

Wednesday evening
October 18, 1944

Dear Mother,

Greetings from Merry England!

A couple of weeks ago I left Hunter Field, Savannah, Georgia, with my B-17 combat aircrew enroute over the North Atlantic Air Route of the U.S.A.A.F. Air Transport Command for combat service against Nazi Germany. We ferried a B-17 across which was loaded to the bursting point with our equipment, spare parts and mail for men in the ETO (European Theatre of Operations). It was an uneventful and very fatiguing trip but also most interesting; our great European air supply route, the ocean, ice cap, ice bergs, glaciers, fjords, northern lights, etc.

And now I am in England! First impressions are always based upon sketchy knowledge but as you are probably wondering what this world is like and I must find material for this letter here follow my first impressions of England (from the safety of an U.S. Army Air Field).

The country is wet and

cold and green, wonderfully tidy, but so small and old. The people seem much like Delaware folk with an accent. But the English monetary system is a relic of medieval torture. (to be continued—).

It has been said that the airplane has caused the world to become smaller but I say that it has widened world horizons. By air one can travel great distances to heretofore isolated outposts in a minimum of time. As a result great are the problems to be faced as new regions and resources are developed and new peoples seek a better place in the sun side by side with established regions, resources and peoples.

From now on I will try to keep up a fairly constant correspondence with you all back home. But sometimes a priority job will cause a break. Please don't worry — I am in fine shape. I think of you all often.

Love,

Lee