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TURNER FIELD
ALBANY, GEORGIA

No. 8.

Easter Sunday. 5/4/41.

My dear Father,

Just a few more lines from Dixie to let you know I'm still very fit and happy and having a thoroughly enjoyable time.

I wonder what the weather is like at home. Here we are sweltering in a heat of 80 degrees in the shade, and in a week or so it will be even hotter. Fortunately we are to be issued with khaki tropical kit which will be much more suitable than our present uniform. Also the nights are quite cool so it's not too bad really.

The food is very suitable for the climate - plenty of fresh fruit, iced milk and fruit juices, fresh salads etc. and it's really luxurious. The licensing laws are very sensible too, ~~but~~ closing time is only two hours out of the twenty-four! The beer here corresponds to our lager, is always served up ice-cold and is just right if taken merely as a refreshing drink, which is how we drink it. There is very little tea or coffee used, yesterday for tea in Albany I had a shrimp salad and a bottle of beer and it was just right.

I wished you had been with me yesterday lunch-time, when we had chicken fried in the

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southern style which is inimitable and very delicious, together with fresh lettuce and bread and butter. A good point is that it is considered etiquette to eat it with the fingers!

Albany is a town of about 15 to 20 thousand population (the majority of them negroes) with three cinemas, some good shops, numerous large and luxurious houses (all built of white-painted wood), broad tree-lined roads, a muddy river and a few good hotels in the best of which, the Albany hotel, we spent much of this time as it was so hot.

To-morrow is Army day and we are taking part in a big parade along with the "numerically superior" American cadets. The public will be present in large numbers, we shall march to a band, and in short it promises to be a grand affair. The only disadvantage is that we shall have to do our stuff in our full uniform in the boiling heat of the late afternoon!

I think I told you in my last letter home that we are not allowed to mix with the coloured folk so my dream of visiting a negro honky-tonk is hereby shattered!

Has John heard any more of joining up yet? I do so hope you are all well and having an enjoyable time. I don't suppose you will

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be able to go for to-morrow (Easter Monday).

As we are now in the "army" we are awakened every morning sharp at 5.30 a.m. by a gentleman blowing on a trumpet outside the barracks which lends a military atmosphere to the proceedings. And as this camp is also a flying school for the Americans we go to sleep with the roar of aeroplane engines in our ears, which is about the sweetest lullaby I know.

I hope to be hearing from you soon, please continue to write to the Moncton address.

If you are interested to know what this part of the world is like I'm afraid I cannot give you much information yet as we do not around much as yet, but you cannot do better than read "Gone with the Wind" and any good geography book, these are some of mine in the attic which describe the south pretty thoroughly and very truly.

The darkies are just as I expected them to be ~~from~~ after reading various books and seeing various films — they are very lazy, simple, contented and rather cheeky, with no ambition in life and quite content with their position. Their dialect is just as on the films, and the dialect of the whites is similar — very drawling, different from the sharper wise-cracking language of the northern states.

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Have you had any news of Captain Williams lately? When this war is over I'd love to make a trip with him down to West Africa, so I'll just hope it will be possible.

Well I think that's all for to-day. I'm often wondering how everyone is getting along - yourselves and the "boys" up town, Bob Dawson, Margaret and all my other friends, not forgetting the Hopthorpe stalwarts and Retford of course. To-day being Sunday I remember the many very enjoyable Sundays I spent with you all, not forgetting that happy hour from 12 to 1 o'clock. I only hope that everyone will be there sitting in the same old seats when I get home again. Perhaps you will propose a toast to Georgia on my behalf next Sunday morning!

Well I must close now with my love and best wishes to Mother, John and everyone at home.

So I'll just say Cheerio, "good health and good luck to us all," and happy landings.

Your loving son.

Frank

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