

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

WAR ACTIVITIES



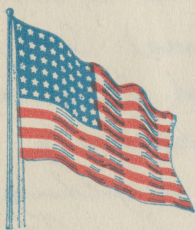
CAMP Kelly, Texas

December 14, 1917

Dear Mother:

You see we are still in S.A., and probably will remain here, until Sunday, when we expect a big "out-going." You notice the emphasis on the "expect." Well that is about the best thing we do here. We go to bed, and expect to be called in the morning, and sure enough, they call us at 6:15 for reveille at 6:30. Brrr, it's been cold these last few mornings. But the old sun is getting around again. The cold wave, is what they call a "northern" and followed the big sand storm, last Friday evening (one week ago). The reason I hate to write during the day, is, everything is so damn uncertain. I have been called out as many as four and five times, while writing one letter, and the other day I was in the middle of a shave, when I had to "fall out" for a formation. I spent the greater part of this morning and afternoon, writing cards, and still have a few dozen to send. Stamps? See! I'm nearly broke. So one of these days, when you know a letter is on the way, don't be surprised if you don't get it. Because it might be in the "dead letter office" However. I guess I'll last till I reach Illinois. (You know that is our latest destination.)

I went down to San Antonio, Wednesday evening, and enjoyed the trip thoroughly. Right after mess, our squad decided to see the town so we took a jitney (25) Jack Tracy (a cousin of Harry Tracy the out law) Joe & Maria, a good natured "Wop", Al Muscott, our corporal, P.T. Pedis, a Texan, Frank Tibbals, from Connecticut and myself. We landed in town at about 6¹⁵, roamed around. Pedis knew the town and showed us the Alamo, and the Buck Horn Saloon, a place known the world over, for its wonderful curios. They have there, the largest set of steer horns in the world, 8'-1³/₈" tip to tip. Many things appealed to me, but, the boys were in a hurry, so we blew along. Then went into the Mexican Inn, a very special place, with a history. We had Hot Tamales, Chille con Carne, and Mexican bread. A Hot Tamale, is made of ground up meat, spiced up, rolled in a slice of Mexican bread, and then the whole thing rolled in a corn husk and cooked. The Mexican bread deserves a medal. Pedis says it is nothing but corn, ground up, between stones, mixed with water and cooked. Not the way you think though, as Mexican takes a little ball of the paste, sits down before the fire, and tosses the ball back and forth, from right hand to left, until the thing flattens out to about an 8 inch disk, with the thickness of a sheet of blotting paper.† Gee! it's great ma, the things you see and learn, and the people you meet. Our squad is composed of one clerk, one chauffeur, one electrician, two mechanics, a sail maker and draftsman, and the things we don't make out of wire, aren't worth making. You ought to see our candlestick, and our Bread toaster and grid iron. Oh my! All the comforts of home. (war cake excepted) But we brought † he then flops the disk right on to the hot coals, and it cooks.



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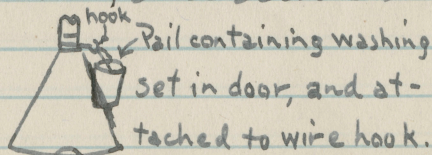
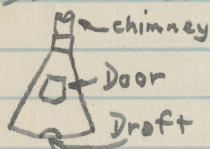
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CAMP.....

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home one swell loaf of cake from S. G. Yes indeed. Paid seventy cents for it too. Gee! it went big. "Old San Antonio," they say, and I agree with them. Its wonderful. If only we get a chance to see the place Sunday, all the old missions and every-thing. They have real cow boys, gamblers, and roulette wheels, right out on the sidewalk, just like the movies. You expected to see anything like that; Did you think I would? Real palm trees. And now its north again; Well we are satisfied to go where ever they send us. Maybe we'll get a chance to skate yet, this winter. I always wanted to see Chicago, anyway, and the Otis Building. I don't think we'll get to Honolulu though, Isn't that tough. Say I believe I'm getting the "wander lust." On the level, I never thought anything could be like this. You just ought to see our squad at mess. We always bring the chow back to the tent and all sit around the fire. Roast bread, roast sausages, and heat up our tea or coffee. Then you ought to see us wash, the stove is built like this



Front View

The water boils, or heats, just as we want it to, and we burn oak, for fuel. (Split it ourselves). I have that heavy fleece lined underwear, and believe me, it's some job trying to wash it. Especially with out a wash board. Towells, socks, anything, and everything. Handkerchiefs are my speciality. I have seven, but I wash about 97 a week. I've never tried the O.D. Blankets, Gee! I bet that would be fun.

Well, all high lights must be out at nine o'clock, and I hate like the deuce to go to bed in the dark, so I'll close now and beat it back to the tent. I ^{ll} try to drop a card or some word home every day, till we leave. As I said before, nothing definite, but it looks like Illinois.

Hoping that you and Dad are enjoying the best of health, and that the girls a keeping the "home fires" burning, I remain

Careless but not thoughtless
Pete.

How's your blue finger nail? Lost mine today. How's that sweater coming along? Wish Mary Crosby would start on a pair of those socks.

Remember me to all.

Christmas

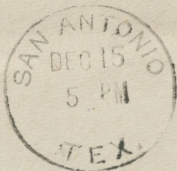
Tell the St. A. A. to hold my box till I send instructions. We may be "on the road". Also we may miss another pay day.

5000M 10-17

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S. SAN
MIL
BRA



Received Dec. 19, 1917.

Mrs John & M. Elligott

91 Fenwood Road,

Boston,

Massachusetts

