

War Work Council

ARMY AND NAVY.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

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"With the Colors"

Sept. 27th, 1917.

My Dear Mother and Dad,

Since I have a few minutes to spare,  
(I) thought I would drop you a few lines.

On Tuesday night we had a fire in camp. It occurred about 9.45. Tuesday night. I had just crawled into bed and was nearly asleep when I heard the bugler blowing fire call. It is the duty of every bugler as soon as he discovers fire or hears the call, to blow it at once, no matter how he is dressed. I ran out in my under clothes. blew my call and then slipped on my pants and old red sweater. The fire happened to be about 2 miles from our company it was a negro shack and was easily put out by the camp fire department. There certainly was some excitement in camp but everything was attended to, with neatness and dispatch.

Last night just after supper, we had a practice fire drill. In this I repeated my former actions.

Yesterday afternoon, we received our second inoculation down here. It did not bother me very much until this morning, when I went to get up my arm was as stiff as a pine board, and as sore as though I had been clubbed. It was a scream to see the various positions each boy held his arm in, when we went to breakfast.

This morning we had corn cakes, fried, -fried potatoes bread and coffee. Last night, for desert we had chocolate corn starch pudding. It was the best I ever tasted, outside of yours. The cooks said it was an experiment, but that time, it was successful, which is not often. Dad stated in his letter about my being first in the mess line. He certainly hit the truth, as I cannot seem to get filled up. I often go back for seconds, thirds, and even fourths, when they have them. It is seldom we get anything but seconds.

Mother I want to caution you to be sure and put enough stamps on your letters and packages. If you are in doubt, have them weighted, as your first letter was delayed four days owing to, not sufficient postage.



Please be sure and send some envelopes also flash light with the new battery. Give my love to Ma, my Aunts and Uncles also the neighbors, boy friends and last but not least my old friend Pinkie kiss her for me on the old spot and for my sake give her the best of care. I know you will because we all love her."

Tell Aunt Roseline and Uncle Lawrence I am very sorry to hear about the loss of poor Wallie. Tell them not to worry but get another.

Goodbye with lots of love to you and Dad, I am,

Your loving son,

Howard

Do not forget my;

New address

P. S.

This is my last envelope.  
But I will try to get some more.

Please read and save this letter enclosed,  
from Emily Lenartz to me. Show it to  
Grandma and Aunt Florie.