

Tuesday

Dear Mother;

I am truly sorry that I haven't written before. The real truth of the matter is that I haven't had a minute to myself. I intended to write Sunday but at every time I was blocked. I just couldn't get any time. Perhaps you would like to see of which my day consists. We get up at 6:15 A.M. Many mornings it is pitch dark with the stars still out. We have exercises for about 15 minutes. Breakfast is shortly after seven. We generally get finished about quarter to eight. Then I wash up and shave and put my clothes and bed in order. I am supposed to be at the canteen by 8:30. I work there until about 1:15. Then I eat lunch (after all the others have eaten) and then see if I can't lie down a bit before I go back to work at 2:30. I try to sleep if I can. From 2:30 through the afternoon the canteen is closed but I have to see salesmen and work on the books. It opens again at 5:15 and stays open until 10.

Perhaps now you can see why I am pressed for time. On Saturdays & Sundays the hours are even longer as the canteen is open all afternoon.

It seems as though I have never been so busy. - all for 68¢ a day. However I like my work and I'm not getting lazy. I also hope to get a rank soon. We have just added 3 more men to work here. That makes ten men working here. They work harder than I do but they work behind the counter. I walk around and keep order. Just tonight I caught a fellow stealing potato chips. I had to give him hell. He should be reported but I don't think I will as he would really be punished and put on the black-list.

This noon - on the way back to the tent, we killed a rattlesnake. He wasn't very big, but could still give a good bite. I am writing this letter during hours. It is now quarter to ten. I'll have to stop now and see that things are in order for closing. ie - put out the stumps and close up the milk box.

I will write again as soon as possible and tell you more. We are celebrating the early Thanksgiving. Well - good-bye and lots of love.

Fred.

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