

Monday evening
August 7, 1944

Dear Mother,

Today has been one of those hot sultry days old timers refer to as dog days. We have had several thunder showers but the heat cooks on.

This is definitely not good flying weather for the moisture and heat combine to form great billowing cumuliform clouds — thunderheads with terrific ice, hail, rain and convective current conditions. A prime rule of flying is to stay away from these clouds, quite a problem when they are everywhere and at all altitudes and you are trying to make a bombing run, fly cross country or lead a twelve ship formation.

I read in the Journal-Evening that a Lieutenant Weldin from Wilmington is stationed here so I will look him up.

I have not heard from Dick Rhoads for about ten days so I guess he shipped out before we could get together. Watkins and I see each other quite often. He sat around in Roswell after I left and was then given four days to report to Tampa; he is a class behind me here.

How are Fingers' pups now; just beginning to get into mischief? How is the garden; is Bernice weeding it carefully daily? Has Bernice heard about the Tower Hill scholarship yet? How do Shirley and Bernice like their jobs? What will the girls do with all their spare time after Brandywiners finish? I notice that Mr. Frank gave their show a rave notice.

Did you receive my money order for \$200.00 yet?

I find that I am getting far behind in my correspondance and I expect that I will fall even farther behind in the future. I wish that you would explain to old friends why I do not write as often as I should.

Love,
Lee