

**1**

United States Army Air Force

Sunday evening September 12, 1943

Dear Bernice,

I tried to get a call through to Wilmington again today but failed so I'll try again next Sunday.

Friday afternoon the package from home arrived. The articles inside were just what I needed and the whole room appreciated the Krispy Krunch, which kept excellantly [sic] by the way. There is only one more thing I wish you could get me — a glass case. My sunglasses broke in my pocket last time and I don't want it to happen again. Thanks a lot for the writing paper. I was just running out of it.

I spent a quiet day today — sleeping, swimming and writing letters. Class 44-C is now out of quarantine so we can use the swimming pool, go tieless and discard the red ribbons from under our gig pins. I wrote

**2**

to Mac up at Dickinson by the way.

I have four hours of flying in now and have had all the fundamental manuevers [sic] but I am nervous about my lack of precision and take offs.

How about a picture of you in your A.W.V.S. uniform.

Rumor: We are expected to get 1/3 of our primary flying in BTs.

We are being pointed for the Asiatic Theatre in all our studies, lectures, etc.

It's almost time for taps so I'll have to close. I can't seem to think of much to say so let me know what you want to know.

Love,

Lee