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Pvt. Ralph L. Minker, Jr. U. S. ARMY

TECHNICAL SCHOOL SQUADRON [SP.] FLIGHT No. \_\_\_\_\_

A. A. F. T. T. G.

Basic Training Center No. \_\_\_\_\_

Miami Beach, Florida

[Spring 1943]

Saturday morning

Dear Mother,

We just finished G.1ing. in preparation for inspection. This morning that is all we do besides an hour of P.T. This afternoon we have our weekly P.T. test and drill with maybe a parade. About four o'clock open post will begin. That will mean rushing my dirty O.D's and Miami suntans to the cleaners, taking a shower, eating and going to the dance in Union Hall.

Yesterday I received letters from Mr. Boykin, Dr. Johns, Daisy, Shirley and you.

Spring is here at last for at least a few days and buds are beginning to come out. That gift of iris sounds alright. Where are you putting them? Maybe some fertilizer around them would make them bloom this spring. What are your plans for the rest of the garden? Do you have a boy helping you?

D got a letter from Bob Zassel also. He sent the news that 300 new cadets had moved into Old East and that Commons Clubbers, S.A.E.s, and Phi Eps had moved into the Theta Chi house on the second floor. Our boys are living in the library and there are beds in the dining room. They eat at the Phi Delta house and Blanche continues as a housekeeper.

By a T shirt D mean a sports or polo shirt.

D got the \$10.00. Thanks a lot. We don't get paid until next month.

I'm mailing my package home tonight.

That's about all the news for now for this life is mostly routine.

Love,

Lee

P.S. Just as D finished Captain Whitting, Lieutenants Bacon and Sullivan and Sergeant Beck came in for inspection. After twenty minutes of searching for dust, wrinkles in beds, messy lockers, un G.I.ed equipment, etc. it ended. D passed.