

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

July 25, 1918.

Dear Mother and Dad;

We are in rest billets now and I have a chance to write. Yesterday we covered over 15 miles with heavy packs. It was the hardest pull I have experienced in a long time and I nearly gave out. We pitched and broke camp in the pouring rain, of course getting soaking wet. After marching a while the sun came out and I dried off. We passed through a City which had been bombed and shelled by the Germans. It certainly was a mess.

Last night I saw a whole regiment of the French Lancers, who are quite famous. They certainly are a husky looking bunch and dear help the Germans they charge.

I believe the rainy season must be starting here, as we have either heavy all day rain or showers. We never seem to miss a day, especially in the last two weeks. Some day, in certain places, especially in or around the trenches, the mud is up to your knees and nearly everywhere up to the tops of the shoes. As soon as the sun comes out it soon dries it up, even in a few hours.

I wrote a letter several days ago and I believe I forgot to number it. We will let that go, but let me know if you receive it. Don't worry about tobacco as I am able now to get pipe tobacco. They issue Bull Durham twice a week, this is for rolling cigarettes, but I buy pipe tobacco at the Y. M. C. A. and mix the two together, making a very good smoke.

Last week the Red Cross sent us a bar of chocolate and a pack of cigarettes. Believe me, maybe they didn't come in handy. I don't smoke cigarettes very often, but when I can't get anything else that is what I use.

Sometime this week I am going to write Aunt Helen. Her pillow I still have with me. I use it as a cushion to lean against trees while I write my letters, and at night as a pillow. It is a wonderful handy article. I still can't get a hold of a razor, lighter or knife. The things I really need very bad and can't get anywhere.

This afternoon I am going to take a swim in a certain River made famous by the fighting for its possession.

Give my love to everybody. I hope Ma is well and all are contented and happy. Love to everybody.

Your loving son,

Howard

I am still happy and well, no need for your worrying over me.



P. S. Try to get a box to me for my 21st birthday, 12th of September.

You are allowed to send papers and magazines to us through the mails, any of which will be appreciated. Pass it along.