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Friday evening

[March 5, 1943]

Dear Bernice,

We had eight more hours of drill today - my face is so sore it hurts to wash it. But they sure are beginning to toughen us after the first couple of days of breaking us up. My leg muscles are gradually coming into shape. I certainly would never have believed that that injury of several years ago had made so much difference in my two legs though.

We're wearing kaki [sic] pants, shirts and trainee hats all of the time. We were issued only two and as most of them are second hand most of us are spending \$7 to get one for dress.

I got mother's letter this morning. About all of those people - I am not allowed to leave a certain area of Miami Beach at any time and so I will not be able to see them.

Could you send me Billy Jim's address?

One distinctive thing about our life down here is that we march everywhere we go and as we march we sing as loud as possible. Everbody's voice has changed a notch or two because of the sudden strain. Mine has become deeper. We sing quite a collection of songs as you can imagine we would with all parts of the country, different colleges, and the armed forces represented here. There are Yankey [sic] flights, Virginian, Rebel, Pennsylvanian, Michigan, etc. and there is much razzing of the different groups.

Lee