

LEAVE
IN
GROTON
MAY 1943

132
WARBLER
SONGS

Leave started just too late to witness the bird migration at home, but it was very pleasant anyway. In the afternoon of May 30 I made a sort of warbler census, walking to the railroad bridge near the mouth of the Squannacook crossing the Nashua there and returning via the Red Bridge all the time keeping a count of the number of warbler songs heard. The results were very interesting. Altogether 132 individuals ^{and 13 species} were heard, chestnut-sided warblers and ovenbirds leading all other ~~species~~ with 29 and 27 singers respectively. Next came 15 Canada warblers, an unprecedented number; yet very probably the majority of these were not migrants, as the single black poll undoubtedly was. Northern yellowthroats, redstarts, blackburnian, black and white, black-throated green, pine, yellow, Nashville and prairie warblers followed the Canada in that order, ranging from 13 individuals ^{heard} to one. A few days later I heard and then saw my first Groton

OTHER
BIRDS

golden-winged warbler, in the big
blowdown by the river road, but was
a little disappointed to find out later
that it had already been discovered
by G.S. observers. Also for our mutual
benefit a rough-winged swallow
nested in the drain pipe near the G.S.
float. A grasshopper sparrow near
the site of the poor farm on May 30 and
a brown creeper singing up Dead River
on June 11 were the other noteworthy
records for that leave.

WEDDING

Shippen Goodhue's wedding, at
which an extraordinary number of
old friends turned up; a rather un-
enjoyable waltzing party; a very
pleasant couple of days at Barnstable
with Chrisie Towell and her mother;

SQUAM

a ~~short~~ ^{short} trip to Squam (by bicycle
to Nashua and from Ashland, train
between) and some golf with Pa
occupied most of the rest of the
vacation. As usual an ascent of
Morgan had to be made to keep up the
tradition.

ASSISTANT
INSTRUCTOR

Back at Daytona I found myself a full-fledged assistant instructor, at first teaming up with Lt. Bill Bentley and Squadron 33, and from then on things were pretty busy. Social life dwindled almost to nothing. Before leave Garble and I had frequently gone out together to the Bath and Tennis Club with our respective girls. Paul, ~~had~~ a married man himself, had a "girl," ^{"Flo"} ~~resided down the beach~~ with two daughters in their teens, her husband being dead, divorced or merely away, I forget which. My girl, whom I had just picked out for Squadron 10 in final party, was Ensign Marilyn Zook, a tall, blonde and really very pretty nurse, stationed at N.A.S., but living in a beach apartment with another nurse. Now, Garble had left for an active squadron, hating the idea of instructing, and Marilyn had been sent down to N.A.S. Vers Beach. Needless to say I did not take up

with "Flo", though the original four of us had had very pleasant times together, both at the "Club" and on the beach.

The duties of instructor in V3 operational training were not far different from the students. We gave the boys "cockpit check-outs" and then either led them or chided them on their various exercises. After being given a refresher course in instrument flying in SNJ's, but with emphasis now on the artificial horizon, we had to put our students through the same, though regular instrument instructors did a great deal of this work. The artificial horizon, once one got familiar with it, was a wonderful instrument, consisting of a miniature aeroplane that appeared to move in relation to the bar that represented the horizon as the real plane moved. Actually, it was the bar itself that moved. The whole instrument

*. UNATTRACTIVE ANYWAY!

INSTRUCTING

IN INSTRUMENT

FLYING