Could it be True?: A Letter from Marine Boot Camp

Description

It might be true, it might be not, but it came into my email inbox today:

LETTER FROM A FARM KID
(NOW AT San Diego MARINE CORPS RECRUIT TRAINING)

Dear Ma and Pa,

I am well. Hope you are. Tell Brother Walt and Brother Elmer the Marine Corps beats working for old man Minch by a mile. Tell them to join up quick before all of the places are filled.

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I was restless at first because you got to stay in bed till nearly 6 a.m. but I am getting so I like to sleep late. Tell Walt and Elmer all you do before breakfast is smooth your cot, and shine some things. No hogs to slop, feed to pitch, mash to mix, wood to split, fire to lay. Practically nothing.

Men got to shave but it is not so bad, thereâ€™s warm water. Breakfast is strong on trimmings like fruit juice, cereal, eggs, bacon, etc., but kind of weak on chops, potatoes, ham, steak, fried eggplant, pie and other regular food, but tell Walt and Elmer you can always sit by the two city boys that live on coffee. Their food plus yours holds you until noon when you get fed again. Itâ€™s no wonder these city boys canâ€™t walk much.

We go on â€œroute marches,â€• which the platoon sergeant says are long walks to harden us. If he thinks so, itâ€™s not my place to tell him different. A â€œroute marchâ€• is about as far as to our mailbox at home. Then the city guys get sore feet and we all ride back in trucks.

The country is nice but awful flat. The sergeant is like a school teacher. He nags a lot. The Captain is like the school board. Majors and colonels just ride around and frown. They donâ€™t bother you none.

This next will kill Walt and Elmer with laughing. I keep getting medals for shooting. I donâ€™t know why. The bulls-eye is near as big as a chipmunk head and donâ€™t move, and it ainâ€™t shooting at you like the Higgett boys at home. All you got to do is lie there all comfortable and hit it. You donâ€™t even load your own cartridges. They come in boxes.

Then we have what they call hand-to-hand combat training. You get to wrestle with them city boys. I have to be real careful though, they break real easy. It ainâ€™t like fighting with that ole bull at home. Iâ€™m about the best they got in this except for that Tug Jordan from over in Silver Lake. I only beat him once. He joined up the same time as me, but Iâ€™m only

5â€™6â€³ and 130 pounds and heâ€™s 6â€™8â€³ and near 300 pounds dry.

Be sure to tell Walt and Elmer to hurry and join before other fellers get onto this setup and come stampeding in.

Your loving daughter,

Alice G

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