

Sunday evening
May 27, 1945

Dear Mother,

This is a beautiful
May Sunday evening.
I can't help but wonder
how it is back home.
Rumors about the future
are flying thick and fast
but still nothing has
been announced.

Enclosed you will find
film negatives which should
be of interest when developed.
London, crew, buddies, etc.
More will follow. Separately
I am sending a receipt
for another government money
order, play program and
briefing sheet for a Victory
Tour of Germany.

Recently I flew on a
Victory Tour of Germany
(one of a series) planned to
give air and ground personnel
of the 8th Air Force a low
altitude close-up view of
the results of their bombing

missions, a view of Europe
and a sample of flying.
The damage to the German
cities is indescribable,
especially in railway yards
and business centers. I
wish every American
could see the utter ruin
so as to see, and realize,
the real home front slaughter
of total war. Rotterdam is
more than half weed covered
lots where buildings once
stood before the German
blitz of 1940. Every German
city is only a shell of half
walls and rubble, hopeless
and bare; the sun gleams
mockingly on millions of
glass particles in the ruins.
The country is a beautiful
spring green in field and
forest with neat, honest
orange roofed farmhouses,
but not a permanent bridge
is standing, and all roads,
railways, canals and rivers
are blocked at least once
every half mile. Germany

is beaten and paralyzed
totally and horribly.

Hadn't seen Chaplain
Carpenter yet.

Received your letter of
May nineteenth today
which seems okay. How
is my mail coming
through now?

Say hello to everybody
for me.

Yours,

Lee