

"WITH THE COLORS."

April 18th, 1918.

Dear Mother and Dad;

Last night I received Dad's letter and in it the three pictures. They are especially fine in every detail, Pinkie certainly took a wonderful picture. The pup is just about as cute as I thought. I certainly would love to have him to cuddle up with at night.

Tuesday night and Wednesday we were out at the combat range over night. We slept in our small dog tents. It being a nice warm night, I slept fairly warm but was almost too tired to sleep on the roots and humps which were part of my bed. We got in late Wednesday through a boiling sun, and we came in at a fearful pace. Some of the fellows were all cashed in and the rest were about ready to drop. I was so tired I could not buckle down to writing a letter, so crawled into bed. The mail is in a fierce condition for some reason unknown. I certainly wish it would clear up as I have not received a letter from you since Sunday night. Today being Thursday.

My young lady friend from Augusta came out to see me and stayed for supper. She liked it and said it was quite a novelty. Believe me she made some hit with the fellows and they all wanted to be introduced. The box arrived while we were eating supper, so we had cake for desert. It was just luck that we had a real good supper and she enjoyed it, much to my pleasure. We then took a walk and used the glasses on the surrounding country.

Monday night I was on Guard again, in places of the bugler from D. Company.

This morning is nice and warm but looks like we were in for a heavy storm. This afternoon I believe we are to be paid. Tell Dad I certainly did enjoy that cigar and those bags of tobacco. Today I am to get a new bugle and sling. I also was supposed to get a new automatic belt but they ran out of them.

Tuesday morning I was on the pistol range. I only had to make 100 points and out of that I only made 59. That is the first practice I ever had with my automatic and next week we must qualify. Now in a few minutes I must go out to practice so I will close.

As ever,

Lovingly,

Howard.