

It ain't no much gard dooty becus we got it a big camp and is plendy men here they diveyed the work. I was last nighd corporal from the gard, so to-day I'm off and I got it time I shoul't write you a ledder.

We're drill effery day. Say—I could handle now a rifle better than what I could sling a tray, I bet you. And the top sarjent here he's a bedder boss than what Shordy was, that schweine hund, and he don't kick nobody either. When he lets out a bark I tell you effrybody he gets bizzy. Maybe some days I'll be yet a top sarjent, then I bet you I make a few rookers chump sideways, the bubes.

Mine captain he's a fine scouts. When he's made me a corporal he says by me, "Schimmelhaus," he's says, "I'm gonna give by you a distingshun what it ain't many lads your size what they got it. I want to you should learn and study and be a man." It looks him in the eye and I makes a salutings and I'm says: "Captain, in mine heart ain't only one wisht—and he is you shoul't be glad you made me a corporal and prout I'm in your company."

The captain he shakes me by the hand and afterward the boys they tell me it was the grandest speech what effer was gemade in our rehermend. I guess they bull me like that becus I'm now a offizier and they want stand in with me good.

Chust the same, it's mighdy nice now I'm a regler and the other fellers and don't no more make monkeys out from me like in the first they done before I was a vetren.

How goes effrythings by the café, huh? Chee, when I'm think some times how you go now home