



U. S. NAVAL AIR STATION  
DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA

July 14, 1943

Dear Folks,

With the birds  
now all gone things must  
be pretty quiet. I suppose  
Nance is around off and  
on. What is she going  
back to Des Moines for?  
A secret no doubt. If J.B.  
had only got leave a little  
sooner, it would have been  
pretty swell, but I  
gather he is well, which  
is the main thing - after  
some perhaps rather grim

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and close calls in Africa.

There isn't much to report from this quarter.

Summer thunderstorms have become common.

They come from huge thunder heads that cover many square miles and frequently interfere with flying. From a distance, however, these storms with their cumulus clouds building up into tremendous flat-topped, anvil-shaped affairs are most impressive. I've still managed to get in plenty of flight.



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Time. Our squadron is  
now well along in dive  
bombing, has had one  
navigation hop (I chased  
and was embarrassed to  
find my compass around  
20 degrees off) and is  
about to begin gunnery.  
Sometimes we have a  
flight as early as 6:30 A.M.  
and sometimes one after  
supper lasting until  
8:00 P.M., but they never  
give one both the same



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day. We usually have  
two one and one half or  
two hour hops, sometimes  
three, but lecturing before  
and after each as well  
as getting ready, etc., etc.,  
takes a lot more time.  
Every so often I have to  
be the so-called "Ready  
Duty Pilot," a twenty-four  
hour job, one p.m. to one p.m.,  
but when flight operations  
are resumed one can retire  
so long as one can be  
reached immediately at  
B. O. Q. The idea being  
to have a pilot ready

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for any emergency whether  
connected with operation  
from this station or not.

It involves a lot of sitting  
around and trouble getting  
a stand-by for when one  
goes on a regular scheduled  
hop.

I've finally moved to  
what used to be the Junior  
B.O.Q. . . now the center for  
needs (large dining room)  
as well as quarters. All  
the rooms are double, but  
only student officers have  
room-mates, so people like  
me have lots of room. Recent

Naval fighter. The F6F is "Hellcat", not like an overgrown "Wildcat" with some notes on Corsair. I saw this at Glenview. But until now their systems has been secret. Love to all. Toad

Annapolis & had learning about naval aviation in a few weeks now occupy the other building. My walls are covered with National Geographic maps, 13 in all (continents, oceans, U.S., World, etc.). more than twice as many as I had at Lee.

Yesterday I played tennis for the first time in ages, and it felt pretty good. The new courts here are pretty good.

The Vero situation is well in hand or at least unchanged.

Tell Jack there's a new