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Thursday noon

July 13, 1944

Dear Mother,

At last I am back to work! Wednesday morning I began the old grind again by rising at 3:00 A.M. for the early morning flying period. By noon I had worked off quite a bit of rust and had started to re-learn basic flying fundamentals.

My flying work here will consist of high altitude and/or formation missions. But to start with I must be checked out in landings, day and night flying, (we will have very little night work), instruments and formation. My crew copilot, engineer and radio operator must also be checked out and then special gunnery, bombing and navigation missions will be scheduled before combining all in simulated tactical operation.

My first flight instructor,

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Lieutenant Dickey, was tops but the instructors continually change crews so that the students can get several slants on flying. The B-17 G's that we fly here are almost new, 300 hours of flying time, and are kept up very well.

This afternoon I will spend an hour in the high altitude chamber and then begin engineering ground school. At 3:00 A.M. Friday morning, and Sunday too, I will report to the flight line. So you see that there is work ahead.

I haven't heard from you since Plant Park. Did my first letter from here get through to you? Don't forget to ship my "stuff" as soon as possible (pinks, greens, blouse, coat, caps, rain cover, writing paper, swim suit, (2) towels, (6) handkerchiefs, (3) Tee shirts, low cut shoes, Journal Every-Evening).

Write and let me know how you all are and what you are all doing.

Love,

Lee