

First letter home
after Pearl Harbor
attack. Drove to
Atlanta with Phil
Field, who later, a
marine, was killed
at Guadalcanal.
At Atlanta we did
no flying since we
were supposed to be
en route to Jackson-
ville. Things were
tense after Pearl
Harbor

Dec. 13, 1941



U.S. NAVAL RESERVE AVIATION BASE
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Dear Folks,

Thanks for the letters. The trip down was all night, but rather hurried. We didn't get off Monday until about 4:30 and what with stopping for a meal didn't have a chance to even call H am and Edie. It was rather too late, and Phil wanted to push on. Washington was too far, so we stopped at a cabin near Wilmington. We reached "His Lordship's Kindness" in plenty of time for lunch next day. It's a lovely old place, rare in fact - built in 1725 by the 14th Earl of Shrewsbury as a wedding gift for his ^{ie} ~~niece~~ - hence the name; house probably by Wren, gardens by L'Enfant. The house is Georgian and in good shape. The trees are magnificent - hollies, tulips.

That Mr. McGee wanted me for lunch Sunday. Love to all Took No cigar - code trouble!

orange oranges, tremendous red and other cedars, etc. It costs 50¢ for non-quest ^{non-} friends to see it! Mrs. Denham (sp.?) is very nice and Mr., the lieutenant commander, pleasant.

The second night we spent there and the next in Atlanta, in town. Most of Thursday we spent sleeping then wandering about - beautiful girls everywhere. We got to the base after "one last good meal," some of us perhaps to get no liberty at all while here. I say this because a new rule very unreasonably expects all to make not even one mistake in the weekly Morse Code tests, at designated speeds. Since the senders are mostly very bad, I gather, this appears impossible. Mistakes mean no liberty. The sender to-day was almost hopeless. Shefflin gave us the toughest fight talk I ever heard, to-day. Earlier he called me in, shook hands then said