

The following letter has been received by Miss Isabelle D. Lang from her brother Sergeant Henry Lang who is across the ocean:

On Active Service
With the
American Expeditionary Force
August 8, 1918.

Dear Isabelle and All—Have received all four of your letters and was mighty glad to hear so often. I haven't heard from Marion or Lottie in over a month. Perhaps they have not received my last letters. I have written only two letters to you so you will know none are lost. You wanted to know what I was doing and if at the same work. Yes, I am still at the same old job. It is more difficult here than in the states, for we move so often that I never know how, when or where to go after the mail. For several days and nights I have been away from the company, excepting for a meal now and then. For the last four nights I have made my bed on a pile of mail bags or in some old house near the ration dump. This is a tough old war for a man trying to find time for sleep. It will sure be a treat when we are relieved for a time. I don't think I told you I was made regimental mail sergeant some time ago and did not mention it in my other letter. It is very hard to find anyone you know in this country. Once in a great while we run across an outfit in which we know some one. Egbert is probably miles from where I am. Had a letter from Randolph Shafer, of the 9th Infantry. The regiments are all over, so I never expect to see him. There are lots of things I would like to tell you but you understand we are not allowed to write on the war. The papers get more news than I could tell in a year, so you can see what the "Sammies" are doing over here. Although at times we have things hard, most of the boys

take things as they come. Did I ever tell you Roy Hobbie, of Anoram, was in Co. M? He is still alive and looking fine. We are the only two from Dutchess and Columbia County in the 47th. Tell Ruth that as soon as we get these damn Germans where we want them, I will be back. Then we can have the same good old times. That is about all the news I can think of at present. I will add a little business. Has mother received the allotment O. K. since I left the states? Please send me some kind of a statement how we stand. If I don't buy another Liberty Bond I will increase my allotment \$10.00 or send the money home. Hoping to hear from you soon. Best regards to all with lots of love.

HENRY.

Sgt. H. C. Lang,
47th U. S. Infantry, Hqr. Co.,
American Expeditionary Forces,
via New York.

On Active Service
With the
American Expeditionary Force

Oct. 15th, 1918.

My dear Mother: Just a few lines to you today to let you know that I am feeling fine and hope you are the same. I received several bundles of papers the past week which I was very glad to get.

I suppose you see by the papers what we are doing to the huns. I think we will soon be coming home. I am sorry that I don't have time to write oftener and more, but we are doing very important work here at the front, and it is up to all of us to do our best, and we sure do.

I would not have missed this experience for anything, although it seems hard at times we just smile and go ahead, we don't know what it is to turn back, and believe me we are seeing some real war. Airplanes are a common thing here, the sky is full of them. I am sending you in this letter a little piece of wood which I took off a German airplane after I saw him brought down by our planes. I will be able to tell you a lot about it when I return.

I see by the papers that the oat crop was extra good this year. Well I will have to close for this time, hoping to hear from you soon.

So long
Lots of love,

Earl.

Wag. EARL VOSBURG, Co. D, 25th Eng.
American E. F.

The following letters have been received by Mr. and Mrs. John Laug from their son, Sergt. Henry Laug, of the 47th U. S. Infantry, who is now in Germany with the army of occupation.

Kappel, Germany
Dec. 10, 1918.

Dear Mother and all:—

Received your last two letters yesterday and was sure glad to get them. It was our first mail in over two weeks. As we are on a long journey the mail was somewhat mixed up.

Perhaps you would like to hear about our trip so far. On the morning of November 20th we left Vignot, France, as one of the Divisions in the "Army of Occupation." It is considered quite an honor to be in this Army. After traveling four days we landed in the city of Kuentingen, in the province of Lorraine. Here we stayed five days. The people were very good to us. The population is partly French, German and Polish. Leaving here we made a two days stop at Russen. From Russen we traveled one day through Luxemburg and spent the night in R-mich. Here we spent the night in houses. A few of my pals and myself had a fine supper and a good bed. The people were German but gave us a dandy time.

On the morning of December 3, 1918, we crossed the Moselle River and landed on German soil, that is the real Germany, at 7 o'clock. Here we expected the people to be much different and a little hard feeling toward us. But no, they are fine and are always willing to give us anything and help us out.

At present we are in Kappel about forty five miles from Coblenz, our destination. Here we expect to have a rest and also see some of the big sights of Germany. Coblenz, as they tell us, has a population of 100,000.

This section of Germany is quite hilly. We have gone over hills as high as seven and eight kilos long.

I guess I have received all your letters for I have quite a pile by now. I would have written sooner but could not find the time, being on the move so much.

This is about all for now. I will write you again when we arrive in Coblenz.

Hoping this letter finds you as it leaves me. Outside of a light cold I am feeling fine.

Wishing all a Bright and Happy Christmas.

HENRY.

Adeuan, Germany.

Jan. 1st, 1919.

Dear Mother and all:—

Received Elsie's letter dated November 28th. It sure takes a letter long enough to travel over here. I am still waiting for the Christmas package and the two from Paris. Half the fellows haven't received their boxes. The mail seems to take so long coming through France and into Germany. Oh, well good things come slow sometimes.

I have just finished my supper. The company is so far from my office that I didn't go for supper. Yesterday I bought two cans of milk in the commissary and had milk toast tonight, made on my little stove.

Now that I have the time and it is fresh in my memory I will tell you something of my experiences with the regiment at the front. The first thing I will say is, I feel lucky to be here today after all the big shells that passed by me.

Our first time at the front was in the later part of July and the first part of August in the Chateau-Thierry drive

and on the Sergy front. While the regiment was in action I was living back about two miles with a detachment of Hdq. Co. in a large woods. Regularly every morning and afternoon and more often at night the Germans would open up the big guns and the shells would break all around us. I was sleeping in a hole about a foot deep and a large piece of tin for a cover. The fellow sleeping with me and myself, would lie there and listen for the big fellows to drop but none were lucky enough to catch us. We have been together since we came from Camp Greene and are still here. Every time a big one lit near us the dirt and shrapnel would fly over the tin. One night one broke directly over our head and a big piece nearly caught one of the cooks trying to get under a wagon. Often they would break near us, we would laugh and look around for another to come. Every afternoon while we were at the dump after rations and mail they would shell us.

After doing our bit on these two fronts we rested a while and hiked to what is called the St. Michael front. Leaving here we went to the Verdun front. We were not there long, but now the tale begins. We hiked for some few days and landed near the Argonne Forests to the right of Verdun. The big drive we made here was quite a surprise to the Hun. The first morning over the top our regiment advanced nearly five miles taking prisoners, guns

and wagons. Some of the boys found a canteen which had been vacated in a hurry. The Germans left beer, cigars, cigarettes, whiskey and all kinds of eats. Quite a find, for some of them were hungry. We were here for twenty-eight days without relief. Most of the time it rained and it was very cold. At our dump near the town called Quey was shelled from all sides. Never did they miss an afternoon and when they came things were hot for a while. One afternoon just after the teams had pulled out with the rations, five big shells landed directly in the middle of the dump. Those of us that were left to guard the rations found holes in the bank near by until everything was quiet. When we slept at the dump we would build dug outs out of bags of oats.

Two days before my birthday we left the front and traveled for seven days, where we rested for over a couple of weeks. The day before the armistice was signed we moved towards the front again and were on reserve that night. But we were not needed here. The next morning when the news came in, the woods just rang with voices. Some happy bunch of fellows.

About five days afterwards we began our trip towards Germany and after a hard and tiresome journey we

finally are enjoying peace in Germany. You would never know that these people had been fighting against us. They sure are a changed nation.

I have inquired from the people here about Stuttgart but they are too far from there to know much about that section of the country.

Well mother I have written a young book, you will be tired before you finish reading. Will bid you all good night.

Love to all,

HENRY.

American Expeditionary Force

June 17, 1918

Dear Mr. Weaver:

Arrived in France over two weeks ago and like it here very much. The weather has been fine so far and it seldom is cloudy. The people are very smart and work real hard. They cultivate almost every inch of ground and have fine gardens. We are quartered in billets in a small town and all of the buildings are made of stone. A very common sight here is a girl leading two or three cows to water or to pasture. The wagons resemble an ox cart having only two wheels but they are very large.

I was in an old camp a while ago in which Napoleon had his troops stationed at one time. The barracks were in fine condition and they are being used now by troops. The names and addresses of soldiers are written on the walls of different buildings and almost every state in the United States is represented.

The trip across the water was enjoyed by everybody. We had boxing bouts, wrestling, and music by the band, besides plenty of good books to read. The time passed very quickly and many of us were sorry when it came to an end. Scarcely anybody was sea sick and the weather was excellent during our entire trip. We had enormous appetites and all we could possibly eat of excellent food consisting of apples, potatoes, peaches, beef, ham and all the different kinds of food imaginable. We scarcely ever thought of such a thing as a submarine for it seemed as though we were on an excursion. The people are very kind to us and like the American soldier better than any other. We can learn the French language quicker than they can learn ours. Many of us have excellent teachers which may make quite a bit of difference.

Call to quarters is sounding now and it is 9.30 p. m., but in France it is only 4.23 p. m. It is daylight until nearly ten o'clock.

Sincerely

WENDELL BATHURCK.

Hq. Co. 105th T. S. Inf. American Expeditionary Force via New York

I have a spoon and fork combined that I took out of a snipers pack. He was in a tree and did some dirty work but when we got close to him, came down and beeled it and left all he had behind, even his overcoat. This paper that I am writing on I got out of the Red Cross of the Germans that was near this snipers post and I will send some of the envelopes so you can say that you had a letter written on German paper.

Well Mother the Chaplain told us that there would'nt be any more blood shed from the 77th Div., so you see the end is near. I will be home by Christmas as I said, believe me.

It looks better every day and the Germans are getting weaker every day. They talk all peace now and believe me it sounds good to me.

The weather is cold and rains nearly all the time. It is raining now but we are in German barracks in the side of a hill, the first shelter that we have had for over two months. We had a heavy frost the 9th. It rained all day and we were wet and slept in a ditch with our slicker under us and our overcoats on. It was pretty cold but we are tough as a boiled owl and don't mind anything.

I am glad that you have such a good garden this year and that the potatoes are so good. Well I will have to close for this time. I may send a telegram to you before you get this letter for it will be a long time that you haven't heard from me. Will close, lots of love to all and kisses for Millie.

As ever yours,

Corporal Geo. Mowais.

France, Oct. 20, 1918.

Dear Mother: I am writing a few lines to let you know that I am well and feeling fine.

Well this is the first letter that I have written in about a month. You know that I told you that we were going back for a rest. Well the rest that we got was rushed to another front and have been in the front for twenty days of the hottest fighting that has been done since the war started. The most of the drive was made through a thick woods so you can see how hard it was to advance. Well we did it, and I came out without a scratch, thank God. Walt is in my squad yet and is all right. I didn't lose a man out of the squad although there were a lot of good fellows left on the field. It's hard to lose such good comrades but we all can't come back. When one of those guns open up they shoot 205 rounds without a stop, so you see some of them hit their mark.

We are back now for a rest. They say that we are going to get our furlough, it's over due now. If we get it I am going to Viance again.

Well the war is near an end now the way it looks. The Germans are retreating all along the front and seem to be in a h—l of a hurry about it. We find their field pieces set just as they were firing them. We find machine guns set in their rests and all kinds of ammunition. They leave their packs and everything behind and run for their lives, only make a stand for a day or so, just long enough to haul their big guns back and then they run again.

Mrs. L. B. Harris received the following letter from her son Leigh, one of her four boys that are in the service.

Brest, France

June 2, 1918

My dearest Mother,

While I am resting here comfortably in my little pop tent, I am thinking of you all, and am now going to translate those thoughts into words.

The French people are certainly a quite interesting class of people, at least I think so. Everything is Greek to me, as far as their conversation is concerned. I am a very attentive listener, but everything goes in one ear and out of the other. Nevertheless, I am going to learn from these Frenchmen, learn everything I possibly can. They (the civilians) certainly like the American soldiers, and along our line of march they greeted us by calling, "Hello Sammy," and the little youngsters would run along side of us, and take our hands. One little lad sang in broken English, "Hail, Hail, the Gangs all here." They are very fond of American cigarettes, and the smallest boys all smoke, I guess. Mother dear, everything is so much different than our American ways and customs, and it sure seems strange. Here in this particular place, every dwelling place, in fact every building is built of concrete and stone, nothing seems to be built of wood at all. Yesterday I was on a detail down to the landing, and by reaching this destination, we passed through the main part of Brest. Saw many people on the streets, and their style of dress attracted my attention more than anything else. Nearly everyone (grown-ups and small) wore black garments, even the boys wear black dresses over their blouses and trousers. The poorer class of people wear wooden shoes, which seem to be about size twelve. Went inside the cathedral, and it certainly was the most beautiful church that I ever have seen. The trolley cars are also somewhat strange affairs, about fifteen feet long, and not more than three feet wide. Yes, and you can ride all over the city, I guess, for three cents in American money. Upon returning to Camp I was quite thirsty, so I asked a lady for a drink. Honestly dear mother, I really believe I talked and motioned with my hands nearly

ten minutes before she finally understood what my wants were. It surely was funny.

Within a short distance from our camp is surrounded by high concrete walls. In the early ages this was occupied by Napoleon and his troops, at least several Frenchmen have told me this.

The country here is beautiful, and it really does not seem possible that we are in a foreign land, as we lie here in our tents, but it sure is true, dear mother, and my desires have at last been fulfilled.

Mother the most welcome and beautiful sight that I have yet seen is as follows: While on board the transport the last day. Everyone above, and watching the horizon, anxiously awaiting that wonderful sight land. At last, it was sighted away off on the horizon, and from that time on until we landed, the rail and riggings were crowded with eager soldiers. As we came nearer and through the Bay of Biscay, huge cliffs loomed up on the horizon, and mother dear, I cannot describe the exclamations of gladness, wonderment and surprise from this gang of carefree and happy lads. The transport lay in the harbor and we were taken ashore in smaller boats. Well while we were on the transport of course each man had developed a good pair of sea legs. The expression used by a sailor, meaning legs which will carry you about safely, and respond immediately, whichever way the ship rolls. Well when I put my feet on the good old "terra firma" (ground) I imagined that old mother earth was rolling also, and quite often, one of my knees would stiffen, the other grow lame, and it really seemed as though I had to do it to protect myself from falling.

Thus, you have a brief outline of my trip and experiences so far, dearest mother. Am feeling fine, never get homesick either, (although I think of you all so often). All dear and true mothers, such as you, worry about their boys, but please mother, don't worry constantly about your boys. Some day your four sons are coming back to you.

Don't know where we shall go from here, but I shall write you from time to time (every week).

Give my best regards and love to all, kiss the little youngsters and dear dad for me, and with undying love to a dear mother. I am

Your true son,

LEIGH

(Hq Co. 106th Inf., U. S. American Expeditionary Forces.)