

June 2, 1918.

Dear Mother and Dad;

Time passes quickly here and the every other days schedule of letter writing is hard to live up to. The last twenty-four hours have been spent in hiking eighteen miles and firing 35 pounds of ammunition. We are drilling steadily and hard. I am not allowed to use my bugle any more. "Reasons unknown"

So far I have written, I believe, three letters to you. I hope you have received them all. I also sent one to Grandma and Grandad. I also typewrote a very nice letter to Mr. Jarrett of Edson Bros. I sincerely hope I get an answer to yours and his.

In my letters I asked for some tobacco, chocolate and cigars, all of which it is impossible to get here. If you did not get my letter please send those things, also send a good straight blade white handled razor and large heavy pen knife. I lost my other one in France somewhere, tell Grandad. Both of these I need very much and cannot get here. Please send and register. Important. Show this letter to the postmaster when you mail the stuff or else you will be unable to send it. Anything I want sent I must ask or make a personal request to the person sending the stuff. You might ask some of the people who want to send me stuff, to send me their names and I will write and ask for the stuff, otherwise it cannot be sent. Only on request, tell them.

Last night the rats ate up a pack of my cigarettes which were given to me and half of the bowl of my only pipe. They are the only pets we have, except cooties, some of which have taken up their residence upon some of the fellows. The last bath I took was, well I just can't remember, but I had to carry the water in a biscuit tin about two squares and then wash on the village green. The women came out to look at my manly form, so I took refuge behind a towel. In the morning when we get up we wash our teeth from water out of our canteens and then eight fellows take turns in washing their faces and hands in the same water. At night the same performance is gone over, only more quickly. Water is very scarce and sometimes one canteen has to last two days. Such is the joyfull life in a billett.

This week we are going to move again. The place I don't know and couldn't tell if I did.

Since paper is low I must close. I am growing
now a fair sized mustache.

Give my love to everybody, including your own
dear selves. Kiss the pups for me.

As ever

Your loving Son,

Howard

Don't forget to have my address changed in the Parish Recorder.