

Dec. 18th, 1942

Dear George, Florence and Jim: —

I'm finally, after writing six letters, catching up on my correspondence. But, there's a catch to why I have enough time. I sort of volunteered to be the man to wake 2 guides at 2 in the morning to receive some more new recruits. Being a non-commissioned officer, without an alarm clock, I have no choice but to stay awake until such time — 2:00 A.M.

Well, my beefs are many! The new men are taking up all my evenings, and after spending the dull day with them, one just has enough of them. I gave one man individual instruction for 3 hours. But George, believe me, I couldn't get him to point his toes outward at an angle approximating 45° . I could have eaten his ass out — but — The Colonel has issued strict orders that we are not to grovel at the new men.

This colonel, commander of the 3rd. battalion, is positively nuts. It's really a crime that anyone so ignorant should be given a commission. Frankly, he wouldn't make P.F.C. in my platoon. He's got everything so screwed up, and so "chicken-shit," that everyone, including the officers and company commanders are absolutely without morale. Passes are few and held tight; which isn't supposed to be held for the first three grades, is as strict as anything - even for the officers. The other day, I got so damn mad and mean that I really had a job controlling myself. But, in good doughboy fashion, same was accomplished.

The weather is ideal. - Ideal for colds; which are awfully prevalent. I had a slight cold during the former part of this week; but all's well now. We even had a little snow flurries this week, intermingled

with a howling rain storm.

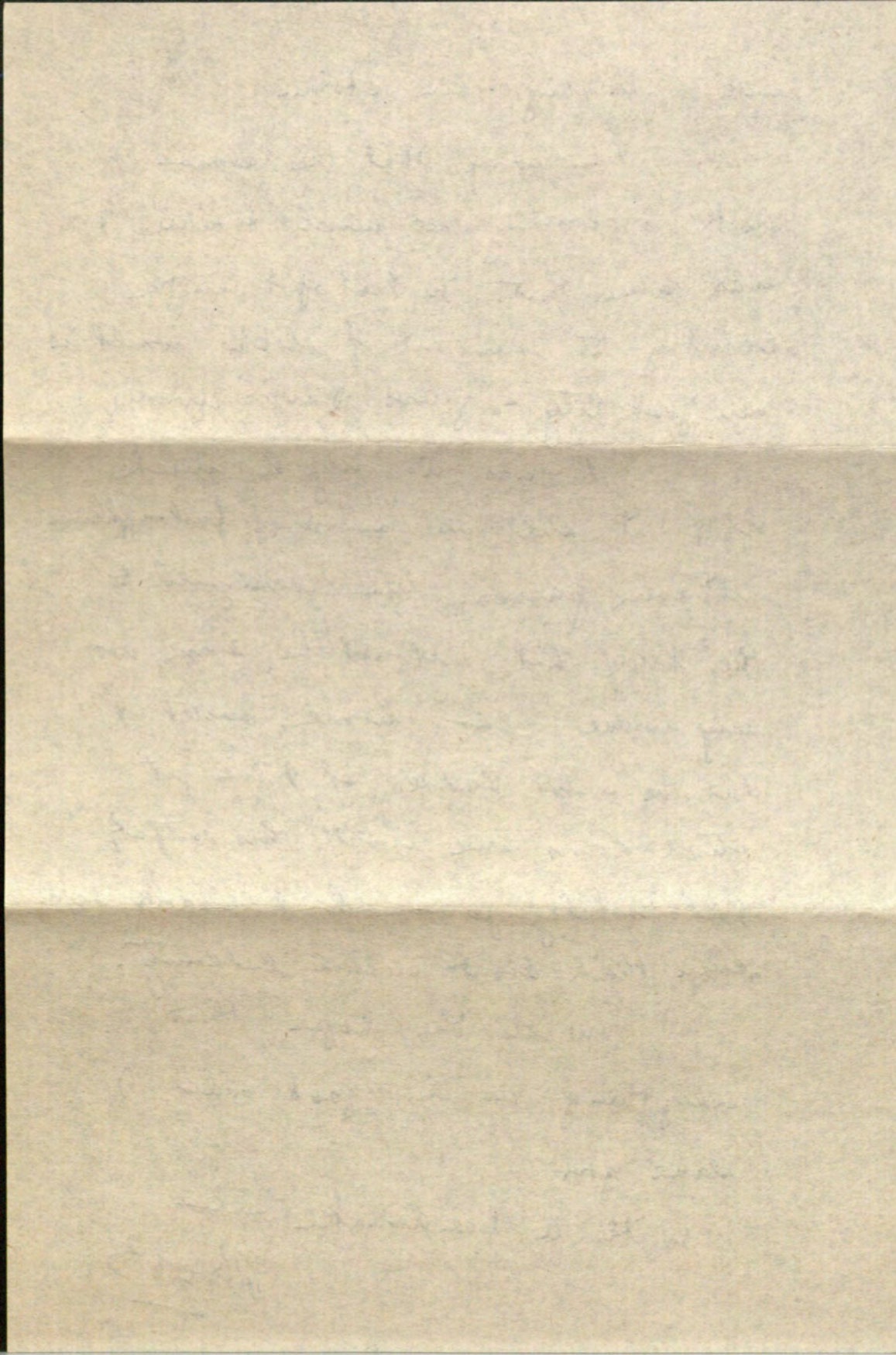
I'm sorry that the alarm clock is causing so much trouble. I was sure that the last spot in the country to run out of clocks would be New York City - guess I was wrong.

X-mas is only a week off; but still no word of furloughs - not even passes. Am resigned to the belief that I'll not be home, or any where near home, until I hit the next Cadse. If I ever get stuck down here with this outfit, I'll probably go mad. I shudder to even think about such a calamity.

With the hope that everything is in good order, I leave you

with a handshake —

Bob



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