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Sunday morning

July 4, 1943

Dear Bernice,

Today is the fourth of July but there is nothing special for us to do. In fact we have nothing to do until three o'clock parade time. The P-38s over at the airport are putting on a show for a lot of seventeen year olds today though - in the hope that they will soon enlist in the Army Air Corps.

Since the time, near the end of our stay in Miami Beach, when it was announced that we were to be regarded as plain and simple privates and not cadets and that we would have up to five months of C.T.D. after basic and then a month of classification before even beginning pre-flight there has been a noticeable letdown in morale. The officers here at classification have particularly noticed this because before they got fresh civilians who were especially eager to get on direct to pre-flight. So yesterday Major Longman took the squadrons here to task in an effort to remedy a situation. I'm afraid

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though that a lot of the essential eagerness has been washed out. O.C.S. takes three months; an ensign takes three months; regular privates can get furloughs and nights open, etc. Everybody from Denver, Oregon or Nebraska says that C.T.D. was a farce in all except P.T. Worst of all, the army goldbricking habit has caught on. Probably this will all change when we finally get to pre-flight though.

Yesterday I received letters from you, Mother, Dad, and Uncle Roger. You must really be working. How do you like peeling potatoes? Is Shirley singing with the Brandywiners? Is she working? What as - welder; soda jerker; clerk; ticket seller; blue print tracer; photo developer; settlement worker; florist's assistant; elevatress? Maybe Mary Lee Wilkins needs a helper.

Classification is Tuesday so I won't write anymore until then. Wish me luck.

Could Dad supplement his staff by using part time white collar workers such as some war plants are doing? Men interested in youth and recognizing the emergency who could help at night and on week ends.

Love,

Lee