

strictly army environment. Judging from the business section would approximate its size as being  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times the former size of Brown with a soldier population of 20-1, particularly on Sunday. The residential section supports beautifully constructed homes with floral landscaping indicating a high degree of community pride. I was thoroughly surprised to find such an elevated kind of humanity and which I had not expected to find in this section of Texas. You can just imagine the complication of transportation from Berkeley to this town. To me it has reached proportions of the impossible. A line of 300 men, <sup>waiting for a bus</sup> is not too common a site, in fact it is from this condition that Berkeley gets its name as a line outfit - line for dinner, line for bus serve, line for latrine, line at Pk and line for recreation etc.

I am now wondering if I had better cease my peregrinations of thought and get back again to that question of just what I am doing at Berkeley. I know of no better way to handle this question than to consider a typical around the clock picture of life in Co A. and which naturally begins with those hours of the dawn when so softly is initiated that lovable and cherished symphony, the shrill blast of the Cadremans whistle (the Cadremans are those leaders with polite, gentle manners and soft voices and who are to assume the likeness of our civilian fathers) at this very instant you forcefully throw your body into a rigid tension in order to suppress that peans and well founded desire towering his neck who so crudely interrupted your rest. This first interruption occurs at approx 6:00 A.M. I say approx because I have never had my eyes wide enough opened to correctly