

a very long
letter for me
but varied &
interesting
T.

June 27, 1942

Dear Folks,

My "weebsly" letters
seem to get off only about every
ten days now, but after all
unless one has unusual talents
the better one writes when one
doesn't feel like writing might
be especially dull. ~~At~~ I feel
of writing and reading seem
to alternate with me, and the
most recent has been the latter.
For your interest and possible
comment there follows a list
of books read this year, most

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of them having been finished in
odd moments of recent weeks:

- * B Goodrich: The Sound of Wings.
- A Sayers: Strong Poison.
- A Austen: Pride and Prejudice.
- B Van W. Mason: a S.A. thriller.
- A Brontë: Wuthering Heights.
- C Cronin: The Stars Looked Down.
- A Mason: The Singapore Exile Murders.
- C Mangham: South Moon Under.
- C Buchan: his last - can't recall title.
- C Forester: The African Queen.
- C Forester: To The Indies.
- A Hilton: We Are Not Alone.
- A Hilton: Without Anna.
- B Cronin: The Keys of the Kingdom.
- B Knight: This Above All.

*
A = Pocket Books, borrowed or owned; B = other, borrowed or owned; C = library

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Of this I think I enjoyed Pride and Prejudice the most. I hadn't read it for years. What a delight it is. I must say I rather go for Forester and Hilton, though the two by the former weren't quite up to the famous captain. Cronin's lost in a pip too, but how grim the other is, to say nothing of This Above All - both rather raw compared with the equally grim classic of Miss E. Brontë. I don't particularly go for M. Gauguin (alias Stieglitz) life or pictures. Good old J. B. wound up with a good tale, but maybe just a wee bit too impossible?

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The Thillens were fun too, and
I should have mentioned "Assignment
In Brittany" in the Sat. Eve. Post,
which both of you undoubtedly
also read. What next? - either
Storm or Delilah.

Well, it looks as if I should
miss Nance, which is very sad,
and not see my folks until Aug.
(Sept. if very poor weather prevails),
which is only less sad. I hope
Henry is able to stay where
he is, but I rather wish Han
would do something like taking
the course Larry did - at least
after Nov.

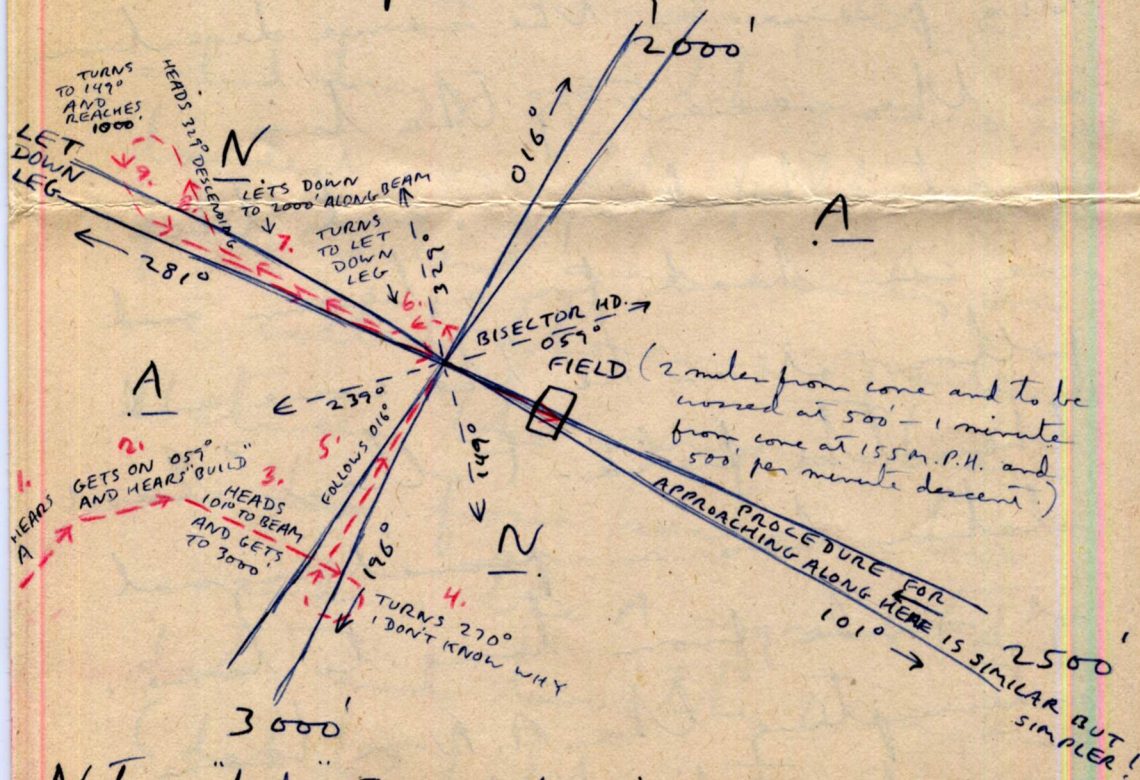
There is no secret about where

my advanced training is taking place. How else would I get paid? I thought I explained that one either specialized in seaplane or patrol flying boat here training, or in carrier training at Miami. Already I have checked into my final squadron and may get my first seaplane hop tomorrow. My instrument flying was all right to get by. It was very interesting, and the principle, which I'll explain, is no secret - same as regular airline stuff. All

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over the country are special
radio stations ^{near} ~~at~~ important
air ports, and these send out
four radio beams in different,
but never changing directions.
The beams sounding like a
solid buzz over the radio and
loudest near the field except
for a silent area nearly over
it called the cone of silence.
Between the various beams
are ~~two~~ four sectors, two
sounding the A signal (dit
dah) and two the N signal
(dah dit). It can easily be
seen that the beams are formed

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by an overlapping of the two
signals. After getting a "build"
or a "fade" of an A or an N one
can easily determine what
sector one is in by ^{first} pointing
the plane in the same direction
as the nearest of the two
bisector headings, and then
one can head for a beam and
follow it in to the cone and
then the field. Follow? Each
station has a special signal
it sends from time to time,
interrupting the A, N or beam
signal. The following diagram

will illustrate a typical problem.
To avoid collisions one of the
beams is always designated
and used for the "let down leg".
One carries a map or diagram
like the following:



Note: a "fade" at 2. on a heading of 059° would indicate one were in the NE quadrant and would necessitate a 180° turn to get a "build" and thence to a beam.

Well, at least you get the general idea. Theoretically one could never get lost if there were no area beyond the reach of radio signals, which often overlap though from different stations at different frequencies. One would of course always have to see the field for the final landing. All signals get very loud near the cone and then at it suddenly die. Like the beam ~~and~~ only upward instead of horizontally, the cone gets wider at greater distances (altitudes) from the station.

The seaplane squadron promises to be much the busiest yet what with more flying than before and special ground school in radio, navigation etc., along with it.

I'm a full platoon commander now, and though promotion has been rather rapid, because of graduation above, it still isn't a very lofty position.

Perhaps I once explained that all the cadets make up what is called The Cadet Regiment, which under Mr. Cutler runs everything except ground school

and flying. Each of the nine
barracks is a company of
four platoons, and there are
three battalions, each
incidentally, with a ^{real} officer
in charge; an office handling
the room situation, minor
discipline, etc.; and a mess
hall. Don Watson is at least
a battalion commander, but I
don't believe even he has very
much to do. Every morning ^{now} we
either have feeble exercises or
run slowly around the block
before breakfast, and when
completely dressed we march to

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breakfast, and these are the only times cadet officers officiate except when standing a watch in regimental headquarters and when lining up the boys at inspections. Of course we are supposed to have authority enough to keep order in our respective halls.

The only other local news concerns last Monday, when I had a day off and spent it at the beach, staying with a pleasant Mrs. Reid, who takes in people more or less as paying guests and who has an attractive daughter! Since I had met several nice or sweet young things

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The previous week-end, this brought the total for about six months to about that number ^{total} of girls I wouldn't mind taking out. I feel, however, is exceedingly difficult if one hasn't a car, and if it weren't for the cost of my coming uniforms and the gas and time situation, I should undoubtedly buy one. Some of the boys by conservatively using their car can sometimes get out to the beach. Last time I found the bus satisfactory once enough people got out along the way so that I was

able to get a seat.

So I didn't go the few miles ^{south} to Ponta Vedra, but stayed at Atlantic Beach. I hired a bicycle and rode way up to the jetty at the mouth of the St. John's, only to have the front tire go flat. It was, however, a slow leak I hadn't noticed, and fortunately a pump was borrowable. That was in the morning, and though I was vaguely looking for shore birds, all I found was a few turnstones, least terns and ring-billed gulls, not to forget many pelicans and a pair of eagles.

The afternoon hunt to the
Mayport marshes was far more
successful. Here were very
tame clapper rails, almost as
close as my telescope would
focus, a few black-necked
stilts and willets, quite a few
American egrets, white ibises,
little blue herons and many
more least terns.

Perhaps that's enough for
now, though this paper makes
it seem as if it were more
than it really is.

Love to all
Toots