

ENJOYING THE ARMY!

C. C. 36th Inf.
Camp Roberts, Calif.
April 29, 1942

Dear Kleme:

How is everything in Thompson? I am going on my fourth week in the army and am writing a little about it. We lie around in bed until 6 o'clock. This of course gives us plenty of time to get washed, shaved, dressed and to make our beds by 6:10 a. m. By 6:15 we stand outside and shiver while someone blows the dickens out of a bugle. After we are reasonably chilled we stumble our way thru the darkness to the mess hall. Here we all jump to the table like a bunch of hogs after an ear of corn and grab what we can. If you don't jump at the right time—no breakfast. After gorging ourselves with what we get we go back to the barracks.

Soon the sergeant comes in and says "Come on out, kids, and get some sunshine" so we get out in the wonderful California sunshine (nertz) to limber up. We do a few simple exercises like touching our toes with both feet off the ground and jumping up and down.

At 7:30 we put on a light pack and start for the hills. The light pack is not to be confused with the heavy pack. It consists of a gun, bayonet, canteen, mess kit, pup tent, poles, stakes, raincoat and a few other things. The heavy pack has a couple of blankets and some other things. An observation car follows us and picks up all that fall out or faint. Those that fall out or faint are treated very nice and get a free ride back to camp.

At 12 o'clock those that are left are divided into two classes—those that have sore feet and those with a cold. If you have a sore throat they swab out your throat with iodine and if you have sore feet they swab your feet with iodine. If you haven't anything wrong with you they say "what a man." That's the way it goes on 'til the day is over.

Yours truly,
Private Don Brown

P. S. Laying all joking aside the army's O. K.