

Somewhere in France

Sept 15, 1918.

Dear Bess:-

I am well, happy and somewhat  
rested up and very very busy this morning.  
It has been raining almost continually for  
a week and today is no exception. Two days  
yesterday was a great surprise for me  
I got a letter from you. I don't know how  
I ever caught up with you because I have  
been moving around some. It is the  
great adventure and I am in it. We  
haven't done anything but be in action  
but I am hoping for a shot next week  
day. My battery was examined by the  
chief ordnance officer the other day and he  
said it was in the best condition of  
any in France and he has seen them all.  
That referred to the guns. I was somewhat  
swelled up but the chief mechanic deserves  
the credit. His name is McKinley Woodson  
and he is the straightest, stiffest soldier  
I have. It almost hurts me when he  
stands at attention to talk to me. I am  
plain crazy about my battery. They come  
step when I ask them to. We had to get

ready for a night march a day or two

ago and my bunch beat the regiment by nearly a half hour. At Coetquedon we always have every competition there was to win and then the colonel gives me \$ (excuse me) every chance he gets. He says that is what he is for and I guess it is. There is no other need of him that I can see. He likes me pretty well though and I get along fine with him.

I am having some very interesting experiences, some of which I will do to tell of at a later date. They gave me a new Lt. yesterday, a second from the school at Saumur. He's been in France a year, has two gold stripes is a fine looking and seems to have horse sense (a hard thing to get in Lts). I now have four two firsts and two seconds. They are all efficient and that is the reason I have such good luck. Lt Housholder is from Kansas and is also a training camp man. Lt Jordan is from the plains of Texas, has a southern drawl is tall and has brown eyes. He can ride anything that has a back to sit on and is my horse Lt. He makes the battery with skins and cripples when it has to be done that way. My other second Lt is named Eggleston He's from Okla. and has not as much training as the rest

but he's a good man and runs my kitchen  
and supplies. My Saurin graduate is  
from Chicago and is named Zerna. Is it  
back and inform them (the Lt's) and my  
sergeants what I want done and it is.  
My non coms, now are whizes. I sorted  
em over, busted a lot and made a lot  
They've gotten so they don't know whether to  
trust his smile or not because I smile  
when I bust em. and then come when I  
make em.

Arrowsmith is still along but I  
hardly ever see him. He is regimental  
telephone officer and is a very busy man  
these days. I am also rather chasing around  
and he don't often see me. I am surely  
glad I'm here and I would not be anywhere  
else for all there is except one of course  
and you know where that is. We are doing  
our best to finish the job and get home  
but we can't leave until it's done. In fact  
we don't want to leave until it's done. It is  
the most fascinating game in the world  
if you don't use a pen. I am hoping to hang  
on to the finish. Remember me to everyone  
especially your mother and keep on writing.  
Yours always  
Harry.

Hampden  
Capt Btry 8 125th  
American EB.