



CAMP HULEN
TEXAS

Friday
+
Monday

Dear Mother -

For the first I can smell the salt air. Here at camp one would never know the ocean was just a short distance away if it weren't for an occasional salt whiff or the sound of a tug or dredging barge in the bay. It is the least 'oceanic' place I have ever been in and a far cry from the lumpy New England shores.

at this particular minute I am sitting at the table in the center of our tent. It is about 8:30 P.M. and the tent is deserted except for one fellow who has gone to bed with two aspirins in the attempt to chase off an approaching cold. The area of tents is relatively quiet; the stillness punctured only by the voices of people amusing themselves of a summer night. Somewhere there is an accordion playing, haphazardly but with unrelenting vigor. The boys next door just received some cold drinks from the Canteen and I hear the 'coke' bottles being popped. Some of the fellows have gone to town, but I imagine most of them are at the movies.

Occasionally a ghost-like figure whisks by dressed in white shorts with towel flapping to the

leeward, headed for the showers. Suddenly a loud string of oaths are heard as an orange is first missed from under a pillow.

all in all it is a quiet ~~week~~ night, after a quiet day, after a rather hectic week-end. Week-ends in the Army are usually colorful and full of sharp contrasts. Because of desire, army discipline or lack of finance a large part of the men stay in camp, amusing themselves in a limited sort of way. The other part, polish their shoes with a bit more vigor for Saturday's inspection, put on their most sharply pressed pants and head for some city, hope in their hearts that they will have a good time.

That is what I did this week-end. I went to Houston with a friend. We started rather late and had poor luck getting rides. Arriving in Houston about 7:30 we went and had a nice steak dinner - rare! after that we tried to get in touch with some people we know through the Canten - but failed because of vacations and the late hour. So we went dancing at some place very popular and not bad as far as it goes. We blew ourselves to a good hotel room and slept until 12 noon.

It was nice not getting up at 5:30. I believe the thing I most enjoyed was the 'breakfast' of a large glass of orange juice and two delicious soft-boiled eggs. About three we started back to camp and had good luck.

The great topic of conversation these days is the pending legislative action concerning our year of service



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you know as much about it as I do. Perhaps the whole business will be decided within a few days. We can only hope.

As things stand now we are scheduled to begin maneuvers about August 7th. We will probably keep this as a base camp, at least until the September big maneuvers in Louisiana. There is a rumor around that those enlisting for one year as I did will not go on maneuvers as their enlistment expires too close to maneuvers time. I hope this is true, which would mean we would just stay here in camp and be spared the incumbrances of war games. I am sure that whatever happens, I will be home, if only for a furlough, after a year - that will be in October. I would rather come then, than now, also the time should be longer.

you are right about fiddling around for a better job in the Army. I am a little interested in the Air Corps - but I don't have much hope. However please forward any mail I might receive. You are definitely wrong about my being a regent. I don't know how they got the idea at Dartmouth and it might very well prove embarrassing.

It would of course be nice but I'm afraid my rank is still a ways off. My closest competitor (new enlistment) was made a corporal today and he has worked in the battery since September. I spent six months in the lantern.

Well I fear this pen

After 5 days, return to

W. F. Bachelder - Baiting A.....

211 CALAA.....

PALACIOS, Matagorda Co., TEXAS.



*Mrs. W. F. Bachelder
2 Howard St.
Holyoke,
Massachusetts*

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