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Replacement Training Center  
574<sup>th</sup> Technical School Squadron, T. S. No 220  
Miami Beach, FLA.

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Dear Mother,

I haven't received a letter from you as yet or anyone else for that matter. It takes three days for a letter to travel one way between here and Me. so now you can see I'm getting mad. The only way to make it shorter is to send Air Mail and I don't dare spend too much money. I've still got five dollars but they won't last long so hurry my check along from the Navy Yard.

Those tests we took were thrown out you see we fellows who are waiting appointment as flying cadets or rather Aviation Cadets as we are now called don't have to be classified. I'd like to know how I came out in the five of them though. We had two more enoculations yesterday and more than twelve fellows have keeled over since, most of us have felt kind of sick but we drilled for two hours this afternoon in the hot sun and nobody collapsed so I guess we'll get by. My eyes must be bad the way this writing is tipped.

There is only five of us aviation Cadets in this squadron and we stay close together. Today was the start of our brighter days training so at the end of that time we will probably be transferred to another Squadron either here at Miami or in some other Camp. I like it down here even if it is hot. The evenings are fairly cool and the swimming is fine. Keeping pants in press is the hardest job, as a matter of fact very few do. I would like to have an electric iron awfully well.

My feet have been terribly sore the last two or three days but they aren't as bad tonight. Last night Dave Crandall from Portland and I went to the show. Boy the air condition theaters down here are wonderful, when you step out of one it's just like stepping into an oven though. On the way home last night we turned the corner on our street and noticed quite a group of soldiers there then we looked back and saw a girl on the sidewalk. I don't know now what was the matter with her. I guess she must have fainted although I couldn't see any reason for it, anyway her boyfriend was with her and I helped bring her to. Then he took her home. I wouldn't know either of them again if I saw them. The girls down here are pretty scarce but good looking, I'd like to meet some but with 60,000 soldiers here I haven't much chance I guess.

There must be five hundred of the men moving out every day and as many if not more coming in. The boys that are here have to be pretty intelligent because one has to get over 110 in his I.Q. test to get in the Air Force. Some of the boys have called home on the telephone when they get here but they found out afterwards that it had cost them a pretty penny so I wouldn't do it. Well I guess I'll quit and see what the rest of the fellows are doing.

Your loving son

"Bill"

