

Discouraged
with flying,
especially from
trying stunts.
Boring.

T.



NAVAL AIR STATION
JACKSONVILLE

April 11, 1942

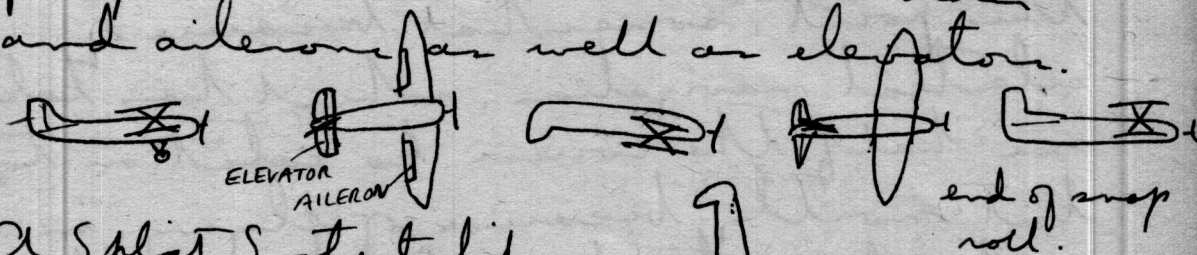
Dear Folks,

This will be an attempt at being cheerful when there is nothing particularly to be cheerful about. I suppose both of you, Pa at least, noticed right away the mistake the ~~the~~ above sentence, which I almost missed.

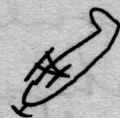
Six more photographs would make it just twice as embarrassing if I plunked out of here, which seems almost too likely at this stage of the game, but if you really think they would be appreciated, I'll order more. I'm a little discouraged at this point, somewhat because of celestial navigation, which has taken me half the course to cater on top, but mostly because of flying, in particular stunting. I was practically certain it would me sick the first time, and physiologically not psychologically it did. For this reason

I have avoided much stunting in solos and consequently haven't learned to execute most of them properly. Having at the last minute realized that I wasn't to get two of the three ninety minute solo hops following my last instruction, during which I had planned to really go after them. Well, I should have checked this afternoon, but feel felt so lousy after my dual and solo periods that I have got grounded. Actually stunting isn't bad fun, but because of the very rapid and necessarily precise movement of the controls most stunts are hard to catch on to. Loops alone are easy. A snap roll is both a snap and not a snap, consisting of a very sudden spin of just one revolution about the longitudinal axis of the plane when it is in more or less level flight - done with both rudder and ailerons as well as elevator.

RUDDER



A Split S starts like a snap roll, but ends in a steep glide going in the opposite direction, as shown here ↑





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Other stunts are the falling leaf, as name implies, the cartwheel, which is a sudden change from a steeply banked turn in one direction to one in the other, an Immelman or half roll from the top of a loop, ending one in the opposite direction, and other lesser ones. Most of these aren't particularly useful, but for this our final check out in "yellow peril" we are supposed to be able to know what a plane will do, have confidence in it and all that and ^{never} be able to perform stunts after a fashion. Our small field work continues and is naturally supposed to be better than before. For circle shots we are now allowed and supposed to slip, and our last accomplishment to be checked on is figure eights around pylons.

Tomorrow after a late sleep I

4
should feel better, but unless I
can learn four stunts in the forty-
five minute warm-up period I haven't
a chance. Two down will put me
up for extra time, but if that
isn't enough, I may not get any
more, which would mean waiting
around until they decided what
to do with me. I don't expect to
plumb out, but a fair number of
men are still and will continue
to right along. Navigation will
just take time, which is probably
the main trouble with the flying.
but time is not unlimited.

Disagreeable as April is apt
to be at home, it's one of my favorite
months and nice to hear about.
The porcupine interests me very
very much. I should think that
undoubtedly there was a time
when ~~there~~ ^{with} a larger amount
of cleared land there were none
of these real forest dwellers to
be found in or near Orono. A
few of course may have survived,
but more likely the present ones
moved back from the hills.



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I agree about Henry's being best where he is. The army might not do him any harm, but wouldn't do him much good except perhaps physically - unless he got into just the right branch. As a metal worker he might do better in the Navy, but I shouldn't recommend that unless he could get some sort of a rating right away.

It's funny about my nickname, Ma. I've no objection to it except outside the family, etc., circle, where I keep it secret since it is just sounds wrong when or if it is used, usually turning into "Tuty". "Riel" is frequently used and "Toot" occasionally, but "Tooda" or "Toodoor" are most common. From the family I still prefer "Toot", not particularly caring for "Tewde".

It would be quite exciting if Nance

6
got a commission, and it looks
like she might before I do.

Speaking of weather, the other night
it was 78°F . when we went to bed and
still 74°F . at reveille, but that didn't
last - as it undoubtedly will only
too soon only with down pour as
well.

I did flunk my blinker test last
week and though for some reason
didn't get put on the night radio
list (every night except Wed., Sat. & Sun.).
I flunked it again this week and will
probably ^{be} put on the restricted list,
which means no liberty and night
radio for seven nights in a row and
ad infinitum if I don't pass next
week, which, however, should be
easier since the test is sent
at NAS and not here at Lee if one
is restricted, the sender here not
being clear. It's an unfair system
since at our stage we aren't allowed
more than two errors out of fifty
characters, which is tough with
lousy sending. A very high percentage
of my class is already going to night
radio, so I won't be alone.

I might as well continue for
a bit even if there is little to tell



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about except myself. Last week-end we got Saturday afternoon and all of Sunday off - only I didn't, having a watch off and on from noon until around 8 P.M., going ashore only on Saturday. I finally got a nice little bag, Pa., but it cost me too much for a birthday present, \$12.50, so why not send me just half, not that I need it, which would make it sort of cozy. Don't send me any more money for pictures; I'm not poor any more, and pay's increasing, they say.

My entertainment over the holiday consisted of a rather delightful movie, "The Vanishing Virginian", starring Frank Morgan, one of Tai's and my old favorites, and of a good many pages of a strange novel entitled, "Weathering Heights", still going strong. I was to be on a

committee helping with a Bundle⁸
for America party. Wednesday night,
at which Frank Knox appeared, but
I had the one session of night
flying one gets in "yellow birds".
Both instruction and solo - quite
an amazing feeling, but uncomfortable
only on take-off on which I
had some close calls with parked
planes because of not keeping straight
- so they tell me!

Well now for some blinker
practice - much needed. I rather
doubt if I bother to go ashore when
we get back - around 7:15, though
afternoon "wings" can stay out all
night if they want to. I imagine
wanting to. I still one could stay at
the Inland if one had a car.

Love to all, philosophically
T. R.

P.S. - a little later. Have come ashore after
all on Don Watson's suggestion - and of
course to see a movie, probably with
Gene Tierney, who can't act, but doesn't
have to. Yes, I do feel better.