

# A Soldier's Letter to His Sweetheart

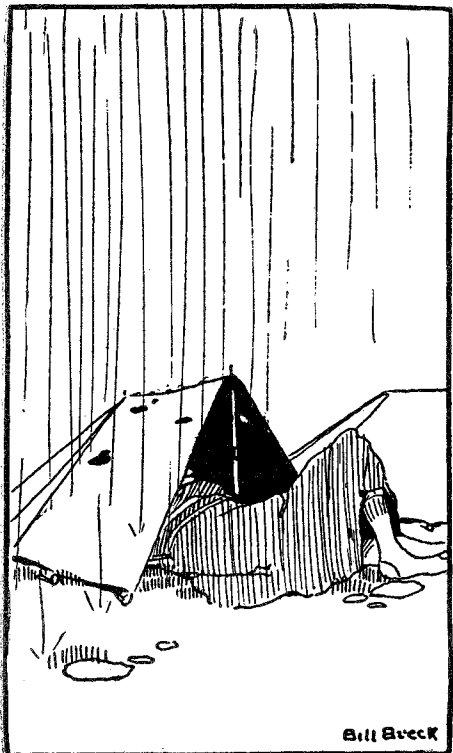
Dere Mable

Were back from shootin at the range. We ended up by firin at the infantry. That was what they was talkin about when they said there was goin to be a garage fire. Thats the army all over, Mable. Technickle. The firin was a total failure, Mable. We fired at the range for three months and never hit it. That aint surprisin cause I never see nothin except some trees in front of the guns and we always fired over those. When they fnally got wise and put some infantry out there for us to fire at we missed them absolutely. Fired everything in front of them.

Don't say nothin about this cause it might get into the papers and cheer up the Kizer. Its all the Captins falt. I guess he thought he had an Aunty Air Kraft batery. That fello comes from Far Rockaway and he lives in the last house.

The last mornin we fired the lieutenant says I was batery agent. It seemed kind of silly to me to bother about sellin stuff while we was firin but thats the lieutenant. He got away before I could ask him what I was to sell. I bought a lot of pop and crackers and stuff and tried to sell em to the fellos while they was firin. The first sergent wouldnt let me. I told him I was battery agent but not him. That fello wont have to wear no steel helmet when he gets to France. I ate it all myself.

If the lieutenant is goin to keep me as batery agent now were back im goin to ask him if I cant rig up a little office. I wouldnt be surprised if they had me up in Washington pretty soon. Lots of the fellos say they ought to send me somewhere. Im writin up to N. Y.



where there's a place where they make sofa pillos with fellos goin over the top on em and gold rings with your girl's name on em free for a dollar twenty (\$1.20).

The last week on the range we lived in pup tents. A pup tent Mable is like the roof of a dog house without the house. They call em pup tents cause no one but a very young dog would be fool enough to sleep under one. There made out of a couple of pieces of stuff like what you make porus nit undercloths out of. You button em together if theres any buttons. It dont make much difference as far as keepin the rain out is concerned. The only good I can see they do is to strain the rain.

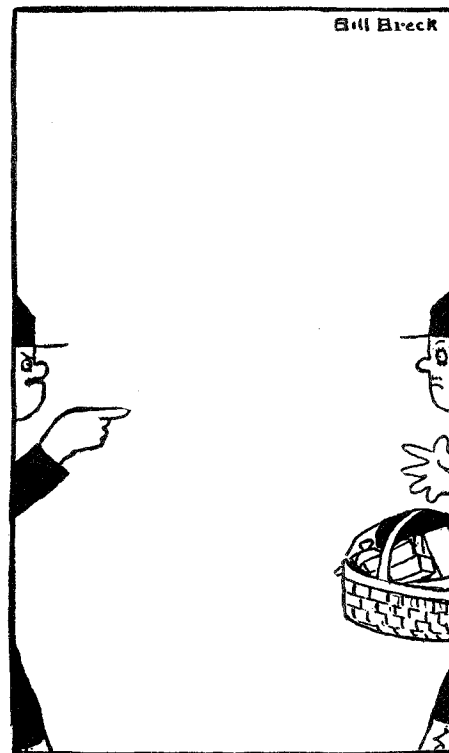
I guess these pup tents we got is an old issue what was wished on us by the Japaneze army. When an ordinary sized fello lies down in one (and that's all you can do in em) hes out doors from the nees down. The Major came round Sunday night. I guess he made a mistake and thought it was Saturday. Theres a rule that Majors only come round on Saturday cause they bother the men. The major says "I guess weel blow taps an hour early tonight cause the men is all in" an I says back right out loud "There aint anybody goin to get all in in these things, you 'big overgrown boob,'" only he happened to be away down the street and didnt hear me. It didnt make no difference to me though. I said it anyway. High spirited. Thats me all over, Mable.

Angus McDonald, the skotch fello says that these is skotch pup tents. The skotch he says dont ever wear nothin below the nees. I guess Angus aint a pure skot though cause I heard him and Joe Loomis arguin this mornin cause Angus had swiped Joes horse blanket to wrap round his legs.

It rained for three days before we left. You could have squeeze water out of my pistul, Mable. They say a fello is two thirds water anyway. I bet I was 99 and ninety-nine 100 per cent pure, eh Mable?

Monday mornin we hiked back to camp. They got us up so early I thought they was blowin taps. The lieutenant was awful sore. I guess a drop of water came through his tent somewhere during the night and lit on him. He looks at me an says "As you were, Smith." All I says was "Ill never be again, Lieutenant."

They made me a driver the last minit on the hike comin home. I guess there breakin me in to every place sos they can let the rest of the batery home on furlow and let me do all the work, from the looks of it. They showed me two horses hitched to the gun and told me they was mine. Right away I seen that the right hand horse was all hitched up and there wasnt nobody there to ride him. So when the sargent says he was all ready I says "No we aint. I aint goin till the fello what rides this horse is here. Theres enough favorites bein played in the battery now."



That showed the lieutenant where I stood. He said the fello what usually drove the horse was on special duty coilin up firin lines. When he put it that way I agreed to lead the right hand horse in to camp. Angus says they call the right hand horse the off horse cause the fello what rides him is always off doin somethin else. He aint the only fello whats off round here though I can tell you that Mable.

Theres a rumor round here that were goin to Honey Lulu. Joe Loomis has sent for his Ukaylaly. Angus says hes orderin a grass cutter to take with him sos he can make himself one of those grass suits over there. I guess the next time I write itll be from there.

yours till then

Bill

## SOME BOOST FROM ASHEVILLE.

The Consolidated Bands gave us some concert. Judson House is some singer. Francis Sutherland is some graceful conductor and some cornet soloist. The band members, each one of them some artist. Want some more, please.

Best wishes,

Sincerely,

N. BUCKNER, Secy.,  
Asheville Board of Trade.

## WE WANT SCRAPPY STORIES.

This undeliverable-magazines-for-soldiers idea is a good one, BUT—isn't it tough when your bundle of magazines consists of Needlework, the Mothers' Magazine, St. Nicholas, Today's Housewife, Vogue, and McCall's (spring fashion number)?