

THUNDERBIRD FIELD

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Dec. 10, 1942

Hi yah Pal,

How is everything? Tell Mother that I'm not neglecting her, just writing to you for a change. Thought maybe I could get you to write another letter, if you wasn't to busy. I've got a little better than two hours in now and it's just been three days since we started flying. not bad huh? If all goes well ought to solo by Christmas or the first of the year anyway. Fly tomorrow afternoon and start to do stalls and spins. Did a few stalls today, they aren't as bad as I thought they'd be.

Don't have a min. to ourselves during the day but don't mind to much although I get terribly tired in the afternoon after we've flown in the morning. Have quite a bit of time to study on the flight line as we're up there 5 and ½ hours but only fly about ¾ of an hour. We have to study though or else be busy anyway, either policing the ready room and surrounding area or walking planes in and out of line.

The calisthenics here don't amount to much work but I enjoy them very much. We have about fifteen minutes of coordination exercises and then we are free to do any of the following things for the rest of the hour. Football, softball, volleyball, basketball, horseshoes, archery, badminton, golf and we'll also be able to go swimming after our two weeks of quarantine is up. There is a peach of a pool here, even though the water is a trifle chilly in the mornings. I'm learning to play golf and figured probably this will be the only place I'd ever be able to learn for nothing. I thought I'd start right in but there seems to be more to how one stands and holds the club than there is in any other game. All I did was learn the rudiments of the game and my hands were so cramped from holding them in such an unusual position when I got back to the barracks I could hardly open them.

I got my first letter today from mother, it's the one she wrote the 30th. You seem to be doing alright, going out with a girl every night. I don't blame you a particle. Jean sure is a swell girl if there ever was one. Tell mother that I got a card from Betty Moulton today and to thank her for me. I'd write to her but I don't have time to blow my nose now, I'll be lucky if I can keep up what correspondence I've already started.

Can't think of much more to write so will sign of.

Give my love to the Family

Your pilot brother

Bill



