

### The Day at Camp Hancock.

Mr. J. Norwood Eubanks, of the 2nd Co. C. O. T. S., Camp Hancock, Ga., writes a very interesting letter to his parents here. He says:

"We are getting on fine down here, having plenty of something good to eat and getting plenty of sleep. We have nothing to think about except what is going on at present, someone else thinks of the future for us, and we never know one day what we will have to do the next. This morning they taught us how to shoot a Hun and throw grenades; this evening we dug trenches, and were drilled how to saddle a horse and get on him in a military manner. This week I am going to learn to ride a horse and jump over hurdles. There are no things a soldier likes better than his machine gun and rifle; we spend so much time keeping them rubbed up nice and clean.

"Yesterday we were out in woods all day, and around where we camped there were guards. It was my duty to go around to these guards every half hour and give orders. On one of my rounds I had to go through a man's yard and on through the garden. I came upon two girls gathering butter beans. When they saw me with my gun so near them they threw up their hands, screamed and went running to the house. That was the last I saw of them.

"I see from The Record you are gathering nuts for the government to make carbon for the gas masks. I am taking a course in gas, and have to wear the masks right much. They are horrid to look on. There is a clamp to fit on your nose to stop your breathing, a rubber tube goes in the mouth and you suck air through the carbon which has chemicals in it and this takes out the gas. Then a tight rubber with glasses in it to see through, fits over the face. We have to be able to put them on in six seconds. I can put one on in four seconds. We may be walking along not thinking of them and the instructor will yell, "Gas!" We have to knock our hats off, get the mask on right now and no fooling about it.

"We expect to get out of quarantine this week. The Red Cross furnished us masks to protect us from the influenza since we've been quarantined."



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Letter from J. Norwood Eubanks to parents

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