

1

Sunday evening May 27, 1945

Dear Mother,

This is a beautiful May Sunday evening. I can't help but wonder how it is back home. Rumors about the future are flying thick and fast but still nothing has been announced.

Enclosed you will find film negatives which should be of interest when developed. London, crew, buddies, etc. More will follow. Separately I am sending a receipt for another government money order, play program and briefing sheet for a Victory Tour of Germany.

Recently I flew on a Victory Tour of Germany (one of a series) planned to give air and ground personnel of the 8'th Air Force a low altitude close-up view of the results of their bombing

2

missions, a view of Europe and a sample of flying. [The damage to the German cities is indescribable], especially in railway yards and business centers. [I wish every American could see the utter ruin so as to see, and realize, the real home front slaughter of total war.] Rotterdam is more than half weed covered lots where buildings once stood before the German blitz of 1940. [Every German city is only a shell of half-walls and rubble], hopeless and bare; the sun gleams mockingly on millions of glass particles in the ruins. The country is a beautiful spring green in field and forest with neat, honest orange roofed farmhouses, but not a permanent bridge is standing, and all roads, railways, canals and rivers are blocked at least once every half mile. Germany

3

is beaten and paralyzed [sic] totally and horribly.

Haven't seen Chaplain Carpenter yet.

Received your letter of May nineteenth today which seems okay. How is my mail coming through now?

Say hello to everybody for me.

Yours,

Lee