



FORT EUSTIS, VIRGINIA

Sat.

Dear Bob,

When you write the return letter just put 'General' in front of my name. No doubt I'll have my promotion by then. I expect my commission any day now.

Now to get serious. They 'carried me back to West Virginia', as you can guess by my address. Not West, but at least Virginia. It's a beautiful country, but the scenery I've seen so far is all one color, 'Olive drab.' I like it here as much as I could expect to in any camp I guess. I arise at 5:45 and lights are out at 9:30. The day is divided into 8 one hr. periods. Usually we do something different each period, but not always. Sometimes we drill for 4 hrs. straight.

I can't get in O.C.S. because I haven't had Trig. and an anti aircraft O.C.S. candidate has to have it. Hoyt Baker couldn't qualify either. There were 12 of us N. V. boys together here till we were separated 2 weeks ago. I scored unusually high on a radio test (aptitude test), so as a result the classification practically insisted I enter radio training.

The radio officer recommended me for a receiving school in either N.C. or Chicago. I'm supposed to take 4 weeks basic here then go to the radio school. Hope its the one in N.C.

This camp (anti aircraft replacement center) is only about 15 miles from coast. I sure like to run over and see the ocean but the corporal tells me I'll see plenty of it before long.

They are pretty nice to us here, they let us go for strolls in the woods. Only they give us packs & rifles and urge us to go farther than we normally would. Tomorrow they are going to let us shoot 22<sup>cal.</sup> rifles for practice. Soon we will be shooting 30 cal.

Had inspection yesterday, and boy! was it cold. We stood outside for 4 hrs. with no gloves and only a light jacket on. My hands were so numb, I damn near dropped the rifle when the major passed me & I did 'inspection arms'. I told the General that this old shit would have to stop as of today.

Hope you are doing O.K. Bob, and hope you & Grace are doing fine. When are you going to hang your pin? What the hell are you waiting for?

Traternally  
Bob B.