



CAMP HULEN
TEXAS

Sunday
x

Dear Mother —

Another Sunday rolls around - another payday just passed - another letter home and still more months to go. This life is slowly getting to be a bore and irksome. There is nothing particularly that bothers but the futility of the whole business weighs on my mind. Now that our beloved leader (J.D.R.) has dropped his pearl of wisdom before the public it appears that perhaps we won't be out of here in the fall. I'm afraid that there are many dark days ahead. The only thing to do is to consolidate your position and know exactly where you stand. Or at least prepare yourself for any possible situation or occurrence. I suppose that I will have to get myself acclimated to the idea of more than a year in service. I asked for it - and from all appearances it seems as if I'm going to get it. —

The warm weather has really arrived. Down here it is very humid and sticky. However there is usually a breeze. At night we leave the tent sides up at first but then it starts to rain so they have to be rolled down. When it stops we are all asleep and so it gets hot as all h— in the tent and I woke up in the morning feeling tired and wet.

Our days are spent largely with doing insignificant details. We are supposed to have finished our basic training and now are more or less in shape for any eventuality. Last week on Tuesday, they called us and at ten o'clock ^{P.M.} we hurriedly packed, entrusted and conveyed some seventy miles away. Then at four A.M. we set up our equipment and made ready for the attack. We didn't get too much sleep that night. Furthermore it rained off and on and all Wednesday we spent sitting in the trucks waiting. Sort of dull but quite necessary training. I understand that this week we are going to some outside camp and train with the green bottlers in rifle firing practice.

I received an invitation to Jack's wedding. I also looked around for a present, but here in Calais about all I could get would be a bottle of beer or a pistol. So I wish you would get something nice. Pay for it and get the money I'll send in a day or two. On the invite an address was given to reply to 228 Raymond Ave. South Orange, N. J. From what it appears, I won't be able to come North. Even if I could there is the \$60 car fare to consider. However now we can't get any furloughs. This is a great concentration camp.

Well good-bye for now.

Love
Jef
+

Mrs. W. J. Backels
& Howard St.
Hollywood,
Massachusetts



W. J. Backels - 311 1/2 CA (AA) Bty. A



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