

CAMP HANCOCK

Augusta, Ga.

February 12th, 1918

Dear Dad;

This week as perhaps you may know, is "Dad's Week", People have been praising Mother and landing her good points which are many and now dear Dad we are paying the same tribute to you, who also have given up much and suffered like the Mother. You and Mother are both dear to me, and never have I realized how much apart of my life you are, till I had to think, act and live apart from you. This wouldn't be so hard if I just could kiss you goodbye once in awhile but it is hard for so long. Some day, I hope it won't be long, we will all be together and then it will take a team of mules to drag me away again.

Last night I was over to the Y. M. C. A. building to listen to a retired Capt. from the French Army speak. Accompanied by his speech he had three reels of pictures called "In the Wake of the Huns" The picture of distruction and waton cruelty practiced is indiscribable. His speech was wonderful and I learned a lesson, which I hope I never will forget. It was a picture he drew before us in our minds of men who were terribly wounded. Not by shells or bayonets but by the young man's greatest sin, disease. He pictured how these men wanted to die, couldn't face home, with a body wrecked of manhood and his own lusts satisfied to this end. Then the picture of the wounded and crippled who were proud of their bullet wounds. Why? because they were inflicted in honorable battle.

When I saw that picture drawn before me I almost cried and no better way could reach my heart than the touching appeal he asked us last night. I have been forewarned and am now forearmed. I will continue this when I come back from Bugle School; 9.30 A. M. They can talk about good jobs in the army but mine is the best. I have just been out for an hours practice and am now finished till 4.30 I must say it is the best job in the company and I wouldn't swap for a good bit of money.

I suppose I told you about receiving a nice letter from Uncle Lawrence. He is anxious for me to hang up my hat at 105 Callowhill. If he is anxious what do you suppose I am. I can hardly wait till I get back to start in at the store. You would be surprised how much I think about it and wonder and build up the business in air castles.

Some days I picture Edson Bros. buying a dozen carloads of Fancy Print Butter, others I see Bickley and Son, packing ten thousand cases at the seasons lowest market price for storage. It can be done and I only hope some day to see it. come true. When this war is over there most likely will be a jump in the market and then a slump. After that the Commission should pick up conderfully. Hard times now, but thos e reaping high profits will have to take the back seat later on.

Now till this week is up I am going to send the letters to your store then you can take them Home to Mother. This Dad's week you are to get all the letters. Tell Mother I hope she won't pull my hair.

Eith love to the dearest Dad in the world,

As ever, Lovingly,
Your son,
Howard.

Tell Mother I will use and cherish the silver chain she sent me and I now have it on. Also will write and thank Mr. Ryle for his kindness.

H.