Dear Governor Fleming,

When I was in England on a mission late last year I saw many boys like your own taken off from operational air fields. That they were there fine young men going out of a peaceful countryside in a race of brief hours into battle. My friend, whom I accompanied, a veteran of the line in the last war, said it was unbelievable that these young men could stand that stress and strain—in the last war of two days and weeks to works up to it. I had heard her later say that this Eighth Air Force was a military organization in the war. It never retreated—never retreated. How many planes were left, went through, to their objective. These were my thoughts...
I watched those great young men take to the air. However, something softened inside me then. I thought I knew what this war was about - but in that brief moment I knew I learned to feel it with a depth which was seared in my soul. I shall never forget it.

I do not know you very well and it may affect a little forward to write, but due to your absence the world is made aware of your loss and your soul becomes tangible. Thought you might like to know that boys like your Peter leave with the world the imprint of their spirit as well as warriors.
Mr. N. W. Kelman,
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Washington, D.C.