

Pvt Virgil Tangborn
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Camp Barkley, Texas

Dear Folks,

Well, I've got settled down at last and have got time to write a letter. We arrived here yesterday after traveling two days and nights. This camp is located in a very isolated spot in what looks to me like semi-desert. It is about fifty miles to the nearest town.

It sure is a big and thriving place, this camp. About as populous as a good size city I imagine. They have eleven large churches, dozens of theaters. It's all laid out like a city too with avenues, cross streets, etc. Edmund, Carl Hoines, Lester Morgan, Tilman Hanson are all in this camp but we're all in different companies. This whole Camp Barkley comprises the 90th Infantry Division. You don't seem to have much chance to get into the branch you want to. They are so busy they just seem to assign men to different branches in mass lots of thousands. There may be opportunities to be discovered after I have been here for a while. I wish you would find out as much information as you could about this and send me. You don't seem to be able to find out much here except through rumor. Would like to know if it is possible to get transferred into a different branch of service.

It's been raining ever since we got here and we've been marching ankle - deep in the mud. I've frozen more in Texas than I ever did in Minnesota although its a different kind of freezing. They say it gets as hot and dusty as a desert (it is a desert I guess) when the sun shines.

We live in sort of tent- like structures which don't hold out wind and rain to good. Last night the rain kept dripping from the roof of the tent into my face.

So far, army life isn't quite as bad as I expected but it seems to be getting tougher. You don't ever know what to expect. It's kind of a lost feeling you have all the time. They keep you busy every minute.

I've taken dozens of tests for everything but have but have found nothing I can excel in so far. The IQ. test at Fort Snelling was taken by 500 men at once and lasted 10 minutes for all. The pressure on time was so great that if you happened to drop your pencil you would be probably classified as feeble-minded. I don't know what I got but I know I bungled it because I couldn't hear the instructions.

Wish you would send me address of following: Carl Hieron, Harold Hoff, and Readers Club.

Hope to hear from you soon because through letters is the only way I can contact civilization from this isolated spot. Will write more in detail next time.

Virgil.