

~~A.A.F. T. T. C.~~

~~Replacement Training Center~~

~~575th Technical School Squadron, T. S. No 220 Aviation Cadets~~

~~Miami Beach, FLORIDA~~

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Dear Mother,

I can't think of anything else to write so it has to be about the things that happen from day to day. We signed the payroll again yesterday for fifteen dollars more and if I could get what was owed me I'd have quite a bit of money, but I guess that's not until we get our full pay. Fanny wrote to me again today or rather I received it today as you see she does pretty well. For that matter all the girls back home are doing well. I guess Jane Adams writes the most often, and I don't mind a bit.

We started taking up a little Navigation this morning and I guess we're going to have it right along. I hope so anyway it will do us a lot of good. We had guard duty again last night but we got the early shift and I'm not a bit tired. They have put an armed guard on the beach here composed of coast artillery men, Air Corp men, Coastguard men and some others. Two of the fellows from our group were on night before last. I guess the Gen. is expecting Sabatears to land here. Nobody is allowed on the beach after nine, you can imagine how that effects the moonlight swimmers.

Three of us went up to 38th st. to the President Madison Hotel dancing night before last and had a swell time. It's one of the few nice hotels that has stayed open through the summer. We danced on the Patio overlooking a swimming pool, with a beautiful room and plenty of girls. It still couldn't come up to the dances at home though.

Perhaps all I needed was a girl from home though. I hope you can read this scribbling. I'm getting so that I can't spend my money without counting it, so swimming pass the time away quickly.

Well tell Perry not to spend to riotous a life with all his money, and don't you fall down anymore. Have father and Perry write will you.

Your loving son "Bill"