Dec. 24th, Weather Station
Mountain Home, Idaho
April 25, 1943

Dear Friends at 13 Station,

Due to my moving about from one station to another, your Ensay present was a bit late for Ensay, but it was a birthday gift as well as it arrived on my twenty-third birthday. May I express my thanks to the Bryant Service Club for making it possible for me to receive such gifts, and I would like the person who has the knack for knitting know that her handiwork is appreciated.

I'd like to tell you of our work here at Mountain Home and the activity of the base, but you know how things are. We are at a base that is at least thirty miles from the nearest mountain, the name Mountain Home. Although we are out in the desert in the wild and woolly West, we do have fine recreational facilities.
As at most bases there are Post Exchanges, a theater or two, a gymnasium for P.T., and a fine Service Club for Enlisted Men. We have a fine dance band which is made up of part of the regular military band, but it is the best Y.I. dance band I’ve heard in months. As we are about fifty miles from Bremere, there are times when we can go there and twice a month two trains full of the fair sex come out to the desert for dances at the Service Club.

How are things going this year at Bryant? Are there many more changes in the teaching staff? I suppose the college is about ninety-nine and forty-four hundred percent girls now with all the men either digging for oil, flying planes, or plotting weather charts. It looks as though I’ll be moving out of Calif. again as more and more women are getting into my line.
It hardly seems that over two years have gone by since I left Bryant, but in two months I'll have been wearing brown for two years. Ratings have been rather slow in my group in fact after eighteen months one gets awful tired of writing the same rank beside his name. I trust you'll pardon this bit of griping, but you know the old saying "a fellow can't be a good soldier if he can't do something to squint about."

Perhaps I'll be a soldier yet. After twenty-one months of service I manage to fire on the range and I don't mean fire a range as I did several times when cooking last year. I won't tell you my score - it's not polite to brag - they too don't want you to think I am lazy for if I remember right I had very little patience to do on the targets I aimed at. From the remarks of the other wealthy birds it looks as though I'd better stick to slingin' a paintbrush and not volunteer for the infantry.

G. F. B.
Have you heard from many of the boys of the classes of August 1941 and 1942? I know about Alfred Rodwood and about who he is. Some time he is in the States somewhere. If you are having any bulletins or any of the fellows I certainly would like to know what is going on.

Well is about two minutes I can take the — gas mask off and go to show. You see about every Tuesday they spray gas around and see how many fellows are caught without their masks. Of course, to my way of thinking I don't believe in regular routine gas drills any more than routine fire drills in a school. For training purposes the surprise matter seems to be practical. Of course, if a fellow is caught without his mask at the time he may get some form of duty so that he'll remember when Tuesday comes but he certainly won't forget how the time goes makes him cry.