

Tuesday evening
November 28, 1944

Dear Bernice,

A late happy birthday.

Today bad weather forced the 8th Air Force to remain on the ground. It was good to have the day off, to lay around and take things easy, for of late I have been flying hard. However, tomorrow my crew is in line for its bi-weekly two day pass — probably a visit to London.

From the tone of your letters you are working hard this fall. What with AWVS, hockey playing, studying Hamlet and French and Chemistry and History and bringing up Pilot. Are you working on weekends; are you singing; are you going to Grace Church Young Peoples Meetings? How is Walter; how is Tiggie? How do you like Tower Hill School after eleven years of public school, nine years at Alexis P. du Pont? Have you

made any plans for after high school graduation?

Answers to your queries:

1. Food is fine except for eggs and milk — "mechanical, artificial, powdered, dehydrated."
2. Living quarters are ample and warm — mattresses consist of three square straw brisquets; our small English style coke stoves have been ingeniously converted to burn a mixture of 100 octane gasoline and oil.
3. I am fine and so is my crew — the enlisted men are all lunch sergeants now; we must take a sulfa pill and a vitamin pill daily to prevent colds and keep in condition.
4. I censor my own mail and that of the enlisted men on my crew (signature in lower left hand corner of envelope) but it is subject to master censoring from time to time.

Love,

Lee