

POSTMARK DATE 9-3-18

Somewhere in Parle Vous.  
Sept 1, 1918.

Dear Bess:-

I am the most pleased person in the world this morning. I got two letters from you and have accomplished my greatest wish. Have fired 500 rounds at the Germans, at my command, been shelled, didn't run away thank the Lord and never lost a man. Probably shouldn't have told you but you'll not worry any more if you know I'm in it than if you think I am. Have had the most strenuous week of my life, am very tired but otherwise absolutely in good condition physically mentally and morally.

It has been about two weeks since I've written you because I haven't had the chance. They shipped me

from school to the front in charge  
of Battery D and the Irish seem to be  
pleased over it. We went into position  
right away and fired 500 rounds at them  
in 36 minutes. Two of my guns got stuck  
in the mud, it was dark and raining and  
before I could get away firing came the  
reply. I sent two of the pieces to safety  
the horses on the other two broke away and  
ran every which direction but my Irishmen  
stayed with me. except a few drivers who  
were badly scared and my first sqt.  
We covered up the two guns, I had stuck,  
with branches and things. ~~and~~ and one of  
my lieutenants - Householder is his  
name and my self then collected up  
all the horses we could and got the  
men together caught up with the other  
two pieces and went to safety. I slept  
for 24 hours afterwards and am now  
back of the lines awaiting another chance.  
I went back the next night and got my  
guns. Every man wanted to go along but

I took only the two sections who belonged to the guns.

My greatest satisfaction is that my legs didn't succeed in carrying me away although they were very anxious to do it. Both of my Lieutenants are all yawl and a yard wide. One of them Jordan by name came back with the horses off the other two pieces to pull me out and I had to order him off the hill. Four horses were killed, two of them outright and two had to be shot afterwards.

I am in a most beautiful country and it seems like a shame that we must spread shells over it but as the French say Boche are hogs and should be killed. Please don't worry about me because no German shell is made that can hit me. One exploded in 15 feet of me and I didn't get a scratch so you can see I have them beaten there. I would give most anything to see you

this Sunday morning. The piece you sent me about Mary is very fine. She is a very old sister and I hope some time to send her to Europe or anywhere else she wants to go in return for running things as she has.

I am so sleepy I can't hardly hold my eyes open but will write again as soon as I can. I keep writing they are like stars <sup>in the</sup> sea in the blue wave that rolls nightly on deep gullike" (your letters) as my pet poet says of the the Assyrians (not a very appropriate application but you know the meaning anyway)

Yours always

Harry

Remember me  
to your mother  
and George &  
Frank and  
May & Natchie  
Fred.

Harry Truman  
Capt 129 Fa  
American E.F.

Hauptmann  
Capt Bty 814 Fa  
American Ex.

ARMY POSTAL SERVICE  
SEP 8 1918

Miss Bess Wallace

219 Delaware St  
Independence Mo  
USA

OK  
Hauptmann  
Capt  
1918