



July. 18-

CAMP BARKELEY, TEXAS

Dear Mom and Dad:

Today is Sunday and our day of rest in the Army. We got to sleep until seven, then we had roll call; after that we were released to do as we pleased. I have plenty to do so I won't have much time to play around. I have some clothes to wash, shoes to shine, and quite a few letters to write.

Tomorrow our Basic Training starts and if it is as tough as everyone says it will be I probably won't have much time to write. I wrote six letters Thursday one to you, one to Grace, Grandpa Salbott, Grandpa and Grandma Dole, and I wrote one to Peggy Lynn. I addressed it to her personally so I hope she gets it.

We had 2 letters from Grace and that is all the mail we had since

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we've been here. I hope to hear from home
tomorrow and I hope that you have
sent the hangers, for I need them to
hang up my clothes.

Our Basic Training starts with a
lot of drilling and exercises. After a
couple of weeks we start going to class
to study, First Aid, Poison Gas, Stretcher
bearing and everything that a medical
soldier should know. The only thing
that I don't like about it is that a
medical soldier never carries a gun
and they don't even train us how
to use one. The only protection that we
would have ourselves is a medical
red cross on our sleeve. I'd hate to
think of being shot at, and not being
able to shoot back. I should have a
pretty fair chance of either going to
school or to Officers Candidate School.

Out of the 250 in our company they
pick about 4 for O.C.S.; if I did
get a chance to go I don't know
whether I would or not. Some want
me to go to school and I imagine that
you both do too. They don't always
give you your choice in the Army
though so we'd do whatever they tell



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me to. I would like to be an officer
though; ~~but~~ but I talked to a Second
Lieutenant the first day I was here and
he told me that if I had a chance
to go back to school that that would
be the best thing to do.

Send me Henry's address as soon
as you get it so that I can write
to him.

Hope that you and Dad are
getting along all right; don't worry
about me for I really like it. It's
just like a big fraternity and there
are a lot of swell fellows down
here.

The war news sound pretty
good; don't they?

Good bye
Love
Bob