

Wednesday evening
August 2, 1944

Dear Mother,

At last another day of rest! But this day is very short for it was not until last midnight that we left the flight line and at 3:00 A.M. tomorrow morning we must be on the line again. Today I generally have taken it easy; written a few letters; sent and received laundry; read the July Encore; received the last of the current series of immunization shots (tetanus, yellow fever, typhus fever, cholera) and cashed my monthly pay check #247.45. I will send a money order home this week.

My combat crew was brought up to full strength yesterday with the addition of Second Lieutenant John J. Rosiala (Sharon, Pennsylvania) as Bombardier, Flight Officer Mark Pitts (Columbia, South Carolina) as Navigator and Private First Class John Trambley (Roswell, New Mexico) as tail gunner-

assistant armorer. They all seem like good capable men.

During the week life was uneventful, unchanging. Training proceeded on schedule.

I wish that if you could get a good condition, small, sturdy, capable radio you would send it. Also a sturdy wallet with snap slot attachment of some sort with an extra copy of Mrs. Miniver on airplanes and the letter from the South Pacific aviator to Mrs. Herring. And J. Bright's address.

I received a letter from Billy Jim Tawes today. He is now finishing up at Camp Pickett, Virginia, with the 78th Lightning Division and after a month of infantry-tank maneuvers in Louisiana expects to ship across. Howell Finn is at Aberdeen, Maryland, for special study. I have not been able to contact Dick Rhoads at all.

Love,

Lee