

Dear Mother,

Just back from a practice hike and have from now until seven o'clock off. We used to have until 7:30 in the first camp, but we go into study at seven now and get out at nine instead of nine-thirty. Also have more time to sleep as the hour has been changed from 5:30 to 5:45 in the morning. The commanding officer explained his change by saying that we would need more rest to keep up with the work he had mapped out for us.

I have been trying to figure out what kind of man our captain is. His name is Cooke and he was commissioned at the end of the last camp. He appears to be rather gruff and is more of an old maid in many ways than a regular old army officer. He has had many years of experience in the army as a private and a sargeant and I guess this explains it.

Received Marie's letter this afternoon and was surely glad to get word from home. She asked me about Cass. Yes, we are both in the same company as we reported together. Sauers from Streator is also in our company and is in my squad. Marie knows him as he used to take Anna Quinn around to all the dances.

I was appointed a corporal by just a stroke of luck. We were all lined up and sized off in squads. The fourth man in each squad was made a corporal, but as the 4th man in our squad (the 2nd) had no military experience, he placed me in charge. Cass did not land a non-com and he's simply a high private in the rear rank. All the corporals drilled the squad for a short while the first day, but our battalion commander issued an order that the guides and platoon chiefs were to drill them from then on. Since then I have been drilling like the rest of them. There is another man back from the first camp also drilling in our squad in the ranks.

Received word today that during this camp our leave on Saturday would be from one o'clock Saturday afternoon until 5:30 Sunday afternoon. Guess we have to study Sunday night. Was surely sorry to get this news. Have not received any word as yet in regard to Labor Day but hope I can be home for both Sunday and Monday afternoon. Will get home on the six o'clock Saturday night.

How are you feeling? Would like to hear from you soon if you can find the time. How is father? Well, Mother, I will probably get time to write a few lines tomorrow. Love to you, father, and all.

Your son, Harry