

fairly good
letter
T.

June 11, 1942

Dear Folks,

Things have been pretty quiet here of late. Cloudy weather and periodic rains, which should have come a lot earlier if the spring hadn't been one of the driest in local history, have been greatly interfering with flying operations here. There was a stretch of three days ending a week ago that came just before the last stage of my training ~~in~~, nine plane formation, in Squadron 12. I finally finished this up last Saturday and so graduated from the intermediate land plane squadron to Squadron 13, the instrument flying squadron. Since then I have been in Link trainer daily, but the weather has been too bad for

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SNT flights, which I'm scheduled to have in the morning. N, incidentally, stands for trainer. T for North American (manufacturer). S-?

The Link trainers, which I'll try to remember to enclose a picture of, are interesting and I guess must like a plane in behavior when one is under the hood and not able to see out at all.

Everything depends on watching the instruments. Orientation is by radio signals, and it's all rather confusing at first, but not bad fun in spite of being pretty much mechanical. It's mighty hot work in this extremely muggy weather. Though the temperature doesn't usually get much over 80 or 85. Though one has to

sit around. The squadron
all morning regardless of
whether one gets in a flight
or not, the link hops take
just two hours of the P.M.
and are over at 5 at the
latest. which makes things
pretty nice and easy. Now
also there are days off in
sight, one I hope on Saturday
and if so, I'll be headed for
the beach for the first time
literally in months - either
alone by bus or with a friend
who has been saving up his
year.

Last night I went ashore
for the first time in 10 days.
There wasn't enough time
to make it worthwhile over the
week-end - checking out of
12 and into 13, first link
hop, a lecture and a watch
in our barracks. Another

Still get through by the middle of August.

Love to all
Took

fellows by the name of Bob Marshall, who, incidentally went to Yale F.S., but not until last year, invited me to some other people's house to dinner - my first dinner invitation since that to the Shiefflin (I still can't spell it) Christmas day.

They were a Dr. Ormandoff, expert on malaria, and his wife. They know the Sedgwick pretty well, I gather, and are very nice and gave us a good dinner too.

It's amazing the way everyone is getting married. There won't be anyone left, so I guess I'll have to do what Pa did, if anything - could do worse.

Don't know what to say about prospective trip south. It would be fine for me, but terribly hot and probably rainy. Remember too that I may