

My father was a paratrooper in WW2. He was in the 503rd PIR-Parachute Infantry Regiment. On February 16, 1945, my father jumped from 400 feet onto Corregidor, a heavily fortified Japanese held island. What other battles in the Pacific my father fought in, or jumped on, I do not know. His records were lost in a fire. And he never (never) talked about his service. Old school values all the way.

<https://www.wearethemighty.com/history/how-these-paratroopers-came-to-be-called-the-rock-regiment>

Back on mainland America, there was the war effort. One of the duties **of all Americans** was rationing. For years, (YEARS) Americans rationed sugar, clothing, rubber, coffee (COFFEE!!) and other staples. My mother was a part of this rationing effort as well.

<https://www.nationalww2museum.org/students-teachers/student-resources/research-starters/take-closer-look-ration-books>

And so it is I ask all of the Team River Runner family to pause today and consider the years of sacrifice the greatest generation made to win that war. I ask you to make thoughtful decisions for, what (?), maybe another 6-9 months - and both socially distant and wear a mask in public. If every American could do that, this virus would have no "hosts". A simple effort.

And guess what-we don't have to ration coffee!!

Crush the C in the TRR Eddy.....use best practices...wear the mask, socially distant...be kind.

*(A **boof** is the sound the hull of a kayak makes as it lands flat after flying over a wave on a windswept lake or ocean wave; or a kayaker flying over a pour over rock on a rapid in a river. Or even being dropped into a pool! Note the word "flying" - Let us find resolve and patience to allow us to fly over this invisible "storm" . . . all storms eventually end....)*