

long + interesting
Mentions
Other Navy men:
Bob Marshall
(later Chief Foster?)
+ Joe Kennedy &
Dave Gardner both
of H '38 and both
killed later.

June 19, 1942

Dear Folks,

Life is relatively straight forward these days, and there really isn't very much new to report, so I'll concentrate first on answering your letters.

The term "aviator" is seldom used around here, but unfortunately the term "aviator" is - a very unattractive, unromantic version of the former.

Sounds like Radcliffe might be a good step for O - less chance to follow up any Bohemian tendencies. I must write to her - just a nice friendly cousinly letter out of the blue so to speak. I might almost get an answer. Though it seems that no longer getting letters from girl friends doesn't bother me as much as I thought it would!

That news about Nance's outfit

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sounds a little discouraging, but perhaps by now she has found out that after all she was one of the chosen few. If not, well perhaps the camouflage business would be a better bet anyway - more up her alley in the long run, more fun and better experience, but then I don't know anything about it. Every time she thesis is mentioned I blurt. If I knew how to typewrite, two bits mine would be finished by now if not months ago, but I peck away at it occasionally.

About one or preferably both of you coming down here, I repeat, it would be fine. It isn't as if I got homesick, which I don't seem to ever have to worry about, perhaps because of having so many interests, but it would indeed be very nice. Unfortunately the ideal time is past. I will

soon be in my final squadron and will have less free time than any time since ground school, and the weather is getting hotter and hotter. There is an objection in a way to your coming down for my "graduation." There is no ceremony, and perhaps that's just as well, but one never knows until the last minute when one will be commissioned because of always having to wait for one's "Order." The weather, for instance, might hold up one's last hop and throw ~~up~~ everything else off schedule, but admittedly it shouldn't make more than several days difference. Obviously it would be nice if you could both come. There

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would be the whole station
to see, and though this
wouldn't take long, it would
be interesting. I'd like to take
each of you up in an OS or
something, but that will
have to wait for a while.
Then there would be the
beach to visit, at least on
my day off (one every eight
days or so). Well, oh by the
way, before I forget it, Liberty
every night no longer exists, but
on the other hand special liberty
can be obtained. And another
thing, care for hire aren't very
expensive I understand, and,
without either of the parties
having one, things would be dull
if not absurd. Though there is
a perfectly good bus service to
and from town. Yes, the gas-line
situation is sort of a nuisance, but
it doesn't affect me much thank

5.

God. Orange Park by the way is
far nearer than Jacksonville -
south two or three miles and
perhaps a good place to stay.
I don't know just where Orange
Lake is, but have heard some
very interesting. I'll try to get
hold of a copy, though I don't
know as I shall agree with
its author about perfect
summer. Maybe this is
one of the unbearable ones.
The humidity is terrific.
The temperature now ^{and now} ~~now~~ often
over 90 during the day and
still in the high seventies in
the early morning.

Now that I might be said
to have warmed to my subject
there are a few things ^{possibly} of interest
to tell about. I mentioned the
loss of nightly liberty, which
is unfortunate only that one
can't go out when one might

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occasionally want to for just an evening. Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday evenings are, however, still free as well as all of Sunday ~~not~~ exclusive of the time one flies. Days off are the real thing - from when one is through for the day the previous day to ^{late} tap on one day off. I just recently I have been appointed a cadet officer (note change of address) - just a platoon commander, whose job proves little, but there is a useful privilege of being allowed to stay off until midnight instead of 11:00 P.M. on liberty evenings.

I finished up with "limbs" early in the week, but because of another wretched cold haven't flown since Tuesday. For once I think I had a few too -

weak feeling about broken
headache, etc., though the
doctor was apparently too busy
to take my temperature. I'm
ready to start radio beam
flying tomorrow having
supposedly learned how to
control a plane without
looking out (eyes glued on
turn and bank indicator,
airspeed, climb indicator, etc.),
but it will not be quite the
same as in the trainers. I
should be in Squadron 14 in
not much over a week at the
most, and though the training
there is said to be excellent,
there are very long hours -
more flying daily, frequent
night flying, radio code again,
gunnery practice, etc., etc.

I almost forgot to mention
my last (also my first) day

7.
off. I went out with Sam Reed
(A.V.S. friend of many friends - A.D.
man) to the luncheon, but ^{only} was
able to get a cot in with
him and Charlie Druel, another
A.D. man. Also now or then
in the party was Dave
Gardner, another A.D. man, but
this time in my class and
a pleasant ^{flute} Brown of the Brown
Paper Co. class. Joe Kennedy
another classmate, whom I
finally met, turned up with
another ensign from Baranua
River, and we all went over
to the luncheon for the weekly
dance - very pleasant if a
little unreal in a way. Mostly
now (a little too much on shoulder
now feeling) the next day. A
very pleasant double date with
Bob Marshall and two charming

Love to all
T.A.
southern girls Sunday night. Time could really too.