CAMP HANCOCK

Augusta, Ga.

Sat. February 16, 1918

Dear Dad;

        I suppose this will be the last letter that will
come to the store, because Father's week is now ended.
I hope you have enjoyed your letters. What did "Mother say
about them? Please tell Mother that I am going to write
Aunt Mamie in a few days. Yesterday we were supposed to be
paid but the Captain had lady friends with him and decided
not to pay. I suppose we will be paid tonight, if we do I
am going to a dance, otherwise I will buy some chewing gum,
with my remaining three cents, which is left from my pay.

        My lip is very sore and I can hardly blow my
Bugle. I suppose it will get better soon as I am using
Alaum, which is drying it up.

        We are still enjoying beautiful weather here and
sleeping at nights with the tent sides rolled up. Last night
I did not even have to put on a coat. The fellows sat outside
the tents and read the evening mail. It reminded me of our
neighbors sitting on their porches. I am going to hold this
letter till the morning mail comes in. Maybe a letter has
come in.

        Will you please tell Mother to send my N. E. pipe
down to me. It is up in Bureau drawer or else, Mother has
put it away. She will know where it is. Also to send a box of
Ox Blood 3-in-one dark shoe polish and a cake of Heishels
Antiseptic soap. It makes a dandy lather and I like it better
than any of the others.

        Enclosed you will find a message to deliver
Sunday 12.30 P. M.
        Today received a box of eats. They are fine and the
apples were very good. Enclosed you will find a service pin
which only Mothers, Fathers and Sweethearts may where. It is
mostly for the women to wear so I bought one for Mother.
Please give it to her. I believe she will appreciate it very
much as a small token to wear in remembrance.
As yet I have not received a letter from Home for two,days
maybe one has gone astray. Today I was on Guard and was
unable to go to church Last night we were paid but that is
another story, I will keep for the next letter.

                        As ever,
                        Your loving son,
                              Howard.