

May 5 1918

Dear Bess:-

This is the end of the most strenuous week I ever spent in my life. Day before yesterday was a lanner day too for the week because I got three letters from you dated Mar 26, 27, 28 also got two from home, one from Mary Colgan, one from Myra and one from Ethel. I claim that was a day. Probably won't get any more for another six weeks. They were all sent on from the point of embarkation, and in all probability came over on the boat with us and have been touring France right along with us all the time. I can't understand why you didn't hear from me at Camp Merritt because I wrote nearly every day. The last letter I sent from the pier by a boy who was passing and he probably didn't mail it.

I had a grand dream night before last (the night after your letters came)

Thought I was in K.C. at a show
of some kind with you. I sure did
hate it when the confounded church
bell next door woke me at 5:30 A.M.
and I found I was 4000 miles from
where I wished I was. When I come
home I'll be a surveyor, a mathematician,
a mechanical draftsman, a
horse doctor, a crack shot and a tough
citizen if they keep me here long. We
have periods of lectures and exams
and everything just like West Point.
The day begins at 7 A.M. and ends
at 9:30 P.M. with an hour and a half
of study. There is hardly time to get
from one class to another and they
sure give us thunder if we are late.
Had a stem winding examination on
Friday. I don't know if I passed or not
but hope I did.

We have had several sunny days
this week and I am beginning to
think that there is a really sunny
France. This place is an ideal one

to study, nothing to bother but clocks
and church bells and mocking birds.
I suppose we'll get used to them.
We live in a chateau that would
make some American millionaire
green with envy to own if he could
get it. We have our private park
all enclosed with a high stone wall
where we have O'Grady exercise every
day from 11:30 to 12. These exercises
almost kill some of us old men. The
muscles of one of my arms and one of
my legs are so sore I can hardly move
them. They make us run races. Have
tugs of war carry a man on our backs
and run races and do all sorts of mighty
things. We'll be able to whip a bunch of
wild cats when we are through.

It would surprise you to see
what a grand glorious feeling it puts
into a man over here to get a letter.
Some of our dignified Majors & Captains
simply go wild when they get one. Every
one who has ^{not} a wife has a girl back
home and it sure does put the

pep into a man when those letters
come. I certainly appreciate your
standing in the P.O. to get a letter off to
me and when I come home I'll show
you how much I appreciate it.
Kellie Port must be a card. I am
going to try to send you a cable today
I understand we can send them from
a nearby town if I can get permis-
sion to go over there. They wouldn't let
me send one when I landed.

Remember that I think of you always
and when this war for Democracy is
over and the great American army
marches down the streets of ~~Washington~~ I am
hoping you will be there to see the per-
formance together. Every American believes
that when we are ready the Germans
will be whipped in short order.

Please write as often as you can be-
cause your idea how good your
letters make me feel and how much
better I can work.

Yours always
Harry.

129 Fa.
N.Y. A.E.F. France.