

June 24 1918

Dear bud (*Charles*)

The letter that you wrote on the type writer was enjoyed as much as any I ever got from you and – I hate to admit it but – you have me cheated when it comes to hitting the keys.

The American flag you made was fine and when I showed the boys your work and told them that you are but fifteen they wouldn't believe it. Now don't get stuck on yourself but keep right on practicing.

It is after ten P.M. and im in our "Y" tent writing without light. But, it is getting rather dusk so I'll have to hurry and scribble.

You may wonder why I didn't write earlier in the evening. Well, after supper I washed my sox for survey and then I sawed out the forms for a bed.

I used the spars out of a broken -smashed- plane and for a spring I have long pieces of old shock absorber rubber.

I used a broken hack-saw blade for a saw, and a butcher-knife for a draw-shave to make the mortices.

The bed will not be much for looks but it will give the most costly beds a run for comfort

Today I got those New's (*Genesee News*) and they were very interesting. I saw papa's, yours and my name in those and the first letter that I wrote home was also published.

Papa and you are due for congratulations in your late undertakings. I am glad that you took part in the track-meet but am sorry that your school did not win the cup.

For fear my other letter gets lost im going to ask again, did you get the lock back and mama, the pillow? Did you receive the grip that I sent from Garden City with my surplus clothes in it etc.

It has been cloudy and quite cool here for two weeks but not a great deal of rain. Today's reports from the Front are very favorable

for us and I hope that Allies will continue in the good work –
“Canning the Kaiser”.

Gee! I wish I could be with you when you get this letter, which will be along in July. You’ll be hard at work then, aye kid? “Do your bit” old pal, but don’t work too hard for you’ll never gain anything by it - take care of yourself while you are young. Above all, be a good boy Charles. That is the last thing I said to you as I was going away.

Gather up an armful of wood for me -ha-ha- to aid in beating the “Bosche” the ravishers.

The bugle has sounded the “Lights out” so I must go in for bed-check.

With love to all I am your

old bud pal Hy Lo (*Henry Lorang*)

