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United States Army Air Forces

Sunday noon

January 16, 1944

Dear Dad,

Believe it or not we had six inches of snow fall here Thursday night. It was the first snow that I have seen in eleven months and it came as quite a surprise for the early part of the week had been springlike. But it vanished by Saturday noon before a warm west wind.

Group II is flying this afternoon in an attempt to get everyone soloed out as soon as possible. I will shoot landings today - regular, single engine and cross wind - and tomorrow and should

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solo (with a student co-pilot) Tuesday or Wednesday. Then I can really bear down and master this plane.

The AT-17 is manufactured by Cessna of fabric and wood construction with two Jacobs 225 horse power motors. It cruises at the very good speed of 160 miles per hour and does not stall until it falls to 40 miles per hour. It cruises on one engine at 90 miles per hour. A new feature to me is the retractable landing gear. The interior is richly furnished and has accommodations [sic] for three besides the pilot and co-pilot. It seems much like a family car and, in fact, the controls are worked by a steering wheel.

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I can get no news at all about graduation. Maybe I can learn something from 44-B when they graduate in about two weeks but as for cutting time, the only thing to do seems to be to catch a plane out of Dallas on the thirteenth of March. This field is not so fortunate as to have Air Transport or Tactical ships, upon which I might get a hop, stop here. There is one very, very slim chance that the one other Eastern boy here (from New York) might have his father drive out for graduation and then the three of us would exchange shifts driving back. But an individual cadet can find out nothing yet.

This week everyone in class 44-C was placed under

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the Flight Officer Act.

As soon as possible I will send you my measurements and I wish that you would purchase a suitable long grey topcoat. That type coat will last for use after the war. Keep it in Wilmington for me though.

Say hello to everybody for me.

Yours,

Lee