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Thursday night June 24, 1943

Dear Dad,

They are really putting us through the mill. We are on the move from revellie [sic] till 7:00 P.M. But at last I have hit a post which has a system about it, and what a gigantic place it is too. Our C.O. is a fine fellow. We have a good mixture of boys from the Pacific Coast, Texas and the East Coast - 240 now. The food is grand and plentiful. But even still that queer tension that this military life brings gets ever more intense. Cadet classification, pre-flight and P-38 advanced training are carried on here and they waste no words in telling us to forget all except killing Japs and Huns.

By tomorrow's end I will have finished my tests and information interviews on every type of subject. These take three days of solid work and are designed to measure aptitude. Then will come that day for physical G 4. We have settled in our new barracks, had gas and fire drills, marching drills and lectures galore.

The ride from Lincoln took three days - for two the Southern Pacific gave us a day coach and for all three

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the food stank. Kansas looked like a nice farm state — well kept and rich but flooded at the time. From there on, except for occasional oil wells, the land was flat, 110° F. and barren to the extreme. California is refreshingly cool and rich looking but gives one the appearance of having grown up too quickly. The boys from there show signs of class prejudice against Japanese and Mexicans.

I don't know how often I'll be able to write but I'll do it as often as possible. I won't be able to call for at least two weeks. Wish me luck and write soon.

Lee

P.S. Because of the distance send letters by air mail. Send me some stamps.