



U. S. NAVAL AIR STATION
JACKSONVILLE

Bird migrants
not much else
of interest

Sept. 30, 1942

Dear Folks,

October approaches, and it feels like October. Last Sunday the Jacksonville official thermometer reached 70°F , but the next two days saw a real northeaster and no flying. The temperature dropped to the sixties, and this morning at 7:30 my thermometer read 59°F - lowest in months. Until this cold spell, which, incidentally, really felt chilly and left me with a heavy cold. The temperature hadn't been below the seventies since about May. The number of non-flying days not counting Sundays has

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been practically negligible, but ^{all summer}
there are rumors that we'll have
to fly the next two Sundays to
make up for Monday and Tuesday.
To-day we got our hope in, the
overcast and drizzle having
abated, but the wind remains —
25 ± kts. and fun to take off into.

Last Sunday was like those
before the canoe trip. Four of us
stayed with some very nice
Paines and ate at Mrs. Reid's,
where there weren't enough beds
for us. It saved us some
dough as the Paines don't run
a boarding house. Mrs. Reid,
I gather, was left holding the
bag by her husband, a drunkard.
The Sunday ornithological
trip wasn't too successful, because
of high tide and consequently too



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flooded marshes, but on Tuesday afternoon, which we were given off because of heavy overcast I went for a walk and saw lots of birds, the rain having stopped. The woods were full of migrating warblers, mostly redstarts, but there were also a good many black-throated blues, prairies, etc., and several others. Out in the river were two birds of terns, blown in by the storm. One of the best things was my first sight of a chuck-will-widow - an oversized whip-poor-will.

Compulsory exercise started today for all operational

training student officers, about
the only annoying thing
about it being the fact that
it is compulsory and run by
men. many of them ensigns,
who got their commissions
the easy way after a few
weeks training. It also cuts
down on time ashore since
one has to be back by 11:00,
but this is unimportant to
many of us. Then too night
liberty is theoretically not
granted to us.

We don't get any furlough
by the way, but rather leave.
It remains to be seen how
much and when. Though we
are ploughing along, the
night flying schedule is
getting behind. our orders haven't



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come in yet (and apparently
we don't get leave till they do),
and there may be no more and
no more bad weather. Certainly
we won't get through until
the full eight weeks are
up - unless things get
caught up.

Up until now we have
been having a little of
everything, much as before,
but with some variations
in the procedure; but in a
couple of days or so ^{we} will
have long hope combining
about everything we've had.

By the way a likely thing
seems to be immediate assignment

to a new cruise after leave,
but very likely ~~one~~ just or
not yet commissioned hence
not ready for sea for a few
months. I'd much prefer
shore duty. Though the
experience wouldn't be the
same.

Yes, I found Nance's picture -
none too complimentary. She
may outland me in a few
months. The Navy is slow
about promotion, but never the-
less is speeding up.

Badly-weeviled trees often
never develop a single leader
and become squat cabbage
pines. Competition from hardwood
is often desirable (alders?).

P.S. Send but Love to all
regards or love or
whatsoever to people
like Aunt, Perle, W. Watson, Sabine, etc.