Dear Mom:

I passed the test with flying colors, but about 10 others washed out. They're pretty heart-broken. These tests are something new in the basic. We're the first to have them. Most men washed out on eye, some pulse or blood. I'll write you a letter tomorrow. Don't worry. I love you. Love to all.

[Signature]
Peares & Mom:
I received my robe Monday, and I can sure use it. I think I'll send back the rubbers as I don't need them.

Since I wrote you that card Monday noon a few more fellows have washed out. These physicals are tough! About 10 to have washed out already. You see, these tests are something new to save the government money by sending useless material to college. I sure am glad I passed.

We had another typhoid
shot at 1430 today. Beside the fact that I can't move my left arm much, there's no other ill effects. I'm awfully sorry to know you have a cold, angel. Take care of it now. Too worry me too, when you're not well.

I wrote Bobby, + Nancy Sunday. I also wrote Sue, You, Sue, the Bakers, and you. OOPS! almost forgot Charlie. Come to think of it, I wrote him too. When, what a day!

Today Tuesday is gas day. We have to carry our gas mucks with us all day, because tear gas bombs are exploded unexpectedly all over camp.
We had our first taste of tear gas today when in the middle of a lecture our eyes began to smart and water, our skin burned, and we couldn't breathe, risking burning our lungs. That tear gas is no plaything. It's a strong, toxic irritating gas. You've gotten smoke in your eyes, well that's nothing compared to the pain that this stuff causes.

Right after that first taste we were taken to the gas chamber where we got wiffs of
mustard, phosgene, (similar but more powerful and deadly than mustard). These were given to us in very diluted doses 5%. Then we went into a room filled with tear gas, Chloracetophenone, CN, (that's the technical name) in 100% strength. Then two at a time we had to take off our masks and run out of the chamber. I yanked off my mask, shut my eyes, held my breath and ran like hell, smack into the hairy wall! What a workout. When we got out of there we were bruised and crying like a baby, just generally beat, the whole victory garden.
I can sure use those Fleetwoods. From Bobby, it'll be good to have a decent cigarette. Thank her for me. I'll sure enjoy your little package too, how I can hardly wait. So can the rest of the boys.

Well Angel, I have to go to show now, so with all my love, and more love to all, I remain:

Your loving Son

[Signature]