



U. S. NAVAL AIR STATION
DAYTONA BEACH
FLORIDA

Nov. 15, 1943

Dear Folks,

As it turned out, I could have stayed over another day and night. That is, if I had known that we would not get off until almost noon on ~~Thursday~~ ^{Friday}, but the main thing was to get home at all, which of course meant more than any words can express. We waited around most of

Letter)
follows
ferry trip
to Cronset,
train home
R.I., from the
home
island I took
a train home.
Seems to have
returned south
in a group

Thursday trying to get²
"clearance", though the
weather to the west was
obviously foul. I might
have come home again
and got there a little
earlier, but we agreed to
meet at 0900 on Friday,
and that would have
made things difficult.
Actually I was the only
one who showed up then,
but it's lucky I did,
because after planning a
short test hop I found
the plane wouldn't start
and had to sort of keep
after the ground crew

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until it did start, which
was only just in time to
take off with the other.

And what, you may
ask, did your wandering
boy do the night before?
Retire with a book to the
B. O. Q. or go to the movies?
Certainly not on the second
of the only two nights on
our own native shore in
months! Ah it so seldom
does, the opportunity in me
came out, and after a
little telephoning found
myself having a most
enjoyable evening with
one of the communication

officer of an adjoining
base, an Eric Putnam,
whom I wish were stationed
at Daytona Beach. Get it

The trip down was
enjoyable most of the way
and hugely interesting.

There was considerable
snow in southern
Connecticut. We could
see the Berkshire and
mountains in New York
very well. Though soon
after we bypassed the
big city, we had the
sun in our eyes from
then on. We continued
as far as Washington

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before stopping for the evening and night. I tried to locate J.R.C. this time in vain, and ended up at an entertaining movie, "The Adventures of Tartu" (British agent disguised as foolish Rumanian in Hungary blows up secret gas factory without even the moral support of the misguided heroine, who almost gets him shot). Night at comfortable Hamilton Hotel.

The next morning, like its predecessor, was cold and windy and once again when

air bound ^{we} found ourselves
 almost going side wise to
 keep on course (determined
 from maps and radio beams).
 Somehow the two sections
 never got together after
 taking off and were separated
 for the whole day, yet
 each landed here within
 a few minutes of the
 other, a little after dark.
 Though ^{my section} ~~we~~ had made two
 stops to the other one.

After two easy days
 here back on the job, I
 find our squadron has
 tomorrow off. Ho hum,
 what to do? Love to all
Toots