

Friday

12:30 Noon

Dearest One:

I'm having a very quiet time of it today - in bed. Went on sick call this morning and the doc said take this and that and go back to bed. I really feel much better than I did yesterday and I believe I'll be O.K. by staying in today and also Sunday. I don't know what the schedule is for Saturday but it is usually a fairly easy day because inspection takes up half of the morning.

The company is out on the rifle range this afternoon taking five practice shots apiece. I would like to be there, but feeling as I do I'm better off in bed.

We went through the poisonous gas chamber yesterday. Had to walk 5 paces into a room holding our hands on our shoulders (and holding our breath!) then take off your helmet, get your mask out of the carrier and get it on.

It really wasn't as bad as it sounds. The concentration of poisonous gas was not enough to kill you if you didn't get your mask on but it would

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sure make you sick. The worst part of it was standing out in a open field for two hours, with the cold wind blowing - and watching chemical Warfare put on some demonstrations.

Somebody in this army has the craziest ideas. They say, "Now pay attention and get this. It's important, may save your life." Then they take you out where it is so damned cold you spend all your efforts keeping warm - and to hell with the lectures.

Maybe this cold spell will break up. The papers say it is a record breaking one for this part of the country.

Only three more weeks of  
basic training, then I hope I'm  
shipped out of here to the A. G. O  
school — and Audry.

As soon as I know where  
I'm going to be I'll wire you.

No letters for the past  
couple of days, Hon, and I've  
sure missed them. But  
you have been doing fine  
for a pumpkin-head that  
is so busy. Maybe I'll  
get two letters tonight.

It's nearly two o'clock now.  
You see, some of that  
medicine has kept me  
busy running to the  
latrine — but I sure  
feel better already.

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Later on when it warms  
up some more I'm going  
to sneak in and take a  
shower and get cleaned  
up before they get in from  
the range.

This being Friday, the  
barracks has to be scrubbed  
and mopped, but I won't  
get in on it this time.

Guess I'll wait until after  
mail call to finish this letter,  
Hon. Besides - I've got to go now.

8:45 - Nope - No letters  
today - but I still love  
you Audrey.

Gotta get to sleep, Hon.

Love,  
Harold.