

Aug 5 1918

My Dear Cousins and Aunt
and Uncle and second cousins

I received Ethel's letter
a few days ago and it made
me real happy to think that
anything I could write from
over here would be so interest-
ing. It seems to us who would
so hard every day that everything
is common place and that
what ever we do we get stepped
on by a major or a colonel or even
sometimes by a general. But I
reckon it is all for the one
purpose to make us feel
shoot at the Hun.



I wrote you a nice long
letter from Ankers and
told you all about my having
been made a Captain, and a
lot of other irrelevant and
unimportant details of things
I'd been doing and expected to do.
They had a fox headed officer
over there and I am morally
certain he destroyed that con-
scient (can't spell it) effect of
mine to be interesting and
let you know what I was
and had been doing. Since
then the regiment moved to a

training camp further from the front
than ever and I've been working my
head off. I was battery assistant for a
month and then they gave me Battery
D. I'm the hard boiled Captain of a sharp
Irish Battery. It's an ambition I've al-
ways had, to be a battery commander. Now
I'm it I find it's mainly trouble and
hard work. It's some satisfaction though
when you're worked like Fair Hill half
the night and felt as if you'd laid the
whole organization and yourself too in

the jug before sunrise the next day, to see
all the kinks unwind themselves and have
the battery pull out of the park on time
get into position and shoot the best
problem on the row. That's what happened
to me the other day. It was mainly good
luck and excellent support from my
competent lieutenants. I shot away
some 600 rounds of ammunition. Enough
to make some dozens of stenographic gips
for liberty bonds for the next year. And
the best part of it was the projectiles

hit the target. The Major re-
marked when I came up that
'D Battery is all right. I had
the swell head all day - haven't
quite got over it yet. If I can
make a successful battery
commander I shall think I've
really done some good in this
war. Talk about your infantryman
why he can only shoot one little
old bullet at a time at the best.
I can give one command to
my battery and send 862 on
the way at one command and as
many very three seconds until
I only stop. If they only let me

take this battery to the front and
fire one volley at the Germans.
I shall be happy if I get count
marched the next day.

If you'll look in the Saturday
Evening Post of May 18 1918
you'll see a picture of a field
I was inspected on day before
yesterday. It's a very good pic-
ture and looks just like we
did.

You'll probably be terribly fond
listening to me rave about
myself and my battery but when
you consider that I've been
going to school practically one
year and have pulled triggers

and worked winter to keep from being
rickt out because I can't see and here
they managed to avoid benzine boards and
such things by other manœuvres you can
see that I feel right well to be a battery
commander and here the possibility (chance)
of taking a battery to the front.

Maybe I'll get shot by a Hun but I think
not and maybe I'll get sent home for
shooting up some important magazines down
but I hope not. All were scared of news
is that old Gen. Foch will chase the
Hun over the Rhine before we get there.

Be sure and keep writing when you feel
inclined because letters from home are
very good to get and don't worry about our
hardships because they aint. We live in houses
eat all we can hold and work so hard we
cant get into dard coats so dont be up-
easy. Remember me to everyone of the
family and hope for me to shoot straight
and hit only the enemy.

Sincerely
Harry

Harry Truman
Capt. 1st Div. 12th FA
American E.F.

