



KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
WAR ACTIVITIES



CAMP _____

Letter #8

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Camp Mac Arthur

Jan. 12, 1918

Dear Folks:

I guess I'm up to my old tricks again. You know that in the letter I wrote, addressed to Marcus, I said I would write to you the next day, well it is just a day later than I expected to write. I got a letter from you this morning about 12 o'clock and was glad to hear from you. I got the letter and then went to dinner. After dinner I went to the tent and then came over to the K.C. It is now 2 o'clock. First of all I hope this letter finds you all well. Can safely say the same for myself. Now to start my letter and give you somemore interesting news. Monday afternoon, January 7th we were told that we would go out to the trenches and stay 48 hours, but a little while later it was changed to 24 hours. We had an early sup-per and about 5:30P.M. we left for the trenches. Monday afternoon it was quite warm and the distance to the trenches is a good four miles. The distance wouldn't bother very much if we hadn't had anything to carry, but we did and that made it difficult. Every man carried a pack. The soldiers used to carry a roll over their shoulders, but now the Government is-sued what is known as a Paprose Pack. The pack is carried on the back. The old men call it the man killer. The pack we carried weighed about fifty pounds beside we carried rifles, bayonets, cartridge belts and canteens full of water. This was not bad enough, so we had to wear our overcoats, and let me tell you that we sure did sweat. I suppose you think that we took our time going out. We did: (in a pigs ear). We reached the trenches at 6:45P.M. That means that we were on the road 1 hour and fifteen minutes. If you know anything about walking you know then that four miles an hour is very good time for a man "without a pack", but we had "some packs" and it took us only 1 hours and fifteen minutes. So you can now imagined how we "switzed". Well it didn't hurt me any and I can stand it again. I wouldn't have minded it at all, but I had a son-of-a-gun of a headache and I didn't feel very much like hiking. When we got to where we were going to camp we pitched tents. Wallie and I were going to sleep together, but when we unpacked we found out that we had different shelter-halves and we couldn't pitch tents together. I got another partner, one of the cooks, and pitched with him. Wallie was out of luck and couldn't get anybody who had a shelter-half like his, so he had to sleep out in the open, and I've told you that it gets cold here at night. After the cook and I pitched our tent, we fixed the blankets ready to go to bed. I had two blankets, a poncho, and my overcoat, and the cook had three blankets, poncho, and an overcoat. So you see that we slept pretty warm. After we fixed the bed the cook went away to do a little work and I crawled in and went to bed, because my head was almost breaking from my headaches. I slept pretty good because it was warm underneath the blankets and also the tent was closed up good. The cook came in or rather crawled in about 10 o'clock and he woke me when he came in. I pulled up the side of the tent and looked out, but I pulled my head in faster than I put it out because I got a face full of sand. A strong wind was "bluzing" and there was a regular sandstorm. A good many of the tents were blown over, but mine still stood up. I fell asleep again and woke at six thirty when someone called the cook. The wind was blowing worst than ever. Not only the wind but the "zamth". Supposed to be Jedish. Every time you would open your "orgens" you would "hiib a punim fill mit zamth". Now don't think for a minute that I got up at six thirty when the cook crawled out I went right to "poofin" and slept till nine o'clock. I then got up and put my shoes on



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and went to see what I could “shmorce” from the cook for breakfast. He gave me something, but it was flavored with about a million dollars worth of “zamths”. I ate it anyway. In the army we eat anything and it tastes good because our appites are so good. I took a piece of bread and put some syrup on it and got out in the wind to get out of the way of those working. When I went to take a bite of the bread I thought the syrup was full of gold. But you know what it was. Zamth. Zamth was all it was. It tasted good with the bread and syrup. Anyway, I hung around the cook for a while and found out where there was a box of extra good “apples”. I- sup pose you think the boxful was there when I left also. It was, except two overcoat pockets full, I hurried back to the tent and ate them. After I was through eating I thought I had better do a little work. I thought I might as well be in style. I decided I would face the south because the wind had shifted during the night and the sand was coming in the tent. The wind blew a regular gale and believe me it was some job fixing the tent. Finally I got the tent pitched the way I wanted it just as I got through one of the cooks helper asked me if I had a towel I told him I had. Seeing that I had nothing else to do I decided I would also wash. Not covered with a “soft” coating of that some old ‘zamth”. Just a minute. I am going ahead a little too fast and left out a little detail. Right after I got up I heard the Sargeant call for the Signal “Spitoon” to fall in. I found out that we were supposed to do a little “gruben” with a pick and shovel. The men were going to build a dug-out for some experiance. Oh! My I’m just crazy about a pick and shovel, so I decided to make an excuse and not go along. I told the Sargent that the cook wanted me to help him and ask if I could stay behind. The Sargeant said all-a-right. It was all-a-right and O.K. “mit me okhet”. After this is when I started to change the position of the tent. Well I got as far as decid-edly I was going to wash. I washed and then went to see what the cook was doing. I found out it was pretty near dinner time, so I ran to the tent and got my dishes. I saw that the bread had to be cut so I grabbed hold of a knife and started to cut some. By the time I cut five loafes, I saw that dinner would be ready in a minute, so I asked one of the fellows if he wanted to cut the bread for a while. He took the knife, I grabbed hold of my mess-kit and asked the cook to fill it up. There was a great big line waiting and I didn’t feel like getting at the tail end. The cook filled the mess-kit up and I ran back and crawled in the tent to eat my dinner and to keep out of the wind and sand. We had wenies, sauer-kraut, bread, coffee, and canned peaches. After dinner, the Signal Platoon was called out again but I couldn’t frame up an excuse so I had to go along. I didn’t stay long though. The men worked in shifts. Five men in a shift and each one worked ten minutes at a time. After I was through with my turn. I had to get a drink of water and when I got a drink, I forgot that I had to go back and do some more work. I went over to see the cook again and got some wenies that were left from dinner. After I ate as much as I wanted I found my feet carrying me in the direction of my tent. The temptation was so strong that I crawled in and layed down. Gee, but it was nice and....

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Mac Arthur



Jan. 12 1918

Dear Folks:

I guess I'm up to my old tricks again. You know that in the letter I wrote, I addressed to Marcus. I said I would write to you the next day, well it is just a day later than I expected to write. I got a letter from you this morning about 11:30 o'clock and was glad to hear from you. I got the letter and then went to dinner. After dinner I went to the tent and then came over to the K. C. It is now 2 o'clock. First of all I hope this letter finds you all well. I can safely say the same for myself. Now to start my letter and give you someone interesting news. Monday afternoon, January 7th we were told that we would go out to the trenches and stay ~~for~~ 48 hours, but a little while later it was changed to 24 hours. We had an early supper and ~~at~~ a about 5:30 ^{P.M.} we left for the trenches. Monday afternoon it was quite warm and the distance to the trenches is a good four miles. The distance didn't ~~wouldn't~~ bother very much if we hadn't had

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any thing to carry, but we did and that made it different. Every man carried a pack. The soldiers used to carry a roll over their shoulders, but now the Government issued what is known as a, Pappoose Pack. The pack is carried on the back. The old men call it the man killer. The pack we carried weighed about fifty pounds beside we carried rifles, bayonets, cartridge belts and canteens full of water. This was not bad enough, so we had to wear our overcoats, and let me tell you that we sure did sweat. I suppose you think that we took our time going out. We did. (in a pig's ears), We reached the trenches at 6:45 P.M. That means that we were on the road 1 hour and fifteen minutes. If you know anything about walking you know that four miles an hour is a very good time for a man "without a pack."

But we had "some" packs and it took us only 1 hour and fifteen minutes. So you can now imagine how we "switzed". Well, it didn't hurt me any and I can stand it again. I wouldn't have minded it at all, but I had a son-of-a-gun of a headache and I didn't feel very much like hiking. When we got to where we were going to camp we pitched tents. Wallie and I were going to sleep together, but when we unpacked we found out that we had different shelter-halves, and we couldn't pitch ^{tents} together. I got another partner, one of the cooks, and pitched with him. Wallie



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was out of luck and couldn't get anybody who had a shelter-half like his, so he had to sleep out in the open, and Bill told you that it gets cold here at night.

After the cook and I pitched our tent, we fixed the blankets ready to go to bed. I had two blankets, ponchos and my overcoat and the cook had three blankets, ponchos and an overcoat. So you see that we slept pretty warm.

After we fixed the bed the cook went away to do a little work and I "crawled in" and went to bed, because my head was almost breaking from my headaches. I slept pretty good because it was warm underneath the blankets and also the tent was closed up good. The cook came in or rather crawled in about 10 o'clock and he woke me when he came in. I pulled up the side of the tent and looked out, but I pulled my head in faster than I put it out, because I got a face full of sand. A strong wind was blowing and there was a regular sandstorm. A good many of the tents were blown over, but mine still stood up. I fell asleep again and woke at six thirty when someone called the cook. The wind

was blowing worse than ever. Not only the
 wind, but the "zanth" supposed to be Jewish.
 Everytime you would open your "Jöigen"
 you would "hib a punim fill mit zanth".
 Now don't think for a minute that I
 got up at six thirty. When the cook
 crawled out I went ^{back} right to "poofin"
 and slept till nine o'clock. I then got up and
 put my shoes on, and went to see what
 I could "shnora" from the cook for breakfast.
 He gave me something, but it was flavored
 with about a million dollars worth
 of "zanth". I ate it anyway. In the
 army we eat any thing and it tastes good
 because our appetites are so good. I took a
 piece of bread and put some syrup on it and
 got out in the wind to get out of the way of
 those working. When I went to take a
 bite of the bread I thought the syrup was
 full of gold. But you know what it was.
 Zanth & zanth was all it was. It
 tasted good with the bread and syrup,
 anyway. I hung around the cook for a
 while and found out where there was
 a box of extra good "apples". I suppose
 you think the popful was there when I left,
 also. It was, except two overcoat pockets
 full. I hurried back to the tent and ate
 them. After I was through eating I thought
 I had better do a little work. I thought I
 might as well be in style. I decided I
 would face the front of the tent for the north
 instead of the south because the wind had
 shifted during the night and the sand
 was coming in the tent. The wind blew.



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a regular gale and believe me it was
some job fixing the tent. Finally I got
the tent pitched the way I wanted it.
Just as I got through one of the cooks helpers
asked me if I had a towel I told him
I had. Seeing that I had nothing else
to do I decided I would also wash. Not
that I was dirty, oh no, not dirty, just
covered with a "soft" coating of that same
old "zarnich" just a minute. I am going
ahead a little, too fast and left out a little
detail. Right after I got up I heard the
Sergeant call for the signal "spittoon" to
fall in. I found out that we were supposed
to do a little "graben" with a pick and
shovel. The men were going to build a
dug-out for some experience. Oh my I'm just
crazy about a pick and shovel, so I decided
to make an excuse, and not go along.
I told the sergeant that the cook wanted
me to help him and ask if I could stay
behind. The sergeant said all-a-right. It
was all-a-right and O.K. "mit. die "okhet"
After this is when I started to change
the position of the tent. Well I got as
far as deciding I was going to wash.

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I washed and then went to see what the cook was doing. I found out it was pretty near dinner time, so I ran to the tent and got my dishes. I saw that the bread had to be cut so I grabbed hold of a knife and started to cut some. By the time I cut five loaves I saw that dinner would be ready in a minutes, so I asked one of the fellows if he wanted to cut the bread for awhile. He took the knife. I grabbed hold of my mess-bit and asked the cook to fill it up. There was a great big line waiting and I didn't feel like getting at the tail end. The cook filled the mess-bit up and I ran back and crawled in the tent to eat my dinner and to keep out of the wind and sand.

We had venies, sauer-kraut, bread, coffee and canned peaches. After dinner, the signal platoon was called out again but I couldn't come up an excuse so I had to go along. I didn't stay long though. The men worked in shifts. Five men in a shift and each one worked ten minutes at a time. After I was through with my turn, I had to get a drink of water and when I got a drink, I forgot that I had to go back and do some more work. I went over to see the cook again and got some venies that were left from dinner.

After I ate as much as I wanted I found my feet carrying me in the direction of my tent. The temptation was so strong that I crawled in and layed down. Gee; but it was nice and