

[Envelope postmarked September 14, 1917]

Supply Company,
2nd Depot Reg't.,
Camp Sherman, O.

Dear Mother:

When I sent you the telegram on last Sunday, I thought that I would be at home before this time, but now I am not sure that I will get to come at all. We had our physical examination last Saturday. The first doctors marked me up for a special examination on flat

-Break-

feet. I went before a flat foot specialist on Sunday morning. He told me I had a bad kind of flat feet and could not stand a long march and marked my card "Rejected." I have not heard anything since. I think there is a possibility of there [*sic*] placing me in some clerical position that will not require marching. Our crowd was placed in as supply company for the 330 Reg't. If I should have to go,

-Break-

I would rather go in the supply company than any other way I know. But I do not expect to go that way now.

The night we got here (Friday) was about the most disagreeable time I ever saw. We had all been on the train until we were tired and then got off in a drizzling rain. We lined up for about two hours. It just reminded me of emigrants landing on Ellis Island. It was all carried out on the same principle. They made us open our mouths until they could see in there with a flash light. That was a fake and done to see if we had been drinking. It is a very serious offense to bring liquor into camp. They went through our baggage to see if we had any.

I am with a fine bunch of fellows. I do not think I could have selected a finer if

-Break-

I had been given an opportunity. Three or four of the fellows I especially like.

We were vaccinated on last Saturday and I had the first typhus injection. I have not felt the effects of either yet.

I did not write for a few days because I (as well as all the other fellows) was sick of the place

-Break-

from the time we arrived, that I could not rake up courage to begin a letter. I do not care very much for it yet, but will make the best of it if they tell me to remain.

They work us like sin here. I am as tired at night that I could sleep on a fence rail. We get up by 5:30, eat at 6:00 and out at exercises of all

-Break-

kinds from 7:20 A.M. until 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon. We had a hard day today and the sun was terribly warm.

The nights are cold here and the days hot. I have been almost freezing to death at night. I think I shall go to Chillicothe this evening and get some bed clothes of my own.

The camp here is about four miles square. Each barracks hold one company—one hundred fifty men. You cannot imagine how large it is until you see it. It is a regular city.

Send me a ten dollar bill. You may draw it on my account. I have to go into town often to get something to eat. Will write soon again,

Your son, Guy.

-Break-

P.S.

Did not go to town because I could not see any chance to get in. I found a hundred, or more, fellows lined up waiting on a car. When the next crowd gets in, I suspect a person will have to walk in to get there. I came out Sunday evening, and found

-Break-

an almost solid line up of cars all the way out—about three miles. They require us to be in by 9:00 o'clock.

I came down to the Y.M.C.A. They have some fine ones here. They are great things when you are required to endure barrick [*sic*] life.

I saw Dave Conger there on

-Break-

four times. He was pretty tired of the place when I saw him. I guess the young fellows of this country have not been accustomed to the hardships of army life, and as a result, it is pretty tough for them.

-Break-

Will ask you to send me several things if they decide I am to remain here.

How does Mary like her school?

I waited on tables and helped wash dishes at the officer's mess hall for seventy-five day before yesterday. That was worse than for threshers. I was very tired when it was over.

Guy.