Dear Shirley,

I have until 8:30 this morning because today we are going to the beach — four hours of firing 45 pistol, 22 rifle, Thompson Sub Machine Gun and the .30 caliber machine gun followed by four hours of the real beach. It ought to be a nice break in our routine. Our transportation is to be by army truck and we are to have box lunches. We'll get back in time for an hour of drill and a G.I. party.

Yesterday I got my dog tags at last. I'm not used to these dangling around my neck yet. We have finished hygiene and all classes will end next week. After that —

They are bearing down on discipline now because of the wash out rate. It really is beginning
to drag on the squadron. Our C.O. was
called down for being too lenient with
the previous class and so the higher
ups come to inspect every day, which
doesn't help any.

I hope you get into Boston U.
It ought to be tops as a school and
there should be quite a demand for
medical secretaries after the war.

It would be nice if you
could get me a picture wallet. Could
you get me those glass paper card
holders? I need two for my wallet.
My picture will be a week late
by the way.

What's happened to the Blue Rocks?
They always seem to have the midseason
slump.

It's time to put on my fatigues
so I'll close.

Love,
Lee.