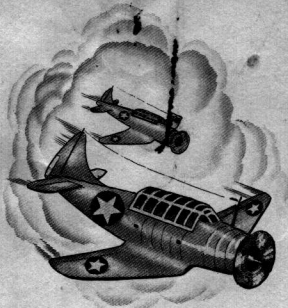


Good Air Trip  
manatee



U.S. NAVAL AIR STATION  
DAYTONA BEACH  
FLORIDA

Oct. 2, 1943

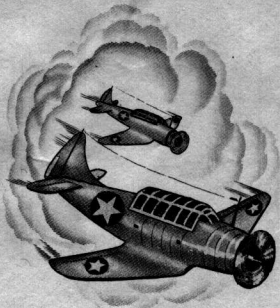
Dear Folks,

As usual I write  
one letter in answer to several,  
a favorable "balance of trade"  
for me though not very  
considerate especially in view  
of the absence of a "tariff."  
"Exports" should, however,  
increase as the Southern  
lazy season, summer, westerly  
North easterly and occasional  
temperature below 70° F.  
suggest the approach of  
a more vigorous period.

2

O beware, Ma. That there  
is a most northern point of  
the U.S. — a small area in  
Minnesota on the northern  
shore of the Lake of the Woods,  
separated by that lake from  
the 49<sup>th</sup> parallel just to  
the south. How come, I  
don't know.

You do send that book,  
curse Henry, back to the  
book store. I've already  
picked out another — on  
the St. John's river. Read  
it, and I'll promise to  
read about the St. Lawrence.  
I haven't been reading very  
much lately, but did  
read a copy of Uncle Ham's



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letters Ham gave me last  
time I saw him (extra  
copy from Tappen St.).

He really was a good  
correspondent, and I found  
them intensely interesting.

Last Sunday my bike  
trip finally came off.

Actually it began Sat.  
with some 22 miles covered,

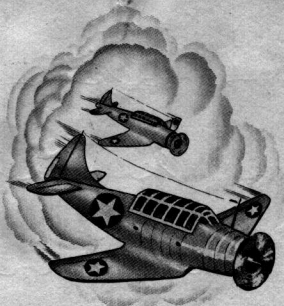
but this was a side trip  
which brought me back  
to the starting point, Cocoa.

It netted a herd (?) of

4

manatee or sea cow in  
the Indian River, which  
were not seen there the  
next day. Ugly, ungraceful  
creatures. They were still  
rather exciting to see  
at fairly close range  
(few hundred yards) even  
if they were submerged  
most of the time. They  
showed their noses fairly  
often, and less often  
their backs and tails.

The next day I went  
out to the beach, against  
a tough northeaster, but  
then south, first along  
the beach, then just



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behind it on the road  
through the scrub. At  
Ear Gallie the route  
went west almost to  
Lake Washington then  
south to the Melbourne-  
Kissimmee road, west for  
a look at the upper  
reaches of the St. Johns.  
Then finally east, again  
against the strong wind,  
to Melbourne, altogether  
almost 50 miles. There  
were quite a few migratory

in town, the Ball and Tennis Club, but also have no girl; not even a wax (apologies to A.H.R.) - too short notice. I one Foot

shore birds along the causeways leading to Cocoa beach, but disappointedly few <sup>birds</sup> elsewhere, especially in the fresh water marshes in the vicinity of the St. Johns, where, however, there are plenty of birds beside the few egrets, herons, gallinules and wood ducks, I did see. Better luck next time (hoping for boating trip there some time).

Well, we have our squadron party tonight, at about the nicest place