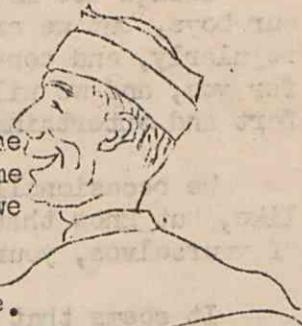


PROP WASH

Dear Boys:-

I am pinch hitting for Jim Osborne this month as he has been away for some days under the care of a doctor; but we are glad to say that he is back, and looking much better, so you can look for his usual letter in the next issue.



Things run along about as usual with us - all trying to do all they can to help you boys, and win the war, but it seems that we just can not make enough twine, try as hard as we may, but you may rest assured that we are behind you 100%, and will continue to be of any assistance possible to you.

We have been having some mighty hot weather here for the past ten days, so you can imagine how the boys are swarming on the Hoover Rail, talking politics and playing checkers. You are really lucky if you can get a seat.

As I was raised in South Carolina, the way politics are run in this State puzzles me, as no campaign meetings are held, while in my home State, we make a great deal of this. We select certain places in the county for the speech making, and along about the first of August the candidates start out. Generally a large grove is selected in which is erected a stand, on which all of the candidates are seated, and each one makes a speech as he is introduced by the chairman of that particular meeting. About noon the meeting adjourns for lunch, of which the local citizens have prepared an abundance, consisting of barbecue, hash, coffee and bread, and it is all free. If you have never tasted such a meal you have missed a lot. Besides that the good women of the community prepare great baskets of fried chicken, fried ham, pickles, cakes, pies and all the other good things you can think of, which they spread on a cloth under the trees for their family and friends, and lucky is the man who is invited to partake, as the memory of that meal will linger with him a long time. Of course some of the boys drink the water that warms them up slightly, and they shout lustily for their favorite candidates. That brings on arguments, and an occasional fight, just to enliven the occasion, and at times the candidates call each other names, and have a fight on the stand. It is all done in the excitement of the moment, and nothing but fists are used, so no one really gets very badly hurt, and a good time is had by all. All go home in the late afternoon, tired but happy. This gives the people of the vicinity a chance to have a picnic, and spend the day with friends, and gives the people a chance to see the candidates, and hear their platforms. I would love to go to another good old campaign meeting, as they are great occasions.

Times bring changes, as you know, and familiar faces will be missing when you return, not the least of which will be that of Shelton Feemster who died last week. Shelt was loved by all who knew him, white and colored, and was a good citizen in every sense of the word, as well as a most faithful servant. No one ever asked him for a favor he did not do it if it were possible, and he filled any and all missions

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