

Poughkeepsie Eagle News  
July 12, 1918

**MILO WINCHESTER  
WRITES FROM FRANCE**

County Clerk Henry N. Winchester has received the following letter from his son, Milo Winchester, who is with Pershing in France:

June 14, 1918.

My Dear Father:

It has been nearly two weeks since I wrote you but through no fault of mine. Really this is the first chance I have had to write for during the past week we have traveled many miles. It certainly has been some trip and as yet is far from finished. I have already been in the three largest cities of the world since I last saw you and James. Seems almost like a big dream doesn't it? Well it does to me. The other day I had a nice swim in the Somme River, also saw Amiens and that beautiful cathedral which Fritz seems so determined to destroy. It is a shame to think that civilized people could make such destruction in such a beautiful city as it was once. During the past week we have hiked over a hundred kilometers and rode in our side-door Pullmans or troop trains for two full days and nights so you can imagine we have covered just a little territory. Before getting our train we marched for three days and a half. Then at the end spent two more days in hiking. We are now stationed in a quaint old village

among the mountains. The town is hundred of years old as many of the houses have dates of four and five hundred years ago. You know where the Americans were first heard from in the line. That's all I can say about it. It certainly does seem good to be with so many men from old U. S. A. Before we had lots of British and a few French but they are so much different from people from home. On our trip or really nearly at our destination we saw some real American Red Cross nurses who served us with cocoa and soup and tobacco. It seemed almost like being right home again for those nurses could speak real English and knew how to cook the American way. I had quite a bit of sport during our trip on the train although it was rather lengthy. Our roads have these stopped a mile in every way. Even the old U. S. E. can't compare with them. But with all this we were doing all sorts of crazy stunts. If we happened to see some flowers along the track that we wanted we would just jump off and get them and back again. I got off many times to get wild strawberries. During the day time I spent a good share of the time on top of the cars for there I got a fine view of the country, which is most beautiful in many places especially as soon as you get on the mountainous regions. The mountains are quite similar to those

in America, except that the foliage on the trees seems to be much more dense in most places. There are also many deep narrow valleys or ravines which are crossed by very high bridges. We also passed through a good many tunnels on the way. There was a very pretty river and a well kept canal which ran almost parallel to the railroad most of the way from the mountains to our destination. I suppose you have often heard that good water is very difficult to find in this country. It certainly is for in traveling the whole length of France this is the first place I have seen a real clear mountain brook and plenty of water in the town. All the water where we have been before has had to be treated before we could drink it. It was always of a milky color as were all the streams. Streams by the way are very scarce. I have seen many large valleys but no signs of a stream of water even of the smallest kind. I guess you haven't seen Pete yet have you? No for he is still here but expects to go any day. The people here are having it now. Every one works men, women, kids and all. You would surely laugh to see the way they go at it. They would never get through home.

Your loving son,  
MILO.

Poughkeepsie Eagle News  
August 22, 1918

**Milo Winchester  
Writes Interesting  
Letter Home**

County Clerk Henry N. Winchester has received a very interesting letter from his son, Milo, in which he tells of his trip and story in the front line trenches.

The letter is as follows.  
Somewhere in France,  
July 21, 1918.

My dear Father:

Just had a letter from Harry that he has arrived safely in France. Your letter of June 26th just came the other day. I think every letter you have written has reached me to that date. Well here I am back again in reserve resting up after a ten-day stay at the front. We reached this town night before last after a rather long hike. I had very little time to myself while at the front and that I think accounts for the rapid passing of the time for it seems as though I never saw ten days fly so fast. Often my partner and I were on the go from daylight to dark. You can imagine what that means at this time of the year. miles of trenches we walked while there, certainly a good many. On this front which is rather quiet we had no set snipers posts as in many places, but roamed about the trenches or crept into No Man's Land waiting for the chance to get a shot. I know there are a few less flies than before we went up to the front. It's a strange experience to the beginner who has to go about in No Man's Land not knowing what minute some Helms might appear on the scene. Fritz doesn't like the weapons we are using, but you know the pig always squeals when he is getting pinched. Some of our weapons are dandies and maybe you can't blame Fritz so much, but the worst is far too good for him. I would like to show you one little side arm we have. It's a dandy. It reminds me of those three-cornered files at home, only much sharper with a steel knuckle and a handle on one end. You have undoubtedly seen pictures of the new 155 c. m. French gun, how they are mounted and how worried Fritz a good deal north of Paris. They certainly are wonders. I happen to

certainly are wonders. I happen to know where one is working every night. It certainly does get Fritz's goat for every time it is in a different place and it is impossible for him to locate it, although it raises Cain with his back area. While at the front we were between the enemy fire and our own. It was most interesting to watch Fritz trying to locate our batteries which pound him day and night. Usually he was very unsuccessful. We could hear his guns go, then the whistle of the shell overhead, then the loud bang. Often we could see the big cloud of dust and smoke go up from where the shell hit. The other day I had to laugh for Fritz was slamming a lot of big shells close to one of our roads. Our batteries kept still for nearly an hour, letting Fritz have all the fun to himself when all at once they opened up with a loud roar which lasted about ten minutes, then all was quiet and old Fritz was quiet forever after. A couple of days before leaving the front we found a nice big hive of bees with a hundred pounds or more of honey. You should have seen us go after them. Three of us set out to accomplish the task with raincoats, gloves, and gas masks. How the others did laugh, especially the Frenchmen who happened to be near. But we got the honey and returned safely. This honey was in the back yard of what was once a most beautiful house, but nothing remains but a few old ruined walls. Nearly all the trees and shrubbery about have been killed by the deadly gas. The whole country about looked as though a big fire had swept the region. There were a few currants and red antwerps in the garden which looked pretty good, but we did not dare touch them because of the poison that might have been on them. It seemed a shame to see such waste. Well, I guess Fritz got one good kick in the rear end at the Marne this last week, didn't he? I hear New York is all excited about it, but they are not any more pleased than we. It's the first Fritz ever started an offensive and got such a whallop. I wonder if he still thinks the Yanks are bluffing?

Your loving son  
MILO.

Poughkeepsie Eagle News  
December 19, 1918

**MILO WINCHESTER  
ALIVE AND WELL**

Milo N. Winchester, sharpshooter, 24 Battalion, 289th Inf., has written to his father, County Clerk Henry N. Winchester, that he is alive and well. Prior to this, Mr. Winchester had received no word from his son since October 29, at which time the latter was in the Argonne region. Henry Winchester, another son, is now a cook at a large base hospital near Tours, France.

## MILO WINCHESTER WRITES TO BROTHER

James Winchester, son of Henry N. Winchester, county clerk, has received the following letter from his brother, Milo:

Dec. 14, 1918.

My Dear Brother:

Received the four cards you sent me a few days ago. Also a letter came some time ago, but have had no chance to answer it. I thought the cards were fine and contained most appropriate little verses.

You were wondering about our Thanksgiving and Xmas dinners over here, I guess I will have to let you eat my share at home, then I can make up for lost time when I hit the old U. S. A. once more, absolutely no chance here. Don't let anybody kid you about our big dinners; such things can't be did at this stage of the game. I was very sorry to hear about Jack (Bida). It certainly is a shame to have such a thing happen, but of course its a thing no one can prevent. I hope Ada is getting along o. k. by this time. I notice the flu is making some hit about home. It seems as though it is taking everyone in his turn, hope they all recover before this letter gets to you. I am not going to brag but somehow I have managed to steer clear of the flu here although a number of the boys have a touch of it. We are now stationed at Vaudremont, a small town near Chaumon. Its almost as large as Wausau but just think there are fully as many stores as there are at present in the big city of So. A. Pretty good I'd say, how about it? These Frenchies sure do have peculiar customs. I don't know how they manage to stick it out, but they seem to, and with comparative ease. The stores in the town (I am speaking of small town,) are the hardest things to find, if you don't know how to look for them. In going along the street you might take a chance glance into the front room of some home, you might spy a shelf across the window with perhaps a single lone bottle standing there or a couple of sardine cans. You immediately say to yourself hello there is a store and in you go, perhaps to find a fair supply on hand or entirely sold out or fins as the men say to us. A couple of fellows with ordinary soldiers dough could easily buy out most any of these joints. ~~Some stores they are not the kind we are used to at home believe me.~~

MILO.

## LOCAL BOY WITH 77TH HOME; SAW HEAVY FIGHTING

### Milo Winchester Visits His Father on Leave—To Pa- rade Tuesday.

## OVERSEAS 13 MONTHS

Milo Winchester, old Company K boy, of 308th Infantry, 77th Division, is now home on a furlough visiting her father, County Clerk Winchester. He arrived in this country Monday aboard the "America," formerly a German liner. As yet he is not mustered out of service, and returns to New York next Tuesday to participate in the parade of the 77th Division.

In speaking of his experiences, Winchester told of the various sectors he had been in. "I was overseas," he said, "just thirteen months. I felt Camp Upton with old Company K, and received training at Calais, France, with the British forces. From there we were sent down to the Somme front, near Arras. Then we were sent over the Lorraine front, near the Baccarat sector. Thence we went to Chateau Thierry. We also got into the fighting near Fismes and in the Argonne Forest. We were in the second drive at Sedan. My regiment was a short distance from Fismes at the signing of the armistice. We relieved the Marines of the 2nd Division at the Mouson.

"From there we hiked 160 miles to Chaumont, where we rested two months, and then went on to Brest. When I was in Brest, conditions were not all as bad as previously reported. There were wooden floors, wooden sidewalks, and a good mess. In fact, when I was at Brest it was better than Camp Mills in this country, and from what I have heard possibly better than Camp Devens.

"In my division were many Poughkeepsie boys, many of whom I did not know. I ran across Joe McCabe overseas. Some of the Poughkeepsians who were killed in the war belonged to my division.

"Fortunately I was not gassed, though I went through some gas attacks. Neither was I wounded. In an attack of liquid fire I saw two fellows burned. Liquid fire is horrible.

"The reason I did not meet so many local boys over there was that I was with battalion headquarters, and on what is known as detached service. Thus I was separated from the old Company K boys.

"We were in the Argonne, but did not participate in the St. Mihiel drive. In France there are miles of devastated villages. Only stone walls a few feet high remain where villages have been. In the Argonne all the homes have been destroyed. There is nothing left of the villages.

"When the last drive of November began, we were in it. We laid down a barrage on a village held by the Germans not far from St. Juvin. We peppered them in fine order, and when the fighting was over the streets of that village were just a collection of shell holes. The village was wiped right off the map."