

[Postmarked Chillicothe, Ohio, Sep (?) 1917]

Dear Mother:

We arrived in Chillicothe about dark yesterday evening. We were lined up there for about an hour and a half and then brought out to camp in a big auto truck. The camp is about two miles and a half out from the town. You never saw such a set as we were when we got in. It rained on us some in coming out. I saw Dave Conger at breakfast this morning and he told me that it had rained every day that he had been here. It

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was just by accident that I sat down opposite him at the table. We had to wade mud almost to your shoe tops last night. It rained hard this morning, which makes it fierce around the camp. The fellows have been looking around all the forenoon, half homesick and with nothing to do so far. I do not know when we are to get our physical examination.

This is a great camp here. The camp is a regular city in itself. There are to be about 42,000 or 43,000 men here. To accommo-

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date that number, you can imagine what size the camp is.

The crowd is sitting around, writing, sleeping and laughing. They seem to be just simply laughing, not because they have anything to laugh at, but because they have nothing else to do.

I saw Ira and William in Pittsburgh yesterday morning. We had a little more than an hour's stop-over and I called him on the phone.

-Break-

I cannot give you my address yet because we have not been examined and assigned.

Your son,
Guy