

[YMCA]

[Army and Navy
Young Men's Christian Association
"With the Colors"]

Provisional Co. D,
Ordnance Supply School,
Camp Hancock, Ga.
June 15th, 1918

Dear Mother:

Tell Mary I will write her as soon as I can find any time, but I imagine I can even things up better if I give the news generally in a letter to you, and also work off some of the things I wish to tell her in your letter. I sort of figure that the first one to get my letter will open it and read it all. When we come to that place or time when we are not so busy and I can find time to write more letters I will write her a letter long enough to answer all the letters she has written. Tell her I will count on her to keep me in touch with all her fellows, all of whom, I believe, are now in the service of Uncle Sam. Tell her I would like to know Reed's address. I probably started this letter in a queer manner, but I was feeling about half guilty for not having written to Mary to thank for the watch and handkerchiefs. Tell her how glad I was to get them. The handkerchiefs were the finest present I have received since coming here—I mean, the most servicable [*sic*]. Anything that will not show the dirt. A white garment is never white again after we start to use it. It may be clean, but never white. We wash in cold water. One advantage, however, it is soft. I sent the watch back to the jeweler. I found the back of the case sprung when I opened it. Tell her I like it fine, though. I expect them to repair it and return it.

We have put in a hard week again. It is fierce to do manual labor and study at the same time in a climate like this. The heat takes all your energy. I have not been doing much of the drilling, having as an excuse that my shoes are bad. I do not know whether they are so bad or whether I am lazy. Probably, a little of both. At that I have been putting in some hard knocks looking after the Supply Office. The Sergeant, as I told you, had me put on special duty to help him out. I think they were glad to do that as it saves them putting me on sick list. In the army, if there is anything that causes a man to be off the job, he must report to the hospital and have his case disposed of there. I did a hard day's work yesterday shuffling boxes and crates around in order to get the office ready for inspection today. I do not know when they intend to get Morgan and myself shoes. The Lieutenant tells me every few days that he has ordered them. Being on Special Duty gets me off all detail work that the fellows seem to despise so much. With all the heat down here I have gained about eight pounds since I entered the Army the second time.

Our work here has been chiefly confined to learning the paper work connected with running a storehouse or depot, and there is certainly a lot of it. I never dreamed of so much. It really takes brains to do a lot of it. The principle underlying it all is to keep trail of whom is accountable of whom responsible for the care of governmental property. (I will not guarantee my English in that last sentence).

We were off last Wednesday afternoon. I got a pass to Augusta. I went down at two o'clock and returned at six. You see the old camp has so much attraction that I cannot stay away from it. I do not mind the camp life here so much.

I am writing this letter at the Y.M.C.A. and listening to a lady singing, a lady from Chicago, said to be a fine singer. We are joining on the choruses of the selections she sings. She is now singing "Perfect Day."

I had a letter from Morgan yesterday. He seems to be a better correspondent than I. His letters are usually short and sweet. You sort of feel he is cheating you to ask a real letter for one the length he writes. There is probably not so much chaff to his, as to some others.

We are expecting to leave this camp before long. They made us send all traveling bags, suitcases and trunks home this morning. I sent mine to Ira's. George sent a suit in it. I sent the one you saw me wearing at home, also. They will not permit us to wear them here. Also, it is too much to trouble to carry them. I thought if I sent mine to Ira's, I would probably have time to change there and go home dressed up. We have no idea where we will go, but we hear guesses of most every camp in the United States. No one expects to cross yet.

Well, the music is over and the fellows are leaving except those who are writing letters.

Oh yes, I forgot to tell you I washed this afternoon. We usually wash here Saturday afternoon and Sunday. It is optional as to when we do our washing so we do it when off duty. I took mine in about an hour after I hung it out. This sun soon dries them.

Goodnight,
Your son,
Guy