

Tuesday evening
[MARCH 2, 1943]

Dear Shirley,

Oh what a day we've had - eight hours of review in a boiling hot sun which we latter found out to be practice for a four hour review for General Weaver tomorrow. A only hope I don't get sun poisoning. We stood at attention for one full hour, alternately saluting about every officer there could be in all Miami Beach. The total twenty thousand men of Basic Training Center #9 took part and there was the biggest band I have ever seen, two hundred pieces plus a fifty piece bugle and drum corps and an immense Drum major. Several fainted out of ranks.

We have also been interviewed and given our G.I. haircuts - not as bad as I anticipated.

Tell mother to airmail all letters and packages as you can the long time it takes otherwise. Rush me stamps, towels, underwear and socks also please in my laundry case.

Send me the news. I will probably be up north again in a month. Say hello to everyone for me also.

By the way, the General inspects our hotel tomorrow so we'll really have to clean it up. There are seven boys in our room and two (including me) have to sleep on cots and keep all our clothing and equipment in a duffel bag. It's very inconvenient but the whole program down here is the same way and shows not much real preparation.

Love,
Lee