

Letter from Texas

The following letter from Mrs. F. L. Weeks, will prove of interest to the many friends of Lieutenant and Mrs. Weeks in this community. They are at present located at San Antonio, Texas.

To the Enterprise:

We are here in sunny San Antonio and I cannot help but wonder how deep the snow is at home. The climate here is ideal, we both like it so much. The sun shines all day long and oh, such a bright sunshine. The air is extremely dry, there is very little rainfall, in fact we were told that a good rain has not fallen for two years here. Farming is done by irrigation. The thermometer registered ninety in the shade yesterday, which was not unpleasantly warm, for a breeze was blowing all day.

The palm trees grow here, beautiful, straight and tall, and they make a fine shade as their leaves, if they can be called such, are large as umbrellas.

San Antonio is an old-fashioned city. It is built on Spanish architectural lines and such very narrow streets. It looks foreign, and as half the population is Spanish and Mexican is sounds foreign, most of these people speak only their own language. Spanish you hear on all sides. A little ways out is Mexico City, where the Mexicans live and conduct themselves really according to their old-time fashion.

San Antonio was merely a moderately thriving city until the various camps were placed here, and then it boomed and blossomed into a metropolis. Now the streets are thronged with soldiers and business is good. Prices soared accordingly, which is the case in every camp town, the "war-hog" is "doing his bit" in "soaking the soldier," and as there is no remedy, it will have to be endured.

It is wonderful, however, how the

citizens with military aid have made successful efforts in cleaning up the towns, ridding them of liquor and other vices. They do all in their power to make the camp cities a clean place for the boys to come to, in places where the cities have not gone totally dry, the penalty for selling liquor to soldiers is so great that not often is it risked. The boys away from home need to be surrounded by good influences, and it is up to the civilians to see that it is done.

Camp Travis, a drafted men's camp, is located near here. Kelly field, training school for aviators, and also a balloon school, beside the regular Army Post, Fort Sam Houston, where Lieutenant Weeks is stationed at present, in charge of the Infantry Mapping Division.

I want to try and tell you about Kelly Field and our wonderful aviation section. The preparations for this war are so immense, the sacrifice so great in both lives and money, you can never realize it until you are in close contact with it.

I visited Kelly Field last week, accompanying an aviator officer and his wife. We had to have passes to get in, as great precaution is taken, but no enemy shall gain entrance. Kelly Field is like most other camp towns. Its quarters, etc., but beside these are the giant "hangars" where the air ships are stored at night. There are the large fields where the flying is conducted. There are three such fields, 1 and 2 where instruction is given, and field 3 where the advanced pupils perform their "solo" flights, that is, where they fly alone.

Today we were out about one hundred aviators or "cocks" as the students are called were flying on No. 2. How can I describe it? A flock of birds skimming about, chasing each other in the air, it is wonderful. When you see this, you ad-

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