

CAMP HANCOCK.

Augusta, Ga.

December 15th, 1917

Dear Mother;

Tonight being Friday night I am preparing for to-morrow's inspection. Last week the entire company was confined to quarters for two days for a poor inspection. To-day was the breakup of the ice and sleet. Everything has been frozen up solid for three days. Yesterday in ice and snow I washed some of my underwear. As soon as I hung it on the line it froze still and I stood the drawers up in the snow just like a board. My handkerchief was like a sheet of ice. To-day the sun was nice and warm, so my clothes dried out pretty good.

I am mailing with this letter the roster of our company and please do not send any money for it. It is a present to you and Dad. Look at the writing on the back.

My furlough which I was to get on Thursday I did not receive. Here is the dope on the subject. If a furlough is put in for a certain date and is not granted, later on it will be given when not so many are away in that company. So you see I might get mine any day or maybe in January. So keep up hope I am doing all I can on this end. Maybe if you would write the Colonel of our Regiment stating the case (Colonel M. D. Brown) about you wanting me home so bad state about Sister's loss and early leaving of home. This might help wonders in getting a furlough. Tell Dad to state that I have applied twice for a furlough the last one to start and end December 13th to Dec. 20th 7 days. Also aks Miss Fritzinger to again ask her brother what he can do for me. There are thousands getting them, but mostly married men. Tell Dad, he will do this, and not to delay a minute.

I believe we will not sail for France now, till way in March. Lets hope so anyway.

I did not have any Leggins so I had to spend a dollar for the same. You can send down three suits of my heavy Union Suits.

Will write later, with love,

Howard.