



U. S. NAVAL AIR STATION
DAYTONA BEACH
FLORIDA

Nov. 29, 1943

Dear Folks,

One trouble with writing home at irregular intervals is that often I can't remember just when I last wrote, but the last time was some time ago, seems to me.

Poor Wiggins, especially as Uncle Peter apparently seemed on the gradual road to recovery from last winter. I'll write Aunt B.

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I have some sad news too. Phil Field is missing somewhere in The South Pacific; no details. This came from his father, who returned a letter to Phil I sent to his home to be forwarded. Very likely it was after one of the raids on Rabaul. Perhaps I told you he was flying a TBF. He was probably based in The Solomons. One can only hope.

Details of the ST. Mark game make it sound like The Great Lakes - Notre

Dance Game (formed by
terrific long pass in last
30 seconds after latter
had scored at end of long
drive less than a minute
before!).

Ma, I think you have
scored twice as a heroine^{recently}
first entertaining Betty,
then seeing Grandma
show, but then that's
just like you, isn't it.
Pa?

Hey that must have
been quite a storm - or
was it mostly rain in
Gorton? Too much winter
for Nov. I guess, but it

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sounded nice to a
"naturalized" Floridian.

There isn't much local
news. My present squad-
ron is about through,
and though, as before, I've
already been assigned to
another. This time there
will be a week or two
before the new one is
formed. Again I'm hoping
for a couple of days off
and have in mind a
trip to the part of the
state Aunt Editt
apparently frequents,
only a little further

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down - Sanibel Id. or
Mano Id., both famous
for their shells. My
collection could stand
~~some new specimens~~
(no recent ones to speak
of), and though I don't
need a change of air,
such wouldn't do me
any harm. Actually
things have been pretty
easy for me since
returning from the ferry
trip.

The last two bike
trips, both one in the
vicinity of Stuart (a little
north of Palm Beach) and

P.S. We had a delicious Thanksgiving dinner here, but
somewhat under the weather from one of the ingredients
many of us were
The next day!

one yesterday down to
Ponce de Leon Inlet and
back. were pretty
uneventful except that
on the last a deluge
caught me miles from
home and helped bring
on a cold. Stuart was
just a new place to
explore, but didn't prove
too interesting. The inlet
is usually a good place
for shells (for the east
coast), but I found
nothing new.

All for now
Love
Toot