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Thursday night

July 1, 1943

Dear Shirley,

How are you? What are you doing? etc.?

They are continuing to run us ragged even though we have finished all our tests and are just anxiously awaiting classification.

One morning we spent on chemical warfare - gas mask drill, smelling of different types of gas, and gas chamber session (thirty minutes in a chamber of tear gas). That afternoon we took a eight mile hike during which trucks came along and sprayed gas at us so that we had a practical gas mask drill.

Another morning the Chaplains of the base talked to the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish groups. I didn't think too much of their background. That afternoon we has [sic] motion pictures and lectures on diseases.

Today we spent seeing movies and hearing lectures on military intelligence (secrecy, camouflage [sic], information) and "Why

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We Are at War." That last named picture was a masterpiece of news, travel and commentary on the Axis countries and what they stand for.

The news of McArthur's new offensive caused a lot of excitement today. The son of Colonel Robertson, C.O. at S.A.A.A.B., is flying a P-38 out there somewhere.

Tomorrow night will be spent on the manual [sic] of arms followed by guard duty tomorrow night. We should get M.M. (Mess Management, the glorified name for K.P.) soon. Aviation Cadets do not have M.M. by the way.

Next Monday our two week quarantine inside the classification area ends. That will mean only thirty more days before we can go to L.A. on Saturday night. I don't know when we'll begin pre-flight.

Today I got a two week old package of cookies from Julia. Mike wrote after he returned to St. Louis. Howell Wilkins also wrote. I'm going to try to get their letters answered after I get classified.

Bernice must be working herself to a frazzle. Whats wrong with the Blue Rocks? Write soon.

Love,

Lee