Dear S. Shirley,

On the third day of zero weather, the Miami tomato is gradually turning into a Nebraska snow-drop. Those army overcoats really weigh one down.

Today I hit the jack pot - mother's package and series of letters, Bernice's letter, Mr. Yingst's letter and Julia's. Also today we got our books - really amateurish except for physics which consists of electricity entirely for us. And for C-1 there is no time for English or history but we have first aid added.

Then we were initiated into the Army Air Corps Weekly Comparative Physical Education Test. This consists of three parts - sit ups, chins and 300 yard shuttle run. The aim is to do the most possible of each type and, for the run, to do it as fast as possible. I was rather lucky and scored a perfect 100 in the sit ups (115 of them) and with...
that lead proceeded to average 65.
which is rated as very good (second
class). There are five classes. Every
time I stand up though my stomach
feels as if it is stretched to bust.
The sororities are holding a
dance in honor of the 103 Miami
boys (twenty more came up after us).
It's surprising how much better
our basic training was than the
others at either Morningside or here and
we've taught both camps to sing
continuously) and for all the cadets.
It looks as if we will throw one
for the girls, formal and with a
name band, in the near future.
Mr. Yingst wants me to
start a class round robin letter
which I am, starting with Silver.
The news of the Dickinson
dinner made me think, from what
I've seen, that the lighting in the
class rooms is all that needs
improvement.
My package will be mailed
Saturday. Please develop the films
and send them back to me, of the
boys — make two copies, and of Hyde-
make three (give one to his father).

Love,
Lee