

Letter #18
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Camp Morn Hill,
Winchester, England
April 4, 1918

Dear Folks:

I have wanted to write for the last week but never got the chance to do so until today, so I am going to make the best of the opportunity. I have been busy all week so I could'nt find time to write. I am staying in the office to-night for the office orderly and seeing a typewriter in the place I decided to typewrite a letter home. It's been so many months since I touched a typewriter, so I expect you will find this letter full of mistakes, but I believe you will be able to read it without much trouble. Before I go any further with this letter I hope that it will find you all well and in the best of health. For myself I can easily say the same. Now comes the hardest part of writing a letter, and that is where and what to start with. I have so much to write that I don't know what to say first. I wish now that I had wrote more often so I wouldnt have to waste so much time trying to figure out what I should write first and what to write next. Seeing that I have so much to say I will start way back to the time I wrote the last letter and tell you as I remember. I believe the last time I wrote I said that I would tell you about my visit to Winchester. Well I'm going to do that and also tell you other things, besides telling you of my second visit to the city.

I forgot the date that I wrote the last letter. Now come to think about it I am pretty sure that I wrote the 27th of March. Since that time things seem to be going the same way except for a few changes. One day seems to be the same as the next. There has been nothing to do except a few details and so forth and the rest of the time is spent in loafing.

The officers started to give the men a little drill the other day but I do not know whether they still drill them or not. A good share of the men have already been picked for the permanent details and they seem to be picking out more men each day. I got on permanent duty this last Monday and will tell you about it latter on in the letter. Wally and Jake are still without any permanent detail but may get called on anyday. At present they do whatever they are told to do by their barracks leader and the rest of the time is spent in loafing. Wally would like to get on the same detail with me but I have asked and found out that there is no chance to do so. Some of the details the men are on are, working in the office as typists and clerks; motor truck drivers, motorcycle drivers; and, a bunch of men were sent to cooking school to learn how to cook. Most likely I might have got a chance to get in the office as a typist but I hated to go up and put my name in because I was out of practice. The other day they wanted five stenographers and typists to go to Liverpool to work but I did'nt hand my name in. I might have taken a chance as a typist but I believe I would have to practice quite a bit before I would be able to come back and take dictation in shorthand at a fair rate of speed.

I am satisfied with the work I am doing now. I am on permanent detail at the hospital. Although it is not what I would like to do, still I am satisfied because there are lots of jobs that are worse. One good thing about working at the hospital is that we get much better "grub" than the other fellows who are on other details. At the hospital we get good meals and we can have all we can eat , while the other fellows only get so much and what they get is no wheres as good as ours. I have found out that there are a great many things that I can write nowt that where we were

forbidden to write before. One of the things I am going to tell you about is the eats we were getting before I got on permanent detail at the hospital. The meals are the English field rations and are the same as are given the English soldiers in the trenches. Here is the menu for the three meals: for breakfast we have two slices of bread, some days we get a piece of ham and some days we get a piece of sow-belly, we also get some O.D. water, (I suppose you know that O.D. stands for Olive Drab which is a brown color). Some of the fellows claim that they have the formula for making the O.D. water or coffee as it is called. Here it is; about forty gallons of water in the kettles, then take a coffee bean and bore a hole in it and tie a string to it, then drop the bean in the kettles of water and pull it through several times and the coffee is done. The biggest meal we have is dinner and here is what we always get; one slice of bread, one spud, (if there are any left over we get two), some meat that the fellows claim is horse meat but it doesn't make any difference because it performs the same action as beef, and a cup of water if we want it, also we get some rice that the fellows claim is nothing like Mother use to make. Now comes supper and it seems to taste the best of all. We get two slices of bread, about a cent's worth of cheese and seven men divide up a can of jam that is about as big as a can that Condensed Milk is sold in, also we get some O.D. water. Well I have given you the menu, what do you think about it? We get this day after day but after a person gets used to it he is alright, but we hated very much to get use to it.

I eat dinner and supper at the hospital and surely find them much different that what I have been getting for the last three weeks. The first day I ate dinner there I thought that I had either gone to heaven or was dreaming when I saw the grub that they were dishing out to us and the best part of it was that if we didn't get enough the first time we could go up for seconds and even thirds. You know that I am no slouch when it comes to eating so I always go up for seconds and see that I get enough to eat. Here is what we had the first day for dinner: some good beef, potatoes, bread, coffee (real coffee) some fine green peas and some sago pudding with sugar in it. I might as well tell you what we had for supper while I'm at it. We had some "real" Irish stew, bread, butter, jam, and coffee. I'll say that there is quite a bit of difference in the two meals. What do you say? A hard question to have me answer is, to ask me where I would rather eat; at the barracks or at the hospital.

Now to tell you about the work I do at the hospital. I am on what is called the Sanitary Detail. We take care of the bathhouses and latrines, that is we sweep them out every morning, sweep the sidewalks around the wards and pick up the papers around the buildings. If there is any other odd jobs we also do them, such as helping unload trucks that bring things to the warehouses. We keep Union hours on this detail. We go to work at 9A.M. and quit at 4P.M. We eat supper at five o'clock and then go back to our barracks. Most likely we will move over to the hospital in a short while because at present there is no room to give the detail for sleeping quarters. This is about all that I know to tell you about the work I am doing. If you remember I wrote in my last letter that I have just got through moving, well I had to move again Tuesday because most of fellows in my barracks were sent to cooking school and there were only five of us left and the officers decided that they couldn't very well keep a barrack going for just five men so we had to move. Some of the men in Wally's barracks were also sent to cooking school so I moved into their barracks. Now we are all together again and I wonder how long it will stay this way. This about all I have to write about Camp news so I will have to hurry and tell you

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about my trips to the city of Winchester. ¶ It is now about 9:45 and I expect the First Sgt. in at any moment and when he comes I go back to the barracks. If I don't finish this letter on the typewriter I will have to do so in pencil or pen. I am going to tell you about my first trip to the city. The second day I was in this camp we went on a hike and walked through the city. The next time we went on another hike our officer got permission to take us through the Winchester Cathedral and the Great Hall. In the Cathedral we saw tombs of great men and bishops that were buried hundreds of years ago. The Cathedral was built in the year 1000, by the Romans when Caesar invaded Great Britain or rather the British Isles. The building is quite well preserved in spite of its age. The Great Hall is the place where former kings took refuge in case their palace was in danger of being attacked. In this hall is also hung on the wall the Original King Arthur's Round Table with the names of the knights that sat at the original table. I bought a little book from the caretaker. The book tells about the Great Hall and when it was built. If I can get a large envelope I will send the book along with this letter. Last Sunday was Easter Sunday I got a pass to go to the city again. Wally and Jake also got a pass so we went together. Our pass was from six to ten thirty P.M. We went down and walked around and found the town quite interesting. Monday I got another pass and went down with another fellow. We went out with some English girls and had a good time. One thing that spoils a fellow's time is that there is a curfew in Winchester at 9:30 P.M. and all the girls have to be in at that time. I am going to ask the first Sgt. for a pass for tomorrow and go to town and try and take in the show that they have there.

I wish we would get paid soon. We were supposed to have gotten paid last Tuesday but we didn't and may not get paid until the end of this week or the first part of next week. I am not broke yet but I wouldn't mind getting paid. This is about all the news I have to write and there isn't no where near as much as I had intended to write. We have a new address now although we are still at the same place. Here it is: Casual Co. No. 2, A. R. C., Winchester, England. Did you write the answer to my first letter A. E. F.? If you did I suppose it will take a while yet before it reaches me. Well the Sgt. is here so I will have to quit and say good night. With Love and Kisses I remain Your

Loving son and brother,
Max

Best regards and kisses to Marcus and Rose. Tell them to write Best regards from Wally and Jake.

Soldiers letter

Camp Morn Hill,
Winchester, Eng.

April 4, 1918.

Dear Folks:

I have wanted to write for the last week but never got the chance to do so until today, so I am going to make the best of the opportunity. I have been busy all week so I could'nt find time to write. I am staying in the office tonight for the office orderly and seeing a typewriter in the place I decided to typewrite a letter home. It's been so many months since I touched a tyewriter, so I expect you will find this letter full of mistakes, but I believe you will be able to read it without much trouble. Before I go any further with this letter I hope that it will find you all well and in the best of health. For myself I can easily say the same. Now comes the hardest part of writing a letter, and that is where and what to start with. I have so much to write that I don't know what to say first. I wish now that I had wrote more often so I wouldnt have to waste so much time trying to figure out what I should write first and what to write next. Seeing that I have so much to say I will start way back to the time I wrote the last letter and tell you as I remember. I believe the last time I wrote I said that I would tell you about my visit to Winchester. Well I'm going to do that and also tell you other things, besides telling you of my second visit to the city. I forgot the date that I wrote the last

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Loving son and brother

Max

Best regards and kisses to Marcus
and Rose. Tell them to write

Best regards from Wally and Jake.