



U. S. NAVAL AIR STATION
JACKSONVILLE

bottom of P.3 on
of some interest

T.

Aug. 10, 1942

Dear Folks,

So glad to hear about the successful Gardiner visit and how well everyone is there. Very likely they politely didn't mention the fact that I owed each of them except Skipper a letter. As a matter of fact, he couldn't have heard from me by then, I guess, and yet already he's answered my letter to him, which means I owe the Yellow House four letters! Somehow I haven't been so much in the mood lately for writing lately, though I've written to Phil, Sabine, Mr. Kemp and others fairly recently.

The event at Portland should be written up by Beutley and illustrated by Glynor Williams!

Now both of you are up at Squam and with the kids once more on your hands, I suppose.

If things had just happened a little differently, I'd be up there in less than two weeks.

It looks as if a week from tomorrow will be the big day here for me, but there will be little thrill to it then.

We'll be lucky if we get a single day off, but we'll probably continue to get Sundays off, as we have recently. Except for the extra pay and potential authority we'll not be much different from the first class cadets



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of a few months back, who also
got every night, at least until
taper, off. Oh well the training
should be good, though it
will be a little tiresome to
be flying the same planes, in
the same area and under the
direction of the same instructor.
No, there's no real secret about
it, after all. Advanced training
for officers is nothing new.

Right now we're having
gunnery practice, and it's rather
fun. During our Saturday flight
I was aiming at the target
sleeve, towed behind another plane,
and pressed the trigger. Nothing
happened. I forgot to release the

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safely catch, then in my rattled state couldn't find it until it was too late to fire! Dive bombing should come this week and will also be rather thrilling. Already we've had our exciting catapult shots.

Supervised exercise is now on the daily program - intramural touch football, softball (indoor baseball), volleyball, etc., as well as calisthenics. It's pretty good fun, but for ankle trouble again.

A week ago Sunday I did nothing, but call on The Bingo Babes, but was more ambitious over this last week-end. From The Ride I was dragged to the weekly dance (Sat. evening) at



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The Pointe Vedra I'm, and that was mildly enjoyable. Fortunately I was able to get away with only one dance with the unattractive cousin, a very poor dancer, and managed to sneak in more than one with Caroline R., a superb dancer. The ocean bar, incidentally, turned deliciously cool again. Must be from the winds and tides. One's skin gets very pink under the sun out on the beach even if one gets out every week, and somehow one seems to get brown only very gradually.

It seems that I'll have

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saved up enough pay to pay
for all my uniforms (one
overcoat - raincoat - blue, one
suit of green, one suit of blue
and one converted cadet blue,
two more whites, two blazers,
accessories, etc.), that is with
the help of the \$150.00 uniform
allowance.

Recent books include "Without
Anna" (Hilton), "The Yearling",
"The Citadel" and now a couple
of Van Wyck Mason thrillers.
Am looking forward to "Cross
Creek", borrowed from a girl
friend. There's lots of time to
read in between flights now
that they have little more
ground training to offer me.

P.s. what the maximum and
minimum growth of my trees in
inches? Love to all Toots