

March 9, 1943

Dear Folke,

It's rather late

so I'll be very brief this

time - to make up for

last time. Our change

of duty came a little

sooner than expected;

in fact I'm, or may

be, gone a day, right

now. It was to be

Leid Field, but Daytona

Beach, which might be

rather nice, there being

several reasons. The

station is: A, only two

or three miles from

town, B, only about five

miles from the ocean beach.

and C, there are several

thousand workers all

over the place. The

city, by the way, has

a population of about

22 1/2 thousand, which

should be big enough

for most purposes with

3
not being too big. The
set-up should be very
nearly perfect for
beginning.

The few new being
sent down there from
Lee are to go through
operational training
and then probably at
least for a while
continue on as assistant
instructors. The only
planes down there, so
I understand, are SBD's.

The still standard fleet
 scout and dive bombers,
 a fine planes, but heavy
 and not particularly
 fast. It will be the
 ninth manufacture of
 plane that I shall
 have flown - clumsily
 put, but rather satis-
 fying. Actually the
 plane will probably
 be a more powerful
 B.T. which it practically
 is.

The last several days
at Lee we had practically
nothing to do, but sit
around, there being just
a handful of students
left, yet I'd expected
to be put on a night
flying detail. The night
flying still being far
from completed out
there.

They gave us
"proceed without delay"

(25 or 20). One night with Payne, two with Gibbs (in good
love took - note new address on envelope)

time (48 hrs.) plus one
day of travel time - a
total of three days
from our date of detachment
(Tuesday, which doesn't count
itself). I had planned to
get my bicycle, now at
the Reeds, and ride it
to the station, perhaps
on this side of the
river if I could find a
way of getting it across
at Mayport, but it
been too rainy then too cold