

"They couldn't make a baker out of a farmer" . . .

Mitsubishi Aircraft Factory, Nagoya, Honshu, Japan, is the heading on a letter to The Leader office, written by Sgt. Clemens Hoff-



Sgt. Clemens J. Hoffmann, former Leader employee when attending Pierce High. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Hoffmann, south of Pierce. His letter follows:

February 1, 1946
 Dear Leader Folks and Friends:
 When our mail clerk handed me the letter from The Leader folks this morning I felt just a little more like continuing my job here in a happier mood and wasn't any less appreciative than all the other home town GI's must be from the cheering notation. I don't find myself quite equal to answering it in the same good shape.
 Returning to Fort Riley after my furlough some months ago, I got

a different opinion of the army camps in the United States, such as rocks, sand, mud and heat of Camp Hood, Texas and Fort Leavenworth. The rolling hills, tall trees and stone barracks at Riley were like a beautiful dream compared with the sweat and nightmares of our training.

But after three days we were again aboard the troop train and headed west through a scenic trail, the green hills of Kansas, the plains and mountains of Colorado, the deserts of Utah and Nevada, and orchards of California, then the west coast and Fort Ord. During our twelve days stay there some of us were lucky enough to see some of the sights at Monterey, including one of the oldest missions in the United States. Monterey is a rather small city of Spanish design, white plaster buildings with red tile roofing, palm trees and

all. I didn't get to see much of the orchards and pine covered mountains of Oregon and Washington states, since I pulled KP duty during our two days trip north and a convoy of some 60 trucks took us the five miles to Fort Lawton.

This camp is along the side of a mountain among the densely growing pines wherein some of us fellows got lost several times by taking a "short cut" to the PX and theatre during our free nights. At Lawton we received last minute instructions and training in escaping a possible sinking ship and numerous other items. There also we were split up from most of the buddies that we'd taken training with at IRTC. And finally our "this is it" journey to the docks where we climbed the gang plank with our duffle bags aboard the

more comfortable for the next bunch to come through. The runways were cluttered with wrecked training planes.

Some 1,000 of us fellows who came over on the boat together were attached to the 566th Quartermaster group where I was supervising Japanese laborers loading and unloading rations aboard the train to be shipped to other outfits or stored in our warehouse at the railroad company. A week later I found myself transferred to this bakery company and working hard since most of the older men of the outfit were eligible for discharge, and for two weeks most of us were working on a double shift as the company was only at a third its original strength and we had to keep the 34,000 men in this Nagoya area supplied with the basic food of life.

When our 150 replacements came in just before Christmas the CO decided that he couldn't make a baker out of a good Nebraska farmer, so here I am working in the company's clothing and equipment supply room. Guess Sgt. Maron had a pretty tough time teaching me everything he could about the job during the 14 days before he bid farewell to the 262nd and army life and I was just a little at a loss when I became acting supply sergeant on Uncle Sam's morning report. But the fellows are a swell bunch to work for and as for any of the other outfits we do business with, well we're just tops. The reputation of our delicious cakes is known by every outfit around here and we get priority on anything and everything.

The 566th Quartermaster group is making a move to Kobe which is some 160 miles south of here

sometime in the near future. According to all rumors it is a very beautiful city and hasn't been hit by the war as Nagoya has, so we're looking forward to some more comfortable living quarters, although we haven't anything to complain about here in what used to be testing rooms for airplane motors.

With all that snow I hear you've been having this winter it must be ideal for rabbit hunting. How about that, Bob, is Butch learning how to retrieve your birds for you? He was just a little pup last I remember him. I'm anxiously waiting for the day when the regular army takes over our jobs here and we'll be able to go sniffing around the Russian thistles together again—I mean with you, Bob, not Butch.

Regards to Major, Mrs. Cox, Kreg, Bill Julene, Freckles and all of the Leader gang.

As always,
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