



Monday evening  
July 3, 1944

Dear Shirley,

It has just finished raining and I am in my tent - B-6 - clothed only in my modesty, sweating and writing.

The best news, and most important, tonight is that I received my shipping orders this morning. I will take operational training in Gulf Port, Mississippi, leaving here Friday night of this week and arriving the next day. Gulf Port is supposed to be a good base, midway between New Orleans, Louisiana, and Mobile, Alabama. I will have a chance to see yet another corner of the United States.

This morning I met my co-pilot. Second Lieutenant Arthur D. Rohl of Ann Arbor, Michigan. He seems to be tops. I will



write you more about him,  
and the rest of the crew which  
will be assigned latter this  
week, in future letters but  
here are a few facts about  
him - about my build, brown  
hair, good looking, 21, single,  
sophomore pre-dental student  
from Michigan State.

Yesterday four of us  
went to St. Petersburg for the  
day. We swam in the <sup>HOT</sup> Gulf of  
Mexico; I now have dipped into  
all three seas on the borders of  
our country. St. Pete seems to  
be a very nice residential town,  
chiefly for older folk, spread out.  
It contrasts sharply with Tampa,  
business city, cigar center, Spaniards  
and Italians.

I received my birthday  
package only to find that ants  
had eaten its contents. Thanks  
anyway.

Tell Mother to please include  
my swimming trunks and your  
present of writing paper in her  
next package.

Write and let me know how  
you are and what you are doing (patrol,  
Brandywiners, etc.)

Ruth is engaged to Ken by the way.  
HO, HUM!  
Love, Lee