

CAMP HANCOCK

Augusta, Ga.

December 9th, 1917.

Dear Mother;

Friday and Saturday also today has been great weather Friday night and Saturday morning it rained a cold drizzle. Last night we went on Guard. It cleared up and started in to blow a regular gale. The wind howled like 50 demons and was intensely cold. The temperature reached almost zero. At 7.30 it was 18degrees and during the night was much colder. This morning we had about three inches of ice. The spickets were frozen up and ice was all over in sheets. The sand was as hard as rock and did not even melt u under the sun. I am now sitting in my tent with a sweater on a huge fire going and am still chilly. Oh! this sunny south is a peach when it breathes winter.

To-day spent about 2 hours getting wood and now it is all gone. We will have to freeze for awhile tell we scatter for more wood. Tomorrow will be a peach to drill in the field. Believe me my sweater has just been the joy. It is very warm and withmy overcoat I do not feel the cold so much. To-day they served our meals steaming hot and when we get back to the table they were cool. Due to our cold dishes. As yet I have not received my box, but I suppose it will arrive on Monday morning. Since news is very scarce. I am going to close, with love,

Howard.