

June 5, 1918.

Dear Mother and Dad;

Just at present I have not very much to say because I just wrote you on Sunday. Hereafter I am going to number my letters. This letter is going to be the first one and I will put this #1 at the head of every letter according to the rotation, number.

In my last letter I asked for a large heavy KNIFE, with plenty of blades, something which will stand a good bit of service. I also asked for a RAZOR, to be straight blade, and a white handle. These two things I cannot get so will have to resort to home.

I hope by now you have gotten most of my letters which I have mailed since I left Camp Upton. To-day I got a letter from B atrice Curry. It was mailed on the 9th of May. I think your last letter was mailed on the 9th of May. Believe me I sure will be glad to get a piece of good American chocolate. It makes no difference what kind it is because all will be good to me. So far the only chocolate I have been able to get hold of is nearly all bitter, and does not taste good. I don't suppose I have to remind you of the cigars and tobacco, both of which I certainly do need very bad.

In this letter I want to wish MOTHER all the best wishes in the world for her birthday on the 2nd of July. I thought I had better send them now in case this letter is held up for any length of time. If I get near any city I will send you a card, anything else I am not allowed to send. My love you know is never any the lesser by my absence, in fact it grows greater as the time passes and my stay continues to be indefinite. Soon will this war be over and we will all be back together again. Never fear or doubt my not coming back, because I am, and a grand reunion we will have.

In a few days I suppose I will get a letter from Grandma, and believe me I will be glad to get it. Please tell Bill to write soon. Just at present I am very busy and may not have the time to write. Tell Bill I threw the stump of one of his cigars in the IRISH SEA when we were coming across, and tell Mr. Ryle I threw one of his cigars stumps in the Atlantic Ocean, about 2500 miles from land and the other one in the English Channel about 15 miles from the French coast. I also was able to smoke one in the billets Somewhere in France. How does that sound? Just at present the old Frenchman who owns this farmhouse is standing in the dorrway gaping at the typewriter, because it is a new thing to him and thinks it is just the stuff even though he cannot tell us so.

I am now going to close my letter and go down to the Band Concert, which is just beginning down at the crossroads. So goodbye, with lots of love and kisses.

Ever lovingly,
Howard.