

8-30-43

Dear Folks,

Dagnabbit, Maxwell Field, Alabama!

8-31-43

1:15 A.M.

That first line is as far as I get before we had to fall out to get our hair cuts last night. And you ought to see the hair around the sides it is clipped as close as possible, and on top it aint much better. If you want to get an idea as to how I look go out to the garage, get an onion, peel it, hold up to the air, and observe. I've had short hair hair cuts before but this is the first time that I have ever been skinned.

The by-word is, "My what a wonderful head of skin you have."

I suppose you wonder what I am doing writing at 1:15 in the morning. Well I am a guard, stationed in the latrine. My duty is to watch out for fire. If I find one I don't know what I am supposed to do with it, but I am supposed to watch for one any way. After my two hours is up, I will go wake someone else and let 'em finish until

I will start with the news at the time of the call Sat. morning. I knew that I was leaving Sunday afternoon but I had been warned not to tell, and to make the morning more emphatic. We were told that the wires were tapped on the telephoner. So the call was purely social, ~~but~~ but wholly enjoyable. We spent Saturday and Sunday getting ready to ship, and rising Cain. One of the hardest things in my life was saying good by to the boys that didn't make it. ~~But~~ The hardest was Jay Lewis. If you remember, he was one of my first room mates and the one that we were talking to under the ~~stars~~ when the ground told us to be quiet. Something in the matter with his back that he never knew about.

The train pulled out at 9:30 Sunday night. There was no pullman but all chair coaches. At 11:30 when we pulled into Maxwell field, we hadn't. later for 18 hours, at hadn't slept except for about 2 hours, for 36. We were one bunch of tired hungry boys. From the second we stepped off of the train on our training as Officers, Soldiers, and Gentlemen really began.

I don't know much about the man in  
hence here. <sup>Ill write more about it when I learn.</sup> While at the table eating we  
sit straight, and don't talk. When we want  
something passed we say "Would anyone ~~be~~  
else care for the butter? (pause) Please  
pass the butter." Everything here is done just  
so. The whole set up is copied directly  
from West Point. Up to ~~the~~ now the Army  
has been toughening us up, now the ~~pot~~  
polishing off of the rough edged barbeque.  
Some of ~~the~~ boys are already reacting it but  
I like it. Once again the food is good to  
eat. This at the classification center was  
not. They have promised to keep us busy  
here and I believe them. So look for another  
letter when you see it in the mail box.

Love,

JAC.