

June 27th, 1918.

Dear Mother and Dad;

I was just re-reading some of the letters you sent me, before destroying the, as I cannot carry them with me. I have either given away or destroyed everything possible as I have to carry all my stuff including overcoat and 100 rounds of ammunition on my back. We generally cover about 40 miles a week in hikes, from one point to another and dear knows how far in drills and problems.

To-day I was again lucky. They opened up another canteen "American" and I bought some chocolate, few sweet cakes and tobacco, also a can of peaches. My how good those peaches and cake tasted. The peaches were only three Francs per can, or 60 cents. Where the last canteen was we moved away, only staying one week. It is seldom we stay in one place more than three days and sometimes not that. In our last move we went by motor trucks for about 40 K. or 32 miles. I nearly lost my insides from the jolting and we all looked like old men from the dust. Some of the fellows were almost as white as snow. We certainly did look funny.

I suppose some of the folks think I have forgotten them. I have very little time to write and when I do I generally write home. You can show these letters to whom you want. Tell Miss Fritzingler I received her letter and picture of the church. They were both very thoughtful of her.

Mother I certainly do derive comfort and help from yours and Dad's very beautiful letters. They are all one could wish. We generally get about six or seven in a bunch and that makes them of more value. We seldom get mail any more often than every three weeks. I just got your letter in which you stated you had just received my postal card. I also got Dad's letter too. They certainly were fine letters and I can easily imagine how anxious you were to receive word of my safe arrival. I am very glad Grandma was so pleased about her postal. I sent quite a number of them. I suppose you are wise to those numbers. I believe there is no harm in telling you now when we started and landed. We started on Wednesday from Camp Upton, boat pulled out Friday May 3rd. Landed in Liverpool on May 15th at 4.30 A. M. The rest I had better not describe on account of the censor. We only stayed in England two days.

Believe me that was the time we did some moving. In a few minutes I must blow tattoo and soon we must go to bed.

I wish you and Dad best of health and don't worry about me. I am well and happy and getting much better eats than before.

Many congratulations for your birthday and only too sorry I can't help celebrate. On September the 12th I will be 21. I suppose I must celebrate by firing 21 shots at the Germans. It looks that way.

Love to all and keep the pups good. Love to Ma and everybody, not forgetting yourselves.

As ever,

Your loving son,

Howard.