

~~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 don't know how well I can write or if I can make sense at this time in the morning but I'm going to try anyway. We just got in from answering Revielle and are waiting for breakfast call.

My pay won't be any different from any other Pvt. until I've received my appointment. There is talk that we will be shipped from here to our Field, classified as a pilot, bombardier, or navigator, issue our uniforms and give us all of our back pay of which we have only received \$15. and then give us a 30 day furlough. The boys who were shipped out to Panama City before we got into the outfit are all home on furlough now, of course we haven't heard from the last bunch that shipped out.

Aime Fournier and I had our first date night before last. He had a very nice French girl and the girl I had was Spanish. We went to the show and had a very good time.

The last two or three days instead of Math. classes we had lectures and discussions on the present war situation and they were damn good. We have some very intelligent fellows in our classes and yesterday there was at one time three Majors, four Captains and about seven Leut. standing around listening to our discussion.

Well there is the chow call so will sign off.

Your loving son

"Bill"