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1945, Chuck to William

Chuck

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1945, Chuck to William

Keywords

U.S.A., U.S. Soldiers, postal service, correspondence, mother, father, children, family, love, culture, homesickness, loneliness, California, sunny weather, clothing, cold weather, Victorville, CA, landscape, housing, barracks, trains, transportation, Salt Lake City, UT, religion, Brigham Young, money, funds, rank, soldier slang, food, recreation and entertainment, leisure, humor, comradery, censorship

Identifier

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Comments

The exact date of this letter is unknown; it was written between 1945-1947.

Dear Folks,

Don't understand why you haven't written. Suppose you have forgotten all about me.

Dear old sunny California. Everything I have ever heard about it is true. The weather is perfect although it does get pretty cool at night and mornings. In the afternoon you can run around in your undershirt. I can see you back there bundled up in a big, heavy overcoat cursing the cold weather. I had my taste of really cold weather at good old Fort Warren. The coldest it got while I was there was 22 below, however I heard from a fellow who is still there that it got down to 32 below. I think I was the happiest soldier in the Army when they told me to pack up and leave for March Field for eventual shipment to Victorville, Cal. Just stayed at March Field one day and night. You can't imagine an Army camp as pretty as it, palm trees, green grass, and a big mountain in the background. The quarters were Spanish type with red tiled roofs.

The trip on the train was really swell. I didn't know there were so many mountains in this country. We stopped at Salt Lake City, Utah.

for about an hour and we all marched up through the main business district. It is about the size of Saint City, an awfully clean place. Some of the fellows who have been there say it is a Mormon town. The church is a block square and they have a big statue of Brigham Young. I suppose you remember the show about him and his two hundred wives.

Really saw the fruit trees coming through California; oranges, lemons, grapefruit and a lot of others.

Continued from last Sunday. I didn't have quite enough time Sunday night to finish before the lights went off. They told us Monday that ratings would be given out this week so I have been waiting so I could spring the good news on you. Don't think I'm kidding you when you read this, but I went from a BAP; the B stands for buck and the P for private; see if you can figure it out. What I mean to say is that I am no longer a dollar a year man. From today on I am making £1 a week as a Tech Sergeant. It really doesn't seem possible but it happened. Only two out of forty eight received that

particular rating. There is only one notch higher to go and that is a Master Sergeant. In the regular Army in peace time a soldier would have to work twenty years to get a tech Sergeant's stripes, but today, this being a new camp there are a lot of ratings to be given and me being here on the ground floor, I got in on the gravy. Will get an \$4 check March 1 plus back pay as of today; the time of appointment. That should just touch the century mark.

Got a swell gang over at the office. Most of the gals are married but you know California. Our Lieutenant who is in charge of the office is a swell guy. He's always kidding the girls, calling them Sweetheart and old lady so and so. He reminds me an awful lot of Sam. He can really spread it on thick. He asked me the other day if I was married or had any intentions. When I ~~he~~ told him no he said that was swell, we got a big enough fight on our hands now. He said he was going to try and dig me up a pretty good rating; as it happened he probably meant what he said. He got us all together last night and told us that not a damn one of us deserved the rating we got, but he gave them out and told us that now we would have to earn them.

I'm really leading the life of Rielty. Don't have to get up until six; breakfast is served from 6:15 until 7:30, got to work at eight, work until 11:30, dinner is served from 11:30 to 12:30, go back to work at one and work until 4:30. Just like a Union.

The meals are really swell, served cafeteria style. You just walk along the steam tables and take as much as you want. If we had to pay for the same kind of a meal in a restaurant it would run around a \$4.50 a day.

Been downtown twice already. It is awfully small, only 2500, but most of the fellows seem to like it a lot better than Cheyenne. Never have much trouble getting into town. Army Regulations says that no soldier will thumb a ride from a civilian, but if you just happen to be standing on the highway throwing peanut shells in the direction you are going and some kind gentleman stops and asks you if you are going into town, that really isn't considered hitch-hiking.

By the way did you get my clothes back? I had them insured for a hundred bucks so I can't lose on the deal. Also did you receive the

post cards.

Can't tell you anything about the camp how many men, airplanes, etc., military secrets subject to censorship. All I can tell you is that I like it fine.

Probably won't see you for a long time. A special order came out December 10 cancelling all furloughs on the West Coast.

If you get this letter how about hearing from all of you down there. Don't be afraid of using a little lead. I have been looking every day for the last two ~~days~~ weeks but no catch.

I suppose you've heard the one about the one armed paper hanger.

It took me two weeks to catch it.

Think I've written enough this time. Excuse the writing. I am laying on the bed writing on my pillow.

Chuck



[[Vasos Correspondence #1]]

[[Page 1 - Letter]]

Dear Folks,

Don't understand why you haven't written.
Suppose you have forgotten all about me.

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have ever heard about it is true. The weather
is perfect although it does get pretty cool at
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[[note: two parallel lines drawn sectioning the letter.]]

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the one armed paper hanger.

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bed writing on my pillow.

Chuck

[[image: drawing of sergeant first class badge symbol]]