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901 <sup>(T.G.)</sup> TECHNICAL SCHOOL SQUADRON [Sp.] FLIGHT No. D  
Squadron 10 A. A. F. T. T. C.

Basic Training Center No. 9  
Miami Beach, Florida

[March 17, 1943]

Wednesday night  
~~Thursday~~ ↑ A got there  
sooner than P  
expected.

Dear Bernice,

Wednesday the cookies came along with a letter from Shirley and another from you with mother's enclosed so you can see how screwed up our mail delivery is. Most of the difficulty probably comes from our many changes of address. (Lieutenant O'Dwyer said we would probably be shipped in eight days. A bunch that left last week is now at Arkansas A. by the way. Most of our boys are from Pennsylvania so were hoping against hope to be sent up there.) P also got a card from Miss Webster and a letter from Julia. Today P am writing you all back.

The details about Dickinson's training program excited great interest down here. It looks as if we'll really be sweating soon. P was glad to learn of Professor Ayres success - he wrote my algebra book (it's home somewhere and Shirley could profit by looking at it a bit) and taught me in spherical trigonometry. He is a very conscientious worker and is

Professor Thompson's understudy as Assistant Registrar of the College.

The enclosed pictures might interest you. I'll send more as I get them. Did my other pictures get there yet?

Our Drill Instructor recommended Hinds Honey and Almond Cream to keep our complexions lovely and so my sunburn hasn't bothered me at all.

Yesterday we were given more extensive mental and physical tests. We now have 87 of the original 100 who started in old flight 629. Maybe that is one reason why they have reorganized the flights.

My roommate is about 100 miles south of Helen Wehrle in Franklin which is near Nashville.

My clothes should be home in about two weeks. The army is taking care of them.

I'm washing my clothes tonight with Duz. I'll let you know how they come out in the next letter. The Rinso I had before proved unsatisfactory because it left a tattle tale grey although after drilling in the dust bowl it's a wonder anything ever can get clean again.

Pat Ginger for me,

Love,

Lee