

15 August 1944

Dear Folks:

At last I have some definite word on my furlough. It starts on the twenty-third of this month, and I should be home sometime on the twenty-fourth. And will I ever be glad to get home. As things now stand, I am the S-3, the operations sergeant, the battalion sergeant-major, and secretary-treasurer of the NCO club which we have here. I'll try to explain all the above:-

1. Our S-3 is on special duty as an umpire in Camp McCain La.
2. The sergeant-major is now first sergeant of the company.
3. The regular treasurer of the NCO Club is on furlough, I being his stooge in the interim.
4. My regular job.

So as you can no doubt see, I have been leading a hectic life. So far, nothing has gone wrong, but I can see that this cannot last too long. I will probably have some sad tales to tell when I get home.

It is still hot. The humidity is still high. We still have lots of chiggers. It still rains every day. I still haven't been out of camp. (Nine weeks now.) I still do the same things every day (multiplied by three). I still like beer and scotch (hint). I still wish this war was over. I think that this about covers the whole situation. I could stop here, but you probably want some news of a more specific nature.

This morning I almost told the regimental adjutant where to go, but keeping in mind that Leavenworth is not such a nice place, I refrained from doing so. He chewed me for a while because some men did not appear for dental appointments. Seeing that I never received any such info, it was very foolish on his part. However, this old game which they play in the army (passing the buck, I think they call it) was worked down to me. I am an enlisted man, he is supposed to be an officer and a gentleman. He won! That is why, after this war I am going to try to get into personnel work, and I pity any former officer that I hire. All kidding aside though, this business of being an officer and an enlisted man is just a little more than I can stomach. There are many nice officers who are human beings in the army, but there are also a bunch of dumb %&\$'(%& who aren't even capable of holding a job in civilian life, and it burns the hell out of me to run into these guys. In this Division, I'll wager that we have more crummy officers than any other outfit in the army, and they all hold responsible jobs. Oh well--

I am still carrying on quite a correspondance with Bryan, but he cant tell me much because of the censors. Barbara Moreno writes some nice letters every once in a while, but on the whole, my life is at a standstill as far as epistles go. Maybe someday I'll learn to answer letters more promptly.

love--

Bruce