

CAMP CODY BOYS GETTING PLENTY ACTIVE DRILLING

Camp Cook, Where Artillery Range Is Located, Scene of Intense Activity.

"What makes the wheels go 'round" in the war game, as well as any other business—for war is the business that millions of men are learning now—is always interesting to the novice. After the drilling—both marching and in camp—is perfected, there is much that the boys in khaki must learn before they reach the stage of efficiency that has made a world-name for the United States army.

Boys Are Busy.

Letters from various boys in camp, some "rookies" and some old, experienced "dough-boys" with two years of Mexican service behind them, are filled with the details that, to them, are the most important things in their daily life. Life in the ranks of the 125th Field Artillery—Duluth's own regiment—is a pretty busy affair according to Jacob Garon of Duluth.

"We have been out on the range for some time and things surely hum here," he says. "The range, called Camp Cook, is located in the mountains near Deming—about 15 miles distant. The location of the camp is very pretty—on the slope of one of the foothills where there is much more vegetation than around Cody. After riding all Monday morning, we pulled in at noon and spent Monday afternoon and Tuesday pitching tents, erecting camp and other details necessary when taking a new location.

Likes Romance.

"The rest of the week we were out maneuvering around the mountains, taking positions, establishing communications, and taking observations. As a member of the signal detail, I rode an individual mount all the while and enjoyed all of it thoroughly. I can spend days in the saddle now without as much as noticing it. You see I become what they call "hard boiled." We've all been issued spurs and are regular "gol darn its" now. Yesterday being Saturday, the battery got up at 4 a. m., saddled horses, limbered guns and caissons, and went back to camp for a "scrub," returning last night. You ought to see or rather have the sensation of being in a column of artillery pulling into camp just at dusk. It has a sort of romance about it which is nearly poetic. And then at night—camp fires going, the fellows all gathered round the fire—well, it's pretty—beyond description."