



Monday evening
July 3, 1944

Dear Shirley,

It has just finished raining and I am in my tent - B-6 - clothed only in my modesty, sweating and writing.

The best news, and most important, tonight is that I received my shipping orders this morning. I will take operational training in Gulf Port, Mississippi, leaving here Friday night of this week and arriving the next day. Gulf Port is supposed to be a good base, midway between New Orleans, Louisiana, and Mobile, Alabama. I will have a chance to see yet another corner of the United States.

This morning I met my co-pilot. Second Lieutenant Arthur D. Rohl of Ann Arbor, Michigan. He seems to be tops. I will

write you more about him,
and the rest of the crew which
will be assigned latter this
week, in future letters but
here are a few facts about
him - about my build, brown
hair, good looking, 21, single,
sophomore pre-dental student
from Michigan State.

Yesterday four of us
went to St. Petersburg for the
day. We swam in the ^{HOT} Gulf of
Mexico; I now have dipped into
all three seas on the borders of
our country. St. Pete seems to
be a very nice residential town,
chiefly for older folk, spread out.
It contrasts sharply with Tampa,
business city, cigar center, Spaniards
and Italians.

I received my birthday
package only to find that ants
had eaten its contents. Thanks
anyway.

Tell Mother to please include
my swimming trunks and your
present of writing paper in her
next package.

Write and let me know how
you are and what you are doing (patrol,
Brandywiners, etc.)

Ruth is engaged to Ken by the way.
HO, HUM!
Love, Lee