

[YMCA]

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

Ordinance Supply School,
Provisional Co. D,
Camp Hancock, Ga.
July 8th, 1918.

Dear Mother:

It seems that I did not get my accustomed Saturday or Sunday letter to you this time. The reason is somewhat like this. Saturday afternoon was actually too hot to do anything that was not absolutely compulsory. I laid in the tent most of the afternoon. One fellow said the thermometer went to 133° out on the Company street. I guess his thermometer did do that, but I think there was something wrong with the thermometer. It was warm, nevertheless. I went down to Augusta in the evening. Yesterday I was on K.P. until three o'clock, and in the evening I went down town to church. So, you see why I did not get a letter to you before Monday.

We finished our course last week. This week we are starting in on detail that takes all our time during the day. Today, I was on what they call the "Honey Wagon." Why it is called the honey wagon, I am unable to explain, unless it is due to the fact that what they haul is so different from honey. It consists of a four-mule team to an army wagon, two drivers and five fellows to load and unload. (I was one of the five today). What they haul is slop or the very dirtiest dishwater. You should have seen me at work with my old blue overalls on, lifting slop cans in and out of the wagon. It reminded me very much of threshing [*sic*]. We always got a ride between the points of loading and unloading.

Last week being our last week of school we made it a sort of social week. Last Wednesday evening the alumni of the University of Pittsburgh held a little banquet at the Albion Hotel at Augusta. It was for those who are in the Supply School here. There were about thirty present and we had a very good time. Thursday was the Fourth. Our company marched in Augusta in the evening. I was on guard that evening. I was fortunate [*sic*] on guard as I had the last relief, and it was only from 5:30 Friday morning until 6:30—one hour. They require us to remain at the guard tents when on guard and sleep with our clothes on. That does not seem to affect my sleeping in the least anymore. I carried my cot up by the tents on Thursday evening and placed it down in the open field, piled down on it and slept until called for guard at 5:30. The sky and stars were beautiful as is true of them most every evening down here. On Friday evening, we had a banquet for our company in our own mess hall. That was to use up some of our reserve mess fund. We had a great feed. I am sending you the program and menu. The poem on the back was written by one of our own fellows. He is also a story-writer of some note. On Saturday evening, the attorneys of our company gave a banquet in the Albion. We are represented by attorneys from all over the United States. We invited in two Augusta attorneys. I dare say there is not another company in the whole Army that has so many attorneys. We have about twenty-seven, twenty-two of them being present at the banquet. The two elderly attorneys spoke. I was also honored by being one of the speakers. We had a fine time. I am sending you a little memo card of the affair. I am sorry I could not get an Augusta paper that had quite a nice write-up of the affair in it.

Mother, I wish you would save my letters and the things I send home in them, as I expect them to serve as a sort of diary of my army life, and may want to look them over when I get home.

Nance gave me his picture today to send to my father. I marked an arrow which points towards my tent. His is down near where he is standing.

I had a letter from Morgan today. He said they had their examination for "overseas duty," but that he did not think that he passed.

I am beginning to get acclimatized here until I do not mind the heat and sort of like the place. I have gained ten or twelve pounds in weight since I joined the Army. Get weighed most every time I go down town.

Guy

P.S. It is very pleasant here this evening. We had a very hard rain between four and five o'clock. I think it was a wonderful Godsend to the farms here. A man told me yesterday that there would be no corn crop if rain did not come soon.

Your son,
Guy