Jan. 11, 1917

My dear Uncle Henry:

I received your letter, and its contents, this noon, and must say that you are as good a relative as anyone could wish for. As yet, we have received no pay, so you can just imagine how tickled to death I was to see that "green." Some day, Uncle Henry, I hope to be able to be of some service to you. Surely it was very thoughtful of you to keep the sad news back, until the last. You have been away from home yourself, so you know how to work such things.

You can let your life that I will try to live up to that motto, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile." I think it is a corerick. The song is very popular with the boys.

You are just a little bit mistaken about our training here. So far, we have had no hikes. All our time is taken up at school. On the whole, there is nothing I would like better than some of that real
training. But that stuff is reserved for the infantry and artillery officers. We get up at 5:45 A.M., stand reveille at 5:30. clean up the barracks, breakfast at 6. After breakfast, we do some more cleaning, and report to school at 7. Now this is not a flying school at present. We are learning aeroplanes from stem to stern. That is the school is divided into three classes. I, called the Experimental and Repair department, which fixes all the smuggled and stops all the new ideas, and does the rigging. After a course of 30 days, intensive training, you are supposed to know every part of the fuselage, and how to repair and replace it. The fuselage, or the body, is class A called the Aeromotor here all the mechanics, are made familiar with all the details of the engine. The B class is called transportation. This is made up of chauffeurs or drivers, who learn the knack of driving with a trailer, tearing a plane, also at night without lights.

I hate to disappoint you but I fear that I shall never be a pilot. In the first place, I am not trying for that, and secondly, mother and dad object strenuously.
Don't it too bad that you are kept on the jump, this awful weather. It has been very cold here, until today, when at about noon, some kind of a blizzard struck us, and is going like it is - that is cold. Worst I have ever seen. We aren't for the helmet Mr. Hanglecut me, I don't think I could get out at all. As it is, I have already frozen one toe. The wind would pick you off your pins, and then those iron bound boots, they give us, did you ever see a pair? What they call trench shoes. The sole, about 1/2 in thick is studded with steel pegs, like top pegs, while the heel has a steel plate, on the outside edge. I can now appreciate how a horse feels on a slippery day. Some sensation. The upper part of the shoe is made of hose hide, I guess, with the rough side out. Gee, but they're ugly looking things, and cold as a sheet of tin would be.
But here's a lesson. I don't believe I've ever been taught of the
barracks. They called the boys out for drill. A damn fool stunt. I called it, and as
I come pretty near having my own way here, I stayed in the office till drill
was about over then went to the barracks, and nearly froze on the way. The distance
from headquarters to the barracks is not
more than a quarter of a mile, but it was
the worst thing I've ever my against. I
hope you won't think I'm squawking,
because it is something compared with some
of the things you fellows go through. I
do put the scarecrows on guard. Honest I
do. There's another place I fooled them.

Being employed at headquarters, I am exposed
for fatigue duties. No guard or F. D. Kitchen Police.

Ezra Enright, for Officers school? What
do you mean? Non-coms? Hell! You can't tell what
they'll do next in those draft camps.

Please tell Ma that I never received
her letter but will write her just the same,
as soon as I get a chance.

Thanking you again, and hoping all are
well. I remain,

Sincerely, 

[Signature]
P.S. Please tell my folks to send me those socks and ear muffs, immedi-
ately. They need not mind the other articles. Please forward the letter.

Thank you.
I am pleased that we have had a chance to work together in this important work and wish you and your associates every success.

With best regards,
[Signature]
Lieut. P. H. Kenny,
73 Hillside St.
Boston,
Massachusetts