

May 1, '45.

Dear Dr. Allen,

"Better late than never" is still my motto. All is quiet on the front today. The softball team left at 2:30 P.M. to go to Whiting to play. That is one of the outlying fields. It will be a good game ^{and} I'd love to see it; but someone needs to stay ^{and} keep the home fires burning.

No, I'm not playing on the NAS team. It takes a lot of time for practices ^{and} games. I could go ahead ^{and} drop the other activities ^{and} be secured to play; but I figure that my job in the Navy is not just to play ball for them. I seem to have too much interest in the other 850 waves here, ^{and} I feel it's my job to teach ^{and} supervise sports for them.

We have several unit softball teams on the station ^{and} they have automatically become my "baby." I have a new officer over me now ^{and} she doesn't care too much for major sports. She came here from a training school where all P.E. is required ^{and} just routine classes so she has had quite an adjustment to make here where all sports are more or less on a recreational