

Wednesday, 5 p.m.

Dear Marie-

It was a good surprise this morning to have a letter from you - the one written Monday afternoon late, the day I left Brainerd. Tell Johaan that I couldn't find a single good looking woman in the three hours I was in the airport terminal at Minneapolis; not even one that was otherwise attached.

I tried to put the time to good advantage but was foiled. Coming down on the runway I saw one of the big Boeing stratoliners being warmed up by the Northwest hangar so I immediately started trying to get a tour of inspection. I went as far as Croil Hunter's office but both he and his secretary were gone for the day and was referred to the airport manager who also was gone. It seems some very important tests were being made by mechanics and the underlings I talked to didnt have the authority to get the engines stopped so I could take a look. Sorry to be thwarted but I gues it might have been a bother to stop the four engines and make all the machinists wait while the country editor took a look.

No letter from Dolph to forward. I wrote him last night but didnt have much to report.

At the Dineamite last night Homer Allison was eating alone and we visited about his recent flying trip to Gull Lake with Ernie Pulliam. They flew up in a Bonanza (like the one we inspected on the Pine Beach Airport) which is owned and piloted by the brother of Miss Armstrong in Oklahoma City. They had a place on Squaw Point and apparently didnt catch hardly anything. They said no one around there was catching fish during the few days they were out, over the weekend of the Fourth. I told them of the guide down on the southern end of Steamboat Bay who was bringing him in full stringers nearly every time he went out. Casually, I told ~~him~~ of the nine beauties we got afMter 3:30 one afternoon.