



CAMP VAN DORN, MISS.

December 1st, 1943.

Dear Mollye:

Your interesting letter, followed by the current issue of the Recorder certainly gave me a good picture of what is taking place around the "Y." The news sounds interesting. I hope that I will be able to recognize the place when I get back.

Our company has been having a hang-up time the past few weeks on the firing range. All the shooting gallery experts had an opportunity to show their skill — no cigars were given as prizes. We all did fairly well.

The range work is really a grind, for it entails a fast hike to and from the range (only 5 miles); and we stay out there all day long. We have been there so much recently that we feel "home



on the range." After we get back to camp and wash up, it's just about time for sleeping — if we can find our bunks. At times, our bunks are placed out in the sunshine while we are away, and we must bring them in again when we return. We really have been kept on the go from the start of our course.

I hear from my brother Eddie frequently. He is only about 250 miles from me, but with the transportation system as it is around here, I would have to travel by "the way of Trenton" in order to visit him.

Did you have any snow yet? It sure gets cold here during the night. Good ole' South.

We worked as usual on Thanksgiving, but we had a swell turkey dinner at night. Our officers were there with their wives.

The favorite innocent diversion around here is listening to the





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various rumors as to where we are moving soon. So far, we have been "removed" from Fort Meade to California. Fort Du Pont would suit me.

This neck of the woods is kind of lonesome again since Sara had to return home.

Well, Molly that's about all that I have to say now. I gave you a complete "lineup" of our camp life in my previous letter. Give my regards to Mr. Sallot, Sonny, Johnny and the Board of Directors.

Sincerely  
Wato Ashbow.