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

June 20, 1942

Dear Mother,

It rained like a son of a gun. We went over to the drill field and it was raining so hard they sent us back. On the way back we struck a puddle in the road so deep that it was running under the doors of the houses on either side of the street so you can imagine how wet we were. We got back to the hotel and changed into dry clothes and had no more than got them on when they called us out again. We put our wet clothes back on and went down for another enoculation. Now I guess we got the rest of the day off, so I'll be able to write some letters. Right at present most of the boys are marking there clothing. I've still got to do it but I have to wait for indelible pencil.

Casey, one of the other cadets and I went to a show last night. It wasn't very good but I guess you can't have everything to suit yourself.

There was a bulletin posted down in our board stating special times for Cadets to drill, an extra hour out nights, that is until 11:00 weekday and 12:00 Sat. besides no KP. or Guard duty but I guess it isn't going to apply to us until later anyway.

I wrote a letter to Ray yesterday but I haven't mailed it yet. I guess I better get on the ball.

There somebody just brought a pencil in so I got to sign off. Write soon and often.

Your loving son,

"Bill"