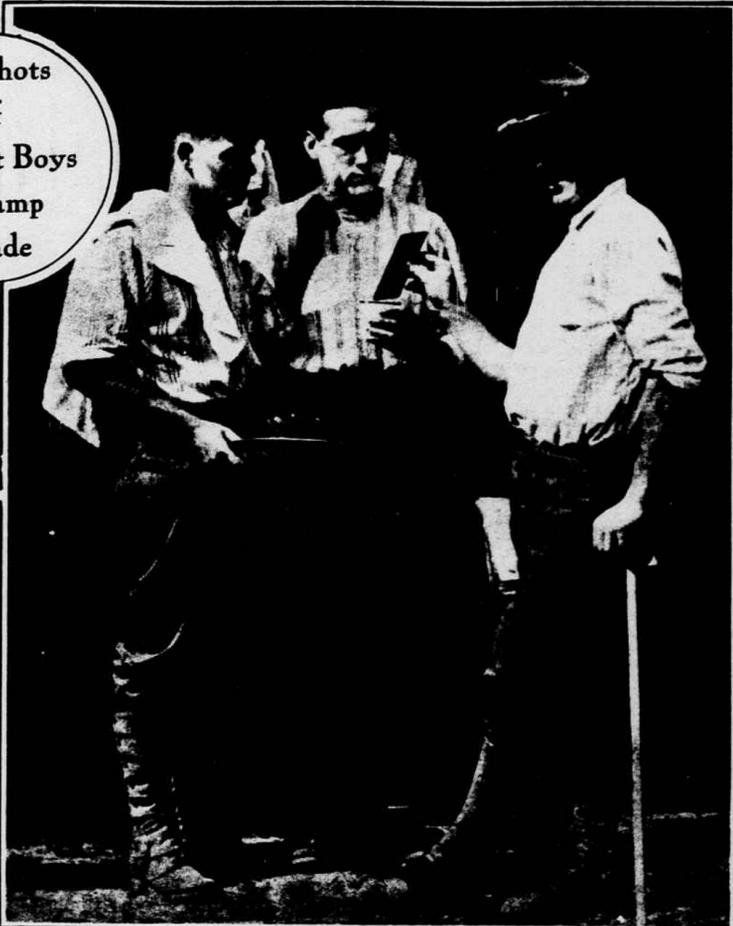


Snapshots
of
District Boys
at Camp
Meade



The start of a race in
leisure moments.



Part of their morning exercises.



Filing in for mess, each man
armed with his mess utensils.



Lined up for roll call at an hour when, before they were drafted, most of them
were just turning over for forty more winks.



Helping the cook to prepare the noonday mess.



The most unpopular seat in the whole of Camp Meade.



Making their beds was quite as strange an experience as sleeping upon them afterward.