

Morning View Kentucky  
18 December 1956

Hello Mr McCarthy,

Although it is no great distance, airline, from your farm to the tree patch, I have more than once been surprised at the diversity in weather frequently occurring at the two places at a given moment. Many a summer morning, I have listened in arid envy while you bemoaned the fact that ill-timed rain had fallen upon your newly cut hay.

In time, you are eleven minutes and nine seconds away by slow-cruising Air Force C-119 -- Flying Boxcar. Several summers ago you were roared almost off the air by a low flying plane. When the din had subsided, you described the offender, and I recognized it. I happened to be winding my watch, and, for no conscious reason, pressed the stop watch button when the engines were loudest.

Shortly thereafter, low over the northern edge of the tree patch, came the Boxcar, cruising slowly, and not more than 200 feet above the tops of the big trees. Birds and little animals, at breakfast, uttered shrill cries of warning and plunged for cover, as the wide wings passed close above them and the engine roar rattled the twigs about them. As the big engines thundered over your voice for the second time, my watch reported that it was eleven minutes and nine seconds since the big plane had crossed your front porch.

But to return to the weather. This morning you were enjoying the double glory of sunrise and moon-set, while to both east and west of the tree patch, dark, soft clouds most effectively obscured both sun and moon.

Far along the northern horizon lay a narrow band of light that I knew to be the clear sky at which you were looking. The clouds were coming almost directly from the north, and the area of light widened as I watched. By 08:30, the sunlight had crept southward over hill and valley until it touched the tree patch with a golden glow as rich and lovely as that seen in early spring.

In another fifteen minutes, this area lay centered under a great circular opening in the clouds. The sun was sufficiently high to rim their heavy softness with purest white, the more dazzling because all beneath them was lost in deep, misty grey obscurity. To the north, the horizon was gloomy, and I could not but assume that, while the tree patch enjoyed gentle sunshine, your farm was now darkened by a clouded sky. Much of the fascination of weather is due in no small part to such little variations as this.

Best of the holidays and the finest of new years to everyone.

*Brown*