

Dec. 6, 1942

Dear Mother,

I haven't written for quite a while, at least it seems that way. I'm way behind on my letter writing anyway as my ranks were pretty low and I had to do a little studying to bring them up. We finished two courses and started on two new ones, also we get an hours night school every other night. Were supposed to be up to the hangar tonight but the instructor didn't show up.

The upperclass left Mon. and a new class came in so were upperclassmen now, but it don't seem any different. Flying is getting to be more work than it was as we have to fly three hours and sometimes four every day. Got my civilian twenty hour check today and just barely got by. Am suppose I get my Army check tomorrow and am a little bit worried but I think I can make. Everyone has that has taken it so far. Only five men out of our Squad, of 44 have washed out so far. They got the axe before they soloed.

Jean Oliver sent me a package a few days ago with brownies, cigarettes and etc. in it. I sure was surprised and pleased also. She must have got my address when she was down there.

Went into Phoenix Sat. night and stayed until Sun. night. Had a pretty good time. There was a dance in the basement of the Catholic church Sun. afternoon. It was the last place I would have expected to find a dance but we all had a swell time. There were plenty of girls and were all nice too which helps a lot.

It's getting late so will cut this short.

Love to all

Bill