

Wednesday, ~~Hex~~ Dec. 1, 1937.

Dear Prof:

To relieve the anxiety occasioned by this special delivery: I have 5 more small fragments of the Crescent meteorite, personal finds, and but for my own dumbness these fragments would be in only 2 pieces. Don't get too excited, as the total weight is only 8 grams.

Here is the story. I wanted to go up there with Bob the other day when he was here but could not get off. But primed with enthusiasm as a result of his visit and still with a hankering to do some more personal searching up there, Mildred, Peggy and I Chevvyed up there today-- a clear, warm day-- and we spent the day tramping those pastures, chiefly on the Johnson, the Reed and the Roberson farms. The find was located on the Y. Reed farm, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles SE of the Johnson home. I should explain the the Johnson house is on the NW corner of their section and the Reed farm joins their section on the East, so that actually it was one section E and $\frac{1}{2}$ section S from the Johnson HOUSE. The Roberson section joins the Reed section on the E so that this find was approximately half way between the other two finds.

I found these meteorites in a litter of small pebbles of sandstone which had washed down in the bed of a small (now dry) gully. ~~XXXXXXX~~ I judge they were brought down from the hillside of a cultivated field nearby. I picked up these two pieces as looking somewhat different from their sandstone neighbors and, like a rank amateur, took one and busted it on a sandstone ledge with another rock. The minute it popped open I saw I had what I was looking for. I am sorry to say however, that part of the center was reduced to powder, which I carefully blew into a cigarette paper and saved. The other fragment is as found. Both show a definite crust. They are a dingy red on the outside, part of which comes off with wiping. The unbusted fragment is itself a piece broken off another piece, but apparently does not fit anywhere on the one broken. The interior of both is a very crumbly YELLOWISH material mixed with red splotches. On the broken piece the crust is much more easily discerned. Some of the interior is still black and in this you can find the little bits of free metal and on one piece a very discreet filing job shows a chondrule. The unbusted piece even shows flow lines on careful examination. So, to sum up, I think there is no question about their identity. On my knees I went through that litter of pebbles again, bit by bit, and traced the little water course up the hill in all its branches, but nary another piece did I find. By the time I had worked the immediate neighborhood as closely as humanly possible, it was getting late and we had to go home.

I saw our friends Johnson and family, Roberson and a Mr? Bashaw who lives 2 W and 2 N of Johnson. Mr. Bashaw's little girl, whom Johnson told me had found a suspicious rock, and who I saw at the schoolhouse, said she a 'great big one of them meters' at home if I wanted to go up there and get it. Well, I went, but it wasn't a 'meter'. Johnson's boy had also found another something he thought might be a piece, but wasn't and finally a McGuire boy $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles S of Johnson had several pieces he wanted examined, none of which were meteorites.

I didn't go up there with the intention of hornning in on Bob's job, but these calls I made since Bob caught Johnsons away from home when he was up there and I thought maybe I should see to them while I was there. I showed the fragments I found to the Johnson boy-- his father and mother were away somewhere when I came back by the house-- to Roberson and to Mrs. Reed, colored, on whose farm I found them. Yeah, the Reed's a colored folks, and I had quite a time explaining to her what it was all about, but she says, Lawsy, white boy, ise shore will do me some huntin' for them meters.

Bob promised to be back through here about the first of next week, so I imagine he'll want to take another sashay up through there, especially when I show him what I got.

I think I shall hold these meteorites until he comes back through here or until I come home Christmas, if he doesn't come by here for two reason. First, because they are so fragile and crumbly I hate to trust them to the mails, and second, because if Bob does come back through here and wants to go back up there he'll have these as samples and will know what he is looking for, after about 18 months of weathering.

In any case, they are yours, of course, as soon as I can get them to you.

Brother, meteorite searching is one exasperating job, but as a meteorite-picker-upper you gotta hand it to me. It gripes me though to just know that there is more of it laying around up there just weathering away and being plowed under and not be able to find it. I may go back up there again sometime on a day off when I can get a decent day to go.

I haven't time to write more now. Suffice to say that I finally got my promotion papers, and they were dated back to Nov. 1, effective date, which, in my case, made it retroactive. Hot dog. Brother, you are going to get your \$43.00, the lawyer already has you in the ring starting with the Jan. payment.

I'll be seeing you.

Regards, Bunch.