



UNITED STATES ARMY AIR FORCES

Friday evening
September 29, 1944

Dear Dad,

There is an unexpected and unexplainable delay in my schedule. For two days I have just stood by. If I had known that this situation would arise I could have arranged to see you and the family while here.

Saturday, September twenty-third, twenty one B-17 combat aircrews cleared Duffport AAF, Mississippi, prior to ^a Sunday shipment to final staging at Hunter Field, Savannah, Georgia, from operational training. Sunday noon, three hours late, the twenty one shipped from Duffport in wooden wicker seat coaches of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Late Monday the group, tired, stiff, hot, sooty, arrived at Hunter Field, unpacked, cleaned up and settled down. Tuesday and Wednesday we broke into two shipping orders, ^{were} relieved,

processed, and drew flying and overseas equipment. Since then we have done nothing.

The delay makes me fret, I don't want my aircrew to become stale or to have to sweat out the future.

But my chief concern is an unparalleled disaster which hit me and my crew while clearing Hunter Field — co-pilot Lieutenant Arthur D. Roll was stricken seriously ill and Flight Officer Gordon B. Dodge (25, Duluth, Minnesota, married with a girl of two) was assigned as replacement. Dodge has a good record and so should work into our crew team but losing Roll was like losing my right arm.

Hunter Field is a large field devoted to sending all types of aircrews to embarkation. The turnover in men and equipment is remarkable.

Savannah seems to be a very nice southern town of about eighty thousand population. Tonight the crew is to dine in town and then see the Savannah High School — Wynn Academy football game.

From now on I must take constant precautions as an officer in the United States Army Air Forces to safeguard any information affecting the security of the nation for I will be in or near combat with our enemies.

Don't worry about me.

Yours,

Lee

P.S. The other day I met Dick Brown (Swarthmore). He is fine - married now and flying F-5's.

P.P.S. If I happen to fly north for embarkation at Bangor, Maine, I will make a point to buzz home.