

U. S. Army Air Forces

Fort Myers, Florida

September 5, 1942

Dear Mother,

It seems as though I write to you every day, although I probably don't. My memory is terrible and the hours we are working keeps in such a muddle that I've got so I have to ask what day it is, as a matter of fact I haven't seen a calendar since I left home that I can remember of. Just had to refill my pen so don't mind the fade out.

I was supposed to go on guard duty last night at five and reported but about an hour later I was taken sick and lost all my dinner, my temp dropped to 96 but otherwise it was perfect. The doctor confined me to quarters last night but said I was alright this morning. The Sgt. of the guard thought I was still confined all day and didn't bother me all day. I supposed I'll have to go on as usual again tomorrow night. I'll be hanged if I'll eat at the mess hall any more though. Every one of the boys were sick at one time or other last night and everybody has been sick at different times since they came here. Arnie and I are going to eat in the P. X. canteen from now on the food there is fairly good and at least the dishes are washed in water that is changed once in a while. I've got or rather had eight dollars worth of P. X. checks but they are down to about five now. I'm very much in hopes that we don't have to stay here much longer.

The other four boys who came down from Maine with me are still here. Crandall, Arnie and I are here in the 912<sup>th</sup>, while Casey and Al Hilton are driving trucks for some other squadron. Right at present Al is out on a convoy to Tyndall Field, he ought to be back tomorrow.

Well I guess I'll sign off, go to bed and pray that we'll be out of here in a couple of weeks, I wouldn't mind being out tomorrow but I'd like to get my pay first.

Your loving son

"Bill"