

April 27

Dear Stu:

Thanks for the letter. I hadn't been aware that I owed you one (really), and even if I had been, I didn't know your address. I'm glad to hear you're doing okay, and I do hope your heretofore indecisive "life-plan" proves to be a great success. At the rate I'm making money in this army (P. 11) Eperbu) I'll need all the rich friends I can find. By the way, your typing has certainly improved.

There is a lot to say about the army, but I'm not really too descriptive tonight and all the details are pretty grim anyway. I am a platoon (50 men) guide or acting sergeant (I already have 3 stripes!) and thus get a private room, no KP or shift details, and a few other privileges. Today I decided to make my platoon do the low-crawl before dinner. The low crawl is where you crawl on your belly

thru a muddy low-crawl pit. They took the stuff out of their pockets and put it on the stairs outside the barracks, and this fat drill sergeant, who harrasses me for wearing sunglasses on the rifle range, came by and said he might just pick up some change. When he started looking thru the stuff I got the ~~only~~ urge; I couldn't resist yelling at him in my meanest voice "Get away from that shit, Boy!" We are supposed to show cowardly respect for the DI's and he was astounded at what I said. My whole platoon was formed up and laughing at him. He ordered me into the low-crawl pit. My platoon didn't dig that, so they all jumped in to keep me company. Finally he let me out, but I'll catch some shit tomorrow. I don't care, tho; it was worth it.

My grandfather (Mr Hogsett) mother and Mary came down last weekend and I had a fine time eating (as my food is not

please don't address me as PFC (I'm not) just Pvt.

boss at all) and showing off Nancy, who has lost a few pounds and really looks cute. I wish you could come down and see this horrible place. I guarantee you'd immediately run to local board 114 with your lipstick and mascara on, a bandage on each hand every joint and carrying a cross on your shoulder pleading for a permanent deferment. I would.

We do have some fun, tho. Most of my men are good guys and a lot of fun. My platoon sergeant is hard but a cool guy and there is always an abundance of good funny bullshit.

Please do write again if you can, and I'll try to reciprocate. Right now it's 8:30 and I am tired (you know how tired my sleep - 3:30 comes early) so I'll end. Take care, and give my condolences to poor, penniless Scott.

Adios, Bullshitsofoll,
Lil