

U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

April 19-1945

Written From

Haples Field
Haples, Fla.

Dear Helen:

Looks like I'm falling a little behind in my writing, and find you two letters and a news paper ahead of me.

That bond situation you talk about, I'll try to get straightened out as soon as I can. Because this field is just a sub-base of Buckingham, Helen, all our records are up there and I'll have to make the trip to take care of this. Being laid up in the hospital does not effect our pay in any way whatsoever, and I should have received a bond for the month of January just as I did for all the other months. I have spoken to the operations officer on this field about flying to Buckingham, and he told me he would try to have some pilot fly me up in one of the twin seat AT6's we have here. I'm supposed to go up tomorrow, and I'll let you know how the matter turned out.

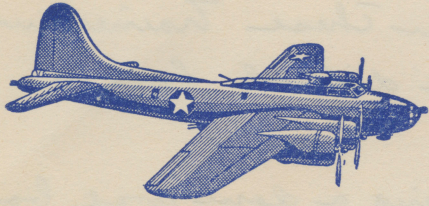
PLEASE, Helen, tell Bronie not to worry and trouble herself about sending me food. I get more than enough down here, and am over ten pounds heavier than normal. Tell Bronie, I appreciate it very much but I really don't need it. If, however, I don't

sound convincing enough about how well off I am, tell him not to bother sending pepperoni or any other food like that, because it is too hot here to enjoy it; just a small box of candy is more than enough if it will make him feel better. But as I was saying in the beginning, etc., etc., etc.

Yes, Helen, I did receive a good letter from Ed recently, but it was so badly cut up I missed the most important part of it. Boy, he certainly is getting around; Hawaii, Japan, Loo Jins, and I'll bet he is in on that Okinawa deal too. I'm enclosing it herewith, "Fred", but please don't destroy it; it is one letter I sure wish to save. If he writes home, Helen, telling of anything worthwhile passing on, how about letting me in on it?

Say, they they were not bad scores after not bowling for quite a while, but how in the world did you ever get in with that crowd of Jean Hada's? When I get home I'll need some lessons, so you better practise up to show me the "know how". I haven't bowled, but for about three games, since I entered the army.

My week of M. P. duty finished at 6:00 A.M. last Sunday morning. With Monday off and almost all of Sunday, two of us decided we had time enough to pay Miami a visit. Immediately after Mass we took off and waited on the road for the first thing to come along, either a bus or some good Samaritan driver. Well a good Samaritan in the form of a fisherman came first, and carried us over twenty miles of the 110 mile trip. He left us stranded high and dry in the everglades mostly twenty miles from the nearest home. After waiting about two hours, some "loney" and his wife came rolling along and carried us the rest of the way into Miami. This



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The Mosquito State
of the Forty-Eight.

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officer was a good "guy"; he even stopped on the road once or twice to buy us all a beer. We had a pretty good time at Miami Beach, but it sure is one paradise for Jews. How I know where all the Jews went that Hitler kicked out of Germany. The city is much more beautiful than Atlantic City, but the beach is terrible. The sand is real coarse and brown in color, and the beach is covered with seaweed. We didn't chance hitchhiking on our way back because of the late hour, and rode the bus instead.

Last night, Helen, the pilots had to get some night flying in, and we worked until about 11:00 P.M. The pilot who had my plane — a Twin seated advanced trainer; AT-6 — came out alone, so I climbed in with him. He was a returnee from overseas, where he flew as a fighter pilot on a P-47. Boy, he flew every way but straight and level — spins, loops, rolls, and everything in the book, he did so nonchalantly as if he were taking a sun bath. God there was I holding on for dear life. Then he and a pilot in another plane decided to simulate a dog-fight, and I never had so much

few in my life as I had for that half hour or so. I've ridden a few times in these trainers with some good pilots, but never did I have a ride like last night.

Helen, I just finished reading a damn good book by A. S. Cronin called "The Keys of the Kingdom." It is about a Catholic priest with very unconventional ideas, and I think you'll like it. He seemed always to please everyone but the higher church authorities, and the things he does and says have set me to thinking more than once. Read it, and let me know how you like it.

I'm sending along some snapshots with this letter, Helen, and have a few more to send along later. Keep what prints you want, but take care of the negatives for me, will you? I haven't sent any to our Ed, yet, so if you want to you can send him one or two of them. O.K.? Those that you don't want put in my photo album that you'll find on top of my metal clothes closet.

I guess that is about all there is to say to-night, so I think I'll get some "shut eye."

Give from my love, and also my regards to Laura.

So-long for awhile, and until later

Best of luck,
"Ted."



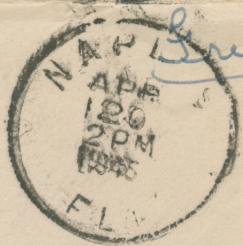
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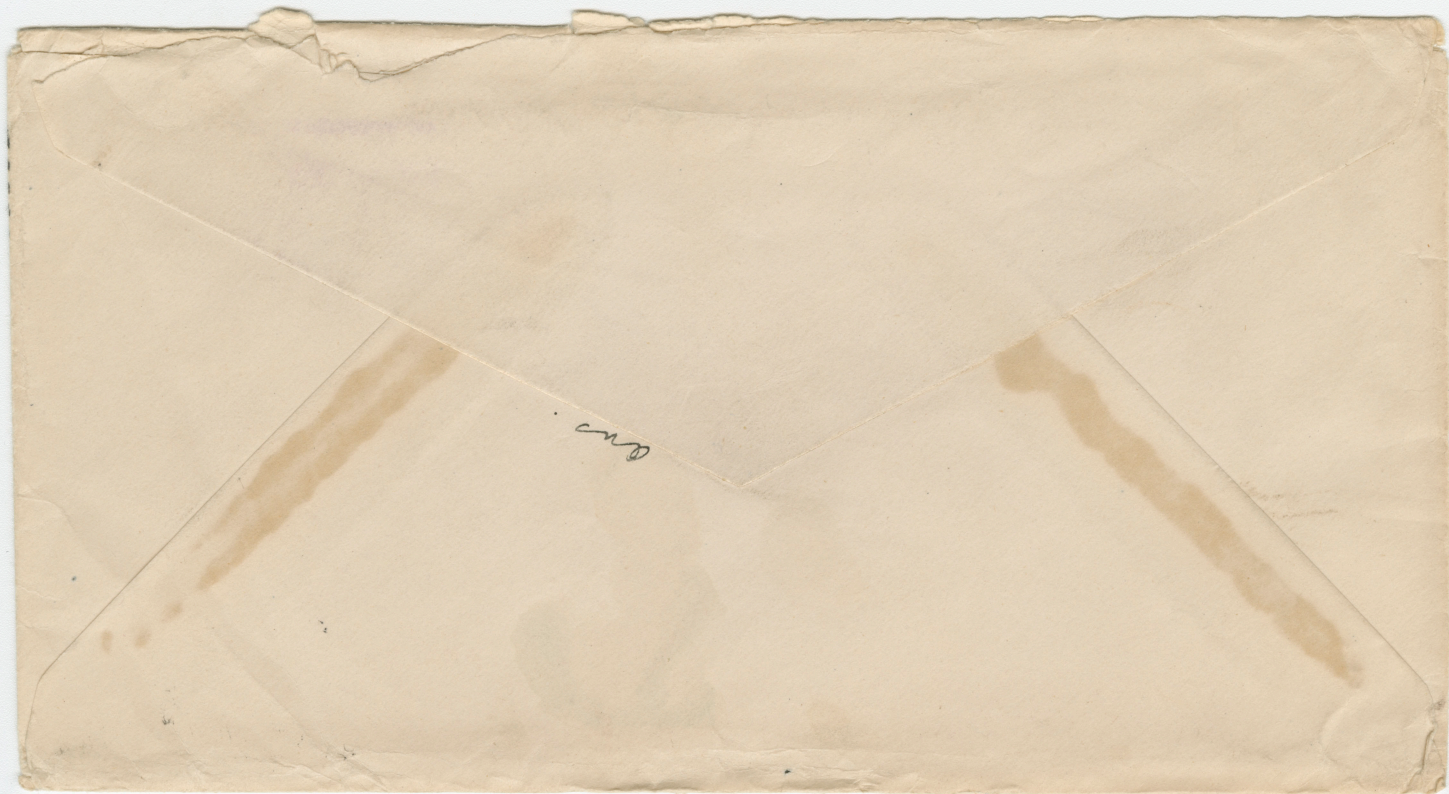
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