

November 9, 1943

Dear Molly:-

I received my second issue of the Recorder and I sure did enjoy reading it.

~~I won't bore you with the various details of my training, as you probably know enough about that from the many letters that you receive from the boys in the service. Just let me say that I have been kept on the go, both day and night.~~

I feel OK - I lost some weight in the right places. Our basic course is rather tough, and we are just about half way through it.

The worst thing about this camp, is the fact that it is so isolated from everything. We should really be getting foreign pay. The nearest decent place to visit over a week-end is Natchez, Miss; which

is fifty miles from camp. If one doesn't get away for the week-end, he can only go to the Regimental Retreat (fancy name for a G. I. Beer Garden) or the movies, where the line is about a mile long.

In fact, the Army certainly "lines" a soldier up. We wait in line for chow, mail, supplies, drinking water, and for other things. When I ever get back to Wilmington, I'll feel lost unless I see a line up for something or other.

Another thing that amuses me (and sometimes riles me) is our table manners in the mess hall. We usually have eight men at a table. If I should happen to take the last slice of bread, or bit of coffee, it immediately becomes my duty to go up to the kitchen and get more. Well, we have learned to just time our movements, so that

we won't be the so-called last man.  
 In fact, we learn more about tactics  
 in the mess hall than we do on  
 our night hikes and field problems.

~~Today, I was detailed to the  
 Battalion Headquarters office, where I  
 will work twenty-four hours. During  
 the day, I was in charge of messages.  
 I will sleep here this evening and take  
 care of any calls. This gives me a good  
 chance to catch up with my mail.~~

~~But tomorrow, I will be back with  
 my company on the field. I'm in  
 the office now, while my company is  
 out on a night hike.~~

Well, I suppose that you already  
 know that Sara is with me. Per-  
 haps it would be better to say that  
 she is near me. She is living in  
 Natchez with two other Jewish girls

from Philadelphia, whose husbands are also in my company.

So far, I have been able to get off for the week ends and visit Sara. I hope that I continue being lucky in passing Saturday morning inspection. Otherwise, I would have to draw my disappointment at the Regimental Retreat.

Sara came to our camp at first and lived at the guest house for a couple of days. Then we all drove over to Natchez and found a nice apartment. She was here for my birthday, but I couldn't see her that day, as I was out on a hike and field problem. I sure was glad to see her. She was my "walkie" and "talkie" birthday card.

Well, the nicest thing I like about the South is, Miami Beach, Fla. Our weather here is really funny. During the day, it may be hot, but during

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~~the night, I must use several blankets  
and a quilt.~~

I suppose that the draft boards  
at home are really making a dent  
in the male population. Are there  
any more men left in the gym  
Classes?

~~Well, Mollie, I suppose that  
I took up enough of your time  
already, so I'll close now with  
best regards to the Board of Directors,  
Mr. Sallod, Sonny, Johnny, and  
all the others.~~

Sincerely  
Wate Roskew.