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Miss McGlynn and The Civilian Defense Committee,

I was very glad to hear from you and to get the list of addresses from fellows in the army from Salem. Since I am in the army I now realize what a swell job you and your committee are doing in keeping in touch with fellows in the service. I hope that you people will keep up the good work.

You mentioned that you would like to hear something about Texas and what I am doing down here. As you probably guessed from my address I am in the medical department of the army. We have completed our basic training of hikes, classes, and details and now doing nothing but details. After four weeks of picking up cigarette butts I am getting slightly bored with Texas, the army, and more particularly with details. Of course you realize that I am complaining, but I know you see my point. One consolation is that almost all of the men in my company are either college graduates or fellows who were in their junior (1). So if they have to do such jobs I guess that I a lowly Sophomore should be willing to do them without complaining.

The social life of Abilene is rather limited, because of the city of the schools, colleges and churches at least that is the way the chamber of commerce puts it. Therefore because of its reputation as a center of culture and religion there are no saloons or liquor selling establishments except for bootleggers. The whiskey they sell is a cross it seems between kerosene, shellac, and low-priced gin. Most of the soldiers have tried it at least once and I suppose it has had its good effect for I know several who are confirmed prohibitionists now are least until they get out of Texas.

The U.S.O. in this town really does a good job of entertaining the soldiers even though the civilian merchants try to make it apparent that their only mission in life is to separate the soldier from his money. The U.S.O. has a set schedule which they follow every week. It consists of dances, bicycle parties and other similar amusements. Right now I am in a USO (2) writing room and am trying to operate one of their typewriters. There are about a dozen Texas belles floating around the room trying to keep all "the poor dear soldiers" from getting

lonesome, I know their intentions are good but I wish they would get a new line. Their standard approach is usually, or should I say invariably goes something like this. "Good evening soldier, my name is Anna-Bell Higgins What's yours? Where do you come from?/ How long have you been in the army? Do you like it? Well I am sorry but I'll have to go cheer up somebody else. Good bye now." Personally I think they should either show a little more enthusiasm in their work or they should stay home and attend to their knitting until the boyfriend which they all invariably have comes from from the service.

I was sorry to hear about the building and I hope that the necessary repairs will have been completed by the time I return to school next (3) fall when I hope the war is over. I wonder some times wether all the kids in my division are back. I know Melville is in the Navy and I get a letter from him once in awhile. It seems like he is going to some kind of gunnery school. I guess he likes it all right for it seems to me he would like the Navy because of the idea of a girl in every port but who am I to talk. I also have wondered on several occasion wether "Pat" was still true to "Bob" Torrey. To sum it all up I have been wondering about the latest gossip at S.T.C.

I have tried to get some of the kids to write once in awhile but so far the only ones I have heard form are Mary Powers and Jane Cronin. If any other people would care to write I assure them that I would be happy to hear from them.

I hope you will excuse the writing and the grammatical errors as it was written under rather distracting conditions, namely the U.S.O. girls as I have mentioned before. It's almost time to start the camp so hoping to hear from you soon I remain.

Sincerely yours,
Joseph Allen