

Re going with
Russ Keller to a
cocktail party
and meeting some
very young ladies.
Also about send-
ing some lost
wings to another
naval aviator, who
had been assigned
over seas but whose
mother send T.R.
a pair of "gold" cuff-
links as a token of
appreciation.

Daytona

Jan. 15, 1944

Dear Folks,

I'm sorry about the absence of letters from this quarter so far this year, but you'll understand that it was something of an effort to polish off the surprisingly many post X war notes when feeling second-rate yet trying to keep them a decent length.

Sick Bay had me for almost four full days, but has left me in pretty fair shape, though slightly weak. It was about the fourth and worst

peaks, were luck, of an almost continuous six weeks cold, so I almost welcomed going to Sids Bay (dispensary). Naturally I've kept flying to a minimum all this time, but the weather cooperated (with me) by being bad, and another thing that helped was that for a while ~~my~~ the squadron I was with was in the familiarization stage, when instructors don't have to fly much, and then I was swapped over to another, newer outfit that had the

same thing to go through
- all a series of coincidences
except for the transfer,
which was because an
experienced assistant
instructor happened to be
needed in the second
squadron.

Just the same your
letters have been most
welcome, as usual. All
about Christmas was
delightful to hear about.
Hans' letter, just arrived,
told more, though mostly
of a repetitious nature.

Like most of my presents
(all that were sent north)
the modest money order for
Devon Rd. arrived late,
apparently after everyone
had left for Grotto -
typical T.R. bones!

Before I forget it, I'll
tell about Mrs. Farmer,
whom I've never met, who
sent me a pair of beautiful
gold cuff-links! Well,
here's the story. When
down at Melbourne, Fla.,
on one of my days off,
I guess it was in early
November, I was trying

to look as if I wanted a
ride west, ~~to~~ where the
highway leading in this
direction crosses the St.
John River, wishing to
hire a boat here, but
not having my bike along
for a change yet realizing
that I couldn't hit a
bike too obviously, for
it is supposed to be
unbecoming an officer;
^{when} along comes a Navy truck
and stopped to pick me
up. After the usual
greeting, etc., the driver,
a sailor, asked me if I

had a pair of wings, he
having just found a pair
for which he had no
use. By an apparent
coincidence I thought I
had just lost mine
(actually I had forgotten
to pin them on my coat),
and so they become mine
— until I noticed there
was a name on the
back, C. D. Farmer. Well,
eventually I got to
dropping C. D. Farmer a
postcard, addressed to
N.A.S. Melbourne, which

it had been inconvenient
for me to stop at where
~~I was~~ in the vicinity,
and I had not trusted the
sailor to do anything
about trying to return
the wings. The card
eventually reached his
mother, Mrs. H. Tudor (!)
Farmer, in Maplewood,
N. J., who immediately
wrote asking me if I
wouldn't send the wings
as they were the pair
his parents had given
him ("Bo"!) when he

8
was "designated". Time I
had noticed a date on
the back, which made me
wonder if "C. D." hadn't
probably left the country,
as it turned out he had,
but it was apparent they
(the rings)
were of real as well as
sentimental value - solid
10 K. Of course they were
promptly dispatched, and
after they arrived, Mrs. F.
wrote back thanking me,
saying also that she liked
her husband's oldest son
and my mutual name
adding that she was
going to send me a present.

and that's the whole story
except for the arrival of
some - and a letter in
return thanking her!

Remember my telling
about going to go to a
cocktail party to meet
some probably rather
young ladies? One of them
was fourteen! Actually
she seemed almost as old
as the others, who might
have been seventeen, and
she's going to be a queen!
It was pleasantly
refreshing you might say.
A sixth individual, a

was nice to meet some of the nice Daytona people.
Well tomorrow will be a long day. The first meet (three
hops) in week, so I'll knock off.

Day off Mon. Love T.R. (file no. 124,595)
P. Chen for Quine

male civilians, possibly even
older than Russ Kelle
and myself, made up a
sort of junior group and
played ping-pong and even
a little billiards. Russ
and I were even invited
to stay for dinner, and
of course we accepted.
One of the older (!) girls
later invited us two to
New Years Eve dinner.
and a friend of hers
(first man at Mt. Holyoke)
was also present. Yes,
we laughed before and
afterwards, but it really