

U. S. Army Air Forces

Fort Myers, Florida

September 7, 1942

Dear Mother,

I got your letter at noon and I just got off guard now (4:30) so decided to answer it. Forty or so boys left this morning for Kelly Field to be classified and there is another list up at Personnel for sixty more to go to Nashville tomorrow. I'm not on it but, if they keep sending lists down here I'm just bound to hit one of them. That only leaves about 200 cadets here on this field. They still say that we all have to be out of here by the fifteenth and I guess that they will if they keep up the good work.

We're supposed to get paid but I'll be darned if I know when. Right now I've got two dollars and one cent in cash and a little over four dollars in P. X. checks. None of my pals have got any money so we don't go into town any more. I haven't been in over a week. Oh yes I went to church yesterday for the first time since I've been in the army. I'd like to see a show tonight, maybe I'll be able to find somebody with some money. This place gets awful tiresome after a week of seeing the same things. Al Hilton just got back from a convoy last night about midnight, he was gone five days, up to Tysdall Field.

Give Grammy my love will you and I'll try to write her sometime very soon. Well it's five o'clock so guess I'd better quit and go eat. I know my letters are terribly short but there is so little to write about here. So long.

Your loving son

"Bill"