



ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
"WITH THE COLORS"



Ordnance Supply School,
Provisional Co. "D",
Camp Hancock, Ga.
June 2nd, 1918.

Dear Mother:

This has been a hot day in Camp Hancock. The mercury stood at ninety-eight yesterday and it is no cooler today. I believe such weather as this in Pennsylvania would burn everything up. We have had only two or three little showers since we came to this place.

The drill has been fierce this week - last week, rather. The old drill field is like walk-

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ing across a hot stove, -
probably, not quite so
bad. They have never
furnished shoes to me
yet, and my old ones are
getting thin on the bottom
as well as ragged on the
top. As a result, I usually
use my pleasure in going
out to drill. The hotter
the weather, the less likely
I am to go out.

I have been working in
the Supply Office most of
my spare time the last
week. We are getting
our woollen clothes off
by issuing the khaki. I
have been looking after
the fitting. I would
make a fairly decent
Jew salesman, I believe.
I look a man over, ask
him his waist measure,
throw him a suit, and
tell him it will be a
perfect fit. Of course,



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they often come back telling us there was no fit to the suit we gave them. We always blame that on the tag, saying it is often times marked wrong, which however, is true in some instances.

Our company was out to some kind of a religious service on Decoration Day. They came back cursing because the minister prayed twenty minutes and they had to stand uncovered during that time. They said that about fifty men fell out of ranks by fainting or to keep from fainting

TO THE WRITER: SAVE BY WRITING ON BOTH SIDES OF THIS PAPER

TO THE FOLKS AT HOME: SAVE FOOD, BUY LIBERTY BONDS AND WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

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during the prayer. I sympathized with them for it was the hottest Decoration Day I ever saw. I think a minister should have a little consideration for those listening to him.

I had a letter from Morgan and one from Mary this week, besides several others. I am not as good a hand at corresponding as Morgan. I do not believe he can be as busy as we are. I absolutely cannot find time to write except on Sunday; and today we issued clothing until one o'clock and we got so tired we quit. I had a pass to town which I turned in because I had to write some letters.

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It has been so hot that I have not made much progress in my letter-writing. Expect to do better this evening.

I received a check from Scott this week for the money he owed me. Reed also sent me a check for the money he owed me. I think five dollars will now cover my debts outstanding.

If I fail to get a letter to Mary this week, tell her to write. Her school is out now and I am very busy. Tell her to send me a cake or a little good candy, or

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both. It is not so much that I want it to eat as the fact that the other fellows of the squad get so much stuff, and I am always helping them out without receiving much to treat them to. You need not consider that statement seriously. It is simply a suggestion.

There were several thousand drafted men came in last week. I understand many of them are from the rougher sections of New York City. I am very glad ~~we are~~ ^{I am} with the fellow I am. They are a mighty fine set to be associated with.

We got on the worst detail yet yesterday afternoon. The Lieutenant order the dust taken

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off the company street, -
two or three inches of it.
About two rods of it were
taken off when he seem-
ed to realize how big
the job really was, and
ordered the piles scattered
out again which had
been piled up. Ordering
the job done, show how
little the Lieutenant
knew of the science of
moving dirt, - or rather,
the work connected with
moving it. I did not
help as I was faking
work in the Supply Office.
Nance carried water
and sprinkled it over
the tent floor to keep
us cool as an excuse

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8/ for not going on the
dirt detail. I think
he carried two bucket-
fuls during the after-
noon. I think a lot
of Nance. I have
never yet seen him
"down hearted".

I must close before
I am compelled to pay
extra postage.

Your son,
Guy.