

Harry S. Truman  
Independence, Mo.

Camp Pike, Ark.  
Wed. Aug 23, 1933.

My Dear Boss:

Yesterday was one hell of a day. There were no letters, no papers, nothing from home. I had to, as Camp Commander chase the Y. M. C. A. Secretary off the Post and order him not to come back because the Provost Guard caught him stealing gasoline out of a can with a siphon and a bucket. Two of my young men were caught carrying raincoats out of Camp and not returning with them and to top it all off I ate some hamburger steak night before last for dinner and contracted a first grade stomach ache. You can see that I'm not in a mood to be fooled with this morning.

However there is a brighter side I'm looking for two letters today, the outfit

took a six mile practice march yesterday morning made it on schedule and only one man of the three hundred dropped out. I have inaugurated a competitive standing of the Companies and they are at each others throats to win. One got second place yesterday on account of two flies in the dining room. The Company with the best kitchen, cleanest area, neatest tent row and best formation at drill gets mentioned in orders ~~every~~ <sup>that</sup> day and a ribbon is pinned on the Company guidon marked "Best Company." You'd be surprised how they work for it. It beats balling them out all hollow.

I hope I get a letter today. Is Margy

a good girl? I hope she is.

What'll I do. Lots of love.

When Albert Pike and  
the 90th ma out of envelope? Harry.