

CAMP HANCOCK.  
Augusta, Ga.

Tuesday Nov. 13th, 1917.

Dear Mother;

Today there was posted on the Bulletin board a notice to the tune of. No furloughs granted during the holidays unless reason is sickness at home or death. I was disappointed beyond explaining. This means I will be unable to get a furlough unless we are here way into the middle of December, but will not be able to be home on a holiday much to my regret. As I have not heard from my application, I suppose this order hits me. Tomorrow, rather Thursday I will be on Guard and if I get the chance am going to ask the Colonel if my furlough has been reconized.

Wednesday 6.30 P. M.

As you see I am dividing off my letters almost like a diary, I have to do this as sometimes I have not much to say or am waiting for a letter. There has been another hold up of mail, but this will soon break up. Our evening mail comes in at 6.45, so will wait and see if I have a letter from home.

Today has been very damp and cold. Tonight it is cold and fairly clear, Our company is on guard and Dutch is taking the night guard. I begin tomorrow morning 7.30

I have a nice fire going in the stove and am sitting on my bunk with my dressing gown on. Have a cigar and a couple of peanut bars a good trench story book called Kitchners Mob and am settled till 8.30 when I am going to bed.

Today I was issued a new suit of heavy woolen fleese lined underwear, two pair socks, new belt and shoe-lacers. All these things I needed. The underwear is too heavy for use down here, but is great in case of a trip home.

Today I made a clothes rack for clothes, mess gear, hat and gun. This job makes a regular carpenter out of a man.

The way things look now I will have to spend my Thanksgiving dinner in camp. If so, and we do not have turkey I am going into town and blow myself to Turkey dinner I am not spending much money but am holding off.

Tonight, I loaned Dutch my watch and hardly know what ails me without it as I am nearly lost without time. Mail has just come in, no letters but a box of fudge from Dot Prickitt I will write soon.

With love,

Howard.