Visit to
Boca Raton
Types of planes
flown

T.

U. S. NAVAL AIR STATION
MIAMI, FLORIDA

Dec. 6, 1942

Dear Folks.

All the news from home has been most welcome. That about the launching of the Julia Ward Howe was particularly interesting. Though there seems to have been a great stink about the inefficiency of the South Portland yards.

Never heard the term "Fleet Air Arm" applied to that part of our navy to which it might very appropriately be applied. + + + Ate for the pilot prize. I doubt if there ever was much in the Sandwich-

Tamworth country, but don't forget there is a lot around Conway and considerable along the road to Chocorua that misses Tamworth.

Ma, you seem to have seen quite a bit of my "dear" cousins, Oliver and Chan, but that should be for their improvement — something there's still plenty of room for no doubt. As a matter of fact Oliver is going to be all right, isn't he? I must see if Jan can be reached in these parts if he is here still. If Susie inquires, tell her I hope to be able to get in touch with

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her soon, but that it might well prove nearly impossible. So Nance has been broadcasting and well! The closest I ever came to it was talking (making announcements) over the loud speaker at Jax when on watch, for which I got a compliment or two. And she may be heading for Des Moines tomorrow.

Tonkin I remember pretty well — hideous beggars, pegged carpet sellers, small boats moored by the dirty waterfront and others plying back and forth between the

shore and the gray warships (some lighter gray with very young-looking midshipmen in charge of their boats), sailors with red top nots. our descent into the submarine. Thanksgiving dinner at a restaurant (good string beans, etc., etc.)

The Covenant Grove affair was shocking, wasn't it? but I couldn't find any familiar looking names on the grim casualty lists - happily.

Our program down here has turned into a rather informal one to say the least. The fact is the authorities can hardly

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be bothered with us, so we have to look out for ourselves. So far we've flown solos entirely. first in OS2U-. Then SNJ-. Then SBC-. and now BT- (tomorrow I hope). all following lectures and familiarizations with the cockpits. Taking up an entirely new type of plane all by oneself does seem strange. but is fun and makes one feel somewhat accomplished. The first landing in what ~~was~~

novice one more, but, by following instructions on instrument panel and applying what "skill" one has, one can hardly go wrong.

First day off came yesterday. The previous evening Bob Stix and I drove to Ft. Lauderdale, spending the night there and then going on to Boca Raton the next day, spending most of it on the beach there. (kind lady let us use her inn as headquarters). The water in the desert I've seen, first or salt, since Tahoe

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and the beach has pretty shells on it. In the evening cousins of Bob's invited us over to the Boca Raton Club ($10,000.00 initiation fee, $5,000.00 dues a year, rooms $100.00 a day up — so they say) now taken over by the army, & in which one of the cousins, a Harvard man (Weissman, '29) is a ~~[illegible]~~ doctor).

Life then is rather pleasant these days, but it's not too satisfactory not having too definite a

schedule even if its rather a relief in some ways.

I've run into a very pleasant Princeton grad. (Carle Tobey '40). who likes to play squash, likes Beethoven, which is fine because one doesn't run into such people very often.

I never did say much about enjoying my leave, but of course I did — fully as much as expected if not more so — and seems to me quite a bit was accomplished.

Love to all
Toots

P.S. Squash racquet in press. Send back if at all possible.