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Monday evening

June 27, 1943

Dear Mother,

I think I'm in! Having finished my psychological, mental, aptitude and physical tests at 3:00 P.M. this afternoon without any hitch I'm feeling rather cocky. Three of us came bouncing out of the test building right into a curtain of smoke which set us coughing and choking. Then a big top-sergeant bawled at us to put on our gas masks as this was a practice raid. Two parts troubled me a bit. Night vision — this test is new and was used for the first time as a requirement on squadron six. Depth perception. I'll just have to wait about a week now before I know for sure whether or not I am to be an Aviation Cadet — Bombardier, Pilot or Navigator.

I haven't much news as we have all been living under the terrific tension of a week of tests. At least nine of our 84 have washed. Feet and eyes get most credit.

Last night I got a letter of Dads, two of yours, one of Julias and one of Howell Finns, all via the University of Nebraska. Finn is at

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Camp Fannim, near Tyler, Texas.

Get me up to date on the Blue Rocks and Wilmington.

Every Sunday afternoon we march in a big review for Colonel Robertson. Although not as big or as perfect as Miami (O.C.S., O.T.S., etc.) it was quite a spectacle. Approximately 15,000 men marched. By the way, among the notables stationed here are Joe Dimaggio, Merle Hapes (All American of Mississippi State who outhits Joe on the ball team), and Larry Adler (the great harmonica player).

What are Shirley and Bernice doing this summer? Has Ben gone away to school yet? Did you get my suitcase? I never got a chance to take the films in the camera so use them up.

Julia has a birthday July 8. As I can't get out of here for 42 days could you get her something? Get something a little different and lasting.

Say hello to everybody for me.

Love,

Lee