

now
flying
OS2U-2
(Kingfisher)
- larger
seaplanes
bottom of P-3 or T.



U. S. NAVAL AIR STATION
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

July 23-24, 1942

Dear Folks,

So Nance has gone ahead - all very fine, but very sad in a way. I don't suppose we'll see each other for a long time. It will be an interesting experience for Nance out there and wherever she goes afterwards, and doubtless it will be worthwhile too. I dare say she'll still get to be an officer before long.

Ma, as usual you've been trying to do too much. Take it easy. The war will last a few more weeks if not decades. Sound like Hank

really needs a rest too, and²
I suppose Ham is wearing
himself out looking for a job.

News from Squam was
most welcome, Pa. Come to
think of it my little trees
really did pretty well to
survive that drought their
"first" year, but I hope they're
really growing now. By the way,
Pa, did you notice whether any
of the tiny trees planted at the
end of last summer were still
alive - those from the middle
of the Long Point road?

Down here we've been
sweltering in a heat wave unusual
even for Florida. The temperature
got over 100 on three successive
days, the high of 102.3 being the
highest in 28 years. As always the



U. S. NAVAL AIR STATION
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

humidity was way up too, so the total result made things rather unpleasant. Feeble thunder storms - feeble in respect to rain - have cooled things off somewhat the last couple of days. The clouds have been magnificent to look at this summer, but not very productive since June.

Daily navigation flights miles out to sea are the rule now. The same four of us in two planes go out each time followed by a "chase pilot" and radioman. One crew has the lead one flight. The other the next, etc., the second plane "tracking" the one that is trying

My orders (hand, hand) are to return to Tax after my leave (4 weeks ^{any}?). Love to all T.R. to work out the problem, usually three-legged. This has to be done during the flight because of wind changes. Crew members ^{alternate} take turns as pilot and as radioman. The latter make position reports and can fly the plane well enough for a short time while the pilot works out the navigation. Winds are hard to judge, and both pilots have their hands full. No other ships are imaginary, but no easier to get back to than real ones.

The Gene Tunney program has finally caught up with us, and we have an hour of supervised exercise at the end of every day - calisthenics, swimming, boxing, etc.

Last day off spent at the beach with plane-mate (Dartmouth ^{Bob Stix, from Scaudade} '38, Snow Ad and Brad Wash.).