



CAMP LEE
VIRGINIA

March 21, 1943

Dear ones,

It is next to impossible to get a phone connection to Portland; you will have to understand that we are so busy in basic training that I just don't have the time to wait by the phone for a few hours. I might add that, though I would love to hear your voices, the aftereffect might be pretty tough in view of my lingering tendency to limerences. Also, today - Sunday - mind you - I got K.P. because my bed is one of the first in the bunk. I am able to ^{WRITE} right this only because the cooks let us go for an hour or so. I might also add that I can't find any place to buy stamps and, anyway, the airmail service from here is pretty poor. The final straw is that it is raining! yes - in mid-March, in central Virginia, in the solid, equalid south it is raining!

Look what happens to my spelling in this army!

I almost forgot, also, that my feet are still blistering; I have to wait until next call tomorrow. That just about covers my woes - but by tomorrow morning my feet will feel fine. I'll no longer be on R. P., and it will probably have stopped raining. and I am sure that when I get into the exhaustive work of basic, which starts tomorrow and continues for 5 rigorous weeks, I will be able to complete my adjustment. The trouble is that the army is boring. Plenty to do but nothing to think about except petty, bothersome things. I surely hope that they keep us busy so that I won't get down in the month.

Before I forget - I would appreciate a package containing: pants and coat hangers (no more than 5 of the first or 7 of the second), a face cloth (2 at the most), 2 changes of underwear, socks, handkerchiefs. If you have room, add some scratch paper pad and a light pair of slippers. also some shoe trees. I know this is a big order, but you know how I hate shopping



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and stuff like that - especially since it is unlikely that I will get away from camp very often. you have my address:

co. C; 8 QMTR; 4th Platoon
Camp Lee, Virginia.

I forget whether I told you I am on the bottom of a double-decker bed; the boys in the bunk are a pretty good bunch. Most are drafties; there is a small group of college men. I guess I'll look up those who rode down with us on the train but they probably live a few million miles away within this tremendous camp.

Our officers are swell. The two bunk captains are all right - the one in charge - Bokor - is very tough, however, and understand for no sloppiness of anything. The other - Motta - has had little to do with us so

far. The buck sergeant is away on
leave as is the first scribe. The second
scribe is a good chap named Perry.
compared to Stevens we are in contact
with many more non-coms and officers.
The captain's name is Mason. The
major is Martin. All are young men
and seem very sympathetic. The camp
itself has a tough reputation - no leaves,
passes, furloughs & the like - except
Saturday 5:00 PM to Sunday 12 PM
and Richmond is the limit. The kids
say that nearly Petersburg is a
stinking little town.

That's about it. Please make the
package as compact as possible. Love,

Samuel

P.S. Our top sergeant is also a swell fellow
and marvelous soldier - a veteran of the Spanish
and was of a few years back.

P.P.S. We get laundry service. All try to write
to those on my list - but no promising outside of family.