



ARMY AIR FORCES

Technical Training Command

MIAMI BEACH

FLORIDA

Saturday evening
[March 13, 1943]

Dear Mother,

I'm writing this right after P.T. (physical training) in the ocean and right before my K.P. duty which will extend from 6:30 P.M. to 4:30 A.M. and will consist in the main of cleaning up the mess hall and preparing for tomorrow's meals. I'll write you in detail about it later.

While in swimming I bumped in to Pete Figgatt and found out that he is in the next hotel. He promised to come over Monday night. I was supposed to see Stan Wilson last night but the 901st Technical Group had to turn out en masse to hear a rather insipid talk by Quentin Reynolds at the Pine Tree Bandstand. He seemed to hash over the old - american ingenuity makes our army best, trust our allies, our equipment is good and don't criticize.

Tomorrow night twelve fellows from

HIGHEST

LOWEST

TEMPERATURE
YESTERDAY

There's Only One Miami Beach!

rooms at the end of the hall have to
G.I. the hotel lobby because we didn't
get the call to fall out yesterday.

This morning we were reviewed
in parade by Secretary of War Stimson,
the head of the Chilean army and air
corps chief Lieutenant General "Hap" Arnold.
It was very impressive.

Your cookie package hasn't come
yet. I don't what could have happened
to it.

Today I got a letter from Leland,
one from Louise Charley and one from
you.

Did you get the pictures I sent
home? Are they okay? I didn't have them
taken in Garrison Tap because we're not
allowed to wear them as yet. I'll get
more taken when I am. Distribute them
as you think best.

I absolutely cannot leave Miami Beach
by special order of Colonel Kimberley. By the
way he was a Major General in Hawaii and
was demoted because of the Pearl Harbor
fiasco. He is to come up for court
martial at war's end and so is striving
to establish a record as the best working
and strictest basic training center commander,
so the story goes.

I've run out of writing paper and
so I use this unearthly green which is
furnished by the Miami Womens Club.

Got to run so so long.

Love,
Lee