



U. S. NAVAL AIR STATION
DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA

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Mail 26, 1944

Dear Folger,

We're through
and had our squadron party
last night (mine was the
prettiest girl present), but
still no orders come in for
me instructor. Rather than
apply for leave now from
the local authorities, I
think I'll request a delay
in carrying out the order,
when they come, to count
as leave so that if all
goes well, I won't have

to come back here after
going home. It looks
now as if it would
definitely be the east
coast and probably for at
least a short while. Nor-
folk. There the squadron
might be officially
commissioned, though
checking out in whatever
plane we're to get might
be elsewhere in the East,
and if we get a new
flat-top, it might be
somewhere else still.
Pacific duty eventually
(via Panama Canal?) is



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still of course most likely.
It would be satisfying,
however, to have a hand in
the other scrap before it's
over. Though I don't know
how much we could
accomplish without great
risk of being sunk that
land planes couldn't do.

To-day naturally has
been free for me and
happened to be also for
Russ Kelle, who returned
the other day unexpectedly
early. We spent a very
pleasant afternoon on the

beach. Then after carefully
avoiding Sunday night
supper here by staying in
town for that meal, went
to a touching movie.

"Lassie Come Home."

I'm sort of hoping to get
two more days off and work
in one final trip, a wild
scheme for borrowing a Navy
rubber boat and somehow
launching it west of
Melbourne on the St. John's
River and reaching a point
west of Cocoa the end of
the first day and one west
of Titusville ^{after} the second
all of course downstream
but north, all this taking
shape as yet only in my mind.