

## Visit to Camp Jackson.

Editor of The Record:

If anybody thinks our boys at the camps are not well fed and comfortable, they are vastly mistaken. I have just returned from a trip through four of our Southern camps and the boys asked me to tell anyone who inquired about them that they were just as well and as happy as they could possibly be. I wish that every father and mother could spend one Sunday in camp with their boys.

Our party left here Saturday, Nov. 3rd, and made Camden, S. C., about dusk and then to Columbia, S. C., next morning about dinner. After dinner we were ready for our visit to Camp Jackson and to see the soldiers.

To get into camp you first have to have a pass. Bennet had asked that a pass be sent us, but it didn't arrive in time, so we had to hunt one. Mr. Thompson and Mr. Griffin went hunting and in a few minutes came back and said every member of the party had to go into the building before we could secure the pass. This precaution was to keep Germans out of the camp.

The camp is about five miles from the city and when we had gone that distance we began to see oceans of tents. These were where the workmen were living. Then we saw a canteen (a can-

teen is not a tin bottle tied on a soldier's back to carry water in, but it is a small store for the soldiers to buy tobacco, etc.) When I looked away from the crowd of Sammies around the canteen I looked up and saw Buss, Fred Riggsbee and Tuticus and then a "million" long two-story houses full of windows. Tuticus is a tiny bull dog and the mascot of Co. B 322nd regiment.

We took these soldiers in with us and drove to Louis' barracks and simultaneously with our stopping there appeared First Sergeant Louis A. Nooe, Lieut. Bennet Nooe, Lieut. James S. Milliken, Corporal John Boone and Private Phillips and later another Phillips boy.

The camp is laid off like a city and in every back street was hung out the family wash and bedding.

Every boy hangs out his bedding every other day and his mattress once a week, and once a month he has his tick put in wash and new straw.

The barracks are perfectly ventilated by sliding windows and heated by the hottest and biggest stoves I ever saw. They are lighted by electricity.

Downstairs is the office, kitchen and dining room combined. The pantry and everything there is spotless. The floor, tables and benches are scoured every day and Sunday too. I saw it being done on Sunday myself. The camp has its own bakery.

On the first floor is the store room also, in which tow sacks full of quilts, piles of blankets, raincoats, mess kits, guns and a mint of other things used by soldiers, are stored.

The guns are the most complicated looking things I ever saw. An officer showed me how to shoot one and how to put the bayonet on. He said a soldier loved his gun better than anything else in the world, but after seeing one of them I am gladder than ever that I am not a German.

The bathhouses are behind the main buildings and separated from them by a few steps.

One of the best things of our whole trip was to have supper with the boys and to use one of their mess kits and tin cups. Soon as the war is over I am certainly going to ask Uncle Sam to give me one of the kits. They are tin, oval shaped. First there is a pan, I suppose you would call it, about an inch or inch and a half deep and it has a handle to it. This handle turns out and the pan can be used as a frying pan when a soldier is on a march and then it bends back over the pan. There is also a tin plate that fits over the top of the deep pan and the handle of the deep pan holds it in place, and the fork, knife and spoon are put in between the two pans and stuck in the pocket. The cup is very large and is in the shape of the figure 8 with a handle that folds or comes out and can be hung to the soldier's belt.

We were at Camp Jackson on Sunday and therefore had a splendid opportunity of seeing the camp itself, but not much drilling. We tried to see the whole camp but it was so big we could not. We saw the battlefield and the trenches and "dead" Germans lying around waiting to be killed again the next day.

The hospital is almost a little city by itself and a very interesting one too. There are about 300 cases of measles there. An interesting fact about the base hospital is the first doctor on the grounds, and a volunteer too, was a Chatham boy, Lieut. James S. Milliken.

And right here I will say the first man in the United States to volunteer and enlist in the new national army and the first man to be examined by the first active field hospital in this war was a Chatham boy too, Top Sergeant Louis A. Nooe.

All the warlike work we saw was retreat when the boys came for supper. We happened to be standing at one end of the lines and couldn't begin to see the other end. We could hear the bands down the line, though only faintly. If you stood in the middle of the line you could not see either end.

All Uncle Sam's mules and horses were branded with U. S. on their shoulders. I expected to see some mules there—but not ALL the mules. There was a line of motor trucks as far and a great deal farther than I could see. The mascot at the stables was a billy goat.

The Y. M. C. A. was in camp as well as in Columbia and there is school at night for the boys who need it.

We passed a tremendous tent and the boys told us they have a Chautaugua there every week. The tent holds 10,000.

The boys say the "Y" is the greatest institution in the world, and if it is that to these at home what must it be those in France?

It was dark when we left and as we got outside it made the most beautiful picture I ever saw. All back were lights in the barracks and near us were the lovely camp fires of the workmen in the tents.

Sunday night had one bright spot for me and several dark ones. The dark ones were Buss' whole company was quarantined for measles and he could not come to our hotel, and for some military duties to perform Louis couldn't come. Bennet saved the night from being totally dark.

Miss Azile and I didn't go to church on account of—we did not want to, but the others in our party went and the church they attended was the church where the secession convention of South Carolina was held in 1861.

And they saw David Moore there.

We visited the other camps and will give a description of them later. FANNIE NOOE.