



U. S. NAVAL AIR STATION
MIAMI, FLORIDA

Nov. 28, 1942

Dear Folks,

Apologies for not writing sooner, I.E. - from Tex. As usual I waited trying to glean more information on our immediate futures before writing and also felt obligated to go ^{out} about every night to call on various people I felt guilty about not seeing - Motte, Baker, etc. (both parties in good form). This reminds me that Ken Hadden whom I hadn't seen since '34 turned up from Pensacola as an ensign and instructor

First letter after leave, at home. Change from expected duty flying seaplanes to instructing potential carrier pilots. Trip to Miami via Sarasota & Bunnell Museum

in gunnery at the nearby
gunnery school. My scout
weeks at Jacksonville was
spent as a "chore" pilot
for cadet navigation and
instrument flights.

VSB means nothing
more or less than scout-
bombing, as VF, VTB, VPB
and VO-VCS in turn mean
or stand for the type of
flying in fighters, torpedo
bombers, patrol bombers and
observation-scouts (or
scout-observation planes -
SOCS or SOBS as opposed to
OS2Us). See book sent for
M's birthday present. "V"
just means ^{heavier} ~~lighter~~ than-air,
so is now super planes with



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lighter - then - in aircraft
not far from obsolete.
Instruction School does
mean a school for instructors
worse luck.

Here's the story then
as I see it. Because advanced
orders were so slow in
coming in to our squadron
for those without same,
which apparently meant
that there would at least
for the time being be little
demand for VO men ^{in the fleet} and
because there is a scarcity
of instructors more or less
everywhere especially in

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carrier - Training squadrons,
and because of our greater
number of flying hours
and experience in a similar
type of flying, a group of
us has been sent ^{here} to a
new scout - bombing school
for instructors. Though we
will fly nothing but land-
planes, much of our training,
as in navigation, gunnery
and dive bombing won't be
essentially different. We
are to get a bit of training
in torpedo planes too, and
at the end of the course will
naturally be qualified carrier
pilots even though instructors
for the time being. As



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instruction we are to be sent back to Jacksonville, but naturally not to our old squadron. This should be at the end of the next month except for the fact that the schedule is particularly crowded here, so if we are not through by Feb. 1, I shouldn't really be surprised.

The fact that we are to fly several more types of planes SBC₂, BT₂ and TBD₂ (after requested logs in OS2V land planes and SNJ₂) is fine, that we

are doomed to be instructors
isn't so good perhaps,
but one can never tell in
the Navy how long one
will be anything or where!
Refer to look again for
types of planes. The SOC is
an old type (biplane) scout
or dive bomber by Curtiss.
The BT is the predecessor
to the famed and still
standard SBD (Douglas
"Dauntless"), and the TBD
is the Douglas "Devastator".
Now you know about as
much as I know.

The station here is
not as large as the Tax
one, but still not small.
It is, however, fairly compact.



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Places like ship service (store and eating joint), laundry, bowling alleys, sick bay, library and administration building are all quite near. The hangars are further, but convenient by bus. The officers club is very nice though small and includes small dining room, bar, sitting room and outdoor dance floor. Best of all there are squash and tennis courts, a pool and a practice approach golf hole and putting greens nearby.

Miami is of course much

more of a melting pot even
than Jacksonville and,
though almost exactly
the same size at the last
census, has more variety
in shops and restaurants.
It is too a much cleaner
city, but perhaps even
more thronged by service
men, both army and navy.
The beach is considerably
nearer than Jacksonville,
but apparently almost
completely taken over by
the army.

Just for fun I came
down by way of Tampa,
stopping there for a night
and a morning (trolley
ride along impressive



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bayside) and lunch at a
Spanish restaurant "across
the railroad tracks" -
recommended by friend in
Jax, who suggested route.
The next night I expected
to spend at the half-
way mark, Fort Myers,
but learning that it was
almost hopelessly crowded
and liking Sarasota, spent
the night at the latter
place instead. While still
expecting to go on to Ft. M.
on another bus I passed
away the time by riding
a hired bicycle out to the

P.S. Leave could hardly have been better. Fun in N.Y. with T. Han and Jim, and O. P.P.S. Cambridge safely arrived - very opportunistically! Thank.

beach and of the way was
over taken by a car full of
girls who asked me if I
was going to the party.
I instead of immediately
saying yes, I asked what
party, but after being
invited never could find
it and so missed the
boat altogether! The
next morning I went through
the remarkable Barnum
museum - extraordinary
collection of old masters,
especially huge Rubenses
(originals) - before taking
the long bus ride through
the Everglades (heron, egret,
grebes, coots and gallinules
a dime a dozen) to Miami.
Love to all T.R.

P.P.P.P.S. Please send square request, if convenient.

P.P.P.S. Nine quarters here.