



H-1 AAFCC

Nashville, Tenn.

March 14, 1943

1350 (1:50 P.M.)

Dear Betty, Doug + Alan.

AIR FORCES

well, I'm in the Air Corps. But don't think that we don't march and drill. we do more than the Infantry because we have to get all of the basic stuff in a short time. The only planes we see, are the ones that fly overhead. I saw more planes in Maine.

I would like to have the Campus.

That was a swell letter or picture that Alan sent. That boy will top either Shakespeare or Rembrandt. He is truly an artist.

I think it would be swell if you went to M.J. this summer. I know Mother and Florence would like to go to Maine, too. Why can't you go to M.J. for a month and then have Mother and Florence go back with you for a while? It would be grand for both parties.

Last week we finished our Psyqs. There are about 15 written tests and six coordination tests, then we have an interview with some P.H.D. and they are the basis for our classification. Some of the P.H.D.'s seem to be a bunch of morons. They ask a lot of simple questions to determine your attitude toward military aeronautics. They ask if you have a girl, if you stutted as a child and a lot of similar questions. If you didn't want to fly, why did I join the Air Corps. There may be a good reason for the questions but I can't see it.

you hit the nail on the head when you said you prefer the North. From what I saw of the South, I don't care if I never see it again. Nothing but cold weather, no stores, plenty of

mud and rain. They talk about the sunny South but I've only seen the sun about 15 days out of 15. The rest is rain and snow and fog.

Bobby was in Nashville last Saturday to see me but we were in quarantine and could not leave the Post. So I did talk to him on the phone.

There is nothing that I need. They give us everything we need, except time.

Last Friday I was on Kitchen Police, we started at 4:30 in the morning and finished at 9:45 at night. We worked, too. No fooling or loafing around. I'm glad we don't have that every day.

Nothing else to say.

Love
Frank.