



U. S. NAVAL AIR STATION
ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA

Dear Folks,

May 23, 1944

There hasn't been a whole lot of news. My baggage and cruise box (from Florida) have finally arrived, so now I have books to help identify strange birds and ^{enough} clothes so I can send some laundry. Finding only dirty clothes in the cruise box was a blow and meant washing some more, but for the last time I hope. What would have happened if I had been sent

right out to Pearl Harbor,²
as some are? I hate to
think.

Here things go on much
the same. In the air
right now we're concentrating
on dive bombing, which
is pretty tough work in
the rc. Doubtless
because of the greater
speed, it takes even
more out of one than did
the SBD. Though I've
never made out whether
it's the pull-out or
just the changes in
air pressure or both that



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leave one pretty well fatigued at the end of a day, especially one with two dive bombing hops.

The temptation is still to go out in the evening fairly frequently. Though my attempts at being gay have mostly been rather half-hearted.

The Gray invited me to dinner the other night, and who should be there

but Mr. Parker, who was very pleasant as well as interesting. Also present were Horace's wife and Bobby Lincoln's sister, who is married to one of the boys. The only trouble was that I arrived half an hour late (bad miscalculation) and via the kitchen (elevator out of order). Mrs. Gray is a charmer and Dr. very pleasant.

On my last day off I took a bus to the first town with a beach north of San Francisco.



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but the road was so
hilly and winding, that
getting there and back
was miserable for one
who is apparently still
a poor sailor. It's all
right even in the roughest
air in a plane - at least
a small one - and in
most any kind of a
manoeuvr, but am I going
to get as sick as I
used to aboard ship?

Anyway, I think Bead
was pleasant once I got.

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there and I divided the
time between walking on
the beach and climbing
up to the nearest Douglas
Fir ~~tree~~ on the hills behind.

Another day off comes
tomorrow. An idea of
visiting Monterey was
immediately discouraged
by the hopelessness of
the train schedule (what
my writing going to be
like in a few more years?).

Well, think I'll poke
my big nose in Peterson's
"A Field Guide to Western
Bird" (just like his other
only for here - admirable).
Love Tools