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We have to groom over a hundred horses every day. The sergeant that was thrown last week is still at the hospital with his head bandaged and his leg tied up. He waved his cane at us as we marched by this morning. My friend, George Stock, got kicked in the head by a mule this morning but it only scratched his temple a little. I havent had any hard luck so far but I had one close one. George Stock is about the closest friend I have ever had. He is about 25 years old, and was a Teacher of Chemistry, Physics and Mathematics in some Kans. school.