

December 4, 1943

Dear Mother,

It seems that the time has finally come that I've been waiting for. This morning they gave us a physical examination. Then we were issued our overseas gear, helmet, gas mask, rifle, and bayonet and a cot to sleep on, after we get over I guess.

In about a half hour we will load our stuff on a truck and then after we eat I guess that we will shove off. This will be my last word for a few weeks imagine. Good luck to everyone.

Your son,  
Tom D

[page 2] P.S. My new address is on the envelope.