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Wednesday evening

April 25, 1945

Dear Mother,

For the last month I have not written a letter because of a combination of flying fatigue and spring fever. But now am refreshed and will write regularly again. I am okay so please don't worry.

What a lot has happened in just one month! Final victory of the United Nations 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 airbase is now transformed into a busy training center in anticipation of the day when hostilities finally cease in Europe.

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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,

Lee