



U. S. AIR FORCES

Monday 25

Dear Mother & Dad,

I'm very sorry
you all didn't receive my
letter. I won't repeat all
the stuff in it as it may
eventually reach you.

Ellington Field is
about the nicest place I've
been to. For one thing,
the weather here has it
all over that of Southern
California. Also, the field

is quite small.



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Mother, I hope you didn't misunderstand my statement about the "mortality rate." What I implied is that only one out of all the navigation cadets that passed thru here in a whole year was washed out, i.e. eliminated.

Because the Govt. doesn't issue them any more, I'm buying myself an official cadet uniform. It is the same as an

3.

of Picer's uniform only
it has cadet instead of
officer insignia. As soon
as I get it assembled and
get into Houston, I will
have some pictures made.

This letter is being
written in pieces. I just
got back from F. T.

If I'm not a Supermass
when I get out of here,
it won't be the phys.
instructor's fault.

Back in S. A. A. F.
we went up in the low-
pressure chamber. We

went up to a simulated
altitude of 38,000 feet.

The purpose is to reveal
your biological reactions
to high-altitude flight. But,
more important, it is to
teach you the proper
handling of oxygen equip-
ment.

I'm going to send home
the identification badge I
would have worn had I
stayed at S.A.A.B. The
photo on it is really rare.

The trip back was
the clearest yet. It took
me two trips through the

Went to realize what a huge thing the Great American Desert is. And it really is desert except where it is irrigated.

I just now got back from eating the best meal I've had since I've been in the Army. It consisted of: fruit salad, cooked celery, beets, string beans, mashed potatoes, chopped up beef, sliced oranges, bean soup, bread, pumpkin pie, chocolate cake,

and tea. Now I didn't tell
you that to make your
mouth water; I just wanted
to show you what kind of
chow we're getting here.

It's like that all the time.

Also, we use chairs and
tables instead of picnic
tables.

I'll tell you more
later. Write soon.

Your loving son,
Tillman