



ARMY AIR FORCES BASIC FLYING SCHOOL
GOODFELLOW FIELD, TEXAS

Sunday A.M. -
Sept. 27, 1942

Hiya Gang!

Here tis, another week-end and not a whole lot different from last. - I just came back from breakfast at the "post cafe" thereby showing my independence as an upper-classman cause the lower class must meet the chew formations even on Sunday. - He would too, except that officially we are on open post and aren't necessarily supposed to be here. - I fooled them.

I've had a cold for the last week and with flying at night, not getting even the usual amount of sleep, it hasn't gotten any better. ~~Last~~ Thursday night I got to finish up my night flying so Friday I was in bed & asleep by 8:45. - Last night I came back from town about 11 and slept late this A.M. By lounging around today, and a good night's sleep tonight, I figure I'll be as good as new soon. I might be wrong but I'm figuring that resting up good will restore whatever needs be restored and I'll be able to throw the cold off. - I think this is the first real one since I was at Brooks Field last April! - (And it isn't hay fever - it's a cold we all got with wet feet last week!) Of course, what we are really supposed to do, is to go to "sick call" cause they want to take the best of care of us in that respect. But that's where the rub comes, too. - Everytime someone reports to the doctor, he proceeds to ground us for several days - excusing us from from P.T. and

flying so as to rest up, - or else put us into the hospital for awhile! Just now that's bad because all time lost like that has to be made up - and we're so near there, there isn't any possible chance to make it up - we would be held over to the next class. - Hence the noble effort to fight it out alone! - It's so much better today, tho, I feel sure it is on its way out. I've learned one thing from it, anyhow - and that is, - I never could have kept up with things and fought hay fever, too, so I'm really fortunate.

Yeh, as I said, we are on our last leg in ~~instrument~~ our Basic training. - We finish up both ground school and flying this week, and next week, guess I'm on the road again for advanced training, wherever that might be. Probably leave here sometime around the middle of the week, I guess. By the end of this week we might know where we are to go, and what sort of training we are to get, - that is pursuit or twin engine. Of course, I'm saying all of this just as if it were definite I'd passed Basic, but there are still lots of stumbling blocks left. - We have our finals in our ground school to pass and two check rides - one in instruments and one in formation. Maybe after I get well into Advanced I'll let myself entertain the idea that I might get there this flying, but until then, - it's still a day by day existence, so to speak!

You know, it's kinda funny - the other day I happened to look out over the side at the ground while we letting down and 3000 ft looked so close to the earth! - I just kinda shuddered when I thought of spinning at 3000 ft. - And it wasn't long ago when it seemed so high - why in primary we used to spin down from 3000 as a way of losing altitude

when we wanted to come in to land. Of course, that's plenty safe enough, it's just that 3000 feet was as high as we ever got and now while we fly at 5, 6, 7 or 8 thousand our perspective has changed so. Why I can remember once in a cut I decided to see how high I could go and after climbing for 40 minutes I had to let down in order to get back to the airport in time and how high do you think I got in all that time? - 4200 feet! But there's quite a difference between a 700 lb plane of 55 horse-power and one of 2 tons and 450 h. p. isn't there?

yesterday was quite a day for flying - I flew for 4 periods and the wind was blowing a small gale - about 35 mph. It was more fun landing and taking off. - It was like flying a cut again. - of course your air speed would be the same, but your ground speed was reduced by the velocity of the wind. - Everything moved so slowly. Instead of tearing by at 80 or 90 mph it practically crawled by at 40 or 50!

Yes, sister, - while I think of it. - I received my permit O.K. Thanks a lot. - I forget to mention things like that. I get your letters, usually read them through and the first thing I know - it's another day and another letter. When I only write so seldom it's hard to remember all the things that I wanted to, to write about. - Just don't mind me unless I start squawking over something!

The boys I fly with and I are going to try to talk ~~over~~ instructor into letting one of us ride as a passenger in his plane while flying formation so as to take a picture of the others at close range. - Hope he will let us do it, but don't have too much hopes. We aren't even supposed to have a camera around the flight line.

Got a letter from Brother yesterday telling of selling

Susie and Janet's going to school. - Know he'll miss
the car - but from what the papers say - a car is fast
getting to be a handicap. And Janet, - well, - it just
doesn't seem possible she's in school now. - Poor kid. -
It's a long row to hoe - Just think I've been going
for 20 years now! - at least no one can say I haven't
been "exposed" to schooling! Ho, hum!

Well - have about run out of stuff so I'll stop
my idle amblings and let you rest your eyes. - I was ~~was~~⁴
thinking of playing tennis this P.M. - but - well, guess
that wouldn't exactly be in accord with my "rest"
program, would it? - Bye now.

Love
Frank