

Dear Bess:-

Oct 20 1918

This is certainly a lanner day. I received your letter from you. You were still without any letter from me except one I wrote you at the first place we were in action. That was a very tame affair compared with what we have been through since as I told you in my last letter. I am awfully sorry I could not write to you in all that time but it was simply an impossibility. For one thing I had nothing to write with and another I could not have written a sane coherent letter if I had tried. It was the most terrific experience of my life and I hope I don't have to go through with it many more times although we are going to fight Weine if it takes us all and I don't think there is a man in the organization who wouldn't give his life to do it. Please don't worry about us or about me I should say because I am egotistical enough to

to think that I am your principle man. I am  
very comfortably situated now in a finely fur-  
nished dugout with stores and everything. If  
I am lucky we may remain a good long  
time. I think they are trying to let us rest  
up from our hard work of last month.  
We marched half across France and we at it  
every night. I lost nearly all my horses just from  
marching so far without getting enough rest.  
We are recuperating now and I hope that  
before long everyone will be as good as new.  
For myself I am as fat and healthy as I  
ever was in my life and except for being a little  
deaf I have suffered no ill effects from the ex-  
perience. Maj. Miles is not captured. None  
of our officers were hurt except one whom  
you never met. His name is Kennedy and  
he calls it with a long a and accents that  
syllable. He was gassed slightly. I am glad  
Mrs. Sands is pleased with my treatment  
of Irving. I could do nothing else. Mary  
wrote me that she had met the aunt  
of another fellow in my battery whom

I just got through busting from a  
cassid to private. I don't think he  
will take it so kindly.

I haven't taken any unnecessary chances  
but I had to go back after my guns. No good  
battery commander would send anyone else  
after guns he'd left in position under the same  
circumstances I left those two. I don't claim to  
be a good B.C. but I have to act like one any  
way. I don't say much if I'll get to come  
home before the war is over, ~~and~~ much  
as I'd like to I want to see the finish. I  
am so pleased that I was lucky enough to  
get in on the drive that made the Boche  
squeal for peace that I sometimes have  
to pinch myself to see if I am dreaming  
or not. It really doesn't seem possible  
that a common old farmer boy could take  
a battery in and shoot it on such a drive  
and I sometimes think I just dreamed it.  
You may be sure that we will make up  
for lost time when I do get home

I think of you and dream of you all the time. I dreamed no longer ago than last night that I was going to my own & yours wedding and I just was on the point of kissing the bride when I woke up and found myself some 4000 miles away and in 'dugout'. It was some disappointment I tell you. They are not sending as many officers back now as they were. There seems to be a shortage over here.

I certainly appreciated the Doniphan pictures and I'm all puffed up that you would think of having one of me enlarged. Wait till you get the post card one of me with a helmet on. You will then see that I am 'athered up' again although I'll admit that I have some more gray hairs.

Keep on writing because your letters brighten the days. I'll never cease loving you.  
Yours always  
Harry  
Harry Sherman  
Capt. Regt. 124 Fa  
Arizona E.T.

The poem about Gen Sherman is true.