



U. S. ARMY AIR CORPS
SEYMOUR JOHNSON FIELD
NORTH CAROLINA

January 11, 1944

Dear Dad,

Your Christmas Greetings did much to lighten my spirits. It was so nice of you to remember me.

My trip home was wonderful. Everyone gave me something or other with which to build up a store of fond memories. I brought these pleasant feelings in Thanksgiving Day at the Auld.

Dad, developments have been unpleasant resulting in apparent futility and helplessness.

My commission was
almost completed, when
the Secretary of War
suddenly established a
freeze. No one knows
whether or not the freeze
will thaw out. If it
should, indications are
I shall be commissioned.
However, the chances are
favored due to the fact
I am now slated for
overseas as a 275. Another
circumstance whereby
I might become look
to a greater degree amongst
the mass of men. This
need not happen but I am
constantly amazed by the
inefficiency of an A.R.D.

Seymour Johnson
is a "hell hole" beyond
imagination but so much
for that. Thirty classification
men are now awaiting
shipment. We were chosen
alphabetically. Interesting
how the Army functions
according to ~~order~~ and number.



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My only challenge and
stimulus around here
has lain in the methods
and techniques of "goofen off".
At times it has been fun
to mislead and blind these
moronic generals. However,
the whole situation is
so infantile and hopeless,
its most ~~disappointing~~
[The word is disappointing]
[Am writing on my knees]

My limited observation
of clarification here at
Seymour amounts to
wisdom, clearing. Some
250 specialists left here
the other day on 590's.
Thirty of them objected and
each one was given a
hearing before a clarification
board. The time
involved for the total
number amounted to
thirty minutes. The results

each one left on a 590.
The three classification officers
at the field are youngsters
from whom one could
hardly expect a mature
evaluation but here they
are holding positions
calling for responsibility.
How then, could classifica-
tion work? Oh, well,
such is the reality of
Army life.

Doc, I do hope
you're as enthralled as
ever and that things
break your way. Please
direct attention to my
remarks. I give them to
you because few people
would understand and
I suppose it's a pitying
note for my pent up
frustrations.

Cheerio Doc. Write
again. While I shall be
here, you might never the-
less use this address.

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