

Sunday afternoon  
April 18, 1943

Dear Mr. Herring,

I'm dropping you this letter to let you know how life is in the United States Army Air Corps twenty five years after the last war.

It all started with basic training at Miami Beach which broke us rudely into army life in a months time. After that we wasted two weeks while "on shipping" and even now the training they are giving us seems a waste of time in that it is all elementary material that most college men know or could have picked up by electing a few essential subjects. But as it is they keep us hopping eleven hours a day. As I am in section C, which, as matters stand now, should leave here in about two months, I am taking geography, math, electricity, and physical training. When I leave here I will go to San Antonio, Texas, to be classified. If I am lucky enough to be classified as pilot I will then go into pre-flight school.

Mike Zographone wrote to tell me that he is working hard at Washington University, St. Louis and A. Bright is now in the air corps too, stationed at B. T. C. #4 in Miami Beach.

Give my regards to your family please. I'll drop you a line now and then to let you know how things are going.

Yours,

Lee