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Princeton, N.J.
Sept. 11, 1917.

Dearest Cousin Kate,

Probably I shouldn't do this for it is study period, but I didn't get a chance Sunday and I have news to import.

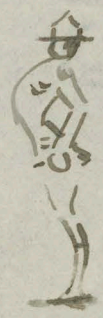
In the first place I learn from Major Gilkeson that all the foreign schools are full and that although the flying fields and hangers and the barracks are all ready for our schools in this country and instructors provided ~~yet~~ or available yet we can't get the aeroplanes for training. The manufacturers

have almost all fallen down on their contracts or over estimated their capacity in making the contracts and the machines are just not available. So it looks as though the chances for my getting abroad are growing slimmer each day. There was a rumor which spread about for a while about the probability of an aeronautical school being established in Alexandria, Egypt for winter training but there was appearantly nothing in that.

We all get a weeks vacation or furlough starting next Sunday or probably Saturday night

that is if we all pass. After that I don't know what use they will make of us. The Major doesn't know but he assured me that we would be flying within a month, somewhere. I am quite sure however that he will send me abroad if there is any possibility of doing so.

Well several things of importance have happened during the past week, and not the least of these is that I have been appointed brigade commander and now have charge of the



whole "shooting match". Since taking charge the following assortment of duties has been preformed.

Orginazation of honor systems in the various squadrons. A suggestion which pleased the Major

Marched the men too and from all messes.

Drill the brigade in calisthenics every morning at 5.30 (Stop smiling, Cousin Frank)

Conduct the formal afternoon parade.

Rearrange the seating arrangement in the dining hall.

Answer thousands of questions foolish and otherwise each day,

somehow all the fellows seem to think now that I am Brigade Com., that I am in direct touch with affairs at Washington and that I get daily communications from General Squires and the War Department.

Cure colds, head aches, sore throats and stomach aches.

Give advice on everything under the sun and matrimony in particular.

Sunday ~~afternoon~~ I dined with Gerard Lambert at ~~the~~ his beautiful home, which Mr. Lindeberg designed, you remember. And had a splendid time, felt

very dressed up in my new uniform, carried over coat too although the weather was hardly cool enough to warrent it, but I just had to display it and its silk lining.

I have had all my examinations except one, Aerial Observation, which by the way, is the hardest and I don't think that I have made a single mistake in any so I feel pretty good.

However I won't crow yet because there were five fellows from last weeks graduating squadron put back, and since

the passing grade is 80% one can never be too certain.

Good night and a great deal of love.

Penrose.

I received my letters in due time please thank C. F.

I suppose Chas. is on the briny deep by now, "lucky dog."