

a little about
Night
flying
& too much
speculation
about my leave &
future orders

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U. S. NAVAL AIR STATION
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

OCT. 23, 1942

Dear Folks,

As the time approaches
I get more and more restless,
which is one reason why I've
become an especially poor
correspondent of late. There's
nothing definite to report,
but at the present rate we
may well finish up next
Saturday, the last of the
month. Fortunately they've
cut down on the night
flying schedule, and we
have only one more night

to go, which will be spent
on a navigation hop to sea,
your truly leading. The
other fellow led the way
on the trip up river and
back. Two previous nights
were spent in practicing
formation and landing
alternately, and one night
we had catapult shots.
A shortage of "chase"
pilots has caused some
delay in that, because of
such a situation, we are
given no flight every
few days. Not knowing
for sure our "graduation"



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date, we are very much
concerned about transportation
home - reservations and such.
One thing, however, will
probably be in our favor.
It looks as if we won't
receive any advanced orders
before our leave, which
means we'll have to return
here afterwards, and though
this is unfavorable in
that we'll get no travel
pay, it will mean a
minimum of red tape
involved in leaving the
station. They'll try to

assign as many of us as possible to cruise on battleship ~~training~~ since that is what we're especially trained for. but offshore patrol most anywhere is also a likely possibility and something I'd prefer unless it were from some awful spot. I'm practically positive I'd get miserably seasick aboard ship.

If I have time tomorrow, I intend to look into the train and plane situation. Sat. P.M. is a good bet as things look now.



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Except for flying I seem to have been too restless to do much of anything constructive lately. My letter output has dwindled almost to nil. Though I managed to get one off to Grandma. I just finished an interesting book on the Pacific Ocean, but it took a renewal for me to finish it.

Two weeks ago I went out to dinner, and I'm going out again tomorrow

6
night, but if I hadn't been
invited, I probably should
have done nothing of a
social nature. Last
Wednesday another fellow
and I took in The Harvard
Club dinner. It wasn't
bad, but I didn't know
anybody. The captain
of this station was there
as a guest, which lent
some awe to the occasion.
The main speaker was
a local politician and
pretty fair.

Last night two of us
went to the buffet supper
at the officers' club and



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7
afterwards I called on a
friend at the hospital -
and so it goes.

That's great news
about Nance being so
fit and enthusiastic.
You won't find me in
such good shape, but
perhaps rather tired in
several respects. Two
weeks at Groton and
Squam should restore
some pep, however, and
I've got some not bad
looking uniforms too.

8
If a ship isn't ready by
the way, one is apt to be
around Norfolk or wherever
it is perhaps going on ferry
trips, etc. Norfolk is said
to be a dreadful place
now, and I suppose most
shipping centers are nearly
as bad - no transportation
facilities, nothing to do
in spare time, etc.

Cold has long since
gone except for typical
traces. I think I'd like to
stay at the camp unless
the weather is very bad.
Blues? Hell no, anything
I want except when in
public.