



ON ACTIVE SERVICE
WITH THE
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

11/4

1917

My own dear sweetheart:-

At last

I am writing you a letter. You can't imagine I race, how I have been waiting for this opportunity to come. Now I am waiting for a letter from you. The last three weeks have been a long long time to me, with no chance to write and no mail from you. I have known though it has been the same for you. I am well and feel tip top. I had a fine trip across the ocean. The weather was ideal and we encountered no danger enroute. Our food was first rate, but when it came to sleeping, oh me oh my.

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191

but just as in other ways I got through after a little grumbling. I am somewhere in France, just where I can't say. I wish you were here to see the people my dear and the homes. They are very quaint, but in other ways no different than the American people and homes. Our homes are no much. Our bunks remind me of Des Plaines Camp grounds and how they sleep. You know how that is dearest. But I am not going to complain. I am going to make the best of it as only then can one be happy. (Just back from dinner. It was pretty good too.) War

AMERICAN



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191

meals. You would laugh if you could only see us eat. No more tables or chairs, but we eat, believe me. One good thing, (or is it a bad thing) I can always eat. Give me three good meals a day and a place to eat and I will be satisfied.

I was to church this morning and I felt greatly helped after attending. It sure does help one to hear God's word and know that God is with you and is helping you along. Of course at times it is hard, very hard my dear, but so far I have had victory. If it wasn't for you and home, I don't believe I would be what

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I am now. It is a help to
thing and know that it pays
to be clean and be a man.

191

Grace dear, you can't
imagine what you are to me.
It seems awful to think that,
over 3000 miles separate us and
over eight hours of time. That
is what makes it harder. But
then I think of the French,
when they came over and
helped us years ago and I
feel willing to do or go any
place, just so we can lick
the Huns. No love for them
any more Grace. If you could
look in the peoples eyes, they
are so sad, it would awaken
any slacker to action. Widows
can be seen where ever you go.

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But nothing like good old U.S. 191
for me and I am longing to
be there right now. I want to
come home to you dearest. This
old war can't end any too soon
for me and I know you feel
the same about it. A fellow
never knows what home is
until he leaves it, and I know,
once I get home I am there to
stay, war or no war.

be a I
often think of Roy A. and a
couple of the other fellows and
I picture to myself what I
am going to do toward them
when I come home. If I
never gave a fellow a cold
shoulder before, then I am
going to do it. But why talk

AMERICAN



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WITH THE

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

191

of such stuff. I know it does not interest you. I wish I could tell you more, but I am not so sure how much I am allowed to write. A person has to be very careful what he writes, when the letter travels from one country to another. Such is war. But one thing I can write dear and that is that I love you and care for you more and more. An ocean will never take away my love for you, you may be sure of that. I hope I will get a letter from you to answer pretty soon. Ben received a letter from Goldie today. Oh how I am waiting for your letter

