Tuesday noon
July 25, 1944

Dear Bernice,

Today is the eighth day—my day off, a day of rest and of catching up. While I have a chance I will write you a letter, and on the "Personality Papers" that you and Shirley gave me for my birthday.

I am very well settled here now. I know where the mess hall is and how to reach the flight line, where the ground school is and how to reach town via the bus, where the post office and headquarters are and the records and finance offices, where supply, the snack bar, the officers club, briefing rooms, base operating, the dispensary and gate number one are. I even know a short cut past the chapel to the PX.
and the laundry.

But during the week I do not get around much. My regular path is from the barracks to the mess hall to either the flight line or ground school to the mess hall to the "sack." They seem to be trying to build up our endurance but they are sure wearing us down.

This past week I have been flying six hour high altitude formation gunnery missions and they are really rough. The ground school has taught mostly review of engineering and aircraft identification; we are getting a lot of Link trainer instrument work; PT is regularly scheduled. And the heat continues.

Which reminds me, do not send anything to eat because of the heat.

Which reminds me, I received the two packages of clothing from home and am now
fully prepared for a long
winter. I have saved the
hat box and will probably
send it back filled with
odds and ends when I leave
here. I have started to
receive the Wilmington Journal
every evening again.

I have established contact
with Dick Rhoads who is
stationed at the Navy base here
but as yet we have not been
able to get together. Walter
Watkins, the Wilmington boy
who was with me at Roswell,
arrived here yesterday for
training with the new class.

I received the Senior
Issue of the du Pont Echo yesterday
I immediately clipped The
Immortal Ten. (pretty good). I
wish that you would send
me an autographed copy of
the great poem you had
published in an earlier Echo.
I received a lovely letter from Grandmother Jones this past week. How is Grandmother Minster making out now? Uncle Marion, Daisy and Julia also wrote. At present I am quite far behind in my correspondence.

How are Ginger’s pups?

Have you heard any more about Tower Hill? How is your job?

How are the Brandywiners progressing?

How is Walt? Be Daddy about ready to go on his promised vacation? How do you like milk dry now?

Love,

Lee