

Wednesday evening
April 25, 1945

Dear Mother
I hope you are
well. I have not written a letter
because of a combination
of things - fatigue, cold,
spring fever. But now
I am rested and would
write regularly if I
could. I am staying so close
to what a lot has happened
in just one month! Final
victory of the United States
in Europe is almost here;
President Roosevelt has
passed on and left us
to carry on his plans
and dreams for world
peace and security; spring
has come in full glory;
the fury of war mounts
in the Far East. Our
air base is now
transformed into a busy
training center in anticipation
of the day when hostilities
finally cease in Europe.

Rumors are flying thick
and fast of course but
as yet there is nothing
definite. Pilots are getting
reviews of transition
training - flying techniques,
instrument flying, night
flying and engineering.
Navigators and bombardiers
are being checked on night
and day navigation - dead
reckoning, pilotage, celestial,
radio and radar. Crews
are being processed, planes
are being overhauled and
records are being put in
order. Maybe our fourth of
July date will have to
be changed.

Your packages of film
and food have arrived
and are being put to good
use. You had better not
send any more though.
Your letters have been coming
through very well.

Love,
[Signature]