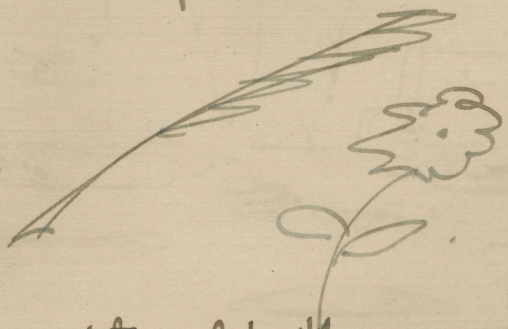
C. F. & C.K. came down on Thursday and I had an hour with them - My! it was good to see them and maybe CK wasn't excited about my going to France. Cousin Frank wants to equip me with all uniforms necessary and I am sending my measurements to-day - That's pretty nice of him isn't it. I find though that Uncle Sam furnishes the leather coat headgear goggles etc. But I do want a uniform and an overcoat.

C. K. was very much pleased with Luther's appointment. Pretty good for the youngest fellow in camp, eh?

They were so disappointed that they didn't get a chance to see you.

Delighted that Edgar is at last settled and I know that C. J. is relieved.

Lovingly. (7)



I sent a picture like the one enclosed to Grannie.