



**Smithsonian Institution**

*Archives Center - NMAH*

## **Forman H. Craton - 1940 - Diary**

Extracted on Apr-17-2024 03:34:09

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from pillar to post. As for the Colonel, I don't think he fully realizes what we really have done for him and I suggested that Roy let him know sometime. Also I noted his reluctance to do anything unorthodox such as deliberately write his spec. around our locomotive. I'm learning.

We went back to the office and Roy agreed to wire me tomorrow what JW Smith had to say about the number of engines to be purchased. There wasn't time to contact him this afternoon and I was bent on going home whether or no this time. My reservations were all made for the 5:15 PM flight although again there was some question about landing in Erie and they had reservations both by air and rail from Buffalo to Erie. We had a couple of farewell drinks in the Tavern across from the office at quarter of five and at 9:15 PM I was in Erie!

It was the most perfect and most beautiful air trip I have had yet. The big Douglas DC-3, 21 passenger Flagship roared away from Boston nearly 15 minutes late - about 5:30 PM. I got a marvellous view of the city as we headed westward toward the lowering sun. We went right over the Arsenal, scene of many headaches and heartaches this week. I never realized how many lakes Massachusetts has - dotted all over the country, nestling in among the hills. We were over Worcester in next to no time and soon Springfield was fleeting beneath us. I recognized Julia Sanderson's bridge and could see where Gilbert & Barker lay. So far it had been perfectly clear but now as the sun sank lower, fleecy white, broken clouds appeared ahead turning pink in the evening light. Soon

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