

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 Turtlett saying that he is fine. Yesterday Chaplain Irving Carpenter wrote from

Headquarters U.S.S.T.A.F.
We will probably get
together soon. Captain
Cochran, Mr. Herings
buddy of World War
I. and Duffport A.A.F.
Intelligence Officer,
wrote recently. He
said that B'29's were
coming to Duffport.
Beryl Minder 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,
heavier. I also saw
another Dickinson boy
of my class, Ken Mayo
who is with Howell.
I am continually
bumping into boys in
London who I know.

The weather over here now gives occasional hints of spring. The thatched English cottages have rainbow crocus 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 Muni, Merle Oberon, Cornel Wilde; very good. Hangover Square slow chiller. Keys 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 comradeship
extends among our
loved ones at home.
Now that our combat
tour is over and we
go ^{our} several ways
I hope that our
friendships will continue.

Love,

Lee