

CAMP HANCOCK

Augusta, Ga.

Sat. 10.45

January 12th, 1918.

Dear Mother and Dad;

Yesterday we had one of the worst storms I ever experienced in my life. It rained nearly all day and poured in the evening coming down in torrents till about 8.30 P. M. Then it got very hot and started into blow a gale. They talk about heavy storms north. They are babys compared with last night. Our tent is reinforced with wooden sides and braces. The wind just moved the tent like a ship at sea. The canvas flaped against the sides like fireworks and then our stove bursted up and nearly set our tent on fire. Finally the storm abated a trifle and it began to get intensely cold. This morning places which were river beds last night are beds of ice. Then to clap the climax our tent caught on fire at 4.30 A. M. and we could not get a pail of water. Everything was frozen tight. Even the fire tanks. We finally put it out by beating it with coats, and rags. This morning the tent looks as though it had gone through a battle at sea. Large numbers of tents went down and owing to the heavy wind could not be put up. The fellows slept in the Guard House and mess halls. Such an experience is nearly like a real battle. I am going into town this morning and buy some medicine for my cough. I have cut down on smoking till my cold is better.

So far I have not received your package but am hopeful to receive it today.

Last night I wrote Mr. Ryle and nice letter thanking him for his box of cigars. Give my love to everybody, With love

Howard.