

May 26, 1917
Houston, TX
8:30 a.m.
2 cents

Miss Gainor Roberts
114 N. Winnetka Ave.
Dallas, Texas

Dearest Gainor,

Well, Honey, I sure am in a mess now. I believe that I have written you several times and said I thought I was going to have to live in a tent, etc., and I have always been lucky enough so far to get out of it. But I've one chance in a hundred this time, and if I get out, I sure am going to be a meek little human the rest of my days here. But I'm afraid there isn't a chance.

Last Wednesday night right after drill, we went to supper, and I think that everybody must have been possessed of the evil spirit because we all started to raising all sorts of racket. For the last three weeks we have been getting the worst meals you can imagine and a food riot has been brewing since that time. Anyway, Wednesday we had corn, canned tomatoes, and meat that was absolutely rotten for supper. Well, pieces of bread started flying through the air every now, and then all of a sudden, the whole thing broke loose. I never saw anything happen so quick, nor have I ever seen such a fight before. Everybody went under the tables as if by magic and then meat, dry bread, butter, break soaked in corn and tomatoes went thru the air, and so thick you couldn't hardly see anything. Of course, water was