

Sunday Eve 1/27/18

My Hoosier Dear:-

This has been one grand day here, very gloomy this morn, but not so after the sun came out. I have been roaming about camp almost all the day. L.G. Vergil and I this afternoon went to see Bryant we got to see him for a few minutes and then he had a call to take some officer to headquarters, which he did in the motorcycle and its side car. Why we were all four together I just thought that no four ever furnished a better picture of Health. We all surely ought to be thankful for our health. The boys all say. “Lee is looking fine and getting fat but a shame he is loosing his hair, “Poor Bald-head”, I think they are only kidding me for I never see my hair coming out.

Warm enough today that I

will quote what Virgil said. We were walking along and as we began to sweat, Virgil said as we passed a large woman in an auto, “Gee, I bet that woman is lathering between the legs.” I almost hated to say those last three words, but yet u know I believe Virgil was telling the truth. Ha! Well

Virgil sees a tough time. He had no soap, money or stamp today and said he hadn’t written home for ten days. I rather surmised that he was broke, as I ask him and he said he was. I gave him some toilet and laundry soap and several stamps and loaned him a small amount of money. He seemed more cheerful than he has for many days. What I gave him accounted to nothing but it is the little things that bring cheer to a soldier. He is just as good-hearted as I ever was but isn’t as fortunate as I in being remembered by so many home friends, I surely thankful to have so many to think of me

“WITH THE COLORS” YMCA

at home.

I presume you are not sweating any at home unless from the hotfoot baths and ginger stews such as your mother makes. Take your medicine like a good little girl for my sake.

I hope that by this time you and Jim are much better. I surely feel for both, but am so far away that I can't reach you.

Well, next time L. G. tells tales out of school, just be quiet and don't pass it on to our parents for it will only cause worry without doing any good. I am referring to Bryant's attack of appendicitis which kept him in the hospital a few days apparently L. G. didnt think of the worry it might cause back home. Now don't mention what I have said, but if he tell any thing like this again, be sure

and keep mum. Bryant is now himself again.

I Received a long letter from Luther last night and he said if weather permitted he and his girl were going to visit you next Sunday.

As for Mat Thompson, I told him the Bryant might land in New York at any time, but will not until ordered. Orders may come tomorrow and again it may be weeks or months "C". But I said he was already fitted out for over-seas service and for this reason he would probably have orders to sail soon. See, what I mean? Again he may have to turn all this equipment back for the order might come for him to do service in the U.S. Just as I said many times, no one know what may be in store for them for the next 24 hours.

For fear you didn't get my letter, I will say again "Please Keep my Camera" for

it is forbidden to have one
in our possession here.

I received many Couriers
this day from Sister Edna
showing the many classify-
fications. I saw Hugh E Harless
put in Class One. Too Bad!
We four are thinking of
writing him a letter each sen-
ding him our sympathies and
regrets. We all almost de-
cided to write Stephens a letter
also inviting him to close
his pool-room and go to good
honest labor for a living as
we feel he should a
little patriotism. Ha!

Well, I heard Mel Trotter
at the Y.M.C.A. this day. He
is a great Evangelist and is
considered a Second Billy
Sunday. His life has surely
been indeed black until he

entered the ministry. Before doing so he was a drunkard and his only child died from hunger and cold and his wife died a heart-broken woman. After all this happened he was brought to his right mind and today he is a Christian.

Well, you are welcome in Florida by one at least. You said you were knitting. Knitting what? Not Baby clothes! I hope. Ha!

Well, L. G. said today, I am sleeping with my girl every night. Just her picture you see. Some class to that isn't there?

Sometimes I wish they would move me from Camp Johnston so I could have something new to write about. Must close. With Love and best wishes for your welfare, I am,

Yours

Wes

I have lost out on the number of my letters so you will have to number them from now on. Something for you to do. Ha!

Wes L. Bouslog,

Camp

Joseph E. Johnston

Jacksonville, Fla.

Miss Opal Valentine Baker,

Sulphur Springs,

Indiana

Henry County