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

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Dear Mother,

Just got done cleaning up the room after supper. We started out this morning without doing it. You see Miami Beach is a continuous blackout, and we go to bed in the dark and get up in the dark. You can imagine what our rooms look like making beds and getting dressed before it gets daylight. Today has been a ripper. We started out from breakfast and took three tests before dinner. We took them in a theater about three miles from the Hotel. We were late getting back from the tests so we had to start right out to take another test this afternoon. Then at quarter of four we went down on the beach for calisthenics and a swim out again in our uniforms at four thirty for retreat and supper.

I've got blisters on my feet and my is just scorched. You see we wear fatigues uniforms when we are drilling and so forth. The throat is always open so everybody is burnt in good shape.

It's hard to keep our dress uniform in shape down here. You have to have one in the laundry all the time, and the other is always rotten.

If I stay down here right along I probably won't be home for a quite awhile because it would cost close to a hundred for round trip besides I wouldn't have any time. We get classified tomorrow, so as yet I don't know what they are going to do with us flying cadets. You see this part of the Army broke away from the regular army and is now called the American Air Force so everything is a mix up.

It's been hotter than hades all day but there's a beautiful cool breeze coming off the water now so it's pretty good here in our room. I don't know whether to go out or not. I'd like to have something to drink awfully well but my feet are terribly tired. Well, I can't think of much more to write so will sign off.

Your loving son,

"Bill"