

Wednesday evening

June 16, 1943

Dear Dad,

This is by far the strangest birthday I have ever had - away out here in Nebraska just biding time until the government is ready to take me for further training. The box from home meant more than any birthday cake ever has.

Today I spent in the sun playing softball and touch football. I'm trying to get into the best possible shape before our two week lay off at classification and, I hope, the grind of pre-flight. I'm worried about my eyes. If I wash out I'll probably have to go to A.M. school (aviation mechanics) which is a disheartening outlook to say the least.

I'll have my suitcase sent home Saturday with my camera and letters, etc. I'll let you know my address as soon as possible.

I received a letter from Leland today. He is in Camp Walters, Texas, with Ed Lake and

Jim Sterner and most of the Delaware boys. Grandmother Minker and Grandmother Jones both sent birthday greetings. Please thank them for me because I am not going to write much more until I know where I am. I'll have to cut down on my correspondence too because at present I write regularly to twenty five persons. You all can help by spreading my news around Wilmington.

That Dickinsonian is fairly representative of student opinion. Meredith just doesn't teach. Shuman is in bad because of the penny pinching such as using trophy balls - D-lurg - 1936, Wand J - 1928, F and M - 1937 - for practice. Corson gets in bad because of his high sounding, smooth and diplomatic manner. You know that he is not one to inspire confidence in youth. Fink is very liberal - extremely pro-labor and pro-Roosevelt - which is bad in Pennsylvania. He is easily exasperated and makes the Economics Department one sided. You get one mark from Fink.

Get Shirley to ask Mr. Yingsit if he has any news of my class round - robin letter.

Yours,

Zee