

The marches are fierce but will never worry as long as we have an officer walking at the head of it. Out of our Company of 250 men there will seldom be more than 50% complete the trip, the others becoming stragglers and ambulance cases. I have never been so forcefully impressed, and as admitted by the fellows themselves, of the effects of smoking and drinking upon the factors of fatigue and endurance. These hikes that will send a man to the hospital are to me only moderate in hardship. Possibly my interests in ~~this~~ getting out into the country and seeing the hard life are so dominant that I do not have time to lament or concern myself with the hardships. In civilian life I considered it a pleasure to pack up and master old Temp. In this case the pack was a stimulating feeling of pleasure, but in the army I seemed to have developed a negative response to the pack. The physical factors are identical but the difference lies in the attitude of acceptance. In the one case it was regulated by a free and willful desire, while in the other case it is being dictated by order. The distance traversed during these enforced marches will vary from 9-16 miles, rarely 25, and depending on how the marching program has been outlined. At 4 miles an hour you can say we really do some low flying. During the hotter part of the day the marches become nearly unbearable with perspiration flowing freely, sometimes obscuring vision. Not a segment of ^{any} clothing remains dry (Republican). Imagine the pleasures of this sport when forced to wear gas mask for 45 minutes. We are required to eat 1 salt tablet for breakfast, 2 for dinner and 1 for supper. So far ever one of these pills have gone into my pocket for the simple reason that I do not find any evidence for this salt requirement as yet. The physiological principle is logical but for my