

Sunday

Dear Mother,

I took my writing paper out of the box this morning and I was surprised and shocked to find in it a nearly completed letter to you. I was wondering why I haven't heard from you for some time; Now I know why. I distinctly remember writing to you but was called away in the middle of it. I was so busy over the week-end that I forgot I had left it unfinished.

Last week-end we held an inventory and audit here at the canteen. It was sure a trying time. Everything wasn't just as it should have been and the inspecting officers were very strict.

The inventory was held a week ago last Friday and over the week-end up until Wednesday I worked with the auditor on the books. Finally, I believe, everything is in order and from now on things should go more easily.

Until a few days ago I wasn't aware of the difficulties that arise from having inefficient and untrained officers. My immediate superior officer is entirely ignorant of business and he is causing me a lot of trouble. However he himself is in trouble because of his lack of business knowledge. I wish he would be transformed

but I guess there is very little chance of that. The first month's business at the canteen was very successful. We did over \$10,000 worth of business and made over \$2,000 profit. We have added a barber shop which increases the personnel to 15 men. In about a month's time we hope to move to a new and better building.

I really haven't had a chance to get out of camp much. Once or twice I have gone to Progreso with salesmen and had dinner. There is nothing there. It is a small dirty town which is entirely over-run by soldiers.

Most of the fellows have had a chance to go to Houston or some other known city. I hope to be able to go soon. There is one consolation to working hard and that is that the time goes fast. Each week seems to go faster.

The weather down here is very erratic. When the sun is out, it is very warm and nice; generally about 75°. However when it rains or is cloudy, then it is quite cold and very penetratingly chilly. The whole ground is covered with mud and when it rains the whole place is covered with four inches of

mud. Friday it rained all day and part of ③
yesterday. Today it is bright and sunny, but
underfoot it is slippery and sloppy. My pants
are covered with mud. Everything you touch
is dirty. Once the men get going though, then
it dries out very quickly.

Only one or two days have I had to wear
anything more than a shirt during the day.
at night it gets cooler. That brings me up to
the subject of Christmas. It certainly doesn't
seem at all like Christmas down here. However
you mentioned something about a gift. The
only thing I really need is a leather jacket.
They seem to be just about the thing needed
for at night. The coats that we issued are
bulky and hot and look like hell. So if
you like you could send me a bit of
money so that I could buy one. I would
rather buy it myself so then I can get what I
want. It's a bit far away to bother with exchange
and getting a fit.

I really don't know what you can expect from
me. Nothing unless I have a chance to get to town.

Camp here is slowly but surely taking shape.
We still don't have any hot water. New latrines

are being built, but when they will be completed nobody knows.

I received a letter from Bud the other day and I guess things are going along well with him. Bob is getting along as usual up in Harvard. Incidentally I met a Dartmouth graduate of 1935 who is in here. He knows another Dartmouth fellow who owns a large ranch in Texas. We hope to be able to make him a visit shortly.

Well I have to close now. I have been writing this letter in the canteen and now the guys are coming in to clean up.

Please send my camera down when you get a chance.

Lots of love

Red.

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VIA AIR MAIL



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