"WITH THE COLORS."

April 29th, 1918.

Dear Mother and Dad;

Arrived safe and sound in camp at 2.55
after having stood or rather sat on my suitcase from N. Y. C.
I can't begin to tell you how much fun we had on the train.
I met about eight fellow of my company who were returning
just like me, so we all stuck together in the smoking car.
We arrived in N. Y. C. at 10.22 and after checking my suit
case I went with the fellows down 34th St. to 7th Ave. and up
several squares after seeing something of N. Y. C. enough
to satisfy me we came back and got a soda then boarded the
train. The Camp Upton train never left till 11.55 and it
was mobed to the doors. I slept nearly all the way into camp.
That suitcase certainly was a terrific lift on my hike to the
company. It being twice as far as I had spoken about.

At 3.15 I crawled into bed only to be
wakened up at 5.15 then early mess and another inspection
in which every piece of clothing is to be examined, if not
new is turned in. One of my hobnails was slightly worn but
not hardly enough to notice. I am to get a new pair for
them. The buns went fine and I had some for breakfast.
Dutch is in an awful humor because I beat him home.
Furloughs are forbidden and he is out of luck.

Today is very clowdy and is drizzeling
rain. Just before I left last night Bill gave ma $1.00 and
some cigars and a magazine. He certainly is a gold brick
and one can't help but love him. The bunch certainly did
remember me well and I never will be able to thank each
one individually but I hope each one realizes how much I
rally appreciate it. There is nothing thought of which was
notddone or given and you and Dad certainly did do your
wonderful share.

I hope Jack is not biting your arms
while you write my letter because you might forget something.
I wish you would convey to all whom you can my sincere thanks
for their kind gifts and pleasant good time. I must close
now with love to all and many thanks for the wonderful time
I had. As ever,

Your loving son,
Howard.

Camp Upton
28th Div.