"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 fellows 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 suitcase 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 hornails 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 cloydy 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 really appreciate it. There is nothing thought of which was not done or given and you and Dad certainly did do your wonderful share.

I hope back 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.