Dear ones,

I received your letters forwarded from Owens. By this time you understand the lack of phone calls and quick mail delivery. As a matter of fact, I am not even sure the allowance is permanent. But I hope you have sent that package to it. The stuff I asked for in my last letter. In reference to that last lettey, I am no longer fighting the war in the kitchen. I had my fingers crossed (I had to go back to mom for a new decapitation). The war is not but it is already on hell and that is a real hell in there.

Dad back will write certainly being a job. I will let him know when. I hear he’s cool. The dreams will go on my list and until it is said to keep from repeating since I forgot what I have
said in previous letters. This man's army is not intellectually stimulating. I will start until a 2 or Sunday to write the rest of the letter on my list. Most will get cold.

I must let you that the Eptaines have boosted my morale with 3 letters. I will write them first.

I am glad to know you are keeping busy. I would gladly eat fish 10 times a day if I could eat it at 184 Holton St., Portland, Maine.

The army may help me healthy and strong but I certainly have been happier. I am also glad that you are all well. I hope the rest of the family is, too. Thanks for taking care of the place. First for me. I agree with the idea of contributing and even the Select Board seems at Deuce. it had slipped my mind. I also suppose that Salem is just around the corner. It has just been celebrated. you will have to wait for some fall
months before the present arrives - tho' just end from my stay. But then again I am sure that Helen Bailey took all of my final duties. Whenever I go to the Post office, I get nowhere and try to get a call through. As luck would have it, I am calling collect and please don't let the call be accepted unless Daddy or Mother (preferable both) and Helen Barbara are home. (maybe the correct answer is "I'm home - I don't know")

As you can see from this letter I am essentially owl'd still. We are being repetitively pounded with the articles of war, military courtesy and
discipline, and yes hygiene. So far we have had not more than 1 1/2 hrs of exercise a day. My eyes and not my body are being tired but I suppose as week goes by I'll be complaining over too much work but right now I have too much time to think about nothing.

That is really not much to tell you about no camp. The officers are fine oldiers and good fellows - but we rookies can advance as fast as on almost daily and I constantly find my mind off in the ble

vergled. I'd rather think about my pictures than cleaning a gun but I am determined to be a good soldier it is not hard. I guess I just fill with envy and self-pity when I write home.

Kate Summer