Wednesday

Dear Mom:

Excuse the pencil, no ink as yet.

Boy oh boy, what a time. It's really swell here, but plenty tough.

Fell out, (that means got up) this morning at 6:30 and marched about a mile to see some movies. They're really something. Being restricted, that is not to be shown to the public, they give us information that's really startling.

The tops in the army and politics knew that this war was coming, and the
approximate plans of Germany, Japan, and Italy. It's because of our stupid isolationism that we're in this war right now. No one would listen to the smart fellows, Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia.

Well, that's enough of that crap. We had lunch at 12:00 and the marched 3 miles to another post theater for another movie. By the way, the food here is terrific.

After this movie we walked back the 3 miles and got our first touch of P.T. (Physical Torture). It was here that the guys started passing out. (so soon, ya?) There
were about 100 here and we passed out. It's your own fault if you pass out though, because it depends mostly on your diet. Eat regular stay away from milk except at breakfast, keep your bowels good, and you're okay.

We're waiting to eat now at 17:40, and then we'll get our uniforms. Thank God we won't have to go through anymore ribbing. Everyone we passed a bunch of soldiers in civies the soldiers would
take their caps off, put them over their hearts,

Sing the Funeral March.

Well, sweetheart, gotta eat now. I love you with all my heart. (Je vous aime beaucoup, ma chère.) Say hello to everyone.

The best to

The best

[Signature]

Mrs. Ruth S. Clark
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