

February 3

Dear Mother;

After a rather hectic week-end in Chrpus Christi I am writing this letter. A baker who come to the Canteen asked me to go back with him along with another fellow who works here also. We left about noon on Saturday. It is about a three hour drive. I went over the same road that we took on our trip to Mexico so from the interest of the ride there wasn't so much (something just happened to the typewriter.)

When we arrived there we took a ride around the town and went down to the wharves. Corpus is noted for its shipping you know. The city is very nice and quite a lot cleaner than many of the other cities along the gulf. We had supper with the baker and his wife at a famous fried chicken 'shack'. It was really fried chicken and very delicious. It was just brought in in a basket and we ate it with our fingers. After supper we went around to a few of the less elegant but more colorful nite spots. All in all we had a good time and it was worth the money. We stayed overnight in a moderate priced hotel. The next day was very beautiful and we took another ride around the town, this time around the residential district. There certainly are some very pretty homes in Corpus and apparently lots of money, most of it made in oil or shipping.

We hired a taxi about noon and drove back to camp. The whole time spent away from camp was very short but even a few hours different scenery makes a whole lot of difference. I was getting pretty sick of Camp Hulen and needed the change.

The weather down here is not as nice as it was in described in my last letter. Today is very cold and raw. We now have gas heat in our tents which makes it a bit better. Over the week-end it rained and the ground is still soggy and very slushy with mud. Even if it is not cold by degrees it is damp cold and chills to the bone. I had a rather bad cold about a week ago, but it is all cleared up now. I weighed myself the other day and to my surprise and amazement I have gained about ten pounds. Most everybody has gained at least some but that seems quite a lot. I guess I am eating too many beans. Outside of my cold though I feel quite well. Army life is starting to become monotonous now and I will be glad to get back into my battery. As yet I haven't been transferred but any day now I expect to leave the Canteen. We have moved into our new building and it is really quite nice. The large office and newness makes it a bit harder to change but I think I am doing the best thing and have already decided.

Jim's battery has been away for the past month. A whole battalion goes to a beach about fifty miles away where they can fire the guns. The mud is too soft here and the shrimp fishermen raise too much of a stink. They don't like shrapnel falling all over them. You see we have to fire out over the water as the shell travel anywhere up to eight or nine miles. However now Jim is back and I hope to be able to get together with him a bit more than I have in the past. At the beginning I was too busy.

There are all kinds of fellows in the regiment. In my battery are all sorts of fellows. I have met them all and several seem very nice. There is one fellow that come from Newton. He knows Bill Wise very well and the Towers. His father is vice-president of a bank in Boston and he formerly worked in a bank. He is a buck private the same as myself. There are also a lot of former C.C.C. boys in the regiment. Many of them are really nice, more so than those with more money and supposed advantages.

I received the brownies and thanks a lot. The boys in the tents liked them and so did I. Incidentally we now have a draftee in our tent. I don't know him very well as he came in while I was away over the week-end. I have spoken with several of them and they seem like a good bunch of boys. Some of them just don't give a damn and want to get the year over with in a hurry. Others want to get the most out of it and see in it a year to be put to advantage.

Well I have to stop now. The officer wants me to do something for him.

Lots of love,

P.S. When is Julia's birthday?

W. J. Bachelder
211 YH (A(AA)
Camp Helen
Texas

AIR MAIL



Mrs. W. J. Bachelder
2 Harvard St.
Holyoke,
Mass.