

A Letter From Bob Huff.

Mrs. S. E. Huff, 411 West Green street, is in receipt of the following letter from her son, Robert, who is a member of the national army at Camp Dodge, Iowa:

Dear Mother:

I am mighty tired tonight as we all went on a long hike today. There are only 17 of us here now. The other men have been leaving in bunches and the next bunch go tomorrow.

All that are left are the non-coms and the commissioned officers. The barracks look like the fraternity house does during summer vacations. To keep the place going there must be four kitchen police, three room orderlies, one man in charge of quarters, and special duty men. I am to be in charge of quarters tomorrow. The lieutenant said tonight, at non-com school, that we would do no more drilling as all the men we had were busy doing duty at the barracks. It will be this way until the new bunch comes.

Now, dear mother, and all, in order

to fully alleviate any anxiety as to one being fed right, I will try to give you a list of our last Sunday midday repast: Roast pork, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, brown gravy, bread and butter, jam, apple sauce, green peas, coffee, pumpkin pie, ice cream, and nabiscos. Note: on this day I repeated once on mashed potatoes and also repeated on pumpkin pie, ice cream and cake. So you see what kind of an appetite you are going to have at your Xmas dinner.

That, reminds me I don't want you all to count too much on my getting home Xmas. Things are moving so suddenly and fast here that you can really tell nothing about it. This last bunch just received orders to extrain for the south at 8:30 in the morning. The order came in about 7 o'clock tonight.

Got a letter from Sam Hop. Says he won't get home for Xmas.

Give my love to all and let me hear from you soon.

Lovingly, your son,
BOB.

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Courier
continued...

OPINIONS OF OUR READERS

THE COURIER welcomes communications on any subject of interest to our readers, provided personalities are not used and the writer will defend his own statements. It is not necessary that the editor should endorse the opinion in order to secure a place in this column.

Writes from Hawaii.

The following letter is from C. B. Slack of Co. G., 1st Infantry, stationed at Schofield Barracks, H. T., written to his father, J. K. Slack of this city:

Schofield B'ks, H. T., Nov. 10, '17.
Dear Father:

Received your letter a few days ago and was glad to get it. We came off the range two weeks ago, where I re-qualified as sharpshooter. I missed expect four points, had a little hard luck, but will make it yet some time.

The garrison is passing in review for the congressional party which is here. I am in charge of quarters which was left back.

Have just completed the three inoculations for anti-typhoid. It certainly does make you sick. Several cases have broken out on this island; have four men of this company who have it. They claim it is due to the water. We have had no rain for some time and the reservoirs are low, and dirty. All the water we use now is boiled. Each company has a fly swatting detail which is on all day swatting flies. In every way we try to prevent the spread of disease.

The national guard went in camp yesterday, just what they are going to do with them, I don't know.

The next officers' training school starts the first of the year. This island will have 450 attendants, so many out of each company. My name was sent to Washington a month ago that I was qualified as second lieutenant. I don't know whether I will attend this

school or not, but I have hopes. It is all up to the company commander.

Have not received any word from May or Keith for two years. The pictures got here safe and they certainly are cute looking little fellows.

When the second draft is called in I expect to go to the states, think the troops here will be distributed among the national army.

This is about all I know at present and will write more in a few days. Hoping to hear from you soon,

Your son, LUTHER.

ONLY A VOLUNTEER.

The following verses have obtained a wide circulation in several of the training camps, voicing as they do the resentment of the volunteers of the "to-do" made over the drafted men:

Why didn't I wait to be drafted,
And be led to the train by a band,
And put in a claim for exemption?
Why did I hold up my hand?
Why didn't I wait for the banquet?
Why didn't I wait to be cheered?
For the drafted men get the credit,
While I merely volunteered.

Nobody gave me a banquet,
Nobody said a kind word;
The grind of the wheels, the puff of
the engine.

Is all the good-bye that I heard.
Then off to the training camp hustled,
ed,

To be trained to the next half year,
And then in a shuffle forgotten—
I was only a volunteer.

Maybe some time in the future,
When my little boy sits on my knee,
And asks what I did in the conflict,
And his big eyes look up to me,
I will have to look back at him blushing.

To the eyes that so trustingly peer,
And tell him I missed being drafted—
I was only a volunteer.

—By One Who Didn't Wait.