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Wednesday evening

November 22, 1944

Dear Dad,

Today the first round trip mail from me in the U.K. of the E.T.O. to you at home in Delaware, U.S.A., and back to me at my B-17 bomber base came through -- thirty eight days after joining the 709'th Squadron of the 447'th Bomb Group of the 4'th Bombardment Wing of the 8'th U.S.A.A.F. Now that the route has been pioneered maybe communication will be faster. But at present the Christmas rush is causing delays in mail delivery. Needless to say, however, I look forward to your letters more than anything else in the day.

I wish to take advantage of this letter to wish you a happy birthday, tardily.

I am sad to hear of the death in action of Wally Wroten. I hope that it will not be in vain.

From now on winter weather is going to keep English based bombers grounded

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very often. But that will not mean a relaxation of our schedule. Practice missions and ground school will keep us busy. Probably as our ground troops advance we will hit almost as many tactical targets as stratigical [sic].

Everything is going fine with me and my crew. So please don't worry about us.

As ever --

Lee