March 27, 1943

Dear [Name],

Well, here it is; I finally have found myself at the end of the line. In Saturday night when no 雪ball can bother me and no 雪ball can interrupt me. I can unload a supply of facts and thoughts and 雪ball stood up for five days. In this end I think you will see why I didn't find time to write; sometimes there wasn't even time enough granted to relieve myself without a mad burst of speed!!

First of all, thanks for your extravagant mail. But I need no money; there's nothing to buy around here -
as please send no mail of the cash until I request it. Also cancel the paper subscription please. On weekdays I'll never have time to read it and it will just clutter things up; just send me occasionally a clipping or two of interest. The Reader's Digest idea is fine. Thanks. I received the cards and the package with all its contents. All I would like now would be my other shoes (not going to throw away these I have here) and perhaps a towel or two.

Camp Reed baking school unit may be maulden but at least mediocre. Quality and quantity are fine, I suppose, but my reaction to the meals varied due to my 'special tastes.' I don't like spinach and pork and eggs and the like, but more about meals later.

The arena correspondence was
very interested all your letters are warm and I look forward to them eagerly. Especially yours, Helen Baby. They are well written - even well typed - and your spelling is better than mine (you'll just have to excuse any spelling - just chalk it up to declination to the army). Oh yes, camp Lee is 30 miles from Richmond and a soldier can not go any farther. I called up Mrs. Sherman tonight, she had written to me - what a sweet Southern voice. I had to wait an hour for Richmond call to be put through!! anyway, it's been Richmond forever - calling her
When I arrive around 2. That will give me the morning to mail and I can't be rushed. (I sure hope you can read this). Anyway, she suggested my meeting by necessity who have a recreation room but (she handled this like an old master) she wants to see me first, sweet and warm. O.K. her GI friend will be there. It should be fun.

My feet are now fine. I was excused from heavy marching for a few days and it's just a matter of time. I was wrong - it's 9:30. A corporal just came through and turned off the lights - as a result I am writing by the inspiring atmosphere of the latrine.
I think that just about covers the general aspect of your letters and your specific questions. Write me if I'm forgetting anything—besides my commas and periods.

I am beginning to get adjusted. I won't say that I'm in the army yet. I wake up in the morning—cough a little. Feel alright. Don't complain. Make my bed, shine my shoes. Through the endless army routines of line up, rush, dump, put on belt and packs, undo and remake packs. The five minutes or ten minute rest periods really last 2 minutes at the most. We never have time to wash before eating.
after inspection (special inspection on Saturday means work all Friday night) we have lectures, movies, and drill. On most we play but I am managing not to get bored. The classes are built for the slow members, you know. That is the summary of my acclimatism. I can't tell you the contents of our work since it obviously falls in a military category. However in a 4-5 week course it is impossible to be anywhere near completion on any one topic. The point is that I am taking things in stride now.

One main impression is about eating. We all sit into the mess hall - 12 to a table - and when the sergeant yells "chow" all 12 tend to dive for the food bowls.
relieved again. Everybody ate like mad to get seconds before the next fellow. There is a hush and cry for seconds. The sergeant hasn't passed one meal without reminding us to shut up. Of course, now, in the second week, the pace has slowed down as cooperation, planning, and collective action of the logical mind are running over the unhealthy individuality of hunger. Still, the meal is nothing to look forward to: no pleasant conversation, no napkins, only one plate — still, I'm almost immune to that also.

One last little impression of the fellows around here. The college boys
and the four from better backgrounds are all right. But the others are fundamentally mean, I am afraid. You who work in the social service atmosphere know the type. An example had just been going on before me. They is a refugee from his native land who moved in lately. He has been in the country for 5 years, his English is not that adequate, but his self-confidence is purely defensive. He tries hard but has hardly flat feet. This frees him more on the defensive. His face is kind yet it is almost ugly. If he really had an ugly disposition the honesty and strength in his face could not be there. You can understand the handicaps he faces and the songs of hate around will make it even tougher on him. They tell him lies, swear...
at him, ragged him and rode him. 425 of them peppered him with embarrassing questions, egg him both with words and racket; one poor pretended he was a sergeant and gave false ideas. This torment continued for a half hour. The tormentor was laughing themselves sick with their many pokes and jabs; it was nauseating to see their sickly faces. The boy, his name is Rosenblum, apparently was used to it; he answered them with indifferent comment and silence. Outwardly, he didn't seem mind his scapegoat role. God only knows how he felt or how he got used to it. It held up eventually.

I should add no thing: the emphasis
of the fables was not on his soundness, it was only mentioned in passing and when I tried to make them shut up on the grounds of finding this letter the boy was nobody's fool. The part is that these boys can hit very pretty low levels and unfortunately must very often be taken at their very worst.

well it's 10:30 and I could like to hit the hay. Please explain to the relatives and friends that if I will write when I have time but I just don't feel time.

Mrs. Summers