

Friday, 1/11/18

Dearest Valentine:-

Received four of your letters forwarded from Ft. Thomas today. Received 11 letters forwarded from there today. Have had quite a time reading them all, Some from my sisters and two from Luther, one from Jim, one from Fay Hartes, but of all I enjoyed yours the most. Naturally would enjoy them most.

Also read and enjoyed a letter from you dated 1/7/18. That u c was only fours days ago. This has been a very pleasant day here until late this eve and an awful sand storm has been raging here all this eve.

A sand storm is almost

as bad as a snow storm, but  
all I have to do is to stay  
inside barracks. Am going to  
stop soon and take a bath  
in order to get this sand out of  
my hair, eyes, ears, etc. Then  
I always sleep well after a bath

I am feeling very much im-  
proved today and will be my  
old-self again in a few days. I  
hope you are feeling better. You  
ought to be here. These sunshiny  
days would drive away all ail-  
ments and blues. Have spent a  
large part of the day in drilling,  
acted as Mail-Orderly this eve for  
the company, the regular orderly  
being sick. When it comes to mail  
I am a cat's ankle. "C". Perhaps  
I may land in a Camp P.O. some-  
where but I don't care to for  
there is no chance for advance-  
ment in rank there, but I will

have to do just what U.S. says

Whether it suits me or not.

As for getting fat, I would if

I could, but am afraid I can't.

Sometimes I wish I were a woman for a while and get fat and then transform to a man! Ha!

Yes I do believe I will weigh a few pounds more than when I entered the army.

Tell your mother I am enjoying the contents of that box between meals. That is not a very good practice to eat between meals but I long ago made up my mind that I am going to eat every thing Uncle Sam gives me, and of course can't let anything pass by. Home products all taste the best and so I am surely enjoying plenty of eats just now. I am sure a well-fed pup. If I don't get fat it wont be the fault of either

my friends at home or Uncle Sam's either. If I were a girl I know I would soon get fat among this bunch. Ha!

I began this letter two hours ago and will now finish it. I have since taken a hot water bath followed by cold water as recommended so that a person will take no cold. I have shaved and so u c I am doing real well for myself. Have been shaved twice by a barber since I left on Dec. 5<sup>th</sup>. Perhaps I never will care about a barber for shaving any longer. I also have changed clothing and feel like a first-class government bum now. It has been raining devilish hard here for two hours or more. Let it rain, the white sand will be just the same in the morning.

Bryant and L. G. came

to see me just a few minutes  
this eve. Both are looking  
well. L. G. is grow a mustache  
It is almost snow white and  
he looks real well. Don't  
worry I am not yet  
wearing one, but may take  
a notion to do so someday

Tomorrow (Sat) is inspect  
ion day and we will not  
have to drill any. Inspection  
comes in the A.M. In the PM.  
we are free to do as we please  
but tell what is there to do  
here only write a letter or  
so? I have seen most of  
the camp so I will probably  
get into a ball game for  
Saturday exercise.

Some of the boys here are  
Shooting crap this eve.  
Getting action on their money

2 bull such as that don't

for a minute interest me.

Am not eating one of  
the apples u sent me.

Had a good supper this eve  
and am now as full as a  
cream feed cat.

How is Hugh looking  
forward to his doom? Tell  
him if he intends to be a  
slacker be a "slacker in  
uniform" and he will get  
more honor out of it. Ha!

We are all slackers here  
SLACKEYS IN UNIFORM.

Get the idea? For,

We walk our post in the darkness  
of the nite,

And we see everything in our site

We never give up, no matter how  
tired

Because for that stunt we would  
be tried.

You may call us paupers  
or Government bums,  
But kind friends remember we're  
behind the big guns  
And when the war clouds a-  
rise o'er the peaceful sky.  
It is we, not you, that go for  
ward and die.

It is we that stand first in  
our suits of blue,  
To defend the flag, our homes,  
yes and you,  
While civilians enjoy what  
we have done,  
Yet cast us off and call us  
Government bums  
For if it was not for us, whom  
you all (hate?)  
Foreign powers would send

you to an awful fate

Then you would cry out

“Let us escape”

But then poor civilians, it

would be too late.

Passed on the streets shunned

as if we would bite.

You make the remarks when

we are not in site,

“Friends we are sworn our

Nations rights to see”

And now the war dogs you

would have us be,

You are free to come and go as

you please.

Have your good times and be

at your ease

In your mansions of class and

splendor,

Such as we soldiers are forbidden

to enter

So try and give us our

just dues.

For before we donned our  
Olive drab grey  
we were civilians too just  
the other day.

Just add these verses  
to the one of yesterday and  
you will have a complete  
verse as a soldiers  
feels himself viewed by the  
outside world. Written and  
composed by a private  
in uniform. Hugh ought  
to read it for it is intend-  
ed for people just like him.

Tell Jim I will answer  
her letter at once (tomorrow)  
She wrote it many days  
ago, but I never received it  
from Ft. Thomas until  
today.

With hopes for your

speedy return to good health

and with love to you I am

as ever

Your slacker, (In uniform)

Your Studebaker

Or anything you desire to

Call me.

Wes

[?], S.W.A.K. and a squeeze

in the “Old Arm Chair”

YMCA

“WITH THE COLORS”

Miss Opal V. Baker

Sulphur Springs

Indiana

Henry County

From Wes L. Gouslog  
Rec. Co. 33 K. 17  
Camp Joseph E. Johnston,  
Jacksonville, Florida