



CAMP VAN DORN, MISS.

Dear Folks:

Please dont be surprised at the fact that I am using a typewriter tonight. I am the charge of quarters for the company. It is strictly a goldbrickers job, as you can see. Its so very seldom that I do get a chance to write, that I will try to tell you "what gives". At 5:30 we get up, make our beds and sweep up. We fall out for reveille at 0605- army time. After this we go to chow and fall out again at 0715. We then start our classroom work which consists of lectures, drill, manouvers (poor spelling), and horrors, an obstical course. We went over this this afternoon, after we had debarked about 50 trees. Two men passed out.

But I am digressing. At 1750 we have retreat, and at 1800 we have chow. Then the rest of the day is ours, provided we dont draw a detail, or scrub the ba racks, or go out on a night problem, or get confined to quarters. There is a saying around here that the army runs on a 28 hour schedule, and 4 of it belong to the individual. Lights out at nine, and bed check at eleven. This is a long paragraph, but it ~~conta~~ contains unity of thought, and is therfore permissable.

I may have a chance to go to Officers Candidate School, but dont count on it too much. One of the Lieutenants ~~approached~~ approached me today, and told me that he was considering

placing my name in after I finish my basic. If I do get there, it will be the first thing that I have ever accomplished by myself, and I think that I will really appreciate it.

Yesterday I had my first ride in a jeep. I was in charge of supplying chemical warfare equipment to the various companies of the battalion. It was a very hectic job, but there were no complaints, so I guess everything went over O.K. In the afternoon I went out with a Lieutenant and laid out an azimuth course,. We tramped through a stream, through underbrush about 4 feet high, and through barbed wire. It was a very tough afternoon.

I think that I have spent enough time on this letter, so goodnight, and all packages gratefully recieved-

Love,

Bruce