



JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

1943
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Dear Folks,

The mail situation has, I guess, been finally straightened out. Rather old letters, Christmas cards and presents have continued to dribble in for the last week or so. Cigars from Uncle T. and chocolates from Aunt T. were all that came to Miami, but I had the exciting little Santa Claus bag, stockings and all, to open too. Many belated thanks, which I forgot in the last letter. Thanks everyone

who contributed, and I'll write
most as soon as convenient. 2

It was risky sending
everyone books, because of
possible duplication, but I
hope there was none and that
everyone hadn't already read
them (I sent Nance "Assignment
in Brittany," which was in the
Sat. Post.). Books are so
convenient to send. The
pictures of myself are all
some sort of tin-type, two
for 25¢, and I sent them
along just for fun even if
they were pretty bad. It's
hard for the subject to tell
just how bad pictures of
himself are. There were taken



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at different times, and frankly I felt rather silly when having them taken and when I had assembled them - but thought they might amuse people.

It was very satisfactory to hear about Christmas at home. With people like Roger, Hermione and the Pates, turning up it must have been pretty jolly.

Yes. That stuff about Uncle Ham made most of what we do seem rather tame, but that would of

course not be true were we
in action. Twenty-thousand
feet without oxygen is all
right for most pilots for just
a short time, but patrolling
at over 18,000 is something.

I'm amazed too that planes
of 1918 could stand a protected
vertical dive, but they were
much lighter planes with a
comparatively low terminal
velocity even without diving
flaps.

There's not much new here.
No days off yet and little
new in the flying. The likely
purchase of a bicycle is my
most exciting news.