

Mentions
shell
collecting
on lake ride

July 30, 1943

Dear Folks,

I dare say you got
what little news there was from
this quarter last week from my
letter to Nance, which, as a
matter of fact probably said more
about Texas than Florida. I'm
not sure I enjoy her down there,
especially at this time of year,
but Autumn should be rather
pleasant. So far the summer
here has been less hot than
last at Jax, but almost every
day the temperature climbs to
at least the high eighties, and
I don't believe it ever goes
below the seventies at night.
It's muggy too if not raining

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from a local Thunderstorm, as happens very often. Winds vary, but are usually present, and from now on through the Fall there is the possibility of a hurricane.

It must have been swell at Squam especially with Nave, who has been up there so little in recent years. She must have revelled in it. Now that she is gone, it must be really quiet around the house with the bid still away. I hope Tads continues to like Merryweather and that the Res are getting along at their funny place. I suppose Hermione

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might take them back pretty soon, but at the same time it wouldn't surprise me to find all three of them here long after the war is over.

By the way why don't Skipper and Aunt Polly go out to Menynweather for a while? Perhaps it would be too complicated.

I'm so glad you got to see "Gunder the Wonder" run, Pa. and was hoping you would. You saw the fourth and, I believe, the seventh fastest mile ever run. Dodd's performance was really the more surprising - the fastest mile ever run by an American

except for Cunningham
 an official, indoor, paced
 performance. Haegg 1500 meters
 equaled Lovelock's Olympic
 record, and Doddi was only
 seventh-tenths of a second
 slow (six-tenths slower
 than the American record).

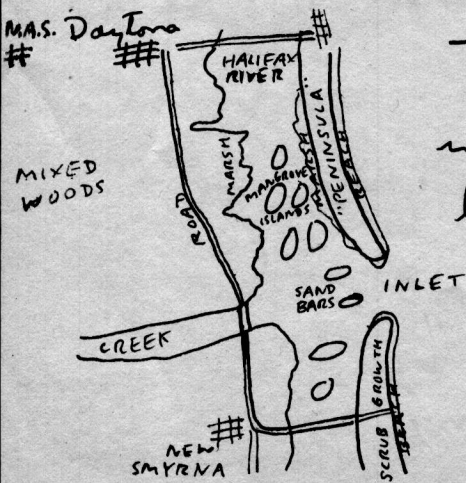
When Anderson ran 4:02.6,
 he might easily have also
 bettered Haegg's 3:45.8 and
 probably did! Too bad he
 didn't come over. Thanks for
 the program and clippings.

Well our squadron or
 training group supposedly
 has less than two weeks
 to go, but we're a little
 behind schedule because
 of the weather. There are

quite a few Annapolis men
 down here learning all they
 can about naval aviation in
 a few weeks, this being only
 one of their stopping points.
 They get all the back seat
 rides we can give them,
 but with so little flying
 experience I'm not sure just
 how well they enjoy dive
 bombing, for instance.

On my last day off I
 didn't go very far afield
 because of a farewell party
 for the Captain scheduled
 for the evening, and took
 a train, accompanied as
 usual by my bicycle, south
 about 15 miles to New

Smyrna which is near
 the mouth of Ponce de Leon
 Inlet (The mouth of our
 Halifax River). bicycled
 around there for a few
 hours and then back to
 N.A.S. In so doing I found
 out that the gray kingbird,
 which I had never seen
 before, was actually common.
 The inlet is a good place
 for shells, as I ^{had} discovered some
 time ago on the Daytona side,
 so I collected some more.



The previous day off
 was spent at the Inlet
 at Ponte Vedra, which
 Mr. Reid now runs. It
 involved about 27 miles
 each way, made on separate
 days, however.