

Howell General Hosp.
June 8, 1942

Dear Mom

Just a note to let you know we got back okay!

Terrible hot day - we had to go on a hike carrying our gas masks over our shoulders and in white uniforms and shoes and stockings. We marched for miles down by the river - up to our ankles in mud and dust. One of the nurses fell in the mud and broke 2 fingers. She was a mess covered in mud from head to toe. St. Dannelly ran and picked her up struggling in mud up to his knees. We finally rested awhile and then the bugs and mosquitoes started on us. We returned to the drill field through long grass and knives to avoid the mud. across the rifle range in the scorching sun. We all received our stockings.

Tonight Ray started on nights and some of us went down to L. Q. D. picnic then walked to Shidey. Write soon. The bugle has sounded and I am dead on my feet. Love to all Mom
over

We drill every day on the drill field and have classes on survival - going through our basic training - we had to swim through a field with bullets whipping around us - amid shouts to keep our spinnies down. I was really frightened!

Periodically we have to drill for the general of the post - we are getting pretty good at that! Good old Army life! I think Dad used to be a Sgt & drill instructor in the Canadian Army in WWII. Conard's. Love to

Mary.