

MIDLAND ARMY CENTER

210 WEST TEXAS AVENUE

Midland, Texas

Sunday  
H

Dear Mother —

It has been a long time since I have written. I knew it and yet for one reason or another I just couldn't seem to write. At first it was your letter written several weeks ago.

In one you mentioned keeping the house until I settled down. The same old attempt at (trying) domesticating me. Then in another letter you prodded me about becoming an officer which in all probability would mean that I would have to stay in the Army at least a year more — probably three or four. The two viewpoints don't seem to mix. This officer business is very difficult. The whole situation as I see it boils down to this — it is a choice of becoming an officer (which in itself is no long thing to do) and adapting the military life for the duration of the emergency or staying in the ranks hoping that the training will last only a year.

It is a hard choice to make particularly when the future is so uncertain. If war



comes after I have completed my year, I would most certainly be called back. If it doesn't come I would have spent only a year away and could get myself established in business<sup>(?)</sup> before the approaching depression.

The whole thing is complicated and nobody really knows - nor am I at all certain that I could get a commission even if I wanted to. ~~(It doesn't help any to)~~

As you probably know I generally work fast when I get started and perhaps something will happen soon. All I am sure of now is that it has rained the most every day for two weeks. It is so disagreeable I just don't feel like doing anything. Our tent is a mass of mud. Little sticks come floating in the door and go out the back. Our clothes are always damp and many times wet. We can't do anything in a military way and most of the day we spend huddled in our tents. It is so cold and damp we generally get between blankets. All our bags and shoes have to be kept off the floor.

Whenever we get time off, we go to town to get warm. - see a movie - drink some beer and then come back to the cold, dank



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tents. Occasionally the sky will clear and we roll the sides and spread out our clothes but everytime it has clouded and started to rain again.

This is according to the natives something brand new in Midland weathr. It should be hot, dry and dusty at this time of year.

The other day some women's organization had a tea for some of the boys. It was something to break the monotony so I went. There were girls and we danced and saw some movies. Quiet but nice for a change. This town is full of millionaires. Some have travelled quite a bit and it makes for more interesting conversation than the usual barbershop chatter.

I am trying to do some reading and have succeeded partially. Believe it or not I am now reading the King James version of the Bible. Not because I have suddenly become religious, but because it is a great book



and I believe should be read.

yesterday I received the package. Thanks you for the brownies, nuts & rocks. It made me really ashamed at my neglect and I am sorry. Somehow I just couldn't write. I started once, but it dropped in the mud and I gave up.

The rocks are very nice but a bit expensive. If we ever get near a decent size city perhaps I can find some a bit less costly. (The sun was out for a few minutes this morning, now it has just started to rain again.)

I am surprised about Sid Harrington. Is he still in the Army? I went to Brownville when I went to Mexico. I don't believe I'll go again. I sure hope I can go to Jud's wedding. As yet we have heard nothing official about coming north. I wish you would look around for something really nice for a present. Let me know what it is and if I like it I will send the money.

The enclosed money will be yours to use if you want to - If not bank it. Well I'll close now with lots of love to all -

Red.

AFTER FIVE DAYS RETURN TO

*N. J. Borhelder*

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MIDLAND, TEXAS



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