

Thursday night  
[April 1, 1943]

Dear Bernice,

I received your corny letter yesterday. Here comes one back.

Yesterday I got one from Polly Jacoby (Tody). She invited me over to see her but I had to write and tell her that I am not allowed out of Miami Beach except for a life or death matter.

I also had a letter from Ralph Benty at Dickinson. (He furnished you a ticket I believe.) He said that 500 pre-flight Army Air Corps men had moved into Conway Hall. The inmates thereof are now in the fraternity houses. That's why therefore got ~~four~~ <sup>five</sup> more men living in the house. Bill McTord was elected President and Bob Cassel Secretary of the chapter.

Bossert wrote to say that he is now a seaman second class ( $1\frac{E}{2}$ ) and supposed to go to school for training for three months but as the schools are full he must work as a K. P. at Jacksonville for two months first. Of course he doesn't like that.

We may have our address changed again - they are reforming, breaking up, consolidating and generally playing around at new formations such as 11 X 16 for a flight. It's all very confusing but much easier than at first. In fact it's really just monotonous now although the bed is mighty welcome at night. I'm yawning now.

The weather is clear and warm with a delightfully refreshing breeze.

Send me Uncle Marion's address, Uncle Roger's and Mr. Baker's. So far I've written close to forty letters so you can imagine how I've changed in that line. I'm expecting and hoping for a deluge of answers soon. There's mail call in five minutes so I'll close for the time being. I'll let you know in general what I got as soon as I get back. This is my last sheet of writing paper by the way.

I got my laundry box (no cookies), a letter from Dad, one from Julia and one from Dr. Samuels. Not bad!

All have to close now. Say hello to Grandmother Jones for me.

Love,

Lee

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Balt.