

May 19, 1918.
(according to post mark)

Dear Mother and Dad;

I suppose you received my postal stating my safe arrival in France. I am safe and happy besides being blessed with good health despite sleeping on soft pine boards for five days.

We had a wonderful trip across and had a good bit of excitement. Our boat was a dandy and I was not a bit seasick, although quite a few were. As you may know, I am nearly bursting with news, happenings and excitement, but owing to the Censor I cannot put them in words. When we all come back it will be time to tell them.

One thing hits me hard, we are not allowed to keep our barrack bags, but must pack all personal stuff in them and leave them here. We will not get them back till the war is over. Everything we own we must carry and now I must carry a rifle and bayonet besides my pistol. When our clothes are dirty they are turned in, then we get fresh clean ones for the. The others are cleaned and given to someone else.

I have seen quite a little of France, but so far cannot give a fair opinion of it. Things here are not so dear as one would imagine.

I made friends with the ship's Marine Bugler and have address and some souvenirs. He was English.

Now time is short so must close my letter, but ever stronger grows my love. Remember I am well, happy and safe. Take care of your own dear selves and kiss Jack for me. Give my love to Ma and G. & G. also love to all the folks. Pass my address around and tell all to write.

Bugler Howard W. Munder,
Co. G, 109th Infantry,
American Expeditionary Forces.