Dear Jim,

Congratulations for the good work you and your fellow helpers are doing. You make us feel as if we were at home again sitting on the FAMOUS RAIL instead of in our rooms reading HOT OFF THE HOOVER RAIL.

I'm sure you folks at home could do nothing which we fellows in the Service would appreciate more than H.O.T.H.R. I sometimes think we fellows in the Service might publish a paper to boost the MORAL on the HOME FRONT.

Miami Beach of today is quite a contrast to the MIAMI Beach of yesterday. Gone are most of the pleasure seekers and in their place come the MEN OF THE ARMY AIR CORPS. One of the best outfits on the face of GOD'S GREEN EARTH. The streets and Golf courses are crowded from Dawn until Dusk with marching men.

Some one once said A Singing Army is a Winning Army. I wish all the people at home could hear these men sing from dawn until dark as they march to and from their Drill Fields. I also wish Hitler, Mussolini, Tojo and Company could hear them. I'm sure it would sound like a funeral march to them.

Of course their favorite song is THE ARMY AIR CORPS song so here it is.

"Off we go into the wild blue younder,
Climbing high into the sun;
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,
At 'em boys, give 'er the gun!
Down we dive spouting our flame from under,
Off with one hellvue roar!
We live in fame or go down in flame:
Nothing'll stop the ARMY AIR CORPS!

(Chorus)

Here's a toast to the host of those
who love the vastness of the sky;
To a friend we will send a message
of his brother men who fly.
We drink to those who gave their all
of old,
Then down we roar to score the rain-
bow's pot of gold
A Toast to the host of men we boast,
the Army Air Corps.

I would like to express my appreciation to all my friends in Lawndale for thinking of my self and the other men in the Service.

Best wishes,
Lt. W. J. (Bill) Burns

VVVV