

March 28, 1918.

Dear Mother and Dad;

I certainly had a fine time out at the range and made out much better than I expected. We started Tuesday morning at 6.10 A. M. and arrived at the range 7 A.M. Started in firing at my bugle call through command of range officer at 7.20 A. M. After the signal commenced firing I was allowed to shoot. I borrowed one of the new 1917 Enfield Springfield and banged away good and hard. In slow fire I passed the qualifications for markman, but fell down on the rapid fire. We shot at three ranges firing into two positions at each range. My shoulder was rather tender next day after firing standing position as the rifle kicks real hard that way. We were only supposed to shoot 140 rounds apiece but I shot off over 350 rounds extra. On the 200 yard range the Captain and I were shooting right along side of each other. He is a very good marksman making 20 Bullseyes out of 25. We never finished that night till 10 minutes of seven and then we hike back. Dad, I believe you can hike but if you had set the pace we came back it would have killed you.

We were walking 155 steps per minute at 33'' per step. We never let up for the entire four miles and you can imagine how soon they wanted to get back to supper. When I cooled down I took a bath, put on all clean clothes and ate supper at 8.45 P. M. Went to bed at 9.45 P.M.

Received Aunt Florie's box of eats and will write her soon. Last night your lovely box arrived. This morning Dutch and I had a dandy Egg Sand.- Oh! Dad I can't tell you how much I appreciate the cigars. They are fine and I am going to try and save them for awhile, make them do. The account in the N. A. of the drive is more correct than the southern papers.

Today they just received the new 20 inch bayonet. Nearly every place I go I take my field glasses with me, they are very useful. How did you like the pictures? I received the Easter Cards and indeed they were wonderful. I must go out to bugle practice so will close. Hoping all are well, with a happy Easter I am, as always,

Your loving son,

Howard.