



# ARMY AIR FORCES

Technical Training Command

MIAMI BEACH

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FLORIDA

Sunday noon  
[March 14, 1943]

Dear Dad,

It's happened again! We have been reorganized. My address is now — ACC Pvt. R. Minker

901 T.G.,

Squadron 10, Flight D

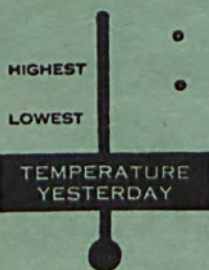
RTC #9

Miami Beach

Florida

We were all called out at 8:00 A.M. this morning to reorganize after having had only three hours sleep. It's really disgusting — the inefficiency which is prevalent throughout this center! I'm lucky however in that I am still in the Atlantis — which is the cleanest and most efficient hotel on the beach. Captain Young is tops and so on down.

K.P. was very monotonous. Results — 41 bushels of potatoes sliced,



There's Only One Miami Beach!

$\frac{1}{2}$  fried, pancake batter mixed, the whole mess hall G.I.'d, millions of grapefruit halved and tables set for breakfast. Our mess hall, by the way, has to feed 3,000 men in two hours time three times a day so you can gauge the immensity of it all.

The last few days a great wave of homesickness has swept over everybody down here due probably to a great extent to the futility brought on by inefficiency.

It's time for dinner so I've got to quit. Let everybody you can reach know about my address change.

As always,

Lee