

[“With The Colors”]

[YMCA]

Ordnance Supply School,  
Provisional Co. D.  
Camp Hancock, Ga.

Dear Mother:

I began a letter to you last evening and George Hoge came in and I talked to him until it was almost time for the lights to go out. I had not seen him since the evening of our arrival. We had the misfortune to be placed in quarantine the next day after we got here on account of a case of mumps that broke out in Co. B. That means confinement to our Company Street for two weeks—a Street about ten rods long—unless the quarantine is lifted. We are not permitted to go down town for two weeks anyway, so I am glad it came when it did. It is George’s Company that has the case of the mumps and is also under quarantine. George slipped by the guards in order to visit at our tent. They are not maintaining a very strict quarantine.

We are not working today as we had our third shot for typhoid yesterday and nearly all the fellows are just about half on the bum on account of it. It affected me more than any of the others and I had had five before.

It was been beautiful weather here ever since our arrival here. I do not believe that I have seen a cloud since my arrival in “Dixie Land.” It has been truly “The Sunny South.” The sun has been so hot during the day that we have been too lazy to leave our tents until told to do so. The night have [*sic*] been the opposite—so cold that we could scarcely sleep. We have each had five army blankets and still slept cold. I am not able to explain that.

We had a very nice trip down here. As Mary has probably told you, we left Pittsburgh on Monday evening and arrived in Washington, D.C., about 9:00 A.M. the next day. We were at liberty then to take in the City until about 2:00 P.M., at which time we had to assemble to take the train again. We arrived at Augusta the next day about 10:45 A.M. and then had a “lay-over” there until about 3:00 P.M., when we came on out to camp. I was somewhat surprised at the country thru which we passed. I expected to see old Southern Homesteads like we read about, but we missed them all. I think I saw one and it was not up to my expectations. The country thru which we passed from Washington down here was filled up principally with negro huts, and the general appearance of the country would not indicate the degree of thrift we see characterizing the Northern farms.

The camp is situated on the top of a hill. It is not very high as most of the land here is moderately regular and level. It is very sandy—almost like a sea shore. I imagine it is a very healthy place. It is said to be one of the most healthful camps in the United States. The only trees seen are the Georgia pines.

The Camp is situated about four miles out from Augusta. Augusta is a beautiful city of about forty-five thousand inhabitants—a large percentage of which are coloured [*sic*]. The coloured and whites are kept separate down here. They have their own places in the cars, waiting-rooms, etc. I will be glad when we are permitted to get down town.

I think that we start our studies about Monday week.

Your son,

5/4/’18

Guy.

