Dear Lee:-

The reports you send of the shifting around and re-arrangings you are subjected to lead me to believe that even this seeming confusion is part of basic training. There is a certain haphazardness you have to harden yourself toward. Even in life as we carry it on normally you have to face some of this. Mr. Hering remarked rather suggestively the other evening when he and I were discussing you before his fireplace that "you were getting a taste of the endurance test army life for the most part is." I know you can take it, and here's to you. And take it smiling.

How is Bill Hyde getting along? You haven't mentioned him, and he has mentioned you once or twice in writing to his folks. His father and I exchange notes occasionally, and I would like to know how the boy is doing. He has probably lost some of his superfluous flesh by this time.

Enclosed are a few hundred clippings. All of us are alert for paper articles that you might be interested in, and my desk that ordinarily carries enough stuff is piled high with material my various sub-editors, Mother, Shirley and Bernice, have collected. Hope you enjoy these items.

I hope those cookies have arrived by this time.

Every good wish.

As ever,

Dad