

Flying /  
small  
seaplanes  
(same planes  
as at Squantum  
except for having  
floats instead  
of wheels) -  
N3N's: 2 letters  
now are much  
more cheerful &  
interesting than  
the earlier ones  
describing my struggles  
T.

July 7, 1942

Dear Folks,

Squadron 14 is indeed a very busy place, and seldom does one have time, as I have now, to relax during working hours. Besides the flying there is a multitude of other things to do. But even at that the training is probably none too thorough for the grim job we'll soon be having to do. I didn't pass my N3N solo check until yesterday, having had a little trouble again, <sup>hence needing</sup> and ~~got~~ "Squadron Time". The first check was with the chief flight instructor, whom I gave an excellent ride until

Sunday night. Dr. O. used to the -

The final landing, which he finished after I started to land well out of the wind. He felt he had to give me a "down" for that, but actually I should probably have found the wind before hitting the water and might have been able to get into it without turning too much at low altitude. At any rate one is supposed to get squared away before getting close to the water. The second check was with the executive officer of the squadron and rated a "down" largely because <sup>my</sup> of losing too much air speed in spirals to the water.

After "Squadron Time" I finally

3.  
rated the squadron commander as  
a check pilot, and he gave me an  
"up" in spite of two steep turns  
"dangerously close" to the water.  
Yesterday all I got was a full  
lieutenant since there were no  
more lieutenant-commanders left,  
but he was satisfied with my  
"buoy shot" only after I made  
several tries. These older fliers  
are apt to be rather set in  
their own ideas - more so than  
the ensign and occasional  
lieutenants one gets in less  
advanced squadrons. My first  
<sup>seaplane</sup> solo, in a little over an hour,  
will be my first of any kind  
in some weeks, but less exciting

than earlier ones because of our comparatively greater experience. Landing and taking off in a seaplane is very little different from the same in a land plane, and the actual flying is even less if at all different. After a few solos and then formations in V3V's, will come the main part of the course in service type seaplanes (OS2V's). I should be through, if all goes well, sometime after the middle of August - probably not earlier than this and possibly as late as early September. I'm not worried about not getting leave. Everyone gets it - usually 15 days.

5

I'm naturally rather curious to know where I'll be going afterwards and what sort of duty they'll give me. Despite the somewhat specialized training there are infinite and several possibilities respectively. It is, however, unlikely that one will be sea-based right away, but on the other hand it is not unlikely that one will be based overseas. Of course they may yet try to make an instructor out of me, but I don't think I'd like it. It might be in any of the planes I've flown. Sea planes, by the way, are used

extensively for patrol work  
from shore bases, taking off  
from the water rather than  
being catapulted. Advanced  
training as an ensign for any  
of several types of duty is a  
definite possibility, and,  
confidentially, I might even find  
myself on a carrier.

I have heard no local  
information concerning the spies,  
but perhaps some will be  
forthcoming on my next trip  
to the beach. Lately though  
bad luck I missed getting a  
day off last week. Now I'm  
wondering if I'll get one this

7  
week. Even though I'll be one  
of the last few in my class  
to get through here, I still  
want my days off. There is  
little to look forward to  
except them and of course the  
still somewhat distant leave.  
Time there are frequent  
opportunities to make an evening  
of it in town, and now that  
one is getting more familiar  
with the bus system, one can  
plan to do more than just try  
to get into a crowded movie  
and see half the show  
before hurrying home. Last

Sunday night. Dr. O. used to throw passes to and sing with  
Paul Robinson at Rutgers. Love Took

Wednesday, for instance, I  
called up two young ladies,  
one with a very southern  
accent, the other with none,  
and called on the one that  
was in - the latter. I also  
stopped at the Motts, having  
finally discovered the location  
of their house. But they're  
north for the summer. Bunko  
and his wife invited me to  
dinner last Saturday. He is a  
full lieutenant now and  
naturally rather pleased with  
himself, but both were very  
nice to me. Supper at Ormandoffe