

Ash Wednesday.
10:15 P. M.
Camp Upton, L. I.

Dear everybody,

By now I suppose you are all wondering what in hades happened to me after I sent that short postcard note. Please rest assured that I am very much alive, and still kicking. As you will note, I wrote a previous letter. That was last nite, Tues. But I did not get a chance to mail it. Then this morning we were roused out of our tents, ^{at 5:30} and the next time I laid eyes on my tent, and my featherbed bunk with its Simmons mattress was exactly $15\frac{1}{2}$ hrs later, at 9:30 tonite.

When we lined up in the company street at 5:45 this morn, I forgot to bring along the letter I ~~wrote~~ wrote last nite. But I'll try to enlighten you as to my whereabouts and actions subsequent to this error. After a $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. stand in the company street, we marched a quarter mile to chow. Breakfast was good. After the morning repast our motherly 7-day

Generals (who are really only 7-day old buck privates) marched us in company to the latrine. It seems that one never goes to the latrine unless marched there by the generals. And then it's too damn bad if you're not in the mood for a bowel movement. Because later you're too busy to go to the willie by yourself. Busy doing what?? Why, waiting, of course. Waiting, waiting, waiting. That's all we seem to do out here. But, at any rate, after latrine we went for our mental or I. Q. test. I think I did pretty well on this, or at least I hope so. After the I. Q., it was back to the latrine for us. And after that came lunch, which was also good (ham, + vegs., ice cream, apricots, bread, grape fruit, and coffee). After lunch came latrine again. And then an hour and a half of waiting for the medical exam, which I passed with flying colors. The med. took about $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 hours. After the medical, latrine and then supper, which was very good (Liver, potatoes, parsnips, carrots, tossed salad, bread pudding, coffee, bread and ice cream). Latrine right after supper. Oh! By the way, I put the money belt on Toosely in the morning, and after every meal the damn thing felt like a girdle. Oh well, I should

2) live so!!

Then we we marched back to barracks, but before I could get to my tent, I, and 13 other fellows were told to report to the dispensary. We were more or less resigned to this after running around naked all ~~at~~ afternoon during the med. We got to the dispensary at 6:30. And, believe it or not, spent 2 hours and 45 minutes getting the wax removed from our ears. Wait! wait! wait!! 14 fellows.

At 9:15 it was all over, so I came back to my tent, went to the latrine, then washed, shaved and brushed my teeth (all of which must be done at night: orders.)

Tomorrow is going to be my big day. 3 injections (I took my blood test today [RESULT: NEGATIVE]), one of which is for tetanus. The boys call this "the hook." The injection is intramuscular, with a curved needle 2 in. long. The RESULT: one fellow in my tent who had his shots today can't raise his right ~~an~~ arm above the shoulder. Oh, well!! [Just started to rain]

After my shots I'm to get my

G.I. issue. Then to the Mickey Mouse movies, next to the classification office, and then to wait for shipping orders, which may come an hour ~~or~~ later, but will probably take about 3 or 4 days, with K.P. in the meantime. So wish me luck.

You can try writing to me via the address on the envelope. I may get it but probably won't.

NOTE: The old timers here tell me if I like the food they serve at Upton I won't have any trouble with Army food hereafter.

Well, here I have run plumb out of ~~the~~ news. So I'll sign off. I'll try to write soon, when I get the chance.

Love, and
As ever,
Frank