



UNITED STATES ARMY

9 July 1944

Dear Folks:

Here I am CQ in Bn Hq again, and again I find time to write to the clan. Life lately has been very hectic. We have been assigned a new bunch of 2nd Lts and they are the biggest bunch of dopes I ever saw. This in itself is not too bad. The horrible part of the story is that whenever they want anything or when anything goes wrong, they start to yell "Sgt Oakley" and I have to trot around and change their diapers and clean their noses. Boy what a life. Honestly its tragic the caliber of men we are getting for officers these days. I know that I shouldn't talk like this, I'm only a recruit yet, but I feel like an old army man from way back when I tell these officers what to do. If I come home bald, dont start to ask any silly queations, because I'll probably break down and start to bawl.

Aside from being a nursemaid, my duties are about as usual. I'm still making out schedules which nobody adheres to and making arrangements for fatigue details which rarely if ever get to the right place at the right time. What a dull life. In addition to all this, this incinerator in which I work has a mean temperature of 110°. The other day, the temperature (in the sun) rose to an all time high of 128°. Right now, even when the sun has gone down, the temperature is 93°. The sweat is just rolling right off of me. Every once and a while it gets in my eyes and stings like the devil. The chiggers are really doing allright by me too. My legs are a solid mass of itching welts, to say nothing of those around my waist. All I can say about the south and all its wonders are quote "They should never have fought the civil war, but let the South secede." end of quote.

Tomorrow I go on guard again. This means a night during which I get little or no sleep, and no time off the next day. Boy will I ever be glad to become a civilian again. I applied for Chemical Warfare OCS last week, but have not heard anything from it so far, and I honestly doubt as to wether anything will ever become of it. What I wouldn't give to get out of this outfit and the State of Mississippi.

Last night I looked through all the pictures which you have sent to me, and I really got a slight case of nostalgia. Gee but that old farm really looked good, and the two dogs romping around and trying to act cute. It will really be good to come home and relax for ten whole days. My furlough should be coming up in about another month, and I will let you know the exact details when possible.

I'll be seing you soon so -

PS: What about that watch, Ireally need one badly.

Bruce