

Received Sept. 7th, 1918.

August 6th, 1918.

Dear Mother and Dad;

I have lost track of my last number, so I suppose I will have to guess, I believe this is my twelfth letter.

I have also sent several extras. which some, you have received, by your statements. I am very glad you are getting my mail steady, as I write as often as I possibly can.

On the 4th of August I received two apiece from each one of you. How is that? Also one from Aunt Ella and Ma, one from Miss Fritzingler.

The letters are certainly cherry and helpful, if mine give as much pleasure as yours, I certainly will write often.

I also received Dad's money order for Five Dollars, I am going to cash it when we go back for a rest, and clean up.

I am very much obliged, and can make good use of it. Just at present I cannot spend much, as I am not in the proper place to spend. Don't worry about sending tobacco and cigars, as I can now get them about twice a week. In small quantities, but sufficient for all my wants.

I also can get soap, and now have good clothes. The rule is, the nearer the line, the more we get, and the easier to get.

Our Regiment is now in an all American Sector and I feel more at home than with the French.

Yesterday I saw one of the most comical sights ever, Our whole Regiment is "dug in" on the side of a huge hill or small mountain between us is a 400 yd. valley one of the fellows started up a stray rabbit, way up the hill, he came hopping down over the fellows, through dug outs, under kitchens, in every direction, and three thousand fellows yelling like mad, trying to wing him with a steel hat, "45 Automatics" bayonets and clubbed rifles. All after one lone rabbit. After travelling nearly a thousand yards, some one got him with a steel helmet, they had rabbit stew for supper.

I am now becoming some horse man, nearly every day I help take our horses which pull the cooker, down to water. Once in a while the driver saddles up and we take a "sight seeing tour" of France. This don't often happen, but enough to make it a great pleasure.

I have tried real hard to get the signature you desire, but it is at present unobtainable. You had better send the Razor Lighter, Pipe and Knife through Wanamaker's, it seems to be the only way, don't worry about the rest.

For the past four days we have had incessant rains, making the roads impassable swamps and mud holes. My dug out as to recent improvements, is nice and dry, but was the shelter before, of myself and three inches of water.

We get used to it and don't complain, just glad we're here to live, eat, and sleep when we can.

Yesterday had a nice long talk with Harry Hornickle, we often get together and talk over home and recent happenings.

Now give my love to Ma, tell her not to be anxious about my not writing, to her, as I believe she reads all the letters, and I hope that covers nearly everybody.

Dad I am going to try real hard to write Mr. Alexander when I get the chance.

Kiss the Pups for me, tell everybody I am well and happy everything is going along nicely.

Ever Lovingly,

Howard.

P. S. Don't forget papers and the Saturday Evening Post.

After reading your letters over again, I see I have missed something. I forgot to state that quite regularly I am receiving your mail, about once again and two or three letters together, they are coming along fine now.

You will find up to a certain letter I had been asking for stuff, then when I received your first letter telling me about not being able to send stuff, I ceased asking.

It now takes one month for a letter to travel from here to home sometimes doing it in three weeks, so if I repeat things, you will know I have not received your answering letter. Do you get my meaning?

The enclosed paper is very valuable to me, and helps along wonderfully, yesterday I got some more cakes and cigars, I don't have the same trouble as I used to about water, we just learn to use less when we don't have it, and to make the most of it when there is plenty.

I am only too sorry I could'nt send Mother a present, but I can't send anything. I sincerely hope Dad, that you and Mother keep well, just learn not to worry about me.

My duties on a bugle are little, as no call can be blown where I am, I carry messages in the Company, they call us "Runners" that is my job.

I received a beautiful letter form Mr. McIlhenny, one I certainly will remember.

Since the fellows are now crawling out of their holes, and going into the valley for mess, I must go along.

As ever,
Lovingly,
Howard.