



"WITH THE COLORS"



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

Dear Mother:

It is a beautiful morning down here. I am beginning to doubt as to whether they ever have anything but sunshine. I am told, however, that there are some stormy days. I can see how the Southerners become so "easy going". I believe I might as well make this letter a sort of diary:

Sunday-5/5/18.

We had our breakfast at 7:00 o'clock. Then I went on Satirine (Look up that word in Webster as I do

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not wish to write the defini-  
tion > detail until about  
nine o'clock. Went up to  
one of the Mess Halls to a  
short service conducted by  
one of the Y. M. C. A. men.  
I was also painting signs  
part of the time. In the  
afternoon I was on the  
fly-swattling squad. Our  
duty was to swat flies  
in the Mess Hall. We  
killed flies most of the after-  
noon and when we were  
there I think there were  
almost as many as when  
we started in. The cracks  
between the boards seemed  
to serve as an inducement  
to the flies to enter. The  
day was beautiful.

Monday - 5/6/18

A beautiful day with  
plenty of hot sun. I  
loafed most all day. In  
account of the sun being



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so hot, I put in the whole day painting the sign:  
 "2nd Lt. P. M. Schiller, Ord. P.C. It  
 seems that I am official  
 sign painter

Tuesday 5/7/18.

Bright sun-shiny day.  
 Did not paint signs today,  
 except a small one for  
 the squad tent. About  
 five of us were on de-  
 tail to fill an old latrine  
 hole. It was sure some  
 dirty job. It was hard to  
 throw the dirt in so the  
 water would not splash  
 on us. We worked with  
 our shirts off, and as a  
 result I have a fairly  
 decent coat of sun-burn.  
 That was another job

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on which we put in the full day. I think we would have fired a man that could not have filled it himself in a half day. I told you we were quarantined to our Company Street. Well, in order to get to the Patrience we were compelled to pass a Carteen were we always invested in ice cream cones. One fellow ate fifteen and is still living and apparently not affected by it.

Wednesday-5/8/18.

First cloudy weather since our arrival. I do not know what the day may bring forth. I am sitting on my bunk writing - using my suitcase as a desk. Our tent is furled around the

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tent-pole, - leaving us with the skies as a roof. The microbes have a slim chance here. We furl our tents and leave them that way all day, and a Southern sun sure hits them hard. If civilians were as sanitary as soldiers there would never be a case of disease after three or four years. We keep these old tent floors scrubbed and swept like a palace floor. Of course the floor is probable not made of the same quality of material.

Tell Pop that I am very well acquaint-

ed with Mr. Nance. He  
 is in our company. He  
 asked me one day  
 whether I knew Tom  
 Hoge. He has traveled  
 over the country with  
 him and seemed to  
 think a lot of him. He  
 was with Ferris, I believe.  
 He seems like a fine  
 fellow and is liked  
 by the other fellows  
 of the Company.

Enjoying camp life  
 first rate.

Your son,  
 Guy.

P.S. - We begin our classes  
 next week.