

apparently the
first letter home
after getting in
uniform (Seaman
Second Class and
then Aviation Cadet
in Navy's V-5 program).

A little about
Flying A.T.R.
END



Nov. 2, 1941

Dear Folks,

Wish I could have have
made Dave Lewis' wedding a home,
or preferably both. I didn't quite get
out in time for the former, and the
latter would hardly have been
worthwhile on a lousy day especially
since I had to be back by 8 A.M.
Sunday. The student mate of the
deck on S.M.D. wears a distinguishing
arm band and does such things
as recording names of fellows
coming "on board" or "going ashore", ^{phone.} answering
reporting to Post 2 that the barracks
are "secure", every hour. He has
an assistant to take his place
while he's eating, etc., and at 10 P.M.
is replaced by the first of four men

taking night watches. The next day
he is responsible for getting the
guy out on time, not being replaced
by the new S. R. D. until 8. A. M.

The games in Princeton and Groton
seem to have been satisfactory. I was
seeing a naval movie, "Dive Bomber,"
on what I may get myself in for!
Later I called on the Lowells and
then went alone to the new Fred
Astaire movie. His partner, Rita
Hayworth, was here on Friday, when
I was not, but in the movie was
lucious.

By now I've had $8\frac{1}{4}$ hours. On
Friday, after being shown how to do
it, I put the plane in a spin,
starting with a stall, and got it
out again. It's easy - stick even
further forward and suddenly,
following sudden opposite rudder,
which results in a glide (engine
throttled down, hence not a dive).

For the hell of it my instructor did loops and rolls. So soon if at all.