

less
interesting
T.



U.S. NAVAL AIR STATION
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

Aug. 2, 1942

Dear Folks,

I have some rather sad news to relate, namely that after all I'm apparently not going to get any leave at least for a while, but am going to stay on here for some special advanced training after being commissioned — along with a group, of course. According to all available information such should take about six weeks, so perhaps I'll still be able to get home in two months or so. The boys I'm really sorry for are those ^{in our group} getting commissioned next Tuesday, especially those planning to get married, whom the new ruling apparently applies

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to. To say I'm terribly disappointed
about the whole thing would be
making a ridiculous understatement,
but there's obviously nothing one
can do about it. Looking at the
brighter side of things, perhaps
after all I'll be able to see
Nance if her training doesn't
last the full three months
or more in over too soon. The
training will, I gather, still
be in sea planes. Once having
specialized in them does not
necessarily mean nothing, but
sea planes, but with training in
a comparatively small plane
of one motor it is not likely
that one would ever get shifted
to anything in the Catalina
or bomber (of two or four engines)
class. One could for instance
still get carrier duty, but only



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after carrier training. Well, what it all comes down to now is that getting commissioned doesn't necessarily mean so much, but just the same there are those who go straight into active duty.

Nance may be located in comparatively dull country, but at least it's in as rich farming country as one is likely to come across in the U.S., which should mean good food, and I gather that it is good (from a rather delightful letter.) I'll wager too that Des Moines has at least as much to offer as Jacksonville (not counting the beaches).

I got a letter from Jan, which

P.S. S undays off now, so no more irregular days off. This time I didn't go to the beach because of fatigue from three nights in a row of night flying (existing).
apparently crossed with one of mine, and, speaking of letters, one from Johnny Sabine I got earlier was pleasingly cheerful and normal, which leads me to believe that life on the farm is doing him good.

It's nothing surprising that Phil Field joined the Marines. We were all given a chance to apply for them some months ago, and many of the boys did and got accepted. After all, the Marines are part of the Navy (under the Navy Dept.).

I'm still flying navigation hops. We were to get through yesterday, but misjudged the wind's strength hence came out way off and got a "down". Two instrument hops and then gunnery, dive bombing, etc. next.

Well, love to all
Toot.