

Dear Jim -

But you figured I'd forgotten you didn't you?
Well, good reason the way I scribbled but I'll
try to catch up on some lost time here and now.

I've taken the liberty of making you a copy -
hope you can read it - of the last trip to
Chamon Beach and so on. Mom and I went
down there by great good fortune and we
really had a swell time. I know the change
and the scenery on the way all did her
good and of course it suited me fine, indeed.

I'm ashamed to admit I never got out to
the lake - piled a little work instead so maybe
you'll forgive me at all. Anyhow I have
sent the list (wow! - I'm sending it) and
perhaps you can use it and then describe
it a something. Fair it's not terribly good
and I didn't cover all the area the way you
did when we were there the last time.
Harriet Jim, you'd have loved watching the
seals playing there. They looked just
like happy children. And when I'd seen
the monk I knew the trip was a success
and felt happy, plenty. I sure wish we
could have had you along - we missed you.

Well, let me see. We landed here on the
nineteenth of August and arrived here at
the hundredth group on the twenty-fourth.
Flew our first mission the twenty-fifth of
October and now the last has thirteen of them.
More damn fun. Laugh. Not bad though.

If you've received the card you maybe
know we saw some wonderful country on
the way. Mom told me - she'd heard from
you Mom - you were headed for Burma
and had written some a letter in H. Africa.
Whatever the deal is, I'm sure you've seen
some new and odd lands too. I've often
wondered if you were able to see the fan-
like erosion patterns of all the dry
streams as I did in Arizona. Surely some
of the area there near the Atlas Mts.
should resemble Arizona and southern
California. I sure hope you've had enough
clear weather to satisfy some of your
desires for a bird's eye view.