

Another time I was sent around the field (a half mile) in double time because I looked down the line one morning after we had been drilling for several hours. One time we stood at attention for 45 minutes, and during that time I looked down once and up again, and spent three hours copying the rules on how to stand at attention. I had to sleep with my rifle for two nights, and one fellow had to carry his rifle with him everywhere for a whole week because he didn't have it cleaned properly.

Another interesting experience was when the sergeant came down the line and noticed one fellow with a shirt pocket unbuttoned. The guy had to take the button off, sew it on a towel, take it to the sergeant who tore it off the towel and told the fellow to sew it on his shirt again, and repeat the entire process ten times.

We were always kept busy. The place is kept spic and span, cleaner than a hospital. We never had time to do much else - about an hour during the day to glance at the papers or write letters. When you get away you really appreciate and enjoy the letters from home. Sometimes on week-ends we can catch up with the news, but that is the only time.

I really feel lucky to be in the Marines. I say this with no reflection on the other services, but this branch of the service appeals to me and I would rather be a private in the Marines than an officer in the Army or Navy. The other day on a street car in Kansas City a lady asked me if there really is any feeling between the Army and the Navy and the Marines, and I said, "No, they get along fine, but the Marines always look after the Army and the Navy."

I was the only one in my class at Quantico from Kansas - in fact, they called me "Kansas". Most of the boys were from the East and South and the Pacific Coast. Not many from the mid-west.

We do not feel we are in as good shape yet as we want to be. We want to be able to do double time all day long, and we probably will be by the time we push off.