Dear Mom,

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

Litterly 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 six 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. Dannelly ran and picked her up struggling in mud up to his knees. We finally sat awhile and then the bugs and mosquitoes attacked on us. We returned to the drill field through long grass and ditches to avoid the mud. Across the rifle range in the blazing sun. We all needed our stockings.

Tonight jazz started on nights and some of us went down to a G.A.R. picnic. We walked to Shirley White's soon. The bugs have bounded and I am dead on my feet. Tell Papa...
We drill every day on the drill field and have classes on survival — going through our basic training — we had to stand through a field with bullets whipping around us — amid shouts to keep our famines down.

It was really frightening.

Practically 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 lot of drill instructor in the Canal Zone Army in WWII. Coincidence? 

Love to

May