

April 2 – 6:30 PM

Dear Slim, Gladys and June

I got your box and papers today. Boy was that cake good! We get a lot of fruit in desserts but they mix it all with this darn water, so it all tastes about the same. I split up with Pvt. Ross from Kansas. He got a box of cookies yesterday and we went to town on them. We've been getting plenty to eat for about a week now. There was awhile at first I thought we were the "Lost Bn." Some mixup and Headquarters. Co.. At chow it's been the habit of almost every guy to grab everything he can get his hands on. Maybe after they find out there's plenty, it won't be so bad. One guy we got nicknamed "Bread, Butter and Coffee". That's all he got to eat one night and that's all he talked about for two days after. I've been getting my share at all times but I wouldn't brag about my manners.

We've been getting rifle drill lately. Today we got guard practice. I was supposed to be guarding a barracks – walking around with an empty gun-mostly sleeping. A Sarg. came along and I stopped him. He ask to see my gun and I like a dope handed it to him. When he started off with it, I woke up and grabbed it out of his hands. When they get on guard it means no sleeping, even on our feet.

Well I guess I'll have to quit for a while and clean a rifle –

8:20 PM, I'll have to hurry this up. We get to fool around after we get the rifles cleaned. Sarg. Murphy came up and about five of us went through some of the manual of arms. He had more fun on the slips we made. He made some himself. Sarg. Murphy has only been in the Army about a year – a swell egg.

It won't be long till Co. B will be up to full strength. Now if half of us don't get transferred to some other outfits we'll get to know each other pretty good. Pvt. C. B. Horn – Texas- sleeps right next to me – he sure he's sure a crazy nut. Last night he couldn't go to sleep so he lay there and shot the bull till about 10;30. Southern drawl seems to bring out something in the bull that's shot around. The language that's used would shock a lot of people, as you probably know.

Well I haven't taken any pictures yet but I'll try to get some soon. We're to register all cameras, but every time I've been down to the Charge of Quarters office I've either forgot it or this CQ was out. I left a slip with the camera number in all the dope on it down at the office yesterday so maybe it's taken care of. It's only about 3 miles down to the beach so maybe I

can get some pictures soon. We can't take any pictures of our pretty little cars or any other Army vehicle.

Most of this camp that was finished before the war was painted white. Now all all of a sudden crews of painters – spray outfits – are going over our pretty white buildings with a dirty Army gray. Kind of funny, they did the sides toward the water first. There was an army plane flying around camp yesterday the day before. Maybe it had something to do with the paint. Anyway it's going to mean wash windows with razor blades. Each window has 12 pains 9 x 12 – 16 windows to the barracks – more fun. Well I guess I'll get this go until tomorrow night it's almost 9, and I've got to shine shoes – shave – shower – and wash out a pair of socks.

Friday night 4:30. Well it's been moving day again. About 30 men moved out of B. Co. A lot of the slow ones got the ax. Didn't lose any of the fellows that's sleep near me. Now I suppose we'll get in a few that some other company don't want. It's about like trading jacknives.

We started out on a hike this afternoon got about three miles out of camp when a Sarg. came along in a "jeep" and headed us back for camp. Saw two dead rattlers that some truck driver had killed. The rattlers aren't supposed to come out here for another three weeks. We got a long-distance view of the ocean; and saw our nearest town Lompoc – 10 miles from camp. It started to rain before we got back, and now it's coming down pretty good. Maybe the sand will lay down for a couple of days. Maybe I'd better explain about the ocean. Write out on a hump. It's three miles to the beach almost straight west about 10 miles when you go S.W. I don't know how far it is N.W. We went out of camp to the south. Got almost down to the little river that supplies our water. When we were turned back Lompoc is to the east of the water plant, down along the river. Some farming going on down in the valley by the river. Boy! did that look good to see something besides sand and the kind of sagebrush that grows around here.

Got a letter from Pa yesterday the weather sure must be something up there. He said he had a good time over at Vi's birthday party. Got a card from Corrine and a letter from Aunt Abbe today. More letters to answer. Also got a letter from Mrs.Chapman from Primgar Iowa. I sat next to her in the train from Omaha to Leavenworth. She was going down to Kansas City to meet her son. She's only 77, knows her own mind, and likes goat milk. I Wrote to her last

week. She's now staying with her son who's an Army pilot at the Tulsa Training school – Oklahoma.

How come they didn't print a list of the men that had to leave April 14-15? That's the only thing I miss in the paper. – 8 PM. Well we've done a lot since I left off on this. We had to move out of the barracks and into one that isn't finished yet. Co. A took over our old barracks. Boy! when you get 75 men moving trunks, beds, bedding and all the other stuff all at once it shure is a scramble. We only moved about half a block – overshoes and raincoats on. Our new barracks hasn't got the heating unit going yet, but the water heater is working. Now it's build shelves all over again. Pvt. Horn, Rose, and I got our beds all lined up along the wall upstairs. Boy did we sweat getting our stuff over here. The last poor guys here to put their beds in the center aisle which isn't a very nice place to sleep as there is always somebody stumbling in after nine o'clock.

I got a letter from Dale Fritz tonight. There's something screwy somewhere. He says he got my address from Alice. I've written him twice since I've been here. Maybe the letters got lost in some of the red tape. I've also written one letter to Mrs. Manning that I don't think got thru.

We're still going to gun school every day maybe after two or three weeks they'll trust us to fire a rifle. Some of these guys I wouldn't care to be around if they had loaded rifles – time time and more time needed. Got out of morning drill today. Four of us had to clean up the latrine sand soap and good old G.I soap. That G.I. soap takes all the dirt and part of the skin on a guys hand.

Well Horn has started again so I think I'll sign off for now. He keeps us all roaring, and you can't laugh and write at the same time. I wrote to the folks Sun. Ask them to send my accordion, I don't know what good still in shape to make any noise but I hope so. There a lot of fellows that left instruments at home but there's only two mouth organs in this barracks. The one you gave me and one more.

Write when you get time and tell me all the news. Thanks a lot for all the eats and papers. Tell June she can't have that candy she's teasing four.

So long for now

Lyle.