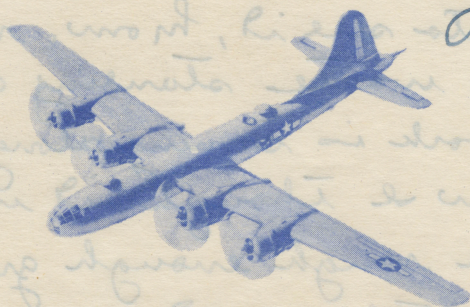


San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center

June 9-1945



San Antonio, Texas

Dear Mom:

I thank very much for your letter that reached me one day last week. I was glad to hear, Mom, that everything is well at home, and can safely say that things could not be much better with me down here. I certainly would like to be home on furlough now, together with "Stoney," but I can't have my cake and eat it too. If I had not signed up for this B-29 flight engineer's course, I could have been home about this time also, but this was an opportunity that I would not have gotten again.

Mom, I was thinking about our auto — now that our Frank is in the service and there is no one to drive, don't you think it would be best to sell it while a good price can still be gotten for it? The auto factories are beginning to produce again, and before long a car as old as ours will be almost worthless. To hire Frank <sup>Stenograph</sup> home on his furlough, I'm sure he would not mind finding out the best price the car would bring. If you sell it, Mom, take out any

extra tools or other equipment that should not go with the car. Don't you think it would be best to see it, now, rather than have it go to waste standing around idle?

My work is coming along a little better here, than I thought it would at first. It is still a rough enough grind, because the studies are thrown at us much faster than they should. I passed all the midterm exams, and even got through the physical without any noticeable eye trouble, but the toughest and most important work we'll be getting in the next two weeks.

The need for B-29 flight engineers seems to be so sharp, now, that we took special exams this morning to determine whether or not we will stay here to finish the course, or leave it unfinished to go ahead into more advanced training. The exams were on a lot of work we never had, and I can honestly say that I think I did just bad enough to remain here and finish the course. I wasn't worried about these exams, because they meant nothing more than to decide who would ship out and who would stay and finish the course.

Yesterday, now, we had our second day off since we got here, and we sure did not waste any time in getting in town. After three solid weeks of school, day in and day out including Sundays, I guess you can imagine how we felt.

The city of San Antonio, now, has a park very much like our Fairmount Park — with a zoo, riding academies, a river, etc. A few of us hired Mexican mustangs and went riding through the park for awhile. Boy, they sure were rough riding little bronchos. We sweated a good deal, and smelled like stables after we were through, but we sure had a lot of fun. This was the first time I had ridden since I left home, and I need not tell you I was a bit on the stiff side today.

After the ride we had a few beers at the Caded Club, and then wandered around town to see what we could scare up. I found a Wac (pretty too) standing by a women's clothing store and looking the civilian outfits over. I walked up and told her that she was not quite ready for those outfits, but she sure surprised me when with a broad smile she pulled a discharge out of her handbag. After that the three of us went with her from one store to another and helped her (at least we thought we did) pick out some civilian clothing. You should have seen the looks on the faces of the people in those women's stores when this Wac would walk in with three "Raydes" trailing behind her.

This Wac was a nice kid from Indiana, and pretty well excited about being a civilian again; but I guess nobody can blame her for that.

While we were eating lunch in town a second lieutenant joined us at our table, and we began to chew the fat. He had a funny look in his eyes and looked a bit undernourished, but after he talked to us a while we understood why. Over two years ago he was flying as a navigator on a B-17 over Austria, when their plane was blown up by anti-aircraft fire. Most of his crew was killed in the explosion, but although he was severely burned he managed to parachute to the earth safely. He was a prisoner of war all this time and was released just a few days before V-E day. Just four days ago he was still in France, and when we met him a plane had just brought him into Kelly Field. He sure was happy, and with all that he had to look back upon and forward to, I could well understand why. A sixty day furlough at home with his wife, and after that twenty-one days at Miami Beach with all expenses paid for him and his wife by the army; — this would make anyone happy.

Now, it seems that everywhere we go we close the doors shut behind us. When we got in on this deal, the coded program closed down tight the day after. Now here at S.A.A.C.C. we are the last group of code to go through, and as soon as we leave the place is going to be converted into a large Convalescent Hospital.

This morning we had our last pre-flight cadet parade on the parade grounds, and it was an almost touching affair. When we marched in review the band played marches with a sad tune to them, and this together with the thought that of the thousands of aviation cadets who had gone through here to fly and fight all over the world, we were the last to do so today, I think made everyone of us feel a bit strange. After the review and inspection the band struck up, "Should Old Acquaintance Be Forgotten," the Brazilian Air Cadets put on a fancy rifle drill, and the last formal cadet parade at S.A.A.C.C. was over.

I mentioned Brazilian cadets, now, — well, we also have French and Chinese cadets here, getting training similar to ours. The Chinese are a happy bunch, now, and we sure have a lot of fun whenever we meet up with them.

The evening is getting rather late, now, and I still have a little work that I would like to finish. I'll say so-long then, and I hope that this letter finds all of you at home in the best of health and spirits.

Lots of love, now, to you and all the others —

Your son,  
Ted.

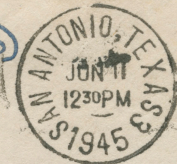


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