

WITH THE COLORS.

Y.M.C.A.

113 F. A. A.E.F.

July 29, 1918.

Dear Father:-

The enclosed check is one I cashed for Mitchener day before yesterday. It is so hard to cash them here that I decided just to send it on to you for you to buy War Savings Stamps with. Did you ever get the \$50.00 sent by the Y.M.C.A. or the \$100.00 sent by Money Order? If you did not let me know, and after sufficient time I will start to collect the Money Order over here, and you go after the \$50.00 from the Y.N.C.A.

I am not spending much money over here, but my new suit will cost about \$55.00. The only other expense I have is lending money. I am not lending any more for men to have a good time on, only where they have been in the hospital or in real need for some other reason. One of the men left for a base hospital yesterday. He had been in the hospital for over a month and is now due two months pay. He goes, or went rather, before another pay day so I let him have 50 francs. I like to lend that way, but some of my loans have been spent, I fear, for things they could do better without.

Yesterday I staged my first game of Sunday ball. And I think it was one of the best things I have done along an athletic line. We manage to keep the men in hand during the week. They get up at 5:30 work hard until 5:30 at night, can't be put of camp for very long so we have had ~~very~~ little trouble with

drinking during the week. But it is a boring life for six days. Then when Sunday comes there is nowhere to go except to the wine shops and village cafes. The Y.M.C.A.'s are here, but one cannot expect a big bunch of men to stay there all day, although they are packed the whole day long on Sunday. The result has been that we have had twice as many drunks and brawls on Sunday than all the rest of the week combined. It seems that the men must let off steam in one way or another, so after thought on the matter I became convinced that it was my duty situated as I am to have the games. We tried the first on yesterday. A huge crowd was out to see it. Our boys won, they have never met their equals in the base-ball yet, and they returned for supper enthusiastic and contented. So far as I can discover there was very little drinking yesterday in our regiment.

It was a busy day for me. I had a splendid service at 9:30. There must have been at least 600 men present for the Y.M.C.A. was packed. As soon as it was over I got a message from Brigade Headquarters requesting me to bury a lieutenant whose aeroplane fell Saturday night. Between the game and the funeral I was a busy man until supper, After supper I had two services, one at the hospital where McSween spoke, but I presided and then an out of door service at a band stand among some middle western troops. There was a mob there, and they gave closest attention. I came in worn out, but feeling thankful that I could labor with such men under such circumstances. Pray to God for me that I may be used of Him to lead these men

to Christ. I feel the need of your prayers as never before.
The harvest is ripe.

Will close for today. May God bless and keep you.

Your affectionate boy,

Ben.

Addressed:

Mr. R. B. Lacy,

Raleigh,

N.C.
U.S.A.

O.K.
B. R. Lacy Jr.,
Chaplain.