

Sunday
Oct 17, 1943.

Dear "Boss":-

This was supposed to have been my day off, but I spent the morning cleaning my rifle, washing some clothes that I missed to hand in for the laundry call and performing other "household" duties. By chow time, I was all tired out. But I got dressed and stopped in for a hair cut on the way to the Service Club. There were only 30 guys ahead of me, but it didn't take long for me to get clipped. They sure rush them through there.

I spent the afternoon at the Service Club putting, drinking coles, and thinking of home.

Last week-end, my friends and I went to Natchez, Miss; it sure was a treat to see some civilians for a change,

drink some good beer, and enjoy the pleasures and privacy of a hotel room and bath. I attended services at the Temple and they are ultra-reformed; the temple itself was beautiful.

Well my training is progressing along. We are kept busy day and night. Everything we do is on the double. The confusion here still persists. We wear ourselves out changing from this uniform to that, making field packs, and cleaning rifles. And we stand Retreat every night. We only get about twenty minutes to change from our dirty fatigues to clean uniforms when we stand Retreat.

The general inspection every Saturday is really the pain in the neck. We work in our barracks until about mid-night scrubbing, etc. Then we throw ~~through~~ all dirty stuff in our barrack bags and hang them up. The

next day and comes the dirty [#] stuff again. In other words, when in doubt, throw it in the banana bag. Sometimes, after we have everything all neatly arranged, an officer will walk in and tell us to do it another way. So we work again and curse.

Last Thursday, we hiked out into the woods with combat packs. We spent the whole evening there on night field problems. We were supposed to use a compass to return to Camp. It's a good thing that the moon was bright, or we would still be trying to find our way back.

It's really surprising how particular they are here about shaves, haircuts and general appearance. One might think that we are garrison soldiers, instead of combat trainees. I haven't spent much money at camp, because I have very

little time to spend any. Most of my money so far has gone for D.I. Beer, writing paper and haircuts. (yes, I know that you are waiting for me to say that the haircuts are an overhead expense).

We wait in line for everything here: Chow, mail call supply issue, movies, ice cream at the Service Club. When I get home, I'll feel lost without a line ahead of me. And will I take keen delight in throwing butts and matches on the street!

Everyone, including the officers, realizes that we are in a real mud hole. Winchell recently stated that he felt sorry for the Jews overseas - and at Camp Van Dorn.

I spent a part of the afternoon with A. Tollin from Chester, Pa; ~~who~~ who is also a lawyer. He is in my company. Frank Ginsburg, also from

11

Chester is with me.

But in spite of it all, I feel
OK. physically, except that my flat
feet bother me at times.

I hope that the draft board
doesn't call you. You are needed
where you are.

I'm glad to hear that the
"Y" is coming along good.

Yes, I suppose that I should
be glad to miss the Campaign funds
this year. But they will get along with-
out me.

Who comprises our volley-ball
class now, outside of me, Belfint,
and Jacobs?

Pardon my jerky writing. Since
here, I'm always waiting for the
whistle to blow everytime I start to

do something - and it usually blows
just when I'm trying to start a letter.

I'm still the Barnack Bugler. I
get up about $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. before the regular
time and wake up those who need
shaves. I'm just an early bird, with
the woin.

Well, I, that's about all now.
Remember me to Bert and everyone
around the "Y." I sure miss the
place.

Sincerely
Wate
(Rosbrow)