



Thursday evening  
June 29, 1944

Dear Mother,

Several Roswell transfers are with me in my tent at the Plant Park Fair Grounds in the heart of Tampa, Florida, tonight as we write our first letters home since arriving here yesterday.

This afternoon we finished preliminary processing (physical, clothing and record checkup) and will now mark time for a couple of weeks while waiting assignment for operational training. (probably Florida or Mississippi bases.) So that we will not get into mischief however a schedule of lectures, physical training and etcetra will be followed.

My train ride down was uneventful and on time. I hit the hay Tuesday night just as we pulled out of Rocky Mount, North Carolina,

and arose for breakfast just as we were nearing Jacksonville. At 3:00 P.M. sharp we arrived at Tampa Station.

As soon as I alighted from the airconditioned Washington College the heat and humidity struck me hard. I have had a clammy feeling ever since I arrived and though it poured rain for three hours this afternoon the sultriness continues. They say that this is the rainy season though. Life is gay in Tampa and growing things make it a welcome change from the southwestern desert country. Last night it did cool off slightly and no mosquitos bothered me so I slept very well.

Last night several of us gathered around a portable radio to listen to the speech of Thomas E. Dewey as he accepted the Republican Presidential nomination. The general opinion



is that Dewey is spotless and would make a great peacetime president, but his experience?

I certainly enjoyed my unexpected visit home although I didn't seem to be able to do everything I wished. I should have seen more of Jeff, Aunt Flossie and Aunt Grace as well as cleaned up the garden. I'll take care of those details next time.

Please don't send anything to me until I tell you to do so. When I settle down at an operational training base I will want my cap rain cover, low cut shoes, News journal, etc. I received my parachute bag by Railway Express yesterday. I purchased a dog tag chain at the P.X. today by the way. Don't forget

to give Julia a pair of the small pilot wings for her birthday July 2, 1944. Maybe you can give the others to Ruth. Do you think that the two young cherubs would like a pair? I wish that you would send my camera in the next shipment too. I will try to get a picture taken soon. Please try to keep all that I send some separate and neat. (Shirley can file and make a scrapbook.). I weighed in at 146 pounds at a height of 5 feet 9 inches today.

Love to you all,  
Lee

P.S. How are the Blue Rocks doing?

P.P.S. Have you reached your War Bond quotas yet? Tampa has! (Don't forget that you and Dad are going to take at least a "three" week vacation in July.)

P.P.P.S. See if you can get J. Bright's address yet?

P.P.P.P.S. Did Bernice win a Tower Hill School scholarship?