

1
march 14, 1943

Dear ones,

I may get to call you this morning, and if so this letter will be for the sake of the record. We arrived at 10; I had met Dan and Joe Smith and others from school, including Tom Carens who informs me his dad was your buddy here in the last war, Daddy. We hung around the station in aye, then 32 of us were herded into the trucks, taken to a receiving building, marched around, given raincoats and towels and toilet material. I sleep between Dan and Joe; the latrine is conveniently next door. Friday and Saturday we went through an processing - physicals, mental, et. al. including uniforming, messes, various instructions. As yet we are boys haven't seen real army life since we are all together and have no intimate contact with selectees. The army routine is well managed but there is endless waiting before each process begins. We get up at 4:30 (5:30 on Sunday), lights out at 9 P.M. I have made up the lack of sleep with

an aspirin, pill and tea; I am now well
acclimated. We are constantly warned of and
inspected for venereal disease; we spent a lot
of time in the mud. The non-coms so far
have been swell; only one major has
shown any signs of damage - he looked
like a stroke. I haven't saluted anyone
yet. Classification went along all
right; I took out full allowance and
\$6.25 in bonds per month. I made you,
Mother, beneficiary - I hope it's O.K. They didn't
tell us our grades in the test but I think
I saw my grades as 155! I'm not sure -
it's only what I think I saw. My preference
was put down as Quartermaster Corps.

We know nothing about when or where
our ideas come through. Rumors say Monday.
Evening is muddy; as yet I have had no
detail. ERC definitely gets special treatment.
We have to prove our agent's office material -
selects have to prove they are. It is cold at
night, there is lots of smoke in the hen
coop we live in, but at noon - by which

time I have been up 3 hrs - it gets
very warm. There is time to take showers;
the facilities are more than adequate. We
clean the barracks (sweep and mop) each
morning before 5. Food is good - not like
home, however. We have seen propaganda
movies, instruction movies, been to the PX,
been invited to the chapel and the dining hall.
But most of the time seems wasted in
waiting, yet each person in itself is efficient.

When we were in China and when tags
were still in our clothes, everyone who had
seen here more than we yelled,
"You'll be sorry." It's a sort of battle cry
around here. When we march around we
are asked where we're from - Harvard gets
a noisy response. We have suffered no ill
effects because of it however. My clothes
were perfect fits; I got special shoes but
I will surely get a blister or two before I
am really used to them. The money belt,
showing belt, toilet bag have all come

in handy. oh, yes. ⁴ I saw chet smile in
the clothes washer. I told you that I
saw D on leave.

I guess that just about ^{covers} my facts and
impressions of D even - waiting and, yet,
efficiency in method, mild and gentle
to you; smiling non-comm, supercilious
commanding officers. I feel fine, keeping
regular. I haven't seen any more stars
tho like yet; I don't even feel like writing a
loshany man. I have written all the
handpapers. I will write (or call) telling
you my permanent address. Don't write to
me at D even; we all asked to ask you
not too. I am cheerful, not at all blue.
I am a little drab - oh, D. I am.

Love to all. say hello to Duffy
for me, Toots. Regards to D. M.

Dr.
Summer