

Friday 24, 1943



CAMP WHEELER, GEORGIA

Dear Mother, Father and Fay.

Well it's still pretty hot here but I'm with-
holding it all.

We marched this morning in wet shoes and
leggings as it is a government regulation for your
first march in order to break in your shoes
and ~~shrink~~ shrink the leggings.

I had to buy this paper as I ran out
of the other.

This afternoon we mowed lawns that
are full of stones, hills, and grass that
is so wiry and tuff that you need wire
cutters to do a good job. and to think that
I kicked when I was home.

I am now sitting in a barber shop
waiting to get a S. I. hair cut. Right down
short again.

I have never seen so much sand
and clay in all my life. And it is so red
you wouldn't believe it if you saw it.

There are a great many water
ditches to keep the rain from washing the
baracks away.

When it rains it rains, you can't see
from one barack to another.

I hope you haven't sent the other
things as yet because I am getting a
few more things.

This is what I would like.

1. Saddle soap,
2. a glass or a strong Dog tag chain as my cloth are busted and I got a metal chain and it is turning my neck green,
3. This way a sweat my money belt isn't very water proof. so will you send me some oil silk or something similar so money won't get wet as it has in the past.
4. Lava Soap. One bar enough to take of the grease.
5. Dark Glasses. I don't know where they are.

~~My~~ My wrist watch has kept pretty good time up until now but the heat and moisture has stoped for a day and a half. I took it apart wiped the dirt out and cleaned the moisture off the crystal so that it is working good now.

I have found three new friends we were all put in the same squad so we are having a good time they are Bert Thompson, Boggie or ~~Boy~~ Bogdinoff and John (I don't know his last name).

I will close as my turn is coming along shortly.

Your loving son
Bob.