

CAMP HANCOCK.

Augusta, Ga.

Tues. February 5th, 1918.

Dear Mother and Dad;

Yesterday afternoon I received the box of eats and magazines, all of which were in good condition. I don't know where you get those apples but believe me they are great. So also are the ginger cakes which I love very much. The Literary digest certainly does have some fine articles in. I am always glad to receive clippings from the papers like you generally do (send,) so don't think they are not appreciated. Grandma, whenever she writes a letter sends down the whole weeks pictures of Mutt and Jeff you can put Bringing up Father in the letters if you still take the paper.

I am going to write to Aunt Helen today as soon as I finish this letter.

The weather has changed very suddenly again and last night it was bitter cold. This morning my horn was frozen and I had to thaw it out before I could blow first call. You see I was on Guard last night and that is the reason I did not write sooner.

What did you think of my blow out in town last Saturday? I loaned out some money several days ago and now with its return am once again a man of money affairs. I suppose I told you about taking out the \$5,000 insurance. This takes the place of pension because none are given any more and the insurance is at a wonderfully low figure, for \$5,000. I was going to take out \$10,000. Once \$5,000 is taken out it cannot be raised but can be lowered. I was afraid it would be too heavy an expense after I was out of the service and did not want to reduce after paying quite some money on it.

I have written both to Mrs. Michael and Jenny for their kindness with the trunk and sweater. Believe me the sweater is certainly warm. I wear it between my two shirts. That is underwear and outside shirt. It is much warmer that way than worn outside of the shirt. I believe I spoke to you about sending me a small chain which I could put around my neck for my dog tags. A piece of ribbon makes my neck too dirty so that is why I want a small chain if you happen to have one.



I received a nice letter from Charlie Bell, who wishes to be remembered to all of you,

Love to all,  
I am, as ever,  
Your loving son, Howard.

P. S.

I can't begin to tell you how much a bright spot in camp is your letters and how cheerful they are and my weekly box. Never think it is unappreciated as it is part of keeping me from deadly homesickness. Please tell Bill to put my name in at Northeast H. S. as being down at Camp Hancock. They want to know where we N. E. fellows are.