January 19, 1942

Linda

AIR
U. S. NAVAL ~~RESERVE AVIATION~~ BASE
~~ATLANTA, GEORGIA~~
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Dear Gamidy,

A thousand apologies for not thanking you more promptly for the nice figs and dates and things. They did arrive all right, a few days ago, after quite a stay in Atlanta, but none the worse for wear, as several of us have found out to our delight. Thank you indeed and for the letter too.

I was sorry to hear about Auntie Maud's not being well. Aunt Judy sent me a postcard from the hotel, and possibly we'll meet, though I'm afraid it unlikely.

As for reading, at times there will be opportunities for it. There are now, as a matter of fact, but I seem not to be able to work "it" in what with not being too well settled in and all that. Next week we start our regular ground

school schedule and for a while will be very busy, but not all the time. Strangely enough despite the fact we've twelve hours of solo flying, not that that is much, in back of us (mine finished Dec. 5 at Squantum, Mass.), we don't begin flying here for another seven weeks, or so they say. We must of course have our radio code, navigation, meteorology, aerodynamics, engine courses, etc. well in hand before we fly very much, and that is the explanation. Before I get too far off the subject I should like to say that the idea of discussing a book with you appeals to me very much — even if the book isn't about birds. Speaking of birds those along the ocean — about twenty miles from here — are fascinating. I maginе snowy egrets walking on the beach just in front of the wall that protects the main street of St. Augustine!

Oh yes, my rank. Until nine days ago it was officially "Seaman Second Class, V-5," the latter standing for the aviation course. It then became "Aviation Cadet"* — a step up. Just "Cadet" T.R. is, however, best for address.

Love to all
Toots

* STILL NOT AN OFFICER BY SOME SIX OR SEVEN MONTHS