Sunday evening
March 11, 1945

Dear Mother,

The news today is certainly full of good tidings. But it will take much more concentrated effort before final victory over the Axis. Plans are being shaped for transfer of the Air Forces European strength for the attack on Japan.

My latest letters from you were written February sixteenth, twenty-first and twenty-eighth. Today I received a letter from Johnny Turlett saying that he is fine. Yesterday Chaplain Swing Carpenter wrote from
Headquarters U.S.S. T.A.F.
We will probably get together soon. Captain Cockman, Mr. Herings's buddy of World War II, and Buffleport A.A.F. Intelligence Officer wrote recently. He said that B-29s were coming to Buffleport. Beryl Kimber wrote recently too.

About a week ago I went to another base to visit Howell Finn. He is with a Heavy Auto Maintenance unit. He certainly looks fine — taller and heavier. I also saw another Dickinson boy of my class Ken Mayo who is with Howell. I am continually bumping into boys in London I used to know.
The weather over here now gives occasional hints of spring. The thatched English cottages have rainbow chrysanthemums blooming in their yards. (Send me all the 620 film you can get so that I can get some good pictures of Merry England in the spring. You might include some of your delicious cooking too. [no eggs].)

Movies seen lately:
- Song to Remember—life of Chopin with Paul Henreid, Merle Oberon, Cornel Wilde; very good.
- Hangover Square—adulterous chiller. Reys of the Kingdom—Gregory Peck; very good.

I am glad that
you have been able to correspond with the parents and wives of the crew of the Blue Hen Chick. I know that we are happy that our comradship extends among our loved ones at home. Now that our combat tour is over and we get several ways to hope that our friendships will continue.

Love,

Lee