



PIEDMONT AVIATION, NEWS

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We received the following letter from Lt. Glenn Hendrix this week:

"Hey, youse guys and gals-

Have you hibernated for the winter? If so, I'll forgive you for ignoring me for 4 or 5 months.

You know what, this fellow Horace Greely really had something on the ball when he told everybody to go West. I've been trying to follow his advice for 13 months and can't quite make the grade. I have 14 months overseas counting the month in the South Pacific. I'm tired folks and now that the war is over the waiting is worse. It's been nearly two years since Piedmont and its happy family broke up house-keeping.

Marguerite wrote you and enclosed a letter I wrote on my trip up in Kashmir. I was very close to Tibet and Russia and could see the Mountain Peaks from where I was. When I got back I found operations was full of WACS and it was hard to keep the boys with their minds on the job. Unfortunately they were sent home this month by air while the boys who had fought the Japs in the jungles for two or more years are still waiting to be packed like sardines on a boat.

I added some more territory to my travels which haven't exactly been small. In October I went completely across India, Burma and China to the China Sea and into Shanghai for a few days. The Japs were still around since they had just surrendered. I paid \$40,000.00 for each riksha ride. A meal cost about \$150,000.00 and I bought Marguerite about 60 million dollars worth of the most beautiful silk in the world and a pure silk dressing gown with dragons all over it. What a time I had. We were still considered liberators and heroes and the chinks (we call them Slopeyes) crowded around us and stared. I bought stretchable watch bands for one American dollar that cost \$12.00 at home. The streets were decorated with victory arches at each intersection and everything was lighted up like Christmas. The harbor was filled with all sorts and sizes of our warships. China is the

roughest country I ever expect to see and I just don't see how they live. We flew a couple thousand miles across nothing but mountains. I was in several advance Burma and Chinese bases and saw many places where fighting had taken place.

I have seen and learned much about the world. I never dreamed I would ever see so much. My position offered many advantages. I was able to write my own orders to most anywhere I wanted to go in order to survey ATC Routes and facilities. Since February I have been one of the operations officers who ran the flying end of this huge base. I was in charge on my shift. For a month now I have been base operations officer which puts me in complete charge of one of the great airports of the world. All the utilization and dispatching of our ships going west to Persia, Arabia, Egypt and Africa; east to all the fields of India, was my responsibility. I have to be familiar with all fields and their facilities, radio and homing ranges and beacons, and their operating procedures. I am on the following boards:

1. Board to Conduct flight tests for re-rating from Service Pilots to Army Pilots.
2. Aeronautical Rating Board.
3. Aircraft Accident Investigation Board. (These reports go to Flying Safety in Winston-Salem.)
4. Flying Evaluation Board.
5. Instrument Pilot Proficiency Bd.

I haven't done too badly here and have been rewarded with promotions. But, folks, I'm tired of India and of beating all over the Orient. I'm tired of the Army and its politicking ways. I'm tired of being away from my family and my friends. The thought, "I want to go home," flashes through my mind hundreds of times each hour. I have no way of knowing when I will get home. Regardless of what the Government leads you at home to believe, we are not getting half enough boats to get us out. It's a long, drawn-out affair. Boats are few and far between, and they don't carry many men. The theatre could be