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Army Air Forces
Technical Training Command
Miami Beach, Florida
Saturday evening
[March 13, 1943]

Dear Mother,

I'm writing this right after P.T. (physical training) in the ocean and right before my K.P. duty which will extend from 6:30 P.M. to 4:30 A.M. and will consist in the main of cleaning up the mess hall and preparing for tomorrow's meals. I'll write you in detail about it latter [sic].

While in swimming I bumped into Pete Figgatt and found out that he is in the next hotel. He promised to come over Monday night. I was supposed to see Stan Wilson last night but the 901'st Technical Group had to turn out en masse to hear a rather insipid talk by Quentin Reynords at the Pine Tree Bandstand. He seemed to hash over the old - american ingenuity makes our army best, trust our allies, our equipment is good and don't criticize.

Tomorrow night twelve fellows from

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rooms at the end of the hall have to G.I. the hotel lobby because we didn't get the call to fall out yesterday.

This morning we were reviewed in parade by Secretary of War Stimson, the head of the Chilian [sic] army and Air Corps Chief Lietenant [sic] General "Hap" Arnold. It was very impressive.

Your cooky [sic] package hasn't come yet. I don't (know) what could have happened to it.

Today I got a letter from Leland, one from Louise Charley and one from you.

Did you get the pictures I sent home? Are they okay? I didn't have them taken in Garrison Cap because we're not allowed to wear them as yet. I'll get more taken when I am. Distribute them as you think best.

I absolutely cannot leave Miami Beach by special order of Colonel Kimberley. By the way he was a Major General in Hawaii and was demoted because of the Pearl Harbor fiasco. He is to come up for court martial at war's end and so is striving to establish a record as the best working and strictest basic training center commander, so the story goes.

I've run out of writing paper and so I use this unearthly green which is furnished by the Miami Womens Club.

Got to run so so long.

Love,

Lee