

CAMP HANCOCK.

Augusta, Ga.

November 27th, 1917.

Dear Mother and Dad;

Received box Monday morning as I said it would come then. It was a fine box and especially the cake, Since you want me to tell you what I want I wish each week instead of crackers and dried beef or cheese you would send those ginger cakes which I believe you get from Graf's, they are very good and I like them very much. The wash rag was a life saver as mine was almost a wreck. I liked the fruit cake very much and reminds me of the kind you always make I suppose nobody being home much, you will not make a fruit cake this year.

Mother in case you hear of anybody sending me a camera or safty razor, please say I have no use for either one. I would appreciate this because a camera is useless and in the way and a safty razor I don't like but like a good straight blade razor. Tell Dad that is exactly the kind of cigar which I like it has lots of flavor and cannot be had down here. My curse on the South for poor cigars and tobacco. All the southerners smoke is stogies 3 for 5¢ and cigarettes neither of which I have any use for.

Tonight it is pretty cool. We are sitting in our tents with our sweaters on. The water pipe feeding our shower baths broke on Sunday and we have been unable to take a bath. My last bath was on Thursday and I was going to take one on Sunday, but lack of water prevented. Tonight despite cold air and cold water am going to take a cold bath then hop into bed. Believe me I will sleep warm after a good rub-down.

On Friday morning at 6.45 we leave for the Rifle Range for a three day stay sleeping out in our dog tents foom for two in each one. So if you do not hear from me during those days, don't worry because I will be alright but will be unable to write or mail letters. We will be there 3 days and then come in. I will write you Thursday night and then at the first opportunity after that.

Heres hoping you spend a happy Thanksgiving and give my love to all the folks. We are going to have a short 15 minutes prayer service on Thursday morning. I will be only to glad to go as I was a fraid they would not have any service. Mother! I know you will go to church on Thursday so please put in a prayer for me of thanks for my present safety and health and a plea for my future health and safe Home Coming. For this I pray night and day. Not that I am getting tired of what I took up, but that it will all be over and once again I can sit across the table from you and dear old Dad in our happy evening suppers. Let this great Home Coming be a beacon to Look forward to, and lesson the

pain and longing, because nobody knows how much I miss you even though I keep a cheerful face before my comrades. Goodbye and God Bless you and Dad Ma and Pinkie.

Give the Pup my old drum stick off the,
Turkey.

As ever,
Howard.