

CAMP HANCOCK.

Augusta, Ga.

November 25th, 1917.

Dear Mother;

Received your letter tonight and Dad's last night. So far I have not received my package. Mail has again been delayed and I will get it tomorrow. Saturday and today have been corkers for being cold down here. This morning there was an inch of ice in our bucket. Imagine sleeping out in that kind of weather. Why at home I used to grumble even when I had a nice warm bathroom to go to. Of course there are some mornings when the air is almost made blue by some of the sargents praising the cold morning and the necessity for so early a dark arising. Then a quick wash after which you feel as though you had come from the frigid zone. The last three days I couldn't get up enough courage to take a cold shower but tomorrow, I am going to if I have to freeze and then break in pieces. All this stuff goes in with army life. This afternoon we went out and brought in a huge log sawed it up in small parts and broke it up. Now we have a fine fire and the tent, near the stove, is nice and warm. Just a minute till I wake up the fire and put more wood on. Its burning great but is like Pinkie you never can fill her up.

Now as to my furlough. It is now a fact that it has been turned down why I do not know. Later on I am going to try again. Sometime after the 3rd of December. I will not give any news at all until I get it and am going to keep on trying till I do. As soon as I get a favorable reply will send you a tele gram right here from camp telegraph station. So hereafter I won't speak about it till I get it.

As to the suit case for Christmas I would be tickled to death with one with my initials on it, would be unable to use it owing to the rough treatment it would get. No things of mine, as good as that, would I want in camp, even though it would be of untold value in keeping clean clothes and valuables in. Speaking about gifts. If you cannot get the special Walnut Blend pipe tobacco and Puttees with out strape as I wrote you about, don't get anything else but them.

Received letter redirected, from one of the boys in Band. An invitation to a party.

Will write soon, with love
Howard,

P. S. Do I write soon enough and al long and interesting as you desire. H.