



111th Observation Sq. det.
Municipal Airport,
Brownwood, Texas.

Dear Bill:

It was a great relief to receive your letter today. Shirley and I have both been wondering about you. I thought maybe you were sick, or something. I have been to college though; I know how it is.

Those grades you made look good to me. Keep up the good work and some day you too will be real smart like Ben and ^{me} I (ahem!).

Monday was Army Day and Comp Bowie put on a big parade and we held open house. We also sent planes over in formation to photograph and pass in review. People come to the airport and asked a thousand dumb questions about the airplanes and crew. They called the pitot tube a machine gun; wondered if we all could "drive" them (of course meaning the planes) and then becoming highly indignant if

we refused to take them for a ride. after
all, wasn't Army Day for the benefit of
the civilians? Some little brat got his
neck caught in those glass doors in the
bottom of a '47. We let him dangle
for awhile before we released him.

The radio section set up a public
address system and hooked up a
phonograph to it. You might know that
Mabry was the announcer. He made a
good one because he has such a good
line to string. Between every recording
he would dedicate the next one to somebody.
I took advantage of the situation and phoned
in a request for Elle May and Louney Bay
of Good Old Poor Land, Tex and also
something for dear old Grand Ma Johnston
who is 100 years young today. He played
"Worried Mind" for them. We all said "yeah
man" and "awha" while it was being played.
The damn thing could be heard all over
the place.

The day was finally topped off with a



Squadron barbeque down on the river. There was enough barbeque to fill everyone up and enough beer to get everyone lit up like a Christmas tree. We have two boats down there, one with a motor on it and we went woy up the river in it. The moon was almost full; a perfect night for things and such. Dorsey, Mabrey, Jeter, and I all came in early before things got to rough. Nearly everyone in the armament section got chow in the river before we finally got back. The 1st. Sergeant even got drunk. All were good natured chaps. Raymond Pearson flew his Stinson down from Houston for the party. It was quite successful because today nobody could hardly walk or stand for anybody to slam a door or stomp on the floor. Oh, well.

To day we carried on what is known as dispersed operations. The planes were scattered out all over the airport. It was $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to some of them. The purpose of this was to scatter them out so that if enemy aircraft dropped

bombs on us the targets would not be so close together. Had to use a station wagon to get out to them.

Last week we had pistol practice. Yes, we finally got to shoot those #5's.

I made an average score of a little over 65%. Shirley had a better score; he can really shoot one of those things. We went hunting yesterday. I got a squirrel but was using a tummy rifle. Shirley and Dorsey were using pistols.

This evening I got in a little stick time on my own. One of the ^{boys} recently got an old ship, side by side seating arrangement. That was the first time I had ever flown that type of plane and it had the peculiarity of a side by side plane. It was quite an experience though. Also flew a Kleanin Sportster. Horse 90 H.P. LaBlanc motor. Really a swell plane. Got in about 30 minutes on both of them. When we get to Houston I'll have to take you for a ride with me, if



you will risk your neck with me.
One of the boys want me to fly to
Houston with him because he doesn't
have a license and he wouldn't be
allowed to land in Houston without
one. Might take him upon it.

Hope we get to Houston in time to
see you before you get to go back to
school Sunday but I have my doubts.
We are supposed to be there on the
14th. Don't know if we'll be allowed
to have Sunday free in Houston or not.
Hope to heck we don't leave here on Sunday
and be expected to start operations on
Monday.

Until I see you Sunday so long.

As ever,

Waley H. Garrett

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