

IN REPLY  
REFER TO.....

Address:  
Commanding Officer  
Naval Air Station

UNITED STATES NAVAL AIR STATION  
DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA

Dec. 29, 1943

Dear Folks,

Hope every thing turned out well up there over the big week-end. My letter and packages as well as money for Ham and family's presents must all have arrived late. Oh, well!

All the presents you sent were swell. The books look especially interesting, and undoubtedly the R. and T. will smoke well. The stocking too was well filled in every sense of the word. I'll write to the kids and Dad individually. There was some bad luck about some of the other presents. Both H. and E. and Uncle Johnny, for instance, gave me Reader's Digest, and Mrs. Lowell (!) gave me "Naturalist at Large". Dave Kersting (of the one leg) sent me

The Ship, which I was in the process of reading and had practically finished, and though I don't mind keeping that, I'd like to exchange the other if possible. A letter to The Digest might be answered with, "Pass on your extra copy to a friend," but the "Loop" could hardly say that about the book if, for instance, one of you took it there after my sending it up. I'd like to save Mrs. Lowell any trouble, but will probably be honest and could ask her where she got it. Lack of local demand would be the excuse any local book-store would use for not accepting it in exchange.

Several presents are yet to arrive - from Grandma, Mrs. Farmer (did I tell about her?) and perhaps Gardiner.

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Aunt Judy, Anna, Judy all "came through", and Nanie's package arrived yesterday. I must have got altogether about fifteen cards too.

Though my outfit didn't fly after all on Christmas, this was because of poor weather, and we had to stand by in case it cleared. It took until to-day for that!

Catching the 5:51 to Tax resulted in my missing X mas dinner, as that event here wasn't until evening after all. I was to stay with the Gibbes, but they had had theirs at mid-day as it turned out. I had hoped to get in on at least the tail-end of some kind of a dinner, turkey or not, but was too late, so it was lucky I had had a precautionary omelette on the train.

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I went to the dance with Harriet and her pleasant, one-armed beau, but since the lady is engaged to a third party (Capt. in England), three didn't make a crowd, and I got to and from the party in nice company and with a minimum of responsibility. Harriet is an attractive and interesting girl (Vassar grad) and very likely would have asked me to take her to the dance had I not originally ~~refused~~ <sup>regretted</sup> the invitation for the week-end, not <sup>then</sup> realizing I'd get Sun. off; but because of being engaged, <sup>she</sup> is not as popular as she once was, so the other man was welcome. Almost all my Tax lady friends were there, and there were plenty of males to keep things (sweet and young) circulating. Though presumably every girl had a "date", it amounted to a regular "cut-in" affair, a rare event, however, these days.

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It could even be compared with a better than average post-deb affair in Boston as to size of crowd, desirability of dance floor and speed of circulation, though the music was less good. Tax has pretty girls too, though I shouldn't say they averaged ~~the~~ quite as pretty as Boston girls, and certainly they are, <sup>as a whole</sup> far less intellectual and generally informed. Knowing the cream of the crop, however, made things very pleasant indeed except for the competitors. Of course, as in so many places now, the queens of them all are married. One, for instance, is The Payner's older daughter. She got married a short time after I met her and even before

Well. That's my rather pleasant week - end for you. Expect to hear about things up there before this reaches you, as some how it usually turns out.

I even met her parents, whom I have now got to know so well. Another who got married even before I met her majored in Beethoven at Smith and is supposed to sing beautifully. Certainly she is beautiful herself. Ho, hum! No, neither was at the dance, one being away with her baby, the other about to have hers!

Well, there was nothing to do on Sunday except sleep it off, listen to some of Harriet's records and the Philharmonic and call on some new friends.

Returning here was a little grim. The first train, supposed to leave at 10:30 P.M., was too crowded (I never even got through the gate). The next, supposed to leave at 11:00, got off close to 2:00 A.M., arriving here about 4:45