

Sept. 12, 1943



San Diego, Calif.

Dear Mom & Dad,

Well here it is Sunday again and a little spare time on my hands. Just dug my pen out of my seabag, so I figured I would use it. Yesterday was a hell of a day. We went out to the boopdock. That is the most feared place in the whole marine Corps. With our full transport pack on, which weighs about 30 lbs. and rifle and etc. we ran across that stuff at full pace. It would run 50 yds and hit the deck. Then rise and do the same thing again. The sand was about four inches deep and the wind was blowing like everything. We went down to the ocean twice for mud. After we had done this for almost three hours, we then went over the obstacle



Course. He got back about  
four o'clock. Some of the fellows  
sprained out during this from  
fatigue. Got some shots  
yesterday also.

Saw Howard tallied a  
couple of days ago. He is a  
K.P. in the mess-hall where  
we eat. R.P. 38 cracked up  
yesterday as we were coming  
in from the barracks. I  
don't know if anyone got  
hurt or not. Got a card  
from Ken the other day. He  
left for the rifle-range  
Saturday. He goes up there  
next Saturday. From the  
rifle range via O.K. Go to the  
S.V. anytime you want to and  
you also see a show every  
night. Till close now and  
write to Tom, Ralph, and etc.

P.S. send hangings  
and socks  
prints.  
Also some  
candy.

Love  
Bill

Just had a  
card today.  
You this Sunday  
shut. Keep it.