

CAMP HANCOCK

Augusta, Ga.

December 4th, 1917.

Dear Mother and Dad;

I hope you will pardon the shortness of this letter as I have just come back from supper and returned from the Rifle Range. We started out this morning at 6.45 reached the range about 8 A.M. and at once started in to shoot. I attended to the telephone connecting the rifle pit with the targets till one of my friends finished then I took my chance. I was not so successful as perhaps I had thought I might. I found out that my eyes went back on me after I reached the 200 yard pit.

100 yards. Miss- 3 - 4 (5) bullseye

4-5-5-4-4-5-4-5-5-4-4--46

46 out of 50 -- 100 yds.

33 x 2-3-2-4-2-2-2- -- 27

27 out of 50 -- 200 yds.

My other range I could not get down on paper. It was 15 shots and I only made 4-4-4 bullseye and the rest misses. The reason for so many misses I could not understand, but the instructor told me I had my rifle barrel after sighting slightly below the sand bank so that the bullet as soon as it was discharged hit the sand and glanced. Later on I will do better and am going to try hard and make good. It did not make a high enough score to take part in the rapid fire.

When we started home, we took a new path, starting about 5/15 and getting home 7.15. The new path led through the woods and sandy paths Oh! It was a peach and they hiked as usual the regular army pace and that is nearly a running walk. They certainly pushed us hard and stumbling over stones, in holes and dodging the other fellows heels, certainly does keep you on the go, likewise watching out for the other fellows gun so as it don't run you eye out.

Now I am going to smoke a peaceful cigar take a shower (cold) and go to bed, then get up tomorrow morning again at 5.30 and do the same thing over.

Love to all,

Howard.