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Officers' Club

Roswell Army Air Field

Roswell, New Mexico

Monday evening

April 17, 1944

Dear Dad,

Tonight the world seems unreal to me for I am tired and lonely. Last week section "J," of which I am a member, was selected for accelerated [sic] B-17 transition training, flying and ground school every day so that it will finish training by May sixth. Since then a third of the group have been eliminated for flying deficiency. The constant pressure, the lack of sleep and the always blowing dust is all that is felt except for the blazing hatred of the damn truck we fly. But I do hope I can make the grade. Sam Watkins is in the other accelerated [sic] section by the way.

I must get some sleep as I must fly at 4:30 tomorrow morning but first I will write down a few thoughts.

Mother wrote that she was

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ordering the "News-Journal" for me. It will be just in time for following the baseball season.

I wish I could have heard Dr. Judd. He must be a truly great man. Grace must have quite a men's group judging from the clipping account.

The general opinion among my colleagues is that Wilkie will not be missed. Roosevelt should be president again unless something breaks this summer; then Dewey should represent the people.

Just what summer clothing is being shipped from Wilmington.

I have filed my first income tax return and sent in my first quarterly payment of \$14.05.

Hal Sites, Pecos groom, is a basic instructor at Merced, California. Mike Zographone writes that he is taking air force technical training at Seymour Johnson Field, North Carolina. Grandmother Minker wrote. I will never get my correspondence up to date again.

But don't worry about me, I'll make out alright.

Lee