



CADET FLYING SQUADRON
KELLY FIELD No 2
SAN ANTONIO TEXAS

March 10, 1918.

Dear Parsons and oldtime Friends,

This is another beautiful Sunday afternoon, such as usually follows a mother. It is a little more comfortable but the last two or three days have been some scorers.

Well, Parsons, I was certainly surprised to learn of the change in the 10th. A good old crowd it was anyway. I wish sometimes I had staid with it. I will only receive one of those shavetail commissions or be what is known as "one of those guys who carries messages from the Buck Privates to the Captain". Of course I'm glad I've learned to fly.

Say Parsons, they are going to quit giving commissions to flyers. I think I just get in on the tail end of them. I have about two weeks more



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before I'll finish. I went down yesterday and put them to work upon a whipcord uniform. To come out in full bloom, I think I'll have to have boots and spurs also. Won't he be some kid when he goes home upon his leave of absence?

Parsons, flying is mighty hard work. I was up three hours and a quarter Friday afternoon in a wind that was almost a gale. It was one continuous fight and I was ready to go to bed when night came. One Lieutenant was killed that day. I said my prayers several times but luck was with me and I always managed to right the old ship.

I suppose Hansen is smoking the same old pipe yet. Do you two still argue over who



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puts the most meat on the bench when you sit down.

And shake hand with old Geo. Hill for me. Always rarin' to go, was he.

I suppose Humpler no longer deals in candy and leggins since he has his sergeantancy.

Tell Parsons, the biggest nuisance we cadet flyers have to deal with are the ground officers or Kewees as we call them. They take a delight in soaking ~~us~~ ^{us} whenever they get a chance. We are confined to quarters most of the time. A little while ago one of the fellows walked across the road and an officer gave him 10 days confinement for having a hook and eye on the bottom of his blouse. The fellow walking with him got the same for having



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one of the buttons on his coat open. If things get much worse there will be a civil war over here at Kelly No. 2. You know an injustice always did make me boil over. Well, when I get to be an officer, I'll see how well I can practice my doctrine.

What kind of work has the squadron been organized to do? Have they still the same ~~sergeant~~ sergeant major?

Well Persons, I will close, don't forget to write.

So Long.

Vinson R. Boardman.

Send your reply to my home at Hoopesston, Illinois. I don't know where I will go from here.



Serg. Chester A. Parsons,
482 **FORWARD** Aero Squadron,
SIGNAL SUPPLY SQUADRON
Morrisson,
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V.P. Boardman



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