



May 2, 1943

Dear Folks,

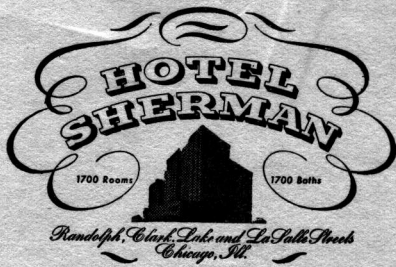
A rainy Sunday morning finds me in one of Chicago's larger hotels, not because I haven't reported to the new station yet, but because of a day off. We were given no proceed time after all and reported there yesterday after a ride via Nashville, Louisville and Indianapolis and then a night here in another hotel. Only one other fellow came up, an old friend from the

2
seaplane squadron, Paul
Garble, and we were lucky
enough to have a compartment.

The trip took around 30 hours
- fast train. It ~~was~~ seemed

strange to catch up with
Spring and see dogwoods and
redbud blooming again and
lots of trees still minus their
leaves. Yesterday morning
the temperature in the city
dropped to 29.8°.

It looks as if I'd be here
for a while after all unless
we are given some kind of
preference or potential
instructors since there is
another bottleneck, which



has put things two weeks
or so behind schedule. The
actual flying involves only
a few hours.

This wouldn't be a bad
place to be for a while
because Chicago offers plenty
of amusement. Glenview,
however, is well out of town,
say around 25 miles, and
transportation, at least to
the beginning of the subway,
and on the return from there
back to the station, has its
problems, though there are

are mixed and moving after an evening in town going. So end a
full letter. Love to all. P.S. But don't worry, I still getting leave sometime.

some busse. For some reason
too our quarters at Glenview
are barracks, apparently
designed for enlisted men,
and though this doesn't do us
any harm, we are without
many usual conveniences
and comforts.

Well I guess I'll just
have to be patient. If only
they'd give us two or three
days off so, for instance,
I could stop in at Anna
Arbor, but we shall have
to stick around, apparently
for three musters every day,
even when not flying. The
first at 7:30 A.M. so days