

May 19 1918

Dear Bess:

I am still some where in France going to school like a damned kid and I guess I'll keep on going for some weeks to come. No letters yet since the first week I was here but I know there are a truckload of them somewhere. They send them just as the mail man feels when they come. If he's facing the south bag when he gets our mail that's where it goes and if he's facing the north bag why it goes north etc. ad lib. I guess we'll get 'em some time. I went off on a truck

side this morning over to the adjoining town. It wasn't any different from the other French towns I've seen but the ride was beautiful. The French know how to build roads and also how to keep them up. They are just like a billiard table and every twenty meters there are trees on each side. I have raved over the scenery in every letter I've written and it is worth raving about, but it was particularly beautiful this morning because the sun was shining. It has shone for two days to-

gether - a really unusual occurrence. I didn't take my raincoat because it was so pretty and bright and as was to be expected it rained to beat thunder. We were lucky though and got home between showers. It's sure

pouring down now. If you'll read the letters that came out in Colliers about a month ago you will get a very good and vivid description of France as we see it.

We have been working harder than ever. I had an examination Saturday that would make the President of Yale University bald headed scratching his head trying to think of answers. I think we'll all be nutter than an Arkansas squirrel if we study this hard much longer. I am now an Orienting Officer (whatever that may be.) From what I can gather in a casual survey of the situation I am supposed to go out on the earth somewhere and find out where I am and then tell everybody else. It's a nice job as far as I can discern if I can get a little surveying geometry, astronomy and a few other things into my noodle inside the next three or four weeks. If it doesn't bust I guess

I can do it.

We have so much to do all week that Sunday is the only day we can write letters home. I suppose you only get them about every three weeks anyway. I would have given my anticipated service stripes for a chance to see you today. We all hope to wind things up at this school with great honor or all go home if deficient one. I hope it will be the first anyway much as I'd like to see you and home.

The rest of the gang are all writing letters or trying to. They write a few sentences and then

sing a few songs of home and  
then write some more.

I played the piano at the offices  
Y.M.C.A. at the town I visited  
today. It was the best piano I've  
seen since leaving U.S.A. It was  
a dandy, evidently belonging to  
some rich Frenchman who had  
given his house for Y.M.C.A. pur-  
poses. There were whole volumes  
of music by Mozart, Beethoven,  
Schumann, Mendelssohn, Liszt (can't  
spell 'em) and everyone else you  
ever heard of. It was fine a  
rest after the week's work.

I am hoping to get some  
letters this week sure so keep

on writing. Remember, that I'm  
thinking of you all the time anyway  
if I don't write every day. Every fellow  
in this room is engaged to some  
fine girl back in the States and the  
French girls have n't a chance. None  
of us have ever seen any worth  
having over yet. I guess all the pretty  
ones are in Paris anyway. I'd like  
to go see but I guess I won't  
any way soon.

Yours always  
Halcy.

Harry Truman  
1st Lt. 129 F.A.  
American E. F.