



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



Hello Mother;

Nov 3, 1915.

Well I am at camp here at
last. It took two days and a night to get here. The
air is entirely different than at home. I never saw
such country in all my life. Nothing but hills
cotton and swamps. While we was on the road
about half of the flang on the wheel of the coal
tender broke. Luckily the fireman saw when
we stopped or we might all have been ditched.
Tennessee is the dirtiest place in the town I
have seen any where. Nothing but rigger shacks
on the hills. About all of Kentucky I saw was
hills and tunnels. I am at Camp Jessup,
Co. F. M. J. C. Unit 305 Atlanta Georgia.
This is some camp, they don't drill at all and don't
even have a bugler. A fellow don't feel like a soldier
in this camp as it is more like home. We are only
5 miles from Atlanta and can get to town on
the street car for a nickel. Mother send me a
few bucks as we got beat out of our pay this
month on account of the transfer and don't
get payed till next month. I am in the Motor