

Tuesday noon  
July 25, 1944

Dear Bernice,

Today is the eighth day - my day off, a day of rest and of catching up. While I have a chance I will write you a letter, and on the "Personality Papers" that you and Shirley gave me for my birthday.

I am very well settled here now; I know where the mess hall is and how to reach the flight line, where the ground school is and how to reach town via the bus, where the postoffice, and headquarters are and the records and finance offices, where supply, the snack bar, the officers club, briefing rooms, base operations, the dispensary and gate number one are. I even know a short cut past the chapel to the P.X.

and the laundry.

But during the week I do not get around much. My regular path is from the barracks to the mess hall to either the flight line or ground school to the mess hall to the "sack". They seem to be trying to build up our endurance but they are sure wearing us down. This past week I have been flying six hour high altitude formation gunnery missions and they are really work. The ground school has taught mostly review of engineering and aircraft identification; we are getting a lot of Link trainer instrument work; PT is regularly scheduled. And the heat continues. —

Which reminds me, do not send anything to eat because of the heat. —

Which reminds me, I received the two packages of clothing from home and am now

fully prepared for a long winter. I have saved the hat box and will probably send it back filled with odds and ends when I leave here. I have started to receive the Wilmington Journal every evening again.

I have established contact with Dick Rhoads who is stationed at the Navy base here but as yet we have not been able to get together. ~~Watch~~ Watkins, the Wilmington boy who was with me at Roswell, arrived here yesterday for training with the new class.

I received the Senior Issue of the du Pont Echo yesterday. I immediately clipped The Immortal Ten. (pretty good). I wish that you would send me an autographed copy of the great poem you had published in an earlier Echo.

I received a lovely letter from Grandmother Jones this past week. How is Grandmother Minder making out now? Uncle Marion, Daisy and Julia also wrote. At present I am quite far behind in my correspondence.

How are Gingers' pups? Have you heard any more about Tower Hill? How is your job? How are the Brandywiners progressing? How is Walt? Is Daddy about ready to go on his promised vacation? How do you like milk by now?

Love,  
Lee