

May 30, 1918.

In the Field,

Somewhere in France.

Dear Mother and Dad;

Last Sunday I wrote you a letter and by the time this reaches you, you ought to have received it. Last night I also wrote to Grandma and Grandpa. I spoke to them of my first letter to you in case you did not receive it. Now you also ask them if they received their last letter. I must do this till I get a line on the mail and find out how they are running. Sometime this week we expect to get some mail, most likely that which we did not receive at Camp Upton. I certainly hope so, as a letter would make me feel better. I hope everybody is well and happy and the old place is just the same as it always has been. How are the two dogs? I suppose by now Jock is quite some pup and is still lording it over Pinkie. How did the pictures turn out that Bob took up at Aunt Florie's?

Yesterday I was shooting on the 30 yd. range with our new rifle. I made out fine, much better than I thought. To-day being a holiday we had nothing to do so I got hold of some ammunition and shot with my pistol at the 15 yd. range. I hit the target 13 times out of 14 the size of a man's head. That would have meant 13 men killed if it had been real target.

To-day is a peach of a day and I am going to take a walk this afternoon. In a few minutes we are going to have dinner so I will have to bring my letter to a close.

One thing I will ask you to send me and that is some Chocolate in Bars, and some Cigars, also some Pipe tobacco. I am requesting this because I cannot get any of the above mentioned articles and the postmaster upon seeing this letter will let you send the stuff, otherwise you cannot send it unless I ask for it. Show this letter to him when you take the package to the postoffice. Be sure and take the letter with you. I am going to say goodbye now, with lots of love. Please write and tell the rest to write also.

I am still in the Sgts. room and that is the reason why I am writing on the typewriter. I am getting back in my old school style.

Love to all,

Ever lovingly,
Howard.

Bugler Howard W. Munder,
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