

Arthur Raymond Brooks Collection - Diary, 1917-1918

Extracted on Apr-23-2024 01:05:27

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Nov. 13, 1917.

I don't know how the other fellows feel about it, but after actually controlling a bus aloft I am wild to do my own solo work. I'll continue to hate aeroplanes as much as I hate automobiles - a sarcastic hate which, of course, amounts to love - until I get too much of a good thing or something happens.

The guard called ^[[Adam]] Fitzkee and [[strikethrough]] I [[/strikethrough]] ^[[me]] at 5:30 a.m. It was dark as pitch and as cold as an icicle. This country is strange in that respect - about light and temperature. The days are oh so melting (it seems); the nights are shivery and goosefleshy. The country is level as far as sight is good and you can see clear in all directions, yet when in the air a haze or fog bank envelopes the earth not immediately beneath and it's very difficult, especially for the beginner, to keep an even keel when [[strikethrough]]??[[/strikethrough]] ^[[he hasn't]] a horizon to go by. The sixth sense they talk about - while in my humble opinion is no more than the sense of balance -

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