

CAMP HANCOCK

Augusta, Ga.

February 17, 1918

Dear Mother and Dad;

As you may know, Father's week is now up and letters will come Home as I know you are just dying to open these letters. Please excuse me for cheating you out of a couple, but I simply must give Dad a few separate letters.

I received the box to-day but am going to finish this letter to-morrow I certainly do love the chocolate bars and especially the soft peanut candy. Please if you wish, you can send the bars till it gets to warm to send candy. Please excuse the blots as I stuck my finger in the ink well.

Yesterday was payday and some of the fellows decided they were going to get a bun on, which means in plain English Drunk Georgia is supposed to be dry, but is, only when the said person is broke. The whiskey cost the fellows \$8.00 per quart and there was in the neighborhood of 35 quarts stowed away last night. As a result half the company was potted. Nearly every friend I met last night had a bottle in his pocket and insisted on me having a drink. As they said be a good sport and get happy. They were happy I am sure. I of course did not touch a drop. Nearly every man in our tent had some liquor if not a good bit. One of the fellows bought a bottle from a coon and when he reached camp it was just colored water. He is eight dollars short and eight years wiser.

Since some of the fellows had not had any liquor for a good while, they naturally spewed it up. In five minutes I heard four different men lean out of the tents and spill several dollars worth of southern corn whiskey on an absorbing street. This is some of the things I bump up against in the place they call the Army.

In the last letter I forgot to put in the service bar, enclosed in this letter you will find it. I hope you will like it and wear it.

Will continue tomorrow. There is not much news except it is real cold this morning and clear, I slept till 8.35 and missed breakfast. Monday morning I do not have to get up. My morning off.

As every,
Lovingly,
Howard.