

EVOLUTION OF THE ARMY PRE WORLD WAR ONE

BY

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DEDICATED TO

MY FATHER

LT. HOWARD RIDGEWAY RANDALL (RA) 4TH INFANTRY DIVISION
1917 - 1918

AND

MY SON

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1981 - 1985

INTRODUCTION

Prior to the Revolution, the individual settlements and colonies formed militias to defend themselves against any external threats. The system worked well until the end of the Revolution. The drafting of a Constitution to serve the newly emancipated colonies proposed the formation of a standing federal army to defend the country. Strong objections by the colonists to being controlled by a federal military force, as had been true for them as British subjects controlled by the King, led to the creation of the Bill of Rights that divided military responsibilities between the states and the federal government.

Until the beginning of World War I a small army was sufficient to meet any threat to national security. However, the demand for unprecedented large numbers of troops and supplies to be sent to Europe required an immediate response by President Wilson, who in the interest of his re-election campaign had delayed preparedness for a war.

The description of life at the officer training camp in Plattsburgh, New York and the National Guard cantonment at Camp Greene, where the 4th Infantry Division, (Ivy Division), was formed, are drawn from letters written by my father to his parents. They illustrate the lack of resources and conditions under which this country sent thousands of young men to France, ill prepared for the primitive reality of war in the trenches. There has not been a war before or since that caused more casualties. Truly, World War I was the deadliest war.

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February, 2013 Beryl Randall Johnson Ph.D.

EVOLUTION OF THE ARMY PRE WORLD WAR I

The settlement of America began in a haphazard confusion of vague grants and charters that led to competing territorial claims and variations in the government of each type of settlement as they were formed by the Crown.

A charter colony, for example, was granted and ruled by the King who directed the way the colony would be governed. The Massachusetts Bay Colony, with a large territorial claim and substantial population, was a charter colony.

A crown colony was ruled by a Governor appointed by the King. The Colony of Virginia, for example, was a crown colony.

A proprietary colony was created when the English Crown gave territory to a proprietor who had full governing rights. William Penn was appointed the Proprietor for Pennsylvania.

To add to the confusion, as the colonies developed, they added to their territory by acquiring nearby smaller settlements. This resulted in many small towns becoming subdivided, names changed and existing governments split within a colony or totally absorbed by the larger body.

Not only did the settlers experience the threat of their community being taken over by the big brother neighbor but they also had the very real threat of Indian raids that would destroy their homes and families. These threats created a need for each colony to find a way to protect the individual settlements. This was a necessary move for the colonists because England, being interested only in acquiring land for expansion of the realm and the commercial benefits, did not send more than a small handful of English soldiers to the New World.

To defend their communities, the settlers drew upon a Muster model that had been created by Queen Elizabeth in 1572 as a method of organizing an armed force on short notice to defend the country from invaders. The Muster Law gave the early settlers a practical model they could use to arm themselves to resist Indian raids or other take-overs on short notice. Each colony and small settlement adopted this model and formed citizen militia groups for their own defense.

Governor Winthrop of the very large Massachusetts Bay Colony recognized the need to bring together and organize the towns' individual militias within the Colony into the North, East and South regiments that were organized on December 13, 1636. Those were the first permanent regiments in the New World and mark the beginning of the Massachusetts National Guard and the United States National Guard.

The militia served as the colonies' defense system through the 1600's against ongoing Indian raids, the Pequot War against the Pequot Indian tribe in 1636 and King Phillip's war in 1675. Special units were created to range between settlements in terrain where normal militias were not effective, to warn of impending hostile Indian attacks. These units were named Rangers and continue to serve in today's Army. For the most part, the militia was not needed on a regular basis until France and England began competing to obtain control of the eastern part of America and Canada.

The French built forts along Lake Champlain and the Ohio, Mississippi, Missouri and Wabash rivers and enlisted the support of the Indians to fight against the British. As the military encounters with the French continued, the British retaliated by sending more troops to America and pressed more of the colonists, as English subjects, into service to join with the British Regulars to oppose the French. Some of the citizen militia units operated individually, but the majority were directed and controlled by the British.

The British soldiers, who were trained professionals, looked with disdain upon the poorly equipped militia in their ill-fitting homespun garb and deemed them to be useful only as support troops or reserves, if needed. The militia took advantage of the opportunity to learn valuable lessons about warfare as they supported the British troops. They learned how to command, how to organize with efficiency and how to function as a unit originating from a central assembly point. This knowledge was put to excellent use in the Revolutionary War.

As the French and Indian war continued the French built several forts in western Pennsylvania in 1754. A large British force under the command of General Braddock was assembled to march on Fort Necessity to rout the French.

The colony of Virginia had extensive commercial interests in the area that they wished to protect and they sent 17 year old George Washington, the Surveyor General of

Virginia, to guide the British. Washington had traveled extensively in the area plotting much of the land. The British expedition was a disaster and resulted in the death of General Braddock at Fort Necessity, the retreat of the British and the return of Washington to Virginia.

Following the end of the French and Indian war in 1763, the militia men returned to their farming or their trade as carpenters, cloth, wood or leather workers or to the unskilled work of the laborer. The monthly drill days were resumed with the citizen volunteer soldiers who were willing to fight in any emergency to defend their homes, but who had little interest in leaving their farms or business to attend training sessions. Their commanding officers attempted to motivate them to attend training by offering them a mug of ale. Unfortunately, the officers provided the liquor before the training exercises began, with the result that few of the men were in any condition to practice military maneuvers.

The cost of maintaining British troops in America to fight the French, as well as having to provide protection to the colonies, created a mounting cost that placed a tremendous tax burden on the British. The English looked across the ocean and saw their British settlers profiting from military contracts, expenditures by the British troops garrisoned in the colonies and continuing profitable trade with the West Indies, which had been prohibited by the English and ignored by the colonists. The King decided to take measures to ensure that the colonists paid a fair share of the costs. Colonial Customs Commissioners were appointed in 1696 to collect all due taxes and were given the right to enter buildings and homes when necessary. The King and the Parliament then imposed additional taxes.

In 1699, wool was taxed, in 1750, iron was taxed and in 1765, sugar, stamps, coffee, wine and indigo were taxed. In 1765, King George decreed that British troops would be fed and quartered by the Colonials. New York refused to quarter and feed the British troops and the resulting uproar from the other colonies led the British to repeal the Stamp Act. However, stung by the rebellious behavior of the colonists, Britain passed the Declaratory Act in 1766 declaring that the British Government had the power to legislate any laws governing the American colonies in all cases.

The following year in 1767 the Townshend Revenue Acts were passed to tax paper, glass, tea, lead and paint. The colonists began vocal protests harassing the Customs Commissioners, forcing the King to send two regiments of Grenadiers to join the four Regiments already quartered in Boston. The Boston City Council refused to allow the "lobsterbacks" to be housed in the homes of city residents, forcing the troops to find quarters elsewhere.

The arrival of the additional English troops further exacerbated the tensions between the colonists and the King erupting into a confrontation on March 5, 1770. The Grenadiers fired on a crowd taunting British soldiers on guard duty at the Customs House, killing five colonials. The fracas became known as the Boston Massacre and increased the anger of the colonials toward King George. The King repealed the Townshend Act, did not renew the quartering act and arrested a number of Grenadiers, returning them to England for trial instead of prosecuting them in Boston. This did not sit well with the colonists.

As the news of the Massacre traveled through the colonies, dissatisfaction with British rule increased. When three ships of the British East Indies, the Dartmouth, the Eleanor and the Beaver, arrived in Boston Harbor with a cargo of tea, the British colonials refused to pay the tax. On December 16, 1773, between the hours of six and nine pm, the colonists dressed as Mohawk Indians wearing blankets and with faces blackened with cork or ash boarded the ships and threw 342 chests of tea overboard.

This insolence infuriated King George who, with Parliament's agreement, passed the Coercive Acts, sometimes called the Intolerable Acts. The Acts closed Boston Harbor to all ocean traffic, placed the Colonies under military government and, once again, ordered that troops be housed in the homes of colonists. In addition, four regiments of British troops were ordered to sail to America to quell the resistance of the disobedient and unruly British subjects.

The Colonies reacted to the passage of the Coercive Acts by assembling 56 delegates from 13 states on September 5, 1774 to form the First Continental Congress. The delegates organized an economic boycott of all English goods and petitioned the King to address their grievances.

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As the delegates to Congress petitioned the King for relief, the Massachusetts Provincial Congress watched with alarm, the growing military buildup by the British. In response they sent out a call to all the colonies to form companies of Minute Men from their local militia who would be equipped and ready to march at a moment's notice to oppose the British. The Minute Men were to be a quarter of the whole militia and divided into companies of at least 50 men each. They would spend more training time on military exercises and improving their skill with firearms. The Minute Men were to be separate from the rest of the militia.

The creating of the Minute Men groups served the Americans well in April 1775. The warning by Paul Revere and Thomas Dawes, with the single lantern in the belfry of the North Church, signaling that 800 British were coming by land, enabled 75 Minute Men to meet the British at Lexington. Although the British easily overcame the small group, they were met later by hundreds of militia who responded to the Lexington Alarm from all surrounding villages. On April 19, 1775 the British succeeded in destroying stockpiles of arms and ammunition in spite of opposition from the militia. As the Grenadiers marched in formation back to Boston, the militia and any boy or old man who could shoot a gun sniped at the British from behind stone walls and trees to the point where General Gage, the commander of the British, had to call for an additional 900 British troops in order to reach Boston in safety.

There now was no doubt in the minds of the colonists that an economic boycott and petition to the King were not sufficient and that it would take stronger measures to become free from British rule. To this end the Second Continental Congress convened on May 10, 1775. The first action taken was to create a Continental Army that was organized from militia units on June 14, 1775. The Congress named George Washington as the commander. Most of the Continental Army was made up of militias who often would fight only in their own colony. Eventually, Washington convinced a few more soldiers to join by giving them a winter stay at Valley Forge which, naturally, was not a good plan to encourage enlistment in the Army. As a part time army, the militia never was a well-disciplined force but they made up in courage what they lacked in training.

The following year on July 4, 1776, the Declaration of Independence from England was approved and signed into law by Congress on August 2, 1776. Declaring

independence was a noble, but empty gesture without a governmental structure. To accomplish this, the Congress appointed a committee to draft Articles of Confederation that would serve as a constitution for the 13 colonies. The draft was sent to the colonies in November 1777 and was ratified by them on March 1, 1781. The official name of the colonies now became the United States of America.

It was recognized that the Articles of Confederation for the colonies now would need to be revised to become a constitution of the newly united states. The formation of a Constitutional Convention to meet in Philadelphia to revise the Articles of Confederation was approved by the Second Continental Congress. It soon became apparent that a completely new constitution was necessary. The draft was completed in the summer of 1787 and sent to the states for ratification.

Having been subjected to the domination and rule of the King, the desire of states to govern themselves and to avoid consolidation of power in a federal government created a stumbling block for the ratification of the Constitution. This eventually was solved with ten amendments that were acceptable to the states to restrict the power of the federal government. The amendments became known as the "Bill of Rights" and the final ratification of the Constitution was accomplished on June 21, 1788.

During the time that Congress worked to develop a new Constitution, the Articles of Confederation remained in effect. The Articles supported the Continental Army but did not include any method to force states to support the military. In addition, the colonists were opposed to creating a standing army. But as England continued to send large numbers of troops to force the colonists to return to English rule, it became obvious to Congress that there was a need to strengthen the army by extending the enlistment period from one year to three years and requiring that the states provide more men. The fighting between the British and the Americans continued for the next several years, but in 1781-1782 Congress voted to cut funding for the army. This placed General Washington in the position of not being able to pay or support the soldiers even while continuing the fighting. The states were equally in financial difficulty. Local militia had fought side by side with the Army regulars but with little support and as the war dragged on, the local militia returned to their homes as the battles moved from one settlement to another. The situation

continued with the Continental Army faced with short term enlistments, inadequate training, financial shortages and varying support from the states. In spite of the drawbacks, the Americans were able to bring an end to the war in 1783 and the Continental Army was disbanded.

Although there was strong resistance by many Americans to the creation of a permanent standing army, Congress recognized the need for professional, well trained soldiers who could meet future threats to the country. The Congress appeased those who objected to a federally controlled army by dividing power between the states and the federal government with the Bill of Rights. The states would control the militia and employ them for civil disobedience issues within the states and the federal government would be able to call up the units as needed to support the Army. The militia now became known as state National Guard units.

At long last, the final ratification of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights took place on June 21, 1788 with the first United States Congress convening on March 4, 1789 and George Washington becoming inaugurated as the first president of the United States of America on April 30, 1789.

The newly adopted Constitution required Congress to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the new union and to provide for the organizing, arming, disciplining and governing of the units when employed in the service of the United States. Although Congress had been identified as having the authority to call out the militia, it became apparent that the responsibility could not be that of a large body of elected officials. This led to the first Militia Act of 1792 that made provisions for the President to call out the states' militia in time of war. The second Militia Act was enacted by Congress on May 8th 1792 and defined the membership of state militias to be able bodied male citizens between the ages of 18 and 45 to be conscripted into a local militia company that would be overseen by the state. Members were required to arm themselves at their own expense and to report for training twice a year, usually in the spring and fall.

Americans continued to hold a strong aversion to the creation of a federal standing army that had the potential to provide control over ordinary citizens, as had been true in England where the King used the military to control his subjects. However, there were

those in Congress who recognized that a volunteer citizen militia from individual states with differing training, organization and preparation of the militia could not provide the new nation with the well organized and trained military presence available to meet national security threats to the country.

On June 3, 1784, Congress quietly formed a small standing peacetime Army by creating the First American Regiment composed of 700 militia men to become the official United States Army. The militia were expected to provide troops during future wars to support the Army and were designated as the National Guard as had been defined in the Bill of Rights. This date of 1784 is the actual origin of the United States Army, although the Army designates its beginning to the formation of the Continental Army on June 14, 1775.

In 1903, Secretary of War, Elihu Root, initiated the replacement of the Militia Act of 1792 to officially designate the National Guard as the Army's reserve force. The act, known as the Dick Act in honor of Congressman Dick, who was Chair of the House Military Affairs Committee divided the militia into two groups – the Reserve Militia that was known as the Unorganized Militia. All able bodied men between the ages of 18 and 45 years were eligible to be called up for military service when needed. The Organized Militia were named the National Guard and considered to be the primary military reserve for the Army. They were state units.

In 1908 the Act of 1903 was amended to expand the length of service beyond the designated 9 months at the direction of the President to whatever length was desired. The Act of 1908 also eliminated the ban on Guard units serving outside the United States. In addition, the War Department established a Division of Militia Affairs that served as the link between the federal Army and the state, which became the militia's representative to the general staff of War Department. This division was necessary not only to coordinate military affairs between the federal government and the states, but to maintain the local control of militia units by the states, thus avoiding the standing army opposed by citizens. Although the Dick Act of 1903 and the Act of 1908 standardized the composition and federal authority over the state national guard units, it became apparent that a permanent Reserve force was needed.

An official reserve corps of medical officers was authorized by Congress on April 23, 1908 that was followed by the Army Appropriations Act of 1912 to create the Regular Army Reserve, outside the Medical Reserve. The National Defense Act of 1916 established an official Officers Reserve Corps, an Enlisted Reserve Corps and a Reserve Officers Training Corps, thus providing for an official reserve corps of officers for the Army. In 1917 the Medical Reserve Corps was merged into the Officers Reserve Corps.

This dual Army arrangement had evolved from the combining of the citizen militia with British Regulars. Federal funding and control gave needed support to the state militia groups and in 1918 the state National Guard units were established as an official reserve unit of the Army. Guardsmen were required to take an oath to the President of the United States and to the Governor of their home state which preserved the dual Army system that was prized by the early militia in maintaining their independence. The dual role enables the federal government to call up state militias as needed for national defense and the states can call up their militias as a need to defend local threats occurs.

In 1913, General Leonard Wood, a graduate of Harvard Medical School, the first commanding officer of the Rough Riders and Chief of Staff of the Army, was concerned that the reserve officers created by the Dick Act of 1903 and the amendment of 1908 were not sufficient to produce the number of officers that could be needed in the event of a national emergency.

The lack of needed military leadership that had become apparent during the Civil War had led to the offering of free land by Congress to the states to provide colleges whose curricula included agriculture, mechanical arts and military science. The training of civilians in military tactics was not new. The colonies had conducted sporadic military training for their civilian militia for the protection of their settlements.

Wood, however, knew that the land grant colleges created by the Morrill Act of 1862 (named for Congressman Justin Morrill of Vermont), did not produce enough graduates schooled in military tactics to provide the necessary numbers of reserves needed by the Army to meet future needs. He was not unaware of the developing problems in Europe that were starting to escalate and knew that many more officers would need to be trained if the United States should become involved in the conflict that was beginning in Europe.

In 1914 Europe was composed of loosely unified, quarrelsome nations, led by ambitious leaders interested in increasing their power and domination over other countries. Each country viewed the other warily and with watchful suspicion of aggressive action. To protect themselves and for smaller countries to be assured of support in the event of a war with more powerful countries, the European countries formed alliances with each other.

Russia formed an alliance with Serbia. When the 1914 assassination of Crown Prince Frederick of Austria by a nationalist radical Serbian occurred, Russia announced the mobilization of its army to defend Serbia against Austria. Germany proclaimed that it would assist Austria and moved quickly to declare war against Russia.

Kaiser Wilhelm II was ambitious to become a world power and had quietly and secretly been assembling weapons and armament for some time as he waited for an occasion he could use to exercise his ambitions. The assassination of the Crown Prince gave the Kaiser the excuse he needed to unify Germany's small states to create a powerful nation that would compete with Britain in domination of the seas and the widespread colonization of other countries.

France responded in alarm to Germany's military might and initiated the development of an equally strong military force. Britain watched the buildup in France and Germany with concern. Although Britain had a loose treaty with France, it had a treaty with Belgium to defend its neutrality. When Germany invaded Belgium as the shortest way to reach Paris, Britain was forced to declare war on Germany.

As the war in Europe began to escalate, the United States professed a policy of strict neutrality, refusing to become engaged in the conflicts in Europe. Commerce with England and France increased during 1914 and 1915 with supplies of food stuffs, raw materials, cotton and ammunitions shipped to both France and Britain with merchants making a handsome profit from the war in Europe.

President Wilson began campaigning for re-election in 1916 with the slogan, "He Kept Us Out Of War". When the American merchant vessel, the *Gulflight*, was struck by a torpedo from a German submarine, the President accepted the profuse apologies of the German government and continued his isolationist policies and diplomatic

approaches, none of which were effective.

On May 7, 1915 the British luxury ocean liner, the Lusitania which had sailed from New York, was torpedoed by a German submarine and sank in 20 minutes with 1198 passengers aboard including 128 Americans. This incident gave rise to a growing sentiment among Americans to enter into war against Germany. President Wilson issued an ultimatum to Germany stating that relations would be broken off if they continued to attack passenger ships, even with the Germans pointedly reminding the world that the Lusitania was a blockade runner and carried Canadian soldiers and munitions making it a legitimate target. Although Germany promised not to attack passenger-ships, it was an empty promise. As Germany continued its attacks against all ships, President Wilson requested Congress to break relations with Germany. As the German attacks continued, President Wilson recognized that a diplomatic approach was useless and having learned that Germany planned to ally itself with Mexico to attack the United States, war with Germany was declared on April 6, 1917.

In 1913, as tensions in Europe increased, General Wood initiated two five week training camps for college students, in spite of opposition from the Army to the military training of civilians. The success of the camps led to additional summer military training camps for civilians in 1914. General Wood was a strong believer in universal military training, a concept that appealed to many wealthy college educated men of New England and New York who believed that physical hardship and discipline would be an antidote to their lives of luxury and privilege. In September 1915, a summer camp for business and professional men was established at Plattsburgh, New York that was referred to as "a movement started by the Harvard Club" and as the "Business Man's Camp". More than 90 per cent of the first Plattsburghers were college graduates. Some were from aristocratic families; others were nationally known political figures. The four week summer training camps of 1915 and 1916 led to the formation of the MTCA – Military Training Camps Association, whose initial members were principally Plattsburgh alumni, all of whom believed in universal military training for civilians.

In April, 1917 when President Wilson declared war against Germany, the urgency to quickly mobilize a large national army and the failure of President Wilson to begin the military training of civilians much earlier, required unprecedented measures to prepare for war. On May 18, 1917 Congress passed the first Selective Service Act. The Act not

only created a draft to create the number of soldiers needed but also established the broad outlines of the Army's structure.

The Regular Army was to be raised immediately to full wartime strength of 286,000 authorized in the National Defense Act of 1916. The National Guard also was to be expanded to the authorized strength of approximately 450,000.

A National Army was to be created in two increments of 500,000 men. Recruits and draftees were absorbed into all units so in mid-1918, the War Department changed the divisions of all land forces to one United States Army.

The first Selective Service Act required men age 21 – 31 to register for service. A total of 9,586,508 men were registered from which the Army drew 625,000. On September 12, 1918, a second Selective Service Act registered men 18 – 45 years and 13,000,000 were enrolled. The Selective Service Boards in each county managed the registration, determination of order, serial numbers, classification, the call to service and the entrainment of the men. Twenty three percent of the population of men in the United States in 1918 was registered for the draft. .

It was necessary to train a large number of officers and the summer military training camps for civilians were converted immediately to officer training camps. The MTCA and the War Department initiated a national recruitment program for training as officers that attracted men from ROTC college programs and others in all walks of life. The officer candidate schools ran for 90 days, giving rise to the term, 90 day wonders. Due to the need for officers of all grades, commissions were granted up to the rank of colonel in the first two series of schools.

An example of one of the officer training camps is the camp at Plattsburgh, New York, originally a training camp for civilian men from the North Eastern states and known as the "Business Men's Camp". Three thousand men were inducted at Plattsburgh in 1917. Recruits were vaccinated and inoculated the first week of camp. They were issued uniforms, assigned a billet and received three meals a day. They had to buy shoe polish for their boots, gun rags, a map, a compass, rubber boots and pay to have their laundry done.

There were differences between the officer training camps and the National Guard camps in terms of equipment and training. The officers were issued the M911, a semi-automatic single action pistol for range practice. The Lewis gun, a light machine gun, also was provided for range practice. The National Guard camps were given limited numbers of guns.

Training of the officers included map sketching of the topography with practical problems, digging of foxholes, rifle practice on the range, grenade practice, musketry training, physical drills and day hikes. On a typical day hike the men marched 15 miles and drew a road map in which three inches equaled a mile. They were issued one canteen of water and two sandwiches for the day's hike.

The men craved sweets and welcomed boxes of candy from home. On occasion they were able to attend a church supper at the Methodist or Presbyterian Church in Plattsburgh. For 75 cents they ate pork, hamburger, chicken croquettes, salad, mashed potatoes, corn, rolls and peach shortcake. When they were assigned to practice in the field on patrols they had an open mess in which they were issued bacon, potato, half an onion, hard tack, coffee and sugar for their meal.

Wool uniforms were issued to the men and as winter approached they received pea jackets with fur collars and lining although these offered little protection when they dug trenches in rainy weather in which they lived for 24 hours. By October the Adirondacks were snow covered and puddles of water iced making training conditions unpleasant.

The military training of draftees also required facilities that needed to be constructed immediately. Secretary of War, Newton Baker, ordered the building of 16 U.S. National Guard camps and 16 wood frame cantonments to house troops. In the North the National Army camps were built as barracks with the first ready for occupancy in September, 1917 but the National Guard camps frequently were tents with wooden floors.

Camp Greene was a typical example of the National Guard training camps built for the draftees. The site of Camp Greene in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina offered access to transportation systems, a large source of water and 600 acres of land. The camp was built in 90 days, opening in 1917, with stables, a bakery, laundry, hospital,

chapel, water tower, post office, administration buildings and a tent city to house the men. It was at Camp Greene that the 4th Infantry Division was formed on November 19, 1917 with the insignia of four Ivy leaves that represented the number of the Division. The Ivy Leaf design was derived from the Roman numeral IV. In the language of flowers the ivy means "steadfast and loyal" which became the motto of the 4th Division.

The tents were heated in the winter with a Sibley stove that is best described as a cone, made from sheet metal, that each heated a tent containing 20 men and their gear. After the war the tent stoves were used on the American frontier and also in Florida as smudge pots for the orange groves until World War Two.

The winter of 1918 in Mecklenburg County was an unusually cold winter where water in the water pail used by the men for shaving and washing often was frozen solid. The men were issued heavy union suits and extra blankets. Some bought comforters and families sent quilts, sweaters, heavy socks, wristers and mufflers to help combat the cold.

When the new recruits arrived at Camp Greene they were assigned first to a detention camp for observation to prevent the spread of any contagious disease to which they may have been exposed earlier. Each week the numbers increased beginning with 505 in January to 1361 in the fourth week as recruits arrived in growing numbers. In January the entire camp was isolated from Charlotte for over a week to prevent the spread of meningitis that closed all churches, theaters and all meeting places. In April the camp again was quarantined to prevent the spread of scarlet fever.

Living conditions at Greene were compounded by hail and sleet storms that winter making the roads muddy and nearly impassable. The brick red color of the clay discolored everything it touched making cleanliness a challenge. Only officers were permitted to go to town occasionally for two hours to get a bath. The recruits had to make do with the limited facilities in the camp.

In spite of the somewhat primitive nature of the accommodations, the weekly food menu offered beef, pork or chicken croquettes for dinner along with potatoes, spinach or green beans. Breakfast included an orange or apple, cereal, eggs or pancakes, bacon, white bread, butter, sugar and coffee. A supply wagon brought the food to the camp

except when the roads were too muddy for wagons to travel. On those occasions a stew made from available supplies served as the meal.

Sanitation was emphasized with incinerators used to boil wet garbage. All wood ashes from the incinerator were used as fertilizer for the camp grounds. An oven boiled water that was used to rinse the mess kits after each meal.

The military equipment at Camp Greene was in short supply. Guards of the camp were issued clubs instead of guns. There were no machine guns and the rifles used by the National Guard trainees were left over from the Philippines. The combat training consisted of practicing bayonet drills that were useless in action because the soldier never was close enough to use the bayonet. Daily training exercises consisted of close order drills and long hikes. Trainees were kept busy raking the camp grounds to police them. Training for trench warfare required trainees to dig and fill sand bags to use in trenches and dug outs. Many of the officers providing the training had not served in combat zones in war and were woefully inexperienced.

As America was drafting and training young men to create a large National Army, the war effort also was gearing up on the home front. President Wilson and Congress created the War Industry Board to tell industrial manufacturers what to produce, how much to produce and the cost of the product. Factories making women's blouses, for example, were told to make signal flags. Manufacturers of radiators were told to make guns. Automobile companies produced airplane engines and piano manufacturers made airplane wings.

A National War Labor Board was developed to improve working conditions for workers, to promote higher standards for women and children workers and to require companies to pay equal wages to women.

The Food Administration led by Herbert Hoover oversaw food production and distribution urging voluntary conservation. There was no rationing, but Mr. Hoover initiated Wheat Less Wednesdays, Meatless Tuesdays, Fuel Less Mondays and Gas Less Sundays to conserve the use of coal and gasoline. Daylight Savings Time was begun to reduce the amount of fuel and electricity used.

Liberty Bonds were sold to help finance the war effort. Speakers naming themselves The Four Minute Men gave four minute speeches to groups urging support of the war effort.

Women worked in factory assembly lines taking the place of the men who had gone to war. Other women rolled bandages, planted Victory gardens to grow vegetables and served as Red Cross volunteers to help soldiers and families. Church women prepared home cooked meals for the men in the training camps and embarkation camps.

Morale was high among the soldiers, as well as those on the Home Front, all of whom sang songs such as "Over There, Over There, The Yanks Are Coming", "Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kit Bag", "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning Till The Boys Come Home."

As a national army of unprecedented numbers was hurriedly mobilized and various Boards created to support and regulate the preparations for war at home, it became painfully apparent that President Wilson who had campaigned for re-election in 1916 deliberately avoided preparing for the inevitable war to come.

The delay by the President was compounded by arguments within his Cabinet that included public versus private ownership of companies engaged in manufacturing needed materials. Secretary of War Garrison wanted more federal control over the National Guard but Wilson said "No" and Garrison resigned. Wilson appointed Baker who proved to be an inept leader along with three incompetent chiefs of staff who had risen in rank as a matter of longevity of service.

Inadequacies in the abilities of the support systems to produce needed supplies added to the failures of leadership. The wrong specifications were used to manufacture a useless artillery gun and far too few machine guns were produced for the military. Ammunition in quantity was not manufactured until the end of the war.

Not enough ships could be built in time to transport troops and supplies to England. Luxury cruise liners were pressed into service to meet the demand but were unable to handle the large guns or the construction equipment to build needed ports and to improve the French railway system. Horses and wagons used to pull supply wagons carrying food and equipment could not be accommodated on

the ships. Trucks could not be transported due to the lack of room in the troop ships. This left the troops without transportation when they reached France. It was not uncommon for the Army to use the 40 and 8 box cars of the French Railways. The cars were designed to handle 40 men or 8 horses. In other instances the troops were transported to the front lines on open railway cars to travel across France. Many of these problems were due to the delays and slowness of the government to award contracts for the production of needed supplies and to the manufacturing company's inability to speed production to meet their contract deadlines.

The need for America to join the war against Germany became acute with Britain launching a propaganda campaign showing drawings of the "Huns" attacking women and children. As the emphasis to send men to Europe increased, soldiers were shipped to embarkation cantonments near Hoboken, New Jersey as rapidly as possible.

As the young men who had embarked from Hoboken in high spirits singing "Over There" with gusto arrived in France, they soon were met with the harsh realities of a war for which they were ill prepared. The lack of training prior to their departure required the French to step in and use their long experience in fighting the Germans to train the Americans in the elements of basic warfare. The first American troops to arrive were assigned in small units to the French for training. As they gained experience, divisions of 30,000 men were formed that eventually grew to a corps of six divisions. The individual military units that comprised the Regular Army, Reserve Corps, National Army, and National Guard were consolidated into one army known as the United States Army. The insignia prescribed for the Regular Army now became the insignia of the United States Army.

The weak infrastructure in France, coupled with the lack of transportation being shipped overseas often forced the troops to walk. Men had to walk 50 miles from St. Mihiel to the Meuse Argonne carrying 80 pound packs. Food was limited and often was scavenged from local farms and families by the men as directed by the officers. It was not unknown for the hungry troops to capture and kill a domestic animal for food.

The troops were completely unprepared for trench warfare where sanitation for basic needs was lacking and daily hygiene impossible. Water was contaminated and a hot meal was available only on days spent behind the trenches in rest camps. Head and body lice were common, dysentery, flu, foot infections from socks constantly wet from the muddy trenches along with the threat of artillery shells bursting overhead and the poison gas used by the Germans. The expression, "Here's mud in your eye" referred to the mud that covered the men with an artillery shell exploding overhead. Seventy-five per cent of the wounds came from artillery fire with shell fragments that penetrated the body causing infection and gangrene. Medical attention at the front was rudimentary and the prolonged bombardment by artillery limited immediate transportation of the wounded to a base hospital. Only one in eight men returned alive and unwounded from trench warfare.

Communications were transmitted by rudimentary radios and supplemented by pigeons when necessary. The delay in critical information regarding troop movements and orders from commanders made it impossible to receive needed information rapidly, which hampered field maneuvers and actions.

The American Expeditionary Force arrived in France in June 1917 and, following needed training in warfare from the French, entered combat on the Western Front in October, 1917. In spite of the many problems and setbacks, the Allied forces attained victory, but it came at a very high price. Although there has never been a definitive account of the deaths and casualties in World War I, a conservative estimate is that 48,500 men died for their country and 147,105 men were seriously injured. In the short year and seven months from April 6, 1917, when President Wilson declared war on Germany, to the signing of the Armistice on November 11, 1918, World War I was the deadliest war of any of those past or present. The poppies in Flanders Field bear witness to the cost of war for a nation.



Class of '17 - Harvard

Reserve Officers' Training Corps
Harvard Barracks
Cambridge, Mass.
June 25, 1917

Dear Dad,

Received your letter and checks o.k. Found the incidentals left Class Day. Kindly send my Bjornstadt "Small Problems".

Am attending to my application and want you to send me the Doctor's certificate which I had in the first one; it is at home somewhere. This will save me the price of another exam. Let me know about it as soon as possible.

We are in strict camp discipline now with not much free time. I will drop you a postal when I get a chance to send the chair and desk.

I got my Degree, which I will bring home when I come next. I guess that is all so will beat it for a lecture.

Love,
Howdy

p.s. My address is now Reserve Officer's Training Corps
Company D
Harvard Barracks
Camb, Mass.

p.s. My telephone number
is 76546 Camb. But I wouldn't rely much on that to reach me. Probably leaving a message would be the best you could do, but even that is doubtful

H.R.R.

1917, August 12
Reserve Officers' Training Corps
Harvard Barracks, Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Mam,

I was awfully glad to see you yesterday with Reg. I had just got in from the march which all but laid us cold, and you don't know how good your faces looked to me. I saw where a Nantasket steamer was rammed yesterday by a submarine, but reading further, saw it was a 4 p.m. boat bound for the beach and the only injury was a broken leg sustained by a young man. The headline startled me a bit at first.

Twelve long hours for sleep last night; lounging around this morning; ditto this afternoon; a long sleep tonight; and then we will feel normal. The week at Barre did not take much weight from me as I stripped at 160 lbs. yesterday, and you can believe there is no excess fat there either. I was sorry yesterday that Miss Bassett should see us after such a hard march; she could not have been very well impressed with the corps after we had bitten dust so long; but parades and actual marches are two different things and she probably had the good sense to realize that.

When my notification comes, you might send me the twenty seeds and the letter of notification. I will then get my uniform. I have the leggings already and will make these shoes do until I get to camp. I shall also look up a time table and inquire about any special train for Plattsburghers.

This letter has quite exhausted me, so shall repair to my cot again. My left shoulder feels exactly the way it used to when I first delivered papers. Hope you enjoyed your trip yesterday.

Lovingly,
Howdy

Plattsburgh, New York
September 15, 1917

Dear Mam,

The end of another week and all going well. All vaccinations and inoculations are over, and we can look forward to Sundays of unbroken rest. A friend of mine who has a motor cycle here is going to take me up to Saranac and down to Ausable next Sunday. Somehow, those trips don't appeal to me the way they did in Brockton. The old bunk has more attraction than all the mountains in creation.

Our schedule has been waxing gradually harder and we expect it will be as hard as the Harvard R.O.T.C. next week. Up until now it has been more or less of a vacation. One man was forced to leave on account of weak legs, believe me those men that have led sedentary lives feel it now as well as those who boozed frequently.

One of the New York companies has composed a marching song which is now all over the camp. I offer it to you for your approval.

It's not the pack, that you carry on your back,
Nor the Springfield on your shoulder
Nor the five inch crust of Clinton County dust.
That makes you feel your limbs are growing older,
It's not the hike, on the long, hard pike
That drives away the smile,
Nor the sox of sister's that raise the blooming blisters,
It's that last long mile.

What do you think of it? The regular marching song is one left over from previous camps and to which I have referred before; it is entitled "Over There" Here it is.

Over there! Over there! Send the word, send the word over there, That the Yanks are coming; the drums are drumming everywhere;

So prepare, say your prayer,
Send the word, send the word over there,
We're coming over! We're coming over!

And we won't come back 'til it's over, over there.

Well, as there is no study hour to-night, I believe I shall retire although it's only 7:30p.m. I understand we do not get paid for three weeks; and as I have had several minor expenses such as shoe polish, brush, gun rags, map compass, laundry, etc., I am now down to \$.75. Although I don't absolutely need it, if you could rake up a dollar or so, I would feel that I could last thru until payday when I draw over a hundred seeds.

Well, I guess I'll turn in,
With lots of love,
Howdy

1917, September 16
Plattsburg, New York

Dear Reg,

Received your letter o.k., but have delayed answering, since Saturday and Sunday is practically the only chance I can write.

Went to the Y.M.C.A. tent this morning to hear the chaplain of the Princess Pat's Rifles which you remember was annihilated at Ypres; he talked an hour and gave the most interesting war talk I have ever heard.

This week's work has been much like that of the Harvard Corps. Next week we shall take up map sketching and road work; the schedule looks pretty easy. I have got quite a bit of practice with the grenades and can now and then hit the target. We do not go on to the range for a week or two

One of the New York companies has started a marching song composed by a member; perhaps you might be interested.

It's not the pack that you carry on your back,
Or the Springfield on your shoulder,
Nor the five inch crust of Clinton County dust,
That makes you feel your limbs are growing older.
It's not the hike on the long hard pike,
That wears away the smile.
Nor the sox of sister's that raise the blooming blisters,
It's the last long mile.

How is old high school coming. Do the teachers recognize their boss now? If the kids raise Hades, I'll send you a bayonet. Must fall in now for a mess, so will close.

With love,
Howdy

Plattsburgh, New York
September 20, 1917

Dear Dad,

I received your letter with money o.k. also a letter two days ago. The mazuma arrived at a very opportune time, as I was appointed instructor in topography and map sketching in our squad and I needed a stand. These jobs of instructor aid a man if he gets by with it; but I felt when appointed somewhat as I did last summer when undertaking to tutor in Latin. The captain assumed that being in the Harvard Corps I have this stuff cold but as a matter of fact I was ill when we had most of it. Nevertheless I have made an awful stab at it and believe the squad has an inkling of what it is all about, some of the other instructors have thicker men, so perhaps I'll come thru. You see we are responsible for the accomplishments wise and otherwise of our yokels. I hope they don't pull the bone that an artilleryman in the New York Regiment did; he defined a contour as an animal used in dry countries where horses were unavailable.

The ranks are beginning to thin slightly, as the physically unfit men succumb; our company has only lost five up to date, but some of the others have not been so fortunate. Also a lot are being weeded out because their nerves are not suited to the position of an officer, being too high strung.

I got the Enterprise o.k. with the church letters in it. Did I lay mine on too thick? I didn't realize I had shot such a line until I saw it in cold print.

(A whale of a tempest went kerwhooping down the lake last night (so they say) but one does not hear such things after 17 hrs. of work.) Speaking of the lake, I haven't been swimming yet, although the water is not over a hundred yards from the barracks. (The rain interfered with our mapping this afternoon, and just as I was patting myself at getting a half holiday, the Captain announced that instructors would spend the afternoon in over-seeing the squad while they worked out practical problems.)

(To-morrow, we are going to be sent out all day with a canteen of water and two sandwiches to stand between us and starvation. During that time we must make a road map (3 in.=1 mi.) and pass it in fully completed.) I'm afraid when they spot my effort they'll realize what a punk choice they made for instructor.

Well, I must beat it back to barracks now.

With lots of love,

Howdy

Plattsburgh, N.Y.
September 22, 1917

Dear Mam,

(Saturday afternoon and I am downtown trying to get away from militarism. The morning was spent in making a twelve inch map. Yesterday we made a three inch map of a road covering about fifteen miles, 'twas an all day job and we carried short packs with rations.) I got away with instructing all right, but gee! I'm glad it's over.

I bought three more pairs of sox of the quartermaster. He was selling good light woolen ones for 13¢ a pr. So did not think I better let the opportunity go by. He is also selling army shoes at \$2.87, but don't feel quite ready to get any. When pay day comes, I'm going to buy the place out. It's awful to have a potential hundred dollars.

(I intended to go to Saranac yesterday by motorcycle, but the darned fliverette is in the repair shop. On the whole I'm just as well satisfied; nothing is so appealing Sunday, as the old bunk with its blankets. Last Sunday was rainy and how blissful it was to hear the soft patter of rain, while one dozed under a comforter!

Nest week will be spent in swinging the anchor which being interpreted means digging, etc. The week after will probably be spent on the rifle range.

I'm glad you went over to Attleboro and saw that Reggie was established all right; It ought to be easy for her to drift home occasionally or for you to run out and see her.

Well, there doesn't seem to be anything else of importance so will close,

With lots of love,

Howdy

p.s. Tell Dad I'll write to Mr. Monjeau with apologies, etc. H.R.R.

Written on Hotel Witherill stationary, on Lake Champlain, Plattsburgh, N.Y.
Owned and operated by Wm. H. Howell

1917, September 23
Plattsburgh, New York

Hey Reg!

(deleted)

How goes it with you and the dear little children? Are they trying to raise h..... and do you promptly give it to them, or are they as meek as Moses! Mam said she was out to see you, and you couldn't sleep worth two darns. Neither can I, but it is from a quite different reason, namely Reveille at 5.30a.m.. Isn't that an ungodly hour for a self respecting cuss to crawl into the icy morning? I bet it would take three sergeants and a derrick to stir you at that hour. The nights are crisp and frosty, built just for a deep snooze, and I hope you can utilize them, now.

Most of the fellows went to a show last night, but I turned in early; before hitting the hay, I chewed the rag with a couple of men, also sticking around Barracks. These fellows were in the regular army, down to the Border, etc; before coming up here and some of their talk was pretty interesting. You know how coarse and rough, army men are supposed to be; well, one of the fellows said that while stationed at a certain fort, after a day of cursing and rough talk, he would be awake in his bunk listening to men sob and sniffle with homesickness. Just like a bunch of kids.

Things strike you like that when you are away. The other night at "Retreat", I had a similar experience. The day had been cold and cloudy, but we assembled on the parade ground as usual for the flag-lowering. All the companies were marched out and lined up. "Assembly" was blown. The command for "Present Arms" was given, and just as we reached the position, the clouds in the west lifted, and the warm red rays of the setting sun shot out and bathed the grounds in red, battalion after battalion stood rigidly at "Present". Then the national anthem boomed out, and the flag slowly dipped downward. For some unaccountable reason, a huge lump formed in my throat, which I repressed with difficulty. Other fellows have mentioned similar experiences, so guess I'm not alone.

Well, as I intend to run into church this morning I guess I'll close.

With lots of love,
Howdy

1917, September 28
Plattsburg, New York

Dear Reg,

Received your letter o.k. with green neck tie enclosed for which I am more than grateful. You see our mess is good, but we have only a certain time in which to eat, hence during this strenuous week of entrenching, I have found it very nice to supplement my dinners with a bowl of shredded wheat, or such like. Next week I am expecting a whole load of neckwear; in other words, I believe we are paid, hence will be independent.

I am looking over uniforms, as I intend to have one started soon. You see there will be a terrific rush when commissions are given out, and if I am among the numerous unlucky to be left out in the cold, I am under no obligation to take aforesaid apparel.

We had a "retreat" tonight before a movie camera. If you patronize this amusement you may see under the Pathe Weakly, EVENING RETREAT AT PLATTSBURG. Then look hard, for there are 2,499 others like me.

This week with all its digging has been the hardest by far. First call sounded this morning in a pattering of rain, which being interpreted mean NO DIGGING. Gee, we were sore. (Yes, we were). However, the captain made us go thru physical drills, musketry training exercises, and such other junk, so we didn't get such an awful vacation.

Well, mess call; the sweetest to my ears and I must trundle along.

With lots of love,
Howdy

Also enclosed is a return address torn from his sister's letter with an arrow pointing to Brockton and the comment "You didn't mention any young men teachers in Attleboro."

Plattsburgh, N.Y.
September 29, 1917

Dear Mam,

Another week gone! This last has been the hardest by far, because devoted entirely to entrenching. Next week is a cinch, being spent on the range; I hope to make a good score and have been practicing sightings conscientiously.

By the way before I forget it, we get paid in the near future and from time to time shall lay in odd items from the Quartermaster such as a blouse, breeches, etc. Now, if you have room at home, I would like to send them there as space is limited here. My idea is to swap a few things I don't want in clothing for others I do. E.G. I have four hats and I seldom wear but one. Hence if you can salt away a few items, I'll soon have a suit which will do very well for an officer's field work. Of course, I shall not start the process until you forward a certain War Dept. letter which will be coming in soon and needless to say, I want immediately.

I was corporal one day this last week, and the captain actually spoke to me. He said a loop-hole I had just competed looked like the devil. However, I got a merit the next day for loading a truck with lumber like the above mentioned celebrity. The awful uncertainty of wondering whether you are making good or not gets on ones nerves at times. You see things go on in the same strain whether you have a shiny rifle at inspection or fall down on the parade ground.

This last week on Thursday after returning from the trenches, the order came thru the barracks, "Formal retreat and inspection of arms". At once there was a great stir to get the pieces in a presentable shape, then we hurriedly fell in. Imagine my surprise and disgust to find I had left the gun bolt on my bed, and, I, a corporal in the front rank. I had visions of the secretary to the captain spending the next day in putting black marks beside my name but we marched to the parade ground; Of course our company had to be first in the battalion and there the major stood, eying the men hungrily, as if hoping (to my mind) that he might catch some sucker and bawl him out. The situation was considerably relieved when he announced that the last two companies would be inspected, the others drilled in the manual. To make it short, I got by, and when I re-entered barracks, you can bet I clapped that bolt in P.D.Q.

Well, I'm going to bed. It's only seven, but Saturday night comes but once a week and gee! I didn't think it would ever get here this week. Will write you what I do on the range next week.

With lots of love,
Howdy

p.s. Please send that W. DEPT letter as soon as possible, for I watch every mail now.
H.R.R.

Plattsburgh, New York
October 2, 1917

Dear Mam,

I got your letter to-day, and as I have the time, I can now answer it. The enclosed program shows that the service must have been quite impressive.

You say your Sunday School class is anxious to do something for the soldier boys. Have you analyzed their desires thoroly? Is it a desire to help some cuss or to gain an interesting correspondence tinged more or less by the romantic? As far as actual needs go, the Govt. makes it a point to give her officers, real and embryo, all the necessities of life. If a man gets \$.25 a week and subsistence, besides being able to buy things cheaply from a Quartermaster, it seems rather incongruous for a girl earning \$15 - \$20 to send the above mentioned gentleman sox, mittens, sweaters, etc. I'm afraid they have confused the trenches with an officers' camp. However, if they really want to spread a ray of sunshine, candy is the easiest way to do it. There seems to be an awful craving for sweets because of the strict plainness of the mess. If three or four boxes a week were sent continuously rather than a shower, it would make for the best. I could see to the distribution as well as thanking the sender. 'Nuff said.

The next questions or replies are important? facts.

1. My nose is O.K. Have not had a cold up here, which is remarkable.
2. Would you send me an account of my heavy underwear? I don't need them yet, but may before long and wish to know just what I have.
3. Has Dr. Whittemore, my Cambridge M.D. been paid? If not, write me and will see to it. Also has the Bursar of Harvard been paid his 40 seeds?

We haven't got our dough yet, but here's hoping. Don't worry about my squandering my salary; I have no intentions of blowing it all in; you should know me better than that. The sox I got are the best made; they retail at \$.75. The shoes I haven't got, but am going to get are six dollar affairs costing me \$2.81.

Last but not least an extract from a first aid lecture on "CARE OF TROOPS"

.....The first thing in the morning, men should drink a little H2O to stimulate their bowels. After breakfast they should walk, sit around, or busy themselves in light matters 10 or 15 minutes; they should then repair to the latrine (toilette).....

This sounds funny but is really important. Well, I haven't any more paper so must close.

With lots of love,

Howard

p.s Attend a one-hour religious service in Y.M.C.A. every Sunday A.M. Was that testament letter of mine too much bull? H.R.R.

Plattsburg, New York
October 5, 1917

Dear Mam,

I got your letter O.K. forwarded from Harvard. I would like to get the lectures (all of them) anyway (\$1.00) and if you feel that you can spare it the charts (\$1.50). You see we haven't been paid yet and I can't very well get them; however, I will remit when paid.

I got a letter (wedding invitation) from Aunt May "requesting your presents". Does that mean I have to shell out. If so, what will I get and how much must it be? If not, what kind of a letter shall I send?

We were scheduled to shoot this week, but the rain has prevented more than two days on the range. Then we used only guard ammunition (light powder charge) at 100 yds. Sights have to be set at 775 yds, so you can see the strength of the powder. I scored 43 in each position, which is fair, as the company average is 41. We will probably shoot this P.M. straight service shells and there I hope to make a better showing. I'm counting on lots of the fellows being gun shy when they first shoot, since guard ammunition gives almost no recoil.

Well, I snatched this time out before noon mess and must now close.

With lots of love,

Howdy

P.S. How did Dad hit the Civils?

P.S. Let me know about the wedding bells as soon as possible. I'll sit tight until then.

H.R.R.

October 6, 1917
Plattsburg, New York

Dear Reg,

How goes it? I was mighty glad to get your letter & know that things were running smoothly. But to (deleted) with "shop". Mam wrote and said you paid a welcome but unexpected visit home last week; gee: I have almost forgotten the meaning of the word. Verily, it wouldn't take much to lose me in Brockton now.

I've been on the range this week, but on account of rain could shoot but little. I shot enough to find that gun shyness (some noun) won't bother, so ought to have a little advantage. The company sports three blue eyes and some sore shoulders due to the "kick" of the blooming guns. We've been issued (gats). Colt automatics and I'm in love with them; great, blue pistols they are with a ferocious kick and a death dealing bullet. I can pump out five shots in half that number of seconds but sad to relate accuracy suffers.

I have been lucky with wagers this week. I won a quarter on a bet that I couldn't shoot 40 pts. standing; the score was 43. Another bet me a dinner I couldn't average my first day's shooting of 43. Now it happened that I was not very well (just a bit of indigestion) that day so took the bet readily. As luck would have it 43 has been my score all four days, so to-night I have a regular dinner at one of the churches in Plattsburgh.

We haven't got our dough yet, although we expected it any day this week. It will probably come this next week some time. Luckily my chum got a \$10 check this morning so we should worry.

What do you do for outside interest? It is awfully hard to get away from militarism for a few hours on Saturday or Sunday here. Do you patronize the movies, theatres, dances or what? The high school ought to have a dance now and then, or a play or some d---d thing.

Well, I must start furbishing up for my gastronomical exercise so will close.

With lots of love,
Howdy

Plattsburgh, New York
October 14, 1917

Dear Mam,

I got your letter o.k. but have not had any time to squeeze in a reply. That patriotic service must have been pretty impressive.

This week started out wonderfully; Monday was pay day and I now have \$120 salted away in the Y.M.C.A. vault. As to the sox, tell Dad that these are not heavy enuff for boots; you see they are nearly all wool and hence not very thick; for rubber boots they should be padded out with cotton. As to extra clothes I was going to get, I find that everybody has tried to do precisely the same thing, hence the Quartermaster has run short. Shoes went first and instead of \$2.81 I shall have to fork over six seeds.

I went to a church supper last night down in Plattsburgh. It set me back \$.75 but was some feed. Salad, coffee, rolls, pork, hamburger, mashed potato, corn and peach short cake. The church makes nothing on it and the supper represents the full value paid. Believe me, it is some change from the regular mess and I intend to make it a weekly event.

It has been colder than blue Moses the first part of the week; one ridge of the Green Mts. (Vermont) is snow capped. However, the rain has cleared away the cold and today is warm and balmy. Woolen uniforms have been issued us and we are now wearing them.

The weekly work was on the range using the rifle and automatic. I can use the rifle with consistent accuracy, being high man in our squad, but oh boy! What I don't know about the pistol. My average score is 49 out of a possible seventy. We shoot seven shots (the capacity of the magazine) at a target like this. (drawing of 10 concentric circles with a dark bulls eye in the center). The bull counts 10, the nearest ring 9, the next 8, etc. The tendency is to shoot low and all my shots are grouped near the 5 ring at 6 o' clock. Some fellows even tear up the ground in front of the target never touching the latter at all.

We had a heart and lung specialist examine us and he said our group (we were examined in groups of ten) were sound of wind and limb. This next week, a nerve specialist is going to give us the once-over, and that is where I'm afraid I lose out. You know my nerves have always been high strung, and the specialist may not think I'm of officer material because of them. However they stood up under a little strain Friday. We had a practice march thru "hostile" country armed to the teeth with blanks (we, not the country). As I was corporal that day, I had to lead a patrol thru a thick piece of woods; there we bumped into an enemy patrol and opened fire on them. Holy Cat! What a scrap we had. I burned four clips of cartridges and then the fight broke up into an argument as to who got killed. Inasmuch as we opened fire first, I think we won; the other patrol leader thought he was more favorably situated. One thing, when we get into real warfare, there will be no chance for such arguments.

That same day we had to cook our mess in the open. The field ration supplied was: a hunk of bacon, a potato, half an onion, coffee, sugar and hard tack. I took along an orange and egg purloined from the breakfast mess, the latter is fried, the former was an appetizer. It rained at noon and sort of delayed the game; but I chose a partner with previous campaign experience, and soon we were eating a mighty good little feed.

I expect a War Dept. letter any minute which I would like relayed at once. Got my pictures from Harvard yesterday, but the charges will not arrive until next week. How did Dad hit the exams?

Well I must be closing now, as it is getting on toward mess time.

With lots of love,

Howdy

p.s. Nix on night school this winter.

H..R.R.

p.s. If you need any money at all, an S.O.S. to Plattsburgh will be promptly answered up to 120 seeds.

p.s. More than half the time gone up here. Will be home in five weeks, if the specialist doesn't dish me this week.

H.R.R.

1917 October 15
Plattsburgh, New York
Co. 5, 17th Regiment

Dear Reg,

I intended to write yesterday, but slept all afternoon and retired early in the evening. In the morning I dropped over to the Y.M.C.A. to hear Dr. Knox, chaplain at Columbia. He was very interesting, telling telling of experiences while studying in Berlin.

Last week was spent on the range trying to ruin targets with Springfields and automatics. Those little colts are harder than the deuce to shoot where you want. This week will be devoted to fixing up our trenches and Friday we take up our habitation therein for a period of twenty-four hours. I'll bet sleep will be a negative quantity as there aren't enough dugouts to house all the men.

It has been colder than blue Moses, but now rain holds sway. One of the peaks in Vermont had snow on its crest for a couple of days. All kinds of rumors are drifting about concerning the close of camp, but one can place little credence in them; however, I do think the camp will close before November 25, as it will be impossible to manoeuvre when the snow arrives. This ought to be in about a month.

We got paid the first of the week and I now have 120 neckties stored in the Y.M.C.A. vault. It's a great feeling not to be broke; you understand.

Well school call will sound soon, and I must be getting my books together, so will close.

With love,
Howdy

Plattsburgh, New York
October 16, 1917

Dear Mam,

I got your letter o.k this morning and the pkge in the afternoon. Gee! it was some pkge. The cocoanut cakes are gone already, but the fudge and cake will hold the next two days. As we are out in the trenches and eat our noon mess there, I shall save the apples until to-morrow. I shall drop Aunt May a note or postcard as soon as the opportunity offers.

I have been assigned to a trench mortar during this week's tactics; this will be a bit more interesting than the ordinary grenading for which I was first slated. You see that we are going to stay all night in the trenches Thursday, and this work will keep us more than busy.

I will close now, since I snatched the moments in which to write from a study hour. The stamps were more than welcome. If Dad can get a couple of union suits part woolen at reduced prices, I think they would come in mighty handy, as it is going to be cold her soon. As to size, a 15 1/2 starched collar is the best I can offer.

With love,
Howdy

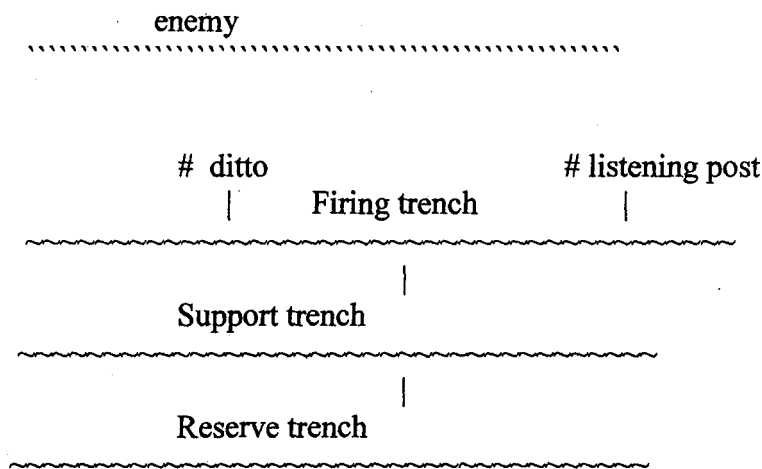
p.s. Thanks just as much for the ten seeds, but you know I got paid last week. H.R.R.

Plattsburgh, New York
October 20, 1917

Dear Dad,

I received your letter and underwear o.k. The latter arrived last evening, and I have not yet opened it, but will try them on to-night. Thanks ever so much; I had a hunch that cold would follow the rain, and sure enough this morning found the puddles on the street skimmed with ice.

We stayed out all night Thursday in the trenches. It was not half bad, no sleep, but also very little rain. The next night, the New York Regiment held them during an incessant downpour. I had command of a listening post, as I was a corporal. If this is not quite clear, I will try to make a diagram to give you an idea of what one is like.



You see they are nearest to enemy and give the alarm if a raid threatens. Three other men were with me. About 1:30A.M. when all the patrols were in, one of the men called my attention to a shadow darker than the others which seemed to move. We then waited until certain of it; then making dispositions to have an alarm given instantly if necessary, I took my pistol and crawled out toward the shadow. I succeeded in getting within a couple of yards undiscovered, then rising suddenly, leaped ahead and yelled, "Halt! or you're a dead man," at the same time covering with my gun. Then came a little squeak, "Friend. Friend." He knew the countersign, so I led him to our post and discovered he was part of a patrol that had got lost. He was still shaking with right, when he went away; this may seem strange, but when you are out there alone, on the qui vive for whatever may happen, it is not difficult to simulate reality. When the raid did come, we were attacked several rods away so our listening post was out of it.

When we came into camp the next morning I tapped Aunt May's cake and also discovered your candy enclosed and perhaps I did enjoy it. Our mess was rather uncertain in the trenches, and we were all nearly half-starved.

I was in Plattsburgh center last night at the Presbyterian dinner, and afterward dropped into a branch of Kuppenheimers. There I ordered a \$45 uniform which will be delivered in three weeks. This seems rather precipitate, no doubt, but at the end of camp there will be such a rush that it will be next to impossible to get anything decent. This is not a hasty act at all, as I have been inquiring into prices and qualities for several weeks. But I may not get a commission, did I hear you say? Right, but there will be very little trouble in getting rid of a uniform at the original price paid for it, when the men are certain of their jobs.

As to shooting, we are taking it up again this next week, the last week being devoted entirely to entrenchments. Our squad has wagered Presbyterian dinners with the third squad that our average will be higher than theirs at the end of the week. At present they lead us .02 points. Not much of a lead, so we are optimistic.

We have not been tested by the nerve expert so don't know where I stand. Although high strung, I believe my nerves are perfectly fit, I'm not worrying either way. From my experience in the trench the other night, I believe there are some men here who should devote their time to agriculture, you can bet that if I go home, 1/3 of the camp will accompany me.

Have been snapping my pistol all the morning to perfect myself in snap=shooting, but don't seem to make much progress. As to the police force you mentioned, I doubt if they have very heavy guns. These are .45 calibre and will knock a man down at 75 yds irrespective of where they hit him.

Well, I must beat it over to the Y.M.C.A. as service begins in five minutes. I hope the speaker is as good as last Sunday; he was a chaplain from Columbia and told us some of the experiences he had while studying in Berlin. Don't let Mam work too hard; hope you killed your Civil Service.

With lots of love,

Howdy

p.s. We have an aerial corps, one biplane.

H.R.R.

1917, October 21
Plattsburg, New York

Dear Reg,

As I have nothing else to do I will now write to you. Sounds complimentary doesn't it, but when you stop to think that I have very few such moments, you should feel duly honored. My chum is in charge of quarters today, so I am using the company typewriter to see if I have forgotten all I ever knew about such apparati. I'm afraid that you will think that I had better learn again when you see this awful attempt.

We spent our time last week in entrenching and then held the blooming things all day Thursday and all night. Fortunately there was but little rain; when the New York regiment took over the trenches the next night it rained to beat the deuce. It was bad enough with us but they must have had an unholy job. This next week is going to be spent on the range for which we are all grateful.


Today is a wonderful, clear day and Mount Mansfield across the lake shows up pretty well with its snowy peak. It is getting cold though, the puddles on the parade ground being skimmed with ice. In a few days I am afraid it is going to be uncomfortably cold. Well, I have plugged on this blooming Corona for half an hour and this is all I have written so had better close. Perhaps there will be more news next week.

With lots of love,
Howdy

Plattsburgh, New York
October 28, 1917

Dear Mam,

Another week done, and one of the easiest yet. We didn't do a thing the whole week but shoot on the range; Friday there was a field problem, but luckily I got shot among the first and had a vacation the rest of the morning.

Tell Dad that as a rifleman I'm a darned good grenadier. I shot 44 on a target like this . That wasn't so bad, but the next two days, they used a silhouette the size and shape of the bull's eye of this target, but a pea-green color. The result was, I only scored 40 at 100 yds and 15 at 200 yds. On the 200 yds I had the satisfaction of sending a bullet through the staff of the target breaking it off clean.

I am going over to Burlington this morning with a fellow. There is an excursion boat \$.75 round trip and it will be a good ride. We intend to eat at the Sherwood and return at 4:30. To-night I am going out to a feed at a private house with another fellow. Last night our squad dined down at the Presbyterian at the expense of the 3rd squad. (We trimmed them on the range.) So you see my tummy is kept in good condition.

The Adirondacks are now covered heavily with snow and look wonderful. The air here is yet warm comparatively and we enjoy every minute. Sunrise and sunset are inimitable in this place. Switzerland would have to go some to beat this place for scenery.

Well the fellow has come to start to the steamer and I must be going.

With lots of love,

Howdy

p.s. Underwear fits o.k. Apples were dandy. H.R.R.

1917, October 31
Plattsburg, New York

Dear Reg,

Hallowe'en, but a bit different from any I have before enjoyed. In other years, I remember hanging dead felines to people's front doors and similar antics; but tonight the first sergeant announces "Musketry training, #s 28 - 76; S.P.I. Problems eleven and twelve. Some Hallowe'en!

We have finished with our shooting and the total scores are all in. I tie a Spanish War veteran, twice my own age for nineteenth place in the company (125 men). Not too good, but some better than average.

My chum and I went over to Burlington, Sunday and spent the day, having dinner at the Sherwood. Some feed - turkey, duckling, chicken croquettes, etc. B - is not much of a town, but it seemed good to get away from Plattsburg and affaires militaries. We had to leave at 4.30p.m. so didn't go out to Fort Ethan Allen but we did see the U. of Vermont coming home on the boat, an old ge-hick pointed out a promontory on a certain island off which Benedict Arnold's ship was sunk. The lake looked just the same to me there though as anywhere else. Gee! these people like to holler about the history of the place.

Mam writes me that you and she each have a Govt. bond. Great stuff, you won't lose anything on that deal. Speaking of dough, do you know I am insured for \$4500 here? A fellow in the next squad to us was nearly killed last week by the accidental discharge of a rifle, so that set me to asking questions, whereby I learned about the insurance.

Since postage is going up Friday, I am hastening to get caught up with answering all my letters; are you doing the same? So is everybody else I guess.

Well, my chum hasn't any more paper, and I ought to be studying, so will close with love,
Howdy

Burlington, Vermont
November 3, 1917

Dear Mam,

I am writing this on shipboard, namely the Ticonderoga. My chum and I are on a trip to Burlington to spend Sat. evg. and Sunday and see if we can replenish our much depleted stock of sleep. Incidentally big eats will play their part; altogether the trip is figured at five seeds. Rather expensive but we will get paid next week, so are celebrating in advance.

To-day we were issued pea-jackets with fur collars and lining; they are pretty nice. Next week we will turn in our overcoats and the rumor is that they are to go to Camp Devens at Ayer.

We are all through with shooting and the final averages are all summed up. I am tied with a Spanish War veteran for nineteenth place in the company. Not so wonderful, but there are 124 men or so in the company, so I'm not last.

Halloween, the company had a little party during the hour following study in the evening. Among other events was a pie eating contest between an ex-actor (Keith Circuit) and myself, both famous for large appetites. Each had a big blue berry pie in front of him and was cautioned not to use his hands; the time was six minutes, and the winner would be the fellow with the least pie on his plate. Just to make it more interesting we put on bathing suits and went to it. -----(I won a box of Huyler's.)

I am still in doubt as to my chances for a commission. There are so many older men in reality all, that I am all at sea as to whether I shall win out or not. However, I am going on the basis that it is coming to me.

We had a little touch of snow to-day, just a flurry which melted on landing, but I'm afraid it's a fore runner of a blizzard. I understand that when they do have snow here it is no joke. Judging from rain storms I guess they are right.

General Johnson of the North East Dept. visited the camp Friday. We had a whale of a time, shooting rifle grenades, rockets, trench mortars, and machine guns. We also showed him our trench formations for attack to make it more realistic, bombs were exploded over head whereupon we knelt. You can bet it comes natural at that time too.

I am in great health and no sign of a cold, although other men have them and the weather has been right for the pests. I guess the Doc did a good job with his cutlery. My watch keeps good time, and stands up under the vigorous work. Whether the aforementioned work is letting up, or we are getting hardened to it, I don't know, but it seems pretty easy now.

Well, Mam, I guess that is all so will now close.

With lots of love,
Howdy

p.s. Bought a regulation trunk setting me back nine bones. H.R.R.

Plattsburgh, New York

November 8, 1917

Dear Mam,

I got your box O.K. and it was mighty good. Somehow I find myself the most popular man in the platoon (I wonder why). Would suggest though that bananas be left off the menu, as they ripen quite rapidly in a box; there were enough to feed the squad, though. I'll try to get a card to Miss Brown.

What did Aunt May think of that letter I sent? Holly Cat! I never attempted one like that before, so was bogged without a compass. I hope she was charitable and accepted it in the spirit it was sent.

You ask about colds, etc. I have just got over my first one. You see, we had a hike and combat Friday and it was awfully cold. Moreover, it had rained the whole week and the swamps were sure full of water; nearly everyone had a cold and the hospital had a hundred men Sunday. Such is life.

The camp closes around the 26th, so I'll be kiking in a little before Thanksgiving.

Instead of bayonet drill, we now stab dummies. Yesterday, I got the point in all right, but it stuck in withdrawing, so I gave it an energetic pull with such success I pulled the dummy away from the man guiding it, and the imaginary Hun kissed me. (I have a slightly discolored eye, also).

I got a pair of wristers from my girl in Cambridge, which I keep on my shelf as a token. I can't get used to the feel of them on, so never wear them; they make me feel effeminate as the dickens.

Well, I must beat it to study hour, as I have snatched these minutes from the rest period following mess.

With lots of love,
Howdy

Plattsburg, New York
November 15, 1917

Dear Dad,

Letter arrived O.K. Thanks very much for the expeditious way you handled it. It means this – if recommended by this camp, I shall be a 2nd lieut. Reserve assigned to the Regular Army and when a vacancy occurs in the latter shall then be a regular 2nd lieut. It also means I won't be home over two weeks, before I get shipped off to some blooming fort or other.

Shirt hasn't arrived yet. I guess that's all. Everything O.K.

Have reserved a berth on the 7.15 P.M. train leaving Plattsburg Monday Nov. 26. Will reach home probably some time Tuesday morning. May run out to Cambridge a few minutes to see the fellows and the girl.

Well I must be beating it now.

With lots of love,
Howdy

Plattsburg, New York
November 17, 1917

Dear Mam,

I got the shirt and fruit O.K. Bananas didn't survive the trip, but the apples were great. This next week will be a grand blowout by the kitchen, for they know where they stand now and can deal it all out, so I can get along all right.

We have had a very interesting week watching operations of artillery, machine guns, and Lewis guns. The instructor said I was a good shot with the latter, but the machine gun was hot and smoke from the oil blurred up the sights so I couldn't hit much. We were shooting at a target in the lake.

To-morrow if weather permits I am going to Ausable Chasm, as I don't figure on being up in this vicinity again. I will be assigned to the regular Army (if at all) so will probably be in Syracuse or some other camp.

An automatic costs \$22 and as they are issued to officers I don't count on buying one, since I can get practice with my next outfit. It really jams too much to be reliable, so that if I bought a gun, it would be a revolver of some sort.

There is a wave of "pink-eye" going thru the camp, but as our barracks are slightly isolated, we have so far been immune. The records for commissions have gone into the commander, so it wouldn't be serious to spend a couple of days in the Infirmary. To tell the truth, I'd like to catch it.

My ticket home reads Nov. 26, so I'll arrive sometime Tuesday morning. The train will be about two hours or more late, although it should arrive in Boston at 8:00A.M. Believe me, a sleep in the feathers with no reveille or sergeant's whistle seems just like Heaven. I shall probably be able to stay at home until Dec. 15, although that is for Uncle Sammy to say.

Unless something of importance comes up. I shall not write again, but wait to see you in a week.

With lots of love,
Howdy

Plattsburgh, New York
November 24, 1917

Dear Mam,

Although not notified officially, a friend of mine has slipped it to me that I am a 2nd lieutenant. U.S.R. assigned to a Regular Army unit. We are to be sworn in to-morrow and will not know definitely until then. Keep this quiet, as they dislike to have leaks.

I am writing this down town as you see, and intend to stay here all night, as I have a room leased with my Bunkie.

Will arrive home sometime Tuesday.

As to thanksgiving, I wouldn't lay myself out. Nix on a bird. Would a fair cut of steak be a good suggestion? That reminds me I am eating at the Methodist church to-
A night, and hope it is as good as the Presbyterian.

Well, Mam until Tuesday, be good.

With lots of love,
Howdy



THE SECOND LIEUTENANTS

The second lieutenants! I sing
their fame
For out of the baseball fields they
came
To play their part in a stiffer
game.

They were smooth of cheek and
were keen of eye;
They were boys at school till they
heard the cry
Of a nation calling for men to die.

Some of them made us smile, per-
haps,
At the pride they took in their
shoulder straps,
As they lorded it over the other
chaps.

And we laughed at them in their
army suits,
Pompously drilling the raw re-
cruits,
Insisting on regular, stiff salutes.

But over there where the hate was
red
And the cannons barked and the
blood was shed,
The second lieutenants the charges
led.

I can see them now in the dawn's
pale glow
Cheering their men in the trench
below
As they wait the hour that is set
to go.

As they leap the top and the fight
begins
Nobody jeers at them now or grins.
God has forgiven them all their
sins.

Nobody sneers at their boyish
pride,
Nobody smiles at their manly
stride,
The jests are lost in the way they
died.

The second lieutenants! I sing
their fame
As boys from the baseball fields
they came
To play their part in a stiffer
game.

God grant them glory and peace, I
pray,
For the poppies bloom where they
sleep today—
The second lieutenants who led
the way!

1918, January 20
Camp Greene
Charlotte, N.C.
(The Stonewall Hotel)

Dear Reg,

Received 25 seeds from home for which I am more than grateful. Have not heard from my mileage voucher yet, so felt rather lost.

I am staying downtown to-night (Sat) to get one good night's sleep out of the week. Our camps are comfortable, but there is usually too much doing to get to bed early or sleep late in the morning.

Before I forget it let me ask for the name of Miss Myra Bridgeman, as I have forgotten how to spell it. I received a sweater and wristers from Aunt Louise to-day. Your helmet proved itself a life-saver on some of the frigid nights we have had. Some mornings, we omit washing because the water pail is solid. Scientists say absolute zero has never been reached, but they never visited N.C.

Confidential – I don't believe we are going over for quite a long while yet, but it's hard telling. I'll let you know when we do, but can not impress you too strongly with the need of keeping absolute secrecy, as a leak would be able to cause disaster to thousands of soldiers.

Our mess is great, and will cost about \$35 for the month, I believe, but that is chargeable. The officers are a fine lot and I meet new ones every day.

You remember how we used to speak about collecting salutes. Well! You should be downtown where every fourth person is a civilian, the rest soldiers. It is like a physical exercise, and I find it next to impossible to walk more than three or four blocks without stopping somewhere to rest my arm.

I stopped off at Trenton & saw my female friend at church: but Petry was at Lafayette.

Well, I guess I'll turn in now, as I have written to everybody and their grandmother. Has your High School orchestra given any more concerts? Did anybody pipe the Senior's Dairy?

With lots of love,
Howdy

1918, January 26
Camp Greene
Charlotte, N.C.

Dear Reg,

Received your letter o.k. Did not see anything therein concerning Miss Bridgeham's name, but imagine it was pretty easy to forget about it.

The camp is isolated, because of meningitis in Charlotte. In order to enter the town, a pass must be procured and only on official business. Fortunately, they let officers drift down for two hours to get a bath; this is considered a necessity.

I just got a sweater, muffler, wristers, and two pairs of extremely heavy socks from Mam. Believe me, but they looked good; there isn't a thing in the world that I need now not even money for I got my traveling money (\$57.75) this afternoon.

A regimental order makes us attend Reveille (6.20A.M.) and it is some sport to wander out in the starlight and listen to a d-----d bugle blow. Reminds me of Pop "Ain't this fun getting up at two o'clock in the morning." The work is stiff, but not so bad as Plattsburg and a great deal more interesting.

My first impression of mud has not faded. The roads are all gummed up and the camp is covered with it. Just after a particularly juicy hike, I got one of Mam's letters with an injunction "Don't let your feet get wet."

Our tour of guard duty seems to bring bad weather. The first night was a tornado and the last time a hail and sleet storm. I hope our next tour (Thursday) will change our luck.

Well, I guess that closes the week's news. Tell me how the English is going, also if anybody spotted the Dairy.

With lots of love,
Howdy

Jan.26, '18
Comp. D
59th Inf.
Camp Greene

Dear Mam,

Your bundle just arrived and believe me its contents looked good as the weather is as capricious as that of New England. At present it is thawing, but to-morrow is apt to be zero or better.

Everything has been going about so-so. I stood my first RETREAT last night and got away with it O.K. The colonel has issued a lousy order which forces us to attend Reveille at 6.20AM. This knocks just an hour off our beauty sleep, but I guess we'll get used to it.

My men for the most part are energetic and conscientious. I wouldn't ask for any better soldiers; they like me and as I said before nicknamed me the "Big Six". I have had to punish a couple, but I did it promptly and impersonally so that it appeared like a natural sequence.

Charlotte has five or six cases of meningitis and have closed their churches, theaters and all such public meeting places. The camp is also quarantined, so that no man can go to town without a pass on official business. Officers may go for not over two hours. I have just returned from taking a bath. A bath is considered official business for an officer.

I have got some company blankets and I bought a comforter, so I sleep mighty comfortable, but not half enough. I bought a nitrogen bulb which makes the tent look pretty cheery. Altogether I think we are fixed up very well. One of my bunkies was a bond broker and accustomed to all the little conveniences, and he just can't get acclimated.

As to my finances, I just got my traveling expenses which amounted to \$57.75. When I get to town again, I will ship you back \$25 which you let me have, as I am now on my own feet. Reg mentioned that she might send me something but tell her I'm O.K.

I didn't see Petry in Trenton, but met Miss Chapman at church with her grandmother. It was terrifically slippery the day I left, and everybody was falling down. I took one toss, and got pretty well sawdusted up. Our train suffered an accident and reached Washington hours late. I secured a berth on the next Charlotte bound train and continued my much interrupted trip. While waiting in the Washington station, I called up Marion Mac-Snow and shot the bull for a few minutes.

Well, I can't think of any more dope so will close.

With lots of love,

Howdy

Comp D, 59th Inf.,
Camp Greene,
Charlotte, NC
Feb. 2, '18

Dear Mam,

All well along the Potomac, or rather Catawba, as that is the nearest stream. It has rained incessantly the whole week, and the ground muddy before is now well nigh impassable. We had a tour of guard duty Friday and I wish you could have seen me inspecting the sentinels at 2.00A.M. A heavy rain and 12 inch mud was the program.

I have carved my whiskers as 2nd lieuts. don't wear them. I am also quite a bit heavier so now you would scarcely know me.

I got in Dutch this P.M. Our electric light got on the blink and, trying to fix it, blew the fuse. Now it happens the colonel's light is on our fuse box, so you may bet I scoured around to get a fuse in before the "old man" returned from mess. I was successful, and he will never know how near he came to losing his light.

I am returning the 25 seeds you let me have for reserve, as I got my pay check. My mess bill was only \$28 for the month so my finances are O.K. A word about the mess, as I don't believe I have mentioned it before. All the officers dine together, and the mess is at cost. Meat is served twice a day and is usually pork, beef, or croquettes. Potatoes, beans, spinach, etc. accompany the meat. Breakfast menu is: orange or apple, cereal, eggs or pancakes & bacon, coffee, etc. I feel no qualms about using all the sugar, butter and white bread I want, because I feel it is coming to me.

One of my bunkies, a 1st lieut. is a fish out of water. Not to disparage him at all, for he is a mighty nice fellow, but he was a bond broker and this life gets him bad. Moreover he is married and with his wife in Charlotte, he finds it impossible to put his mind on to real work. If he has said it once, he has said a thousand times, "Randy, I wish to hell I was out of the Army." It really is funny sometimes when everything is swimming along comfortably to hear him complain about some petty thing like smoke in the tent or mud on the floor.

As to our ocean trip, I can't see any signs, of it at all; months and months yet before I get seasick.

Well, I must close now. Hope Dad is having less trouble with the furnaces.

With lots of love,

Howdy

p.s. Recd dandy box of candy from Mildred P. and Mabel H. H.R.R.

1918, February 4
Camp Greene
Charlotte, N.C.

Dear Reg,

I got your welcome letter o.k. I wonder what kind of weather you are getting in Attleboro; this week has been incessant rain here and not much like the "Sunny South" of which you hear so much about. (As you are Lord High English expert, I guess I won't insert too many prepositions.)

I have the company in wig-wag and believe me, Catiline, they learn slowly. It is exasperating to tell a man that -o.- is "x" and ask him what some other letter is and get -..-. However, I bear with them patiently and will soon have them receiving, I hope.

I got a box of candy from Mildred Packard and one from Mabel H. and they were mighty good. Mildred also wrote a very breezy letter. I like to met mail here, but hate to write so what am I going to do? I have an orderly who makes beds, fires, etc. and so if you hear of any of our friends getting letters in Italian, you'll know I've added to the Wop's burdens. Probably the letters will be as readable as any I write considering my penmanship.

Our camp is still in quarantine, but it will be taken off next Friday. Charlotte, "the metropolis of the Carolinas" is a pretty poky town anyway, so we don't miss it much. The condition of the roads makes it such that little traffic is possible, so we will probably be pretty well isolated for a month.

Well, I guess I will hit the hay, so aufwiedersehn.

With love,
Howdy

Company D, 59th Inf.
Charlotte, N.C.
Feb. 24 '18

Dear Mam,

I got your letter Wed but have seen no signs of the "sweeties" to which Reggie refers; they will be along by to-morrow I guess. Miss Ballou also mentioned some cakes on the way, but they, too, are in the parcel post.

I was mighty sorry to hear Dr. Bishop was leaving as I considered him one of our best ministers. I hope the next "minnie" will be half as good.

Did the C.Es have a good time in Uncle Orvis's cottage, Friday? Our company went on guard that day, and being commander of the guard, I spent my holiday instilling the prisoners with a foretaste of Gehenna.

The quarantine has lifted from the camp, but the roads are nearly impassable, and it is very difficult to get to town. Perhaps I'll take a chance on breaking a camera later.

I went horseback riding last Sunday and was paralyzed the next two days. I went again Wed., Friday, and yesterday, and am going out with some medicos this afternoon. By the way there's a dentist, Dr. Crow, from Holbrook sits at our table; it is he that is my teacher of equitation.

Tell Dad that shaving soap, tooth paste, and all the comforts of home are procurable in the "metropolis of the Carolinas". I am receiving the Harvard Alumni Bulletin as I perhaps mentioned previously; I see in it that some of my classmates are in aviation. In my Harvard Red Book will you write beside the following names, the accompanying dates & places?

W.S. Ely Jan 2, '18 France

Roderick Kennedy Sept.11,'17, Fort Sill, Okla.

W.H. Meeker Sept.11,'17, Pau, France

No, there is little that my platoon needs; they seem pretty happy, and I don't like to coddle them too much. We have been patrolling quite a bit this last week and they take to it like ducks to water. On one reconnaissance, we were going down a ravine and much to their amusement, I got stuck in the mud and had to be pulled out.

There has been a few cases of mumps in camp but our regiment seems to be immune. I'm glad I've had the blooming stuff once.

We haven't the slightest idea when we go across; all kinds of rumors float around, but they are of the lt. variety. For a guess, I should say in four or five months or the latter part of the summer.

Well, I guess that is all the dope this week so will take a stroll.

With lots of love,

Howdy

p.s Enclosed you will find receipt for premiums (December and January) on life insurance. I'll take care of the others by having them entered on my pay checks. Hang on to them like grim death to a dead nigger, as the insurance is in your name and you ought to be getting the policy one of these days.

H.R.R.

p.s. Nix on anything for my birthday, as I am well supplied. H.R.R.

1918, February 25 be
Camp Greene, N.C.
Co. D. 59th Infantry

Dear Reg,

Not having anything special to do for a wonder, I will take my company typewriter in hand and dash off a line to my beloved sister. Your long expected "sweetsies" have not yet arrived, but this is nothing startling with parcel post pkgs in this outfit.

I have been learning to ride au cheval and have been so lame that it was torture to walk. I am getting over that now but yesterday I got a new thrill. Passing a farmhouse, my horse was set upon by a dog and instead of sticking to the road the blooming animal shot to one side. You would have died laughing to see me whizzing over a cotton field with absolutely no control over my noble steed and expecting momentarily to be deposited on my right ear. Later a flivver scared him and he ran up into a door yard; my companion tells me that nobody is an expert until they have been thrown. If that's the case something tells me that I am going to be an expert before very long.

Everything is going hunky-dory. Weather is warm and balmy work is just about right and life flows along like a song. Yesterday we rode out to see the Catawba River and it is little more than a brook; just about the same as the Taunton, but much muddier. By the way the mud around here is not human, but is a brick red color. The company has got a little white dog for a mascot and he is a regular chameleon, changes color with the weather.

I forget whether I said anything about dining cars as I promised. Just go into any restaurant, double the prices, spill your coffee into your saucer, and presto you have all the local color of the diner. Oh yes, be sure to have a gentleman of color as a waiter.

Did Miss Bridgham mention the fact that I wrote her thanking her for her sweater? I gave it to my Bunkie to mail and he may still be lugging it. My other (the gloom) has been transferred to a machine gun outfit and you can bet that I am as glad as he is.

Well I guess that is all the social events of Camp Greene this week so will take a little furlough.

With lots of love,
Howdy

Comp.D, 59th Inf.
Camp Greene
Charlotte, N.C.
March 3, '18

Dear Mam,

I have received a sudden shift. Life was rumbling along in the same old rut this morning at 11 A.M. when a special order overtook me directing me to report to the detention camp for duty. This camp is where the incoming recruits are held for a couple of weeks to see whether they develop anything or not. So 3.P.M. finds me with all my effects in a tent far removed from the 59th. It shows how mobile a man get after awhile.

-- 6.30 P.M. -----
- ? !! * blankety X bang !

Do you know what's happened? They have made me mess officer of the whole darned det. Camp, because I had that job in the company. I can see right now there's going to be fun, as there are over 500 men in the outfit and I am responsible that the whole caboodle including officers are fed. Beef stew and hash will be their rations for some time to come. By the way, if you don't hear from me for a couple of weeks don't get nervous, as the other mess officer whom I relieve says he hasn't written home in almost a month.

Mail will be addressed as before and resent here. You see I may not stay long so am making no permanent changes. My company is carrying me on Special Duty.

Well, I guess that is all so will close. Please write to Reggie and tell her I enjoyed the cakes also "Aunt" Blueys.

With lots of love,
Howdy

MEMO:

To Lieut, Randall.

1. It is requested that the mess Officer together with the mess Sergeant daily make count of the number of barrels of dry and wet garbage set out for the garbage platform at the Incinerators and that a daily report of each be submitted to the Commanding Officer,

2. It is requested that all slices of bread be cut diagonally and placed upon plates with 2 columns of triangular slices to the plate.

3. It is requested that the mess Officer purchases from available Canteen funds, necessary plates to carry out the request of paragraph 2.

4. It is requested that a Non-Commissioned Officer or Private detailed by the mess officer to supervise the handling of the garbage G.I. cans, be specially instructed, to at all times see that the covers of these cans are closely fitted to the cans.

5. It is requested that the Sergeant in charge of the garbage G.I. cans be instructed to promptly advise the mess Officer when upon the return of the cans from the Camp Greene garbage platform the cans come back without covers.

6. It is requested that the mess Officer instruct the Sergeant in charge of the G.I. cans to be at his post at the time when teams regularly arrive to haul the garbage from the mess hall stands.

7. It is requested that the mess Officer secure from the Company Commanders as required a detail under a Non-Commissioned Officer to take charge of the Incinerators used for the evaporation of wet garbage from the kitchens.

8. It is requested that the mess Officer supervise the work of the Incinerator detail with a view to prevent the spilling of garbage about the Incinerators and the burning of Incinerator pans through failure of their being supplied with wet garbage while a fire is kept under them.

9. It is requested that the fats rising to the surface of the Incinerator pans upon boiling off the wet garbage be skimmed off from time to time, and placed in Containers, with a view towards their conservation for subsequent economic use.

10. It is requested that the mess Officer save all wood ashes that accumulate in Incinerators so that the valuable potash they contain may be subsequently used for fertilizer or for Sanitary purposes.

11. It is requested that an oven specially constructed for boiling water for the rinsing of previously washed mess kits, shall be kept in practical daily use and be used by not to exceed 250 men at any one meal.

12. It is requested that the mess Officer require that all bread used in the mess halls be received and contained in clean bread sacks.

To Lieut, Randall.

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12. It is requested that the mess Officer require that all bread used in the mess halls be received and contained in clean bread sacks.

13. It is requested that the mess Officer daily inspect pans used in the kitchen and require that same be always kept in a clean and sanitary condition.

Sheet # 2. Continued.

14. It is requested that not less than 2 deep cans of boiling water be set out before each mess hall for the cleaning of each 250 mess kits and that hot water should be always available to replenish these cleaning cans when they have become unfit for washing.

15. It is requested that the stands upon which the mess kit cleaning cans are placed, be moved from their position once every day and that the ground about the stand be thoroughly raked and policed, and that once a week oiled straw be burned over the area that has been used for the setting up of mess kit cleaner stands.

16. It is requested that the mess Officer require the Kitchen Police engaged peeling potatoes and other work to always keep their refuse neatly stored.

17. It is requested that the full allotment of ice permitted under Contract, be daily stored in the Ice Chests in the several mess kitchens.

18. It is requested that Menues be prepared each day by the mess Officer in conference with the mess Sergeant and that these be daily submitted to the Detention Camp Surgeon for approval.

19. It is requested that the mess Officer arrange with the Company Commanders to have a sufficient detail of K.P. regularly listed for duty.


20. It is requested that the mess Officer arrange with the Company Commanders, to have a sufficient detail regularly listed for duty in cutting wood for the cooks.

21. It is requested that wood for the Incinerators be cut in two feet lengths and that the piles of wood at all times be neatly piled and that liquid slop be poured directly in the trail space next the chimney and be evaporated from there as far as practicable.

22. It is requested that the mess Officer insist upon the firing detail keeping the boiling rinsing pan on the Incinerator full of boiling water.

23. It is requested that the Mess Officer report to the Commanding Officer any occasion when any group of men march other than in an orderly and soldierly manner to the mess halls for meals, the several Company Commanders will be responsible for the conduct of the men marching from the Company streets to the mess halls.

24. It is requested that the mess Officer personally make daily inspection of the meals while being served in the mess halls.


1st Lieut 39th Infantry.
Commanding Officer.

Detention Camp
Camp Greene
Charlotte, N.C.
March 11, 1918

Dear Mam,

I received your letter and box o.k.. As to the latter, I couldn't help from opening it, but I will only open one box at a time. I have started on a box of fudge which is mighty good. Tried on Miss Donaldson's socks and they fitted o.k. If you will give me her address, I will try to get in a letter to her. Tell Dad that the toilet case is o.k., and the vest was mighty comfortable during the cold spell.

I wrote a little on the job I connected with last Sunday but gave few details. After a week of it I guess I can say a little more. It is this: I am responsible for the feeding of the men in our detention camp, the ordering of the stuff, payment of bills, etc. and I can't run over .4253 per man per day. Some proposition. I have only been to Charlotte once this week and that was to settle some bills; every minute has been taken up. It would make you smile to see me writing checks for hundreds of dollars when I have hardly a nickel to my own name. Friday I scribbled one to the Camp Quartermaster for over three thousand dollars. If the camp were a permanent affair, the work would be simple, but last Sunday when I took over the books the men attached for rations numbered 505; While today's morning report showed 937 (some jump). This mess officer's job is a combination of cook, sergeant, bookkeeper, kitchen police and truck man, as those are the departments under my control. The camp commander is dandy, though and backs me up in all I do. He has even consented to give me an orderly to save running around. In one class, a shave-tail with an orderly. The adjutant is a second lieut. also, but is rather piqued because he is used more for an orderly than anything else. Although my job is hard and has more responsibility than I care for, there is no dependency in it.

I hate to write all about this job, but that's the only thing I've been doing this week. As I expect to be here for some time, kindly address my letters as in the heading until further notice. If you will write Reg for me, I shall be much obliged as I haven't time to get a letter off to her.

Well, I can't think of any other dope. As soon as I get a couple of more cooks and another mess sergeant, I will have time to write more.

With lots of love,

Howdy

P.S. No chance for France this spring.

H.R.R.

P.S. Weather is great although thunder storms are frequent. H.R.R.

Detention Camp,
Camp Greene
Charlotte, N.C.
March 16, 1918

Dear Mam,

I received your box o.k. and it has now entered the army via your 22yr. old's mouth. It was certainly great, and the stationery came just as I was contemplating putting in a stock. Just what I wanted. Reg also sent me a box of candy and the 13th was celebrated as never before. My one Bunkie, Lt. Williams, wished I'd have another birthday, he said, my folks were so good to me.

My work is much easier now, although the camp has grown to a total of 1361. All I do is sit at my table and dash off notes just like a general (general nuisance I guess) The men speak well of the mess, and I am keeping the cost down. The commander as I said is hand in glove with me; he has now given me the use of the motorcycle side car which I take to go to town in adjusting small affairs. This is more frequent that you would at first believe.

I am sending a B.D.P. which is for both you and Dad. It will arrive by express and will look well in the parlor or sitting room I believe. Kindly let me know when it arrives.

Well, I must run down town now and spot a bill which was overcharged yesterday.

With lots of love,
Howdy

1918, March 20
Detention Camp
Camp Greene, N.C.

Dear Reg,

I received your candy o.k. and it was mighty good. My Bunkie, Lt. Williams, also enjoyed it I guess, since I had to conceal it. I haven't had much of a chance to write on account of the exactions of my new job.

These are not so great now that I know all the quirks. The camp is made up of men who have been in contact with contagious diseases; they remain here a certain period and if nothing develops are sent back to their outfits.

My job is to feed them; that would be easy if you could count on a definite number, but just look at this little copy from my morning reports.

<u>Date</u>	<u>Attached for rations</u>
March 4 (when I came in)	505
" 9	837
" 14	1298
" 15	1361
" 20 (to-day)	1106

Not only that, but I must keep the expense down to \$.4253 per day per man. No wonder I lost flesh the first couple of weeks; but now it's all different. I dismissed the mess sergeant, sent two cooks back to their outfits, and started things my own way. I have a man in each department cooking, removal garbage, procuring of commissaries, etc. - responsible, and if things go wrong land on him. The camp commander gave me an orderly so when an order comes in now, all I have to do is copy it and send it over my signature to the man concerned.

However, about five times a day, a sergeant comes dashing wildly in with some urgent trouble. To-day our supply wagons didn't come, and we had to bustle around in great style, and so it goes. I am required to attend every meal, overseeing the dishing out of food, etc. I also sample it to see if it is palatable. As there are four mess halls you can readily see that this is work to my liking. After the mess, I go up to the Officers' Mess and have my regular meal, so I am rapidly replacing the flesh lost the first two weeks. It is raining to-day and that means no food can be gotten in town, so bread and slum (stew) will be our menu to-morrow.

I got your Blue Owl and noticed the Seniors had discarded the Dairy. The stories were mighty good, and some of the "Hoots" looked as if they were well barbed.

Well, mess call will blow soon and I must hurry over to start some sampling.

With love,
Howdy

Detention Camp
Camp Greene
Charlotte, N.C.
March 25, 1918

Dear Mam,

This may not hit your birthday, but I am aiming it to the best of my calculations. Congratulations. I hope it may be a happy day, and that you will celebrate many more such anniversaries.

As I mentioned before, I am sending you and Dad a consolidated B.D.P. which may arrive near the 28th, but on account of express conditions probably won't show up until your next birthday.

Enclosed is a check which I want you to use solely on the B.D.P. You will understand when it arrives, but in the meantime, hang on to this like grim death to a dead nigger.

I only wish I were home in order to give you a kiss for each year, but I'll hold them until next year.

Well, I must fix up my books (the end of the month is exceptionally busy on account of having to settle up all accounts.)

With lots of love,
Howdy

Company D, 59th Infantry
Camp Greene
Charlotte, N.C.
3-29-1918

Dear Mam,

I got your letter and candy o.k.; both were very sweet. Today is Wednesday and should be a half holiday but inasmuch as one officer has to be on with the company all the time of course it was my luck to get today. However I am very populr with the company now as I am the only officer around to give them passes to Charlotte.

Enclosed you will find a copy of my policy and it would be well to salt it away with the receipts I sent. If you ever have cause to use it, address

Treasury Dept.
Bureau of War Risk Insurance
Wash., D.C.

and refer in your letter to #245,461 which I imagine is the file number of the policy. I have also written the number at the top of the policy copy. Hang on to the receipts, however.

If this letter runs up hill, don't blame me as ever and anon I have to take it off the machine and write a pass. This machin is company property and I have taken possession of it this afternoon.

No, we are in the field now and cards are not used. I dropped in the other day to see our Colonel and he was very pleasant. Confoundit, he learned my name though and found out I was mess officer, so if anything goes wrong now, he will know right where to go. There is nothing I need; soap and all toilet accessories are accessible in the flourishing town of Charlotte.

Where is the property you intend to look over with intentions of buying? I would be careful not to take a bigger chew than I could swallow, but I guess we have learned that now. Tell me all about it as it interests me very much.

Well, I guess that is all I have to murmur sowill close. Hope you can read this.

With lots of love,
Howdy



LOCAL BOARD FOR *Div. 2*
BROCKTON MASS.

This Certifies that *Howard R. Randall*

Order No. *1487*, Serial No. *3118*, has been finally

classified and recorded in Class

Gas. In. I. 5

FORM 1087.—PMGO
(See Sec. 110, S. S. R.)

Member of Local Board.
3-5121

WAR DEPARTMENT
OFFICIAL BUSINESS

PENALTY
FOR PRIVATE USE \$300.

PUT BOARD STAMP BELOW

Howard R. Randall
26 Somerset St.

BROCKTON MASS.

APPLICATION FOR INSURANCE

My full name is Howard Ridgeway Randall
(Given) (Middle) (Last name)
 Home address 26 Somerset Place Brockton Mass.
(No. and street or rural route) (City, town, or post office) (State)
 Date of birth March 13th 1896 Age 22
(Month) (Day) (Year) (Nearest birthday)
 Date of last enlistment or entry into active service August 25th 1917
 Present Rank: Candidate Present Station, Plattsburg Barracks, New York

I hereby apply for insurance in the sum of \$ 10,000 payable as provided in the Act of Congress approved October 6, 1917, to myself during permanent total disability and from and after my death to the following persons in the following amounts:

RELATIONSHIP TO ME	NAME OF BENEFICIARY <small>(Given) (Middle) (Last name)</small>	POST OFFICE ADDRESS <small>(a) No. and street or rural route (b) City, town, or post office and State</small>	AMOUNT OF INSURANCE FOR EACH BENEFICIARY <small>(In multiples of \$500 only)</small>
Mother	Louie Hannah Randall	(a) 26 Somerset Place (b) Brockton, Mass	\$ 10,000
		(a) _____ (b) _____	
		(a) _____ (b) _____	
		(a) _____ (b) _____	
		(a) _____ (b) _____	
		(a) _____ (b) _____	

In case any beneficiary die or become disqualified after becoming entitled to an installment but before receiving all installments, the remaining installments are to be paid to such person or persons within the permitted class of beneficiaries as may be designated in my last will and testament, or in the absence of such will, as would under the laws of my place of residence be entitled to my personal property in case of intestacy.

I authorize the necessary monthly deduction from my pay, or if insufficient, from any deposit with the United States, in payment of the premiums as they become due, unless they be otherwise paid.

If this application is for more than \$4,000 insurance, I offer it and it is to be deemed made as of the date of signature.

If this application is for less than \$4,500 insurance and in favor of wife, child, or widowed mother, I offer it and it is to be deemed made as of February 12, 1918.

If this application is for less than \$4,500 and in favor of some person or persons other than wife, child, or widowed mother, I offer it and it is to be deemed made as of { Date of signature } ~~Strike out whichever~~ February 12, 1918, } is not wanted.

NOTE.—If in the last paragraph you strike out "Date of signature" leaving "February 12, 1918," the law gives you \$25 a month for life in case of permanent total disablement occurring prior to such date and the same monthly amount to your widow, child, or widowed mother for not to exceed 240 months less payments made to you while living, but nothing to anyone else in case of your death before such date, and the insurance for the designated beneficiary other than wife, child, or widowed mother is effective only if you die on or after February 12, 1918.

If you strike out "February 12, 1918," leaving "Date of signature," a smaller insurance both against death and disability takes effect at once, but is payable in case of death to the designated beneficiary.

To whom do you wish policy sent? (Name) Howard Ridgeway Randall
 (Address) 26 Somerset Place, Brockton, Mass.
 Signed at (on board) Plattsburg Barracks N. Y.
 the 15th day of November, 1917
 Witnessed by: Robert H. George Sign here Howard Ridgeway Randall
Captain Infantry U. S. R.
 Rank I Company 304 Inf. Candidate 5th Co. Plattsburg Tng Camp
 Commanding I Company 304 Inf. (Rank or rating.) (Organization.)

MONTHLY PREMIUMS FOR EACH \$1,000 OF INSURANCE.

(Each \$1,000 of insurance is payable in installments of \$5.75 per month for 240 months; but if the insured is totally and permanently disabled and lives longer than 240 months the payments will be continued as long as he lives and is so disabled.)

Age	Monthly premium	Age	Monthly premium
15	\$0.63	40	\$0.81
16	.63	41	.82
17	.63	42	.84
18	.64	43	.87
19	.64	44	.89
20	.64	45	.92
21	.65	46	.95
22	.65	47	.99
23	.65	48	1.03
24	.66	49	1.08
25	.66	50	1.14
26	.67	51	1.20
27	.67	52	1.27
28	.68	53	1.35
29	.69	54	1.44
30	.69	55	1.53
31	.70	56	1.64
32	.71	57	1.76
33	.72	58	1.90
34	.73	59	2.05
35	.74	60	2.21
36	.75	61	2.40
37	.76	62	2.60
38	.77	63	2.82
39	.79	64	3.07
		65	3.35

Insurance may be applied for in favor of one or more of the following persons with sum of \$500 or a multiple thereof for each beneficiary, the aggregate not exceeding the limit of \$10,000 and not less than \$1,000 upon any one life:

Husband or wife.

Child, including legitimate child; child legally adopted before April 6, 1917, or more than six months before enlistment or entrance into or employment in active service, whichever date is the later; stepchild, if a member of the insured's household; illegitimate child, but, if the insured is his father, only if acknowledged by instrument in writing signed by him, or if he has been judicially ordered or decreed to contribute to such child's support, and if such child, if born after December 31, 1917, shall have been born in the United States or in its insular possessions.

Grandchild, meaning a child, as above defined, of a child as above defined.

Parent, including father, mother, grandfather, grandmother, stepfather, and stepmother, either of the insured or of his/her spouse.

Brother or sister, including of the half blood as well as of the whole blood, stepbrothers and stepsisters and brothers and sisters through adoption.

The United States of America

TREASURY DEPARTMENT
BUREAU OF WAR RISK INSURANCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

CERTIFICATE No. 245461

Date insurance effective Nov. 15, 1917

This Certifies That Howard Ridgeway Randall

has applied for insurance in the amount of \$ 10,000, payable in case of death or total permanent disability in monthly installments of \$ 57.50

Subject to the payment of the premiums required, this insurance is granted under the authority of an Act amending "An Act entitled 'An Act to authorize the establishment of a Bureau of War Risk Insurance in the Treasury Department,' approved September 2, 1914, and for other purposes," approved October 6, 1917, and subject in all respects to the provisions of such Act, of any amendments thereto, and of all regulations thereunder, now in force or hereafter adopted, all of which, together with the application for this insurance, and the terms and conditions published under authority of the Act, shall constitute the contract.

William C. De Lanoy

Director of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance.

Countersigned at Washington, D. C.,

W. McAdoo
Secretary of the Treasury.



A. M. Lynn
Registrar.

Detention Camp
Camp Greene
Charlotte, N.C.
April 8, 1918

Dear Mam,

Did you think they had wafted me off to France? No such luck; but, I've been up to my ears in work. I managed to scribble off a couple of duty letters to Mildred and Annie, but that's all they were, scrawls.

On top of the regular work which increases at this time are added, the suggestions of the C.O. (commanding officer). Do you know he reminds me of Dad the way he finds work to do? However, his orders (25 of them) have been quashed temporarily. You see the adjutant suddenly relieved three of my cooks, the mess sergeant and assistant mess sergeant – all at one fell swoop. You can bet there was some running around. I have made a mess sergeant out of one of my cooks, and taken a contact for assistant. Things are banging along all right now, but you can bet my ear is out for trouble. I understand every hitch in the work, so that I can assist my subordinates; a month ago, I would have been helpless in this predicament.

I have learned every phase of this work, so have asked to be transferred back to my regiment; it is just drudgery here and nothing new can be picked up. I expect the transfer to go through in a week or two. That reminds me, summer is drawing apace according to our leading poets and the need of heavy underwear, etc. decreaseth. ee'n as the need of lighter increaseth. Hence will you send me a couple of suits of light wear (union suits, you know). All mine are looking like hand me downs. All the dope I can give is that my neck is 16. You know the other proportions of my body. Also I believe I'll send home my suitcase with some of things for which I have no immediate use, but which I wish you would hang on to, rather than send to the Belgians.

Reggie sent me some candy which was great and for which I wish you would thank her, as I am as busy as the proverbial paper hanger. However, the chocolate soldier was ill-omened; for a mouse had eaten into the package and chewed the soldier's side out. My Bunkie said a shell had hit him, but it didn't keep us from finishing the mouse's meal.

I am sorry your B.D.P. hasn't arrived, but hang on/ it may be there for the next birthday. It isn't the expressman's fault, but I am giving too much away. Please cash the check which was to go with the B.D.P. as I like to get back the vouchers quickly. You will need the money just the same, though, when it does arrive.

Well, I must be going. The sooner, the better on those two light union suits. If you will state the cost I'll send a check by return mail. Don't work too hard.

With lots of love,

Howdy

P.S. Our division doesn't expect to leave until about August or September. I hope they don't keep me in this blooming place until then.

Love, H.R.R.

1918, April 15
Detention Camp
Camp Greene, N.C.

Dear Reg,

Your candy arrived o.k. except the soldier. He, poor fellow, looked like one of our first casualties, but a mouse and not a Hun was responsible for his shattered condition.

St. Williams was taken with scarlet fever yesterday and sent over to the hospital. I was at once placed in quarantine which means just as much work but two orderlies since I cannot enter the field of my endeavors – the mess halls. The strange part of it is that the “Saint” (as I have nicknamed him after your misunderstanding of my hieroglyphics) never was in touch with scarlet fever contacts, whereas I circulated among them at mess and used to oversee one who was on special duty. Such is life!

I am Officer of Day (we have a camp guard) and some of the guard are raw recruits. Their only weapon is a club, and some of them didn't seem to take the job seriously, so I strapped on my Colt automatic, and went around to the sentry posts instilling yehenna into their unsophisticated minds. At present a man with a gun is more important than a major general. They'll learn in time though.

Charlie Chaplin was in Charlotte yesterday and visited camp. He had dinner with Colonel Atkinson of the 59th, so I could have seen him – if I hadn't been on special duty.

We are having nice balmy weather now, just like the kind they advertise, but our fingers are crossed; since we have just finished with a cold rainy period.

Well, I must close now and get some grub for my starvelings.

With love,
Howdy

P.S. For certain reasons which I can't state, our regiment will not go across for about 3 to 4 months. H.R.R.

Detention Camp
Camp Greene
Charlotte, N.C.
April 20, '18

Dear Mam,

I received your underwear and gun wipes O.K. By the way, the latter save me some money. I gave them to a lieutenant who was leaving and in return he is going to take my trunk up to the port of embarkation and ship it to you from there. I picked up a brand new trunk cheap, so am sending the old one with lots of things which I find to be unnecessary.

I saw the Camp Adjutant yesterday and he says he will transfer me back to my outfit, since I have picked up all the messing quirks. The only question is, when is the sucker going to do it. The transferal will take a lot of paper work and red tape, but once over with it, I'll be back to my line job, where I belong.

I have filed all your questions away carefully, intending to answer them, but all my letters, as you guess, have been on the "snatch-a-minute" plan. Your last letter I see sums them all up, so here goes.

1. Rec'd smileage o.k. I gave it to mess serg't , as I didn't have time to use it.
2. Send the stockings.
3. Have disposed of gun wipes to my advantage.
4. I will let you know when I want more gun wipes.
5. Underwear is o.k. Fits well, looks well, is well.

I am taking your advice about hanging on to the heavy underwear, but the other things I am sending home I wish you would keep somewhere for me. You see room is at a premium, and when it comes to transferal as I did over here, a four-mule team is needed. I am going to put in for other special duty, so expect lots of transfers.

I got out of quarantine this morning and nothing had developed, so I guess I have a high immunity. My Bunkie, Lt. Williams, is also getting better in the hospital.

It is raining to beat the old scratch here and our tent has developed a couple of leaks. I must close now to fix this up.

Take care of yourself and don't work too hard. I am going downtown this P.M. and look into your B.D.P. You may receive its equivalent in check, I don't know.

With lots of love,

Howdy

P.S. Sleep a lot during your vacation. H.R.R.



World War I Poster Collection Smileage Books

SMILEAGE BOOKS
ARE PASSES TO CAMP THEATRES



YOUR THOUGHTFULNESS *HIS PLEASURE*

BUY ONE HERE War Department Commission on
Training Camp Activities

Dimensions of Original, 14" x 11"

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Detention Camp
Camp Greene
Charlotte, N.C.
April 28, 1918

Dear Mam,

I received your sox o.k. for a wonder. Usually I have to wait a fortnight or so for any packages, as there seems to be a flaw in the mails here.

I haven't been transferred yet, but am expecting it momentarily. I have got my accounts ready to be turned over, so there will be no long ceremony to the transferal.

You know the old gag about attending the christening? Well, it's a fact -- Charlotte had a little sun this week. For once the weather man humored up a bit and forked over some peachy weather.

At your behest I had my phiz snapped and am sending you some of them. I copped one for myself and told the photographer to ship the rest to you, where you can make whatever distribution you want of them. For the love of Moses, don't hang on to these a year or so as in the case of my graduation pictures.

I hope you enjoyed your vacation to the limit and now feel all rested. If that night school is too hard, drop the darned stuff. We don't need the filthy lucre. *Snap -- snap just like that for money.

Well, I hope you will be free from mice and all vermin now, when those pictures arrive. Give my love to Reg and Dad.

With lots of love,

Howdy

Company "D", 59th Inf.,
Camp Greene,
Charlotte, N.C.
May 4, 1918

Dear Mam,

At last I am back with my outfit and everything is left O.K. at the Detention Camp. The Commander of the Det. Camp told me I got away with the job in great style which tickled me. I was short a few dollars worth of property, - butcher knives, etc. but a board of survey absolved me from all claim.

There is lots of new stuff to pick up in the company, since there have been so many changes in my two months absence, Gee! I'm glad to be back!

Please address all mail direct now, otherwise it may get all bawled up. I haven't had any lately so I imagine that is what became of it. I suppose it will drift around in a day or two.

I have the English class again; just like your night school. It is just the same as when I had it before except there are twenty members in it.

There is a rumor floating around that we are going to the Border for duty. How true this is I can't say. Personally, it sounds fishy.

We are having problems in tic-tacs and officers' school and everything else. Holy cat, it has got to be as much work as over in the Det. Camp.

I saw the Saint yesterday and he was all over his sickness. He is transferred back to his outfit, too. We are trying to arrange to get together, but I don't know how well we shall succeed.

Well, I must drift over to mess, so will close.

With lots of love,
Howdy

Sailed from Hoboken, N.J.
MAY 3, 1918; LANDED IN LIVERPOOL
ENGLAND MAY 20, 1918

About 2500 miles "out".

Dear Mam,

I started to write a letter which should be a chronicle for each day's events, but lost it after the third entry, so here I am starting again.

The trip has been very smooth; only one day did we have choppy weather, but that was rough enough to make most of us ill. You see the boat feels like an elevator, which rises a little then goes down a little besides the rolling motion.

We have entered the "danger zone" now, and everyone is required to wear a life preserver. We have boat drill every day, and I command one. I was pleased two days ago when we had a "scare" that my men were standing quietly in their places with no signs of disorder. If that discipline can be maintained in an emergency, everything will be o.k.

I am glad you liked the B.D.P. I also had a book of record titles sent, which you no doubt have received weeks before this. It may assist you in the selection of records; besides having interesting information in it.

I am sorry to have had to camouflage my departure, but trusted that when you got my "overseas" card it would be too late to worry about submarines etc.

I know you must be wondering what the Atlantic looks like, so when we were plumb in the middle of it, I took a stroll on deck to look it over. Here is what I saw from the port deck. Water as far as the skyline just the way it is at Brant Rock or Plymouth when you look straight out to sea. Nearer, the ocean was cut up by waves about the size of those at Monponsett after a heavy storm. Starboard deck - ditto also stern & bow. So you see there's nothing so wonderful about it, in fact the trip is getting monotonous now, because you can see everything in half an hour.

The rough day, I happened to be near some enlisted men and heard them wailing a new version to "Over There" which ran somewhat as follows:

Give me air
Give me air
For the lunch is coming
The lunch is coming
The stomachs are rolling every where etc.

A good many lunches did come too, but fortunately mine staid put much as it felt like coming.

We have an officers' school at night and many interesting features develop. The other evening one of the men, a Southerner, didn't know what "a collective sheaf" of fire was. Asked what a sheaf was anyway, he said he didn't know but thought it was an implement for cutting grain. Can you beat that! Something like the statue of Dinah at Emphasis.

Did my pictures arrive, and will they scare rats? Did you know I left with so little warning that I never even saw the "proofs" leaving the choice to the photographer?

Well, I guess there is nothing more to say. The fact that you receive this will be proof that I arrived O.K. to mail it. Kindly send a letter as soon as possible because it is a long while in transit. The address is ust this, nothing more nor less.

2nd Lieut. Howard R. Randall
Company D, 59th Infantry
A.E.F.

Via New York

Did you notice the way they painted up my trunk Those are the distinguishing marks of
(Next word is blacked out). I guess I have been vague about places of embarkation,
disembarkation, ships, dates, etc. but when I come back, I'll give all the details.

My next letter will be of some interest maybe, but don't wait for it before replying
as it is weeks between, I understand.

With lots of love,

"Howdy"

2nd Lieut. Howard Randall R.A.

Att. Co D", 59th Inf.

P.S. I feel like the Ancient Mariner only instead of the albatross, I have a life preserver
hung about my neck.

H.R.R.

THE SHIP ON WHICH I SAILED HAS ARRIVED
SAFELY OVERSEAS.

Name Lieut. Howard Randall

Organization "D", 59th Inf

American Expeditionary Forces.

1918

France
May 29, 1918

Dear Mam,

I have not written before, as it seems a rather hopeless task; you won't receive this for several weeks and my reply will be some weeks later in arriving. But here's hoping -- as my cablegram announced I arrived o.k. in La Belle France..

Fritz was not on the dock to meet us, but the following night, he sent us a few souvenirs via a plane. Our aunties (anti-aircraft guns) expressed thanks for us, whereupon Fritz left. The call came while I was in a bathtub, and I beat a rather inglorious retreat to shelter -- sans everything but an overcoat.

One other evening while there did Jerry (the Bosche) send his compliments, but auntie sent him on his way very promptly.

We are now in a little village so far back of the lines that Jerry finds it inconvenient to call, but not so far back, but what we can hear the little argument our "heavies" are engaging in.

It is very nice; we don't have to read the war news at all, but by keeping our ears open, we can tell whether "all was quiet on the Western Front" or vice versa.

I am billeted in a very comfortable house, and my room has a bed. It has been several months since I slept in a bed, and you can bet it was a treat. The householder, a widow, treats me like a son because of my youth and because I play with her three grandchildren at times.

These small French towns sure are funny. Narrow, crooked streets with sidewalks which often taper into nothingness. A couple of days in the week are market days and then everybody dresses up in their best bib and tucker and drive their pigs, cows, etc. to town, there to sell them. It seems quite droll to us to see a man with a straw lid, vivid tie, and glad rags guiding a huge porker, or a lady in her glad rags shoving an unwilling "bossie" which she has just purchased. What struck me the funniest was the sight of a dog under a wagon. I saw this lady pushing a heavy cart which seemed almost impossible for a man. A closer inspection showed a dog under the cart and harnessed so that he did all the work, the woman merely guiding.

Our attempts at French are sometimes successful, oftentimes otherwise. Witness this instant. The first night after arrival I slept with a Captain (Medical Corps). It was quite natural the next morning to require to go to the toilet. After stalling around, we succeeded in being understood. After using it, we thought that was a necessary word in our vocabulaire so proceeded to ask for it. Our answer was "une decouturiere". Very good. Later in the day I had occasion to ask permission of the householder where my platoon is billeted to build a latrine or toilet. So here goes ' "Wish you me to give
Voulez vous me donner

permission to have a _____ in your field.
permission d'avoir une decouturiere dans votre champs.

Glances of wonder, as much as to say "Est-il fou?" or "Gee! What a nut!" Having perceived a faux pas, I dropped the conversation, and imagine my surprise later to find that "decouturiere" means "a dressmaker". The lady thought I asked what she was.

I have learned to know my platoon very well, for I censor all their mail, and believe me, they sure mean things when they write home..

Well, I must close now, as our topics are more or less limited. Love to Dad and Reg and lots for yourself.

Howard.

p.s. Address

2nd Lieut. Howard R. kRandall,
Co. "D", 59th Infantry,
American E.F.
Via New York

NOTHING is to be written on this side except the date and signature of the sender. Sentences not required may be erased. If anything else is added the post card will be destroyed.

[Postage must be prepaid on any letter or post card addressed to the sender of this card.]

I am quite well.

~~I have been admitted into hospital~~

~~which~~ and am going on well.

~~wounded~~ and hope to be discharged soon.

~~I am being sent down to the base.~~

I have received your { letter dated May 7
telegram " _____
parcel " _____

Letter follows at first opportunity.

I have received no letter from you

{ lately.

~~for a long time~~

Signature
only

Howard R. Randall

Date June 23 '18.

Co. D, 59th Inf.
American Ex. Forces
Via New York
July 1, 1918

Dear Mam,

I received your letter o.k. yesterday and am hastening to reply. I was glad to hear you had got the farm and had safely moved into it. I soon will find a way to send a money order securely, I will give you a lift with it.

I also got a letter from Reg and hope she landed her increase in salary. That sure was a cute way of cartooning common errors in English.

We have been under shell fire a few times, but nothing serious. Unfortunately I can not state my locality, but suffice to say I am just behind the firing lines. I wish I could tell you all the experiences the outfit has had, for they are interesting. One night I slept on a flat car slowly pounding its way thru France. I guess I'll be a tramp when I get back.

It is extremely difficult to get tobacco and chocolate. The former doesn't worry me but the latter is the only sort of candy obtainable. Now if you have the time, patience and money, a few bars now and then would be more than appreciated. I understand it has to be in the form of an order, so here goes.

I WANT CHOCOLATE

Aunty has been talking to Fritz all morning, so I guess he intends to pull off a raid to-night.

By the way if none of my letters arrive, remember no news is always good news, for if anything happens to me, you will be cabled within 24 hours. The mail system is pretty good, and I receive letters about 3 ½ - 4 weeks after mailing; I suppose mine arrive home in about the same time.

Tell Dad I have been accepted as a Mason, but am unable to take degrees in France. A letter from George W. Smith, the Secretary informed me of the fact.

Well I guess that is all so will close now.

With lots of love,
Howdy

Base Hospital
July 22, 1918

Dear Mam,

Went into action a few days ago and altho I wasn't any hero, I did the work lined up for my platoon. Went through shells, machine gun bullets, shrapnel and rifle fire absolutely untouched. After reaching our objective, the Boches laid down a barrage on us and one shell buried me by blowing in the parapet. I came to in the aid station, and was o.k. but they rushed me right off to the hospital. Here the surgeon said he will keep me a couple of days to rest up and then return me, as I am absolutely untouched. It's a regular miracle I came through so happily.

It is sure Paradise here. Quite a change from the hell we came from. I found a patient here whom I knew at Harvard, ate at Foxcroft etc. and we have had a great time.

Have tried to write before but have moved around so much it was impossible.

Well, that's about all I can write because of Kid Censor so will close.

With lots of love,

Howdy

P.S. Tell Dad he won't have to advise about my affaires de coeur because near the front, there are no females.

p.s. We whaled hell out of the Germans.

p.s. Use same address as before. Co. D 5th Reg

Via New York

POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES

RECEIVED AT

CLARENCE H. MACKAY, PRESIDENT

DELIVERY No.

CABLEGRAM

The Postal Telegraph-Cable Company (Incorporated) transmits and delivers this cablegram subject to the terms and conditions printed on the back of this blank.

16 Centre St., Brockton, Mass., Phone 101 DESIGN PATENT No. 48620

41B Ws 15 Recd Aug 5, 1918 Pass N Y

France

EFM Andrew Randall, 9 Patterson Ave, Brockton Mass.

Feeling fine excellent treatment slight shell shock.

Randall.

No inquiry respecting this message can be attended to without the production of this paper. Repetitions of doubtful words should be obtained through the Company's offices, and not by DIRECT application to the sender.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH-CABLE COMPANY IN CONNECTION WITH THE COMMERCIAL CABLE COMPANY

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EDWARD REYNOLDS, VICE-PREST. AND GENERAL MANAGER.

CHARLES P. BRUCH, VICE-PRESIDENT.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH—FASTEST SERVICE IN THE WORLD

HARVARD UNIVERSITY
CAMBRIDGE

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

August 9, 1918

Dear Mr Randall:

I am very sorry to see that
your son, Lt. Randall, was wounded
in the advance on August 8. I trust
that it is not very serious; and
that you will have good news from
him.

Very truly yours,

A. Lawrence Lowell

Andrew E. Randall, Esq.

9 Patterson Avenue

Brockton, Massachusetts

Base Hospital 23
August 10, 1918
France

Dear Mam,

Am embracing this opportunity to write, since I leave very soon; you see the shock took a little while to recuperate from and I stayed here eating and sleeping longer than I expected. However, the neurologist has now pronounced me O.K. and back to the company I go. Don't be alarmed when I don't write; it is most difficult and as I before said "No news is always good news." I wrote once while up in the trenches and carried the letter two weeks; then when I got a chance to mail it, the darned thing was too dirty and chewed up.

While here I sent you a couple of souvenirs which you may or may not receive. One was a croix de guerre for Dad; don't by any chance think I won it, but you can buy them in any store here. Wearing them is only permitted when you receive a citation. There are four grades; the one I sent was the highest grade and can be worn only for an army corps citation, i.e. cited by the commander of an army corps.

For yourself I sent some sort of a lace doohickey which you wear on your back like a mustard plaster. The mouhair was for Reggie. I also sent some little dolls which you will probably puzzle over. They are called "Nannette et Rintintin. It is the fad in Paris for ladies to wear them for "bonne chance". They make a tie out of them; perhaps this has not reached America yet.

Tell Dad that in accordance with his advice the first Boche I saw, I took care that he knew I saw him, but unfortunately he didn't know it long for a .45 ball in the head is not conducive to long memory.

I can't say much about the war but I can say this, "Don't worry". Whatever you may hear or read, I have seen Americans and Germans in action and we can lick them to a standstill." "The papers are misleading; their far - famed correspondents are sometimes found trembling as close as a mile from the front, but you can bet your last sou-marque they are never up with us where the big stuff is flying around.

Well, I must close now to traipse over to "chow".

With lots of love,
Howdy.

p.s. Same old address

Co. D, 59th Infantry
Via New York
American E.F.

You see A.E.F. may be confused with Australian E.F. Comprenez? H.R.R.

1918, August 28
Co. D., 59th Infantry
American E.F.
Via New York

Dear Mam,

Well I got shifted out of the Base Hospital #23 as I expected, but only to get into another; here I shall stay for a few days and then back to the lines. Another shell-shock here, a 1st lieut. and I were offered staff jobs, but we both turned them down in preference to the line.

Recently I sent you \$100 which will get to the U.S. about the same time as this letter. I wish you would dispose of it as follows: \$45 to Harvard for the Lowell debt, and \$40 to Mr. Smith, secretary of the Paul Revere Masonic Lodge. Please pay the latter \$40 as soon as possible and get a receipt in my name. The rest of the money you can use for phonographs, house, or whatever you want.

I wish that you would open an account for me at a bank if I send any more money. You see that with money on your person, it is easy to lose as I did in our last "push"; but on the other hand opportunities for sending it home were small, so altogether I'm between the devil and the deep blue sea.

I am in the same division as Ralph Gordon, so what he writes, you know, you can bet I've been through and vice-versa. I am at liberty to state where I am now; this is Vichy, a town in central France famous for its medicinal waters. The latter come from springs and have different temperatures. They all taste like a combination of Perry Dairs's and Epsom Salts.

Of course, you could guess that I caught mine in the so-called Second Battle of the Marne. Beaucoup battle, but neither Saxons, Wurtemberger, nor Prussians could stop us, so we feel pretty well self-satisfied. Well, I guess that's all have to murmur so will close.

With lots of love,
Howdy

1918, September 10
Vichy, France

Dear Mam,

Still at Vichy but with clearance papers for my outfit, so I'm embracing this opportunity to write not knowing when the next will come.

Went to the movies the other day and a sad looking old lady came in and plopped down side of me. We fell into conversation & it developed she was Mrs. Guerrero, wife of Panama's first president. Gov. Goethals & several major generals were on her calling list. Some honor for a shave-tail as she invited me to her home in Paris. However, I have a burglar's chance of getting to Paris unless I get wounded or something. (Happy thought).

My room-mate is a Captain now who is a semi-artist. A Parisian artist, M. Mezzaro of whom you have probably heard, has taken an interest in his work and visits the room each day to coach him. As I was a subject for a crayon drawing once, I had several hours to become acquainted with the notable.

I don't have to mention the war. The situation speaks for itself; giving them hell, ain't we? Oh that reminds me of a "grave" subject. Lots of people will have their dead transferred to America after the war. All foolishness. If by chance I meet an overtaking shell (it will have to go some) please don't have me lugged back to the states. (I get seasick easy any how.)

I am learning French hand over fist, the only trouble being the people don't understand their own language (as I speak it). That & censoring mail are all the only duties I've been having. I wish you could read some of the letters the men write. Sometimes one gopher will write mushy notes to two or three girls. One yoke wrote as follows, "You know our new A.E.F. motto: "It's Heaven, Hell or Hoboken before Christmas". I thought, Gee that's a pretty energetic cuss; I wonder what branch he belongs to. Looking down to the signature, I discovered with varied emotions that this patriot was in that useful but safest corps - the medical.

Well, I sent you \$100 recently & although I explained its disposition, the letter may be lost so here goes again. \$45 to Harvard - \$40 to Mr. Smith, secretary of Paul Revere Masonic Lodge, Centre St. Get a receipt.

Well, take care of yourself and expect me home soon.

With lots of love,
Howard

1918, 14 September
Vichy, France
French ladies

Dear Madame,

Two French ladies come to give you news of your son. It is in Vichy we met him a few weeks ago. He was at the hospital and I undertook to give him French lessons.

He was so intelligent and understood so well, that it was quite easy for me. He progressed very quickly and now he can understand and speak fluently.

He left for the front last Tuesday and I am very sorry he left us so soon, because his young company was a joy for us.

My sister and I have two sons at the front since four years and we feel sometimes very sad to be alone.

But let us hope war will be finished soon, and we will all have our children back home again.

I promised your son to be his godmother, and write to him. When he will be on leave, we shall receive him at house in Paris like our own child and give him as much comfort as possible.

We admire you all Americans so much that we want your children to be happy in France.

Perhaps will you come over one day and I hope we shall have the pleasure of meeting. My sister and I send you, dear Madame, our kindest remembrances.

B. Amond Aron
76 Avenue Wagram
(Paris)



CHARLES S. BAXTER
DIRECTOR

MASSACHUSETTS SOLDIERS' INFORMATION BUREAU
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

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October 4th, 1918

Mr. Andrew E. Randall,
25 Somerset Place,
Brockton, Mass.

Dear Sir:-

I sincerely regret to inform you that I am in receipt of information reporting that Lieutenant Howard R. Randall has been severely wounded while serving with the American Expeditionary Forces.

As Director of this Bureau I am instructed by His Excellency, Governor Samuel W. McCall, to express to you on behalf of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts her deepest sympathy. The Governor is keenly aware of the great sacrifice you have made for your Country and wishes you to accept his personal condolences.

This Bureau is at your command for such assistance and information concerning matters pertaining to the Service as you may require.

Respectfully yours,

Director

B

France
October 7, 1918

Dear Mam,

In the hospital again. This time for general exhaustion and tonsillitis. I won't tell you the sector we held down, but she was a warm one. The first few days, we caught artillery fire mostly whiz bangs (Austrian '88s or 3 inch shells) I paced off a couple of holes and found that one was 12 paces in front of my section of trench, the other 14 behind it. Gee! that's too close. After one shell had passed over and exploded I stuck my head up to see what was doing when Klom! came the wallop of a hunk of lead on my tin hat. I saved it for a souvenir, but finally lost it. When we got into action, we encountered machine guns. One enterprising sniper up a tree very neatly put a hole thru the seat of my pants. In this last fracas I have experienced two new sensations: a machine gun barrage and a Hun aviator alternately dropping a bomb using his automatic rifle. It's a weird feeling to have a bunch of them start sputtering away over head; with now and then a chorus of whistles as a burst comes in your direction.

I was at "the front of the front" during the worst of our tour, and a few hours before being relieved the Dutchmen sent over a flock of 3 inchers. This was the "straw" added to exhaustion and tonsillitis and our battalion surgeon sent me back to recuperate. I did not feel any ill effects and asked to stay, but now after all the excitement has died out and the reaction set in, I'm as weak as a baby. A couple weeks rest will put me back to normal again, unless they operate.

I have enclosed a shoulder strap nicked off a dead Boche's overcoat. He was in the 66th artillery as you can see. The button was removed from a prisoner's cap.

Well, I reckon that's all I can write. Love to all the family and lots for yourself.

Howard

Mesies
Convalescent Camp
October 18, 1918

Dear Mam,

Nothing new to offer. Am enclosing a couple of buttons taken from a dead Boche's overcoat. I sent you a shoulder strap from the same yoke, a week ago, but don't know whether you got it or not.

Am o.k. and leaving this afternoon or to-morrow for the outfit.

Did I tell you about Ralph Gordon? I met an enlisted man from his outfit that said the last he saw of him, he was still in action and considered one of the bravest officers in the regiment. Some record!

Well, I'll close now with love all around.

Howard

1918, November 8
France

Dear Mam,

Back with the outfit again. We are not in line, but again we're never too far away. With Italy and Austria out, we ought to clean up tout de suite. Rumors are flitting around that we have an armistice with Germany; if so, the war is done. Being in a regular army outfit, I expect we may be kept a little longer than others for patrol & guard purposes, etc.

This is the rainy season in France, but the sun shines now and then to remind us of his prescence. The weather is for all the world like old New England; it may be warm and sunny, but for your life don't go out minus your raincoat.

Now that I am with the outfit again, I reckon to get my mail. It will be great to hear from home again.

When I was at a replacement camp, a lieutenant on duty there wanted to exchange with me, because he was anxious to see action. Can you beat that? A nice warm billet, all the comforts of home and he was worrying for action. I would have taken him up, because my curiosity is satiated, but I was sure of gong back to the outfit, and I hated to leave the bunch.

Orderly has just been sent to report the approach of dinner. Will attack immediately.

With lots of love,
Howard

France
November 17, 1918

Dear Mam,

Guerre fini! Marched thru a French village the day the armistice was signed and maybe they weren't happy. Church bells ringing like mad, flags flying and smiles everywhere. Now and then an old lady could be seen wiping her eyes, overcome by emotion. They have run bells in all the towns since then also fired artillery salvos . Censorship rules exist yet so can not state location or action of regiment.

Am so well that were I better, I'd be sick. It's colder than Blue Moses here now, pool being crusted with ice constantly. If it's cold now what will it be by January? One consolation, we won't have to hold down those trenches, we've been looking forward to.

I have never mentioned it before, but the signet ring you gave me was lost in the Chateau Therry fracas. As I was unconscious for awhile, I guess someone took it. However, I was so lucky to get away with my life that I just couldn't be sorry. When I get home, I shall get a Masonic ring.

I haven't had any mail yet but am always optimistic. Marches and the same routine life as in war continue, but we no longer have the pleasing prospect of ducking "freight cars".

As to coming home, I don't know: We shall stay as long as necessary and whether that is a week, month, year, or decade, nobody knows. Would give beaucoup francs to walk into 9 Patterson Ave. and see you all. Holy cat! Wouldn't I hug you.

Well, I must close now to get in a requisition for equipment for my platoon. Such is life. Will write when opportunity, paper, and ink coincide.

With lots of love,

Howard

P.S. My address is now

Camp H, 59th Infantry
American E.F.
Via New York

THE ARMISTICE

The eleventh day of the eleventh month of the eleventh hour was the date and time on which the Armistice was signed between the Allied Forces and Germany. There was enormous joy in the citizens who had experienced artillery barrages that wrecked their homes, a shortage of food, a commandeering of their homes by the military, a taking of livestock for troops and a long period of deprivation as the battles raged around and through their towns. With the liberation the church bells rang, people gathered in the streets singing in joy and calling to the Allied troops they saw thanking them for defeating the German army.

All over the world people were celebrating with dancing in the streets, cheering, drinking champagne, and special edition newspapers announcing in banner headlines, "The War is Over." "The Armistice is Signed" Families celebrated knowing that their sons would be returning home and life would return to normal once more. Peace had come at last.

"But at the front there was no celebration. Prior to the Armistice both sides laid down heavy artillery barrages that continued for a short time even after the eleven o'clock hour for the Armistice. Many soldiers believed the Armistice only a temporary measure and that the war would soon go on. As night came and the artillery barrages died, a quietness, unearthly in its penetration, began to eat into their souls. The men sat around log fires, the first they had ever had at the front. They were trying to reassure themselves that there were no enemy batteries spying on them from the next hill and no German bombing planes approaching to blast them out of existence. They talked in low tones. They were nervous.

After the long months of intense strain, of keying themselves up to the daily mortal danger, of thinking always in terms of war and the enemy, the abrupt release from it all was physical and psychological agony. Some suffered a total nervous collapse. Some, of a steadier temperament, began to hope they would someday return to home and the embrace of loved ones. Some could think only of the crude little crosses that marked the graves of their comrades. Some fell into exhausted sleep. All were bewildered by the sudden meaninglessness of their existence as soldiers and through their teeming memories paraded that swiftly moving cavalcade of Cantigny, Soissons, St. Mihiel, the Meuse-Argonne and Sedan.

What was to come next? They did not know – and hardly cared. Their minds were numbed by the shock of peace. The past consumed their whole consciousness. The present did not exist and the future was inconceivable." Colonel Thomas Gowenlock, American 1st Division.

Today we have the term of post traumatic stress syndrome but in 1918 there was no awareness of the major emotional damage created by conditions of war nor was there any treatment proposed. We may never know how many of those who returned from the conflict in Europe in World War I struggled on their own to come to terms with the horrors they had seen and experienced. The war was fought in primitive conditions and it took a massive toll on those who served. Those who returned were reluctant to talk about their experiences which had demanded behaviors not acceptable in civilian life and with which they could not easily come to terms. Unfortunately, although it was touted as The War to End All Wars, the lessons of the damage inflicted by war were not learned and succeeding conflicts exacted the same tolls on those who fought.

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

The name of John McCrae (1872-1918) may seem out of place in the distinguished company of World War I poets, but he is remembered for what is probably the single best-known and popular poem from the war, "In Flanders Fields." He was a Canadian physician and fought on the Western Front in 1914, but was then transferred to the medical corps and assigned to a hospital in France. He died of pneumonia while on active duty in 1918. His volume of poetry, *In Flanders Fields and Other Poems*, was published in 1919.

Garsch, Lorraine (Germany)
December 1, 1918

Dear Mam,

Censorship rules are off, so here's where I am. As you know, our division is one of those occupying Deutschland and at present we are in Lorraine about 5 kilometers northwest of Dredenhofen (or Thionville) and 35 kilos north of Metz. We have hiked the distance from Dorveure a little town about 10 miles north of Toul. We have been here 8 days and the order has just come "THE BATTALION RESUMES THE MARCH OF OCCUPATION TOMORROW." I have in my possession maps of Mainz, Cobling, Liege and Songury, so am sort of guessing where we are bound for. I hope the hikes are short. One day, this last hike, we marched 26 miles which is going some.

I am in Co. H, 59th Inf. Shortly after joining a Captain T. was assigned and we were at cross swords continually. You see he favored one lieutenant he had known in the States and treated the rest of us like dogs. Later another Captain M. was assigned to the outfit; he received the same treatment. This second officer took a liking to me because he had been on the staff, and I assisted him a little on the hike. For example, after our 26 mile affair I went out and looked up a billet for him & myself, when he was too exhausted to move. After arrival here, a note came from headqtrs. "CAPTAIN T. IS HEREBY RELIEVED OF COMMAND OF CO.H. AND CAPTAIN M WILL AT ONCE ASSUME COMMAND.' How's that for luck, the company is going just like clockwork now and the officers are like a family (the favored one received a transfer)

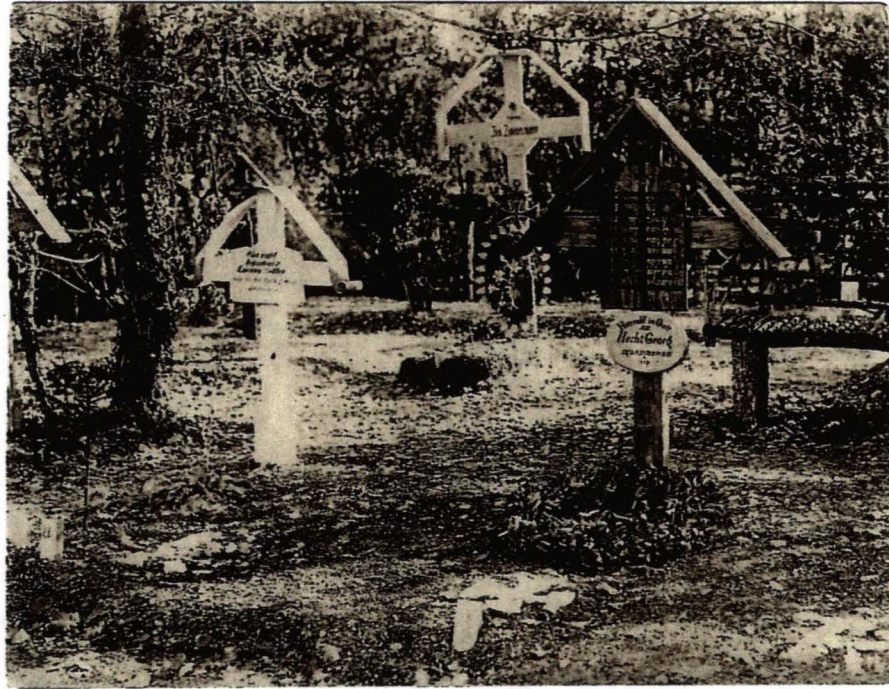
I'm saving my maps and indicating the route on them over which we are traveling. As Capt. M. says, this march may be covered with glory in later years, but all we can think of now is the blisters.

I rec'd beaucoup de letters Thanksgiving Day and you can bet I was glad. If you don't hear from me for awhile you'll know where I am.

Merry Xmas to all the family,
Howard

Co. H. 59th Inf.
American E.F.

A picture (black and white - 3 ½ by 4 ½) was enclosed. Picture is of a grave yard with several elaborate crosses with printing - seems to be German. On the back of the picture is written "Captain M and I stayed in a billet one night that five days before had been a German military bureau. I took this picture from one of the albums in a filing case as a souvenir. A "grave" subject for a photo."



Capt. M. and I stayed in a
billet one night, that Friday
before had been a German
military bureau. I took this
picture from one of the albums
in a filing case as a souvenir.
A "grave" subject for a photo.

12/1/1914.

Ellenz, Germany
December 18, 1918

Dear Mam,

The last letter I sent was from Garsh, I believe; since then, we have done beaucoup hiking. We started north and plunged into the south east tip of Luxembourg. We then took an easterly course straight into Germany stopping at Hermeskil, a rather large town. Then our course went north east and then north west until we struck the Moselle again at Zell. Continuing down the Moselle valley we finally located in this town which is on the river, and about 55 kilometers (35 miles) southwest of Coblenz in line.

The Rhine is about the same distance east of us. We are located in swell billets; about two men to a house and nearly everyone has a bed; my room is a palace. The householder was a German corporal and there is nothing he won't do for me. E.G. The first day, I found apples in my room, an acetylene lamp and a fire going in the stove.

The scenery is wonderful. Back at Garsch, the Moselle flows between level banks stretching away into large fields. Here, there is about 100 yds. level and then a sharp rise ending finally in high, beautiful mountains. Not quite mountains either but a cross between a high hill and a mountain. The river is about 200 yds. in breadth and the current is about 3 miles per hr. Steep as the hill-mountains are they are under cultivation; vineyards are everywhere. These vineyards on such very steep slopes aroused our curiosity as to the manner in which the grapes were harvested; I believe the farmers must be professional steeple-jacks. I have just sent my orderly out for some postcards and if he is successful will enclose a view of the place.

I am entitled to 7 days leave and if possible, am going to spend it in Italy or southern France because I have not yet been down there.

You have no idea how much we want to be home especially for Christmas. The whole Army of Occupation to the last man is homesick. Each evening after dinner, the captain plays the piano and we lieuts. sit around dreaming of home. The day is too full of work to think of much else.

Well, I will lay off now, and write later.

With lots of love,
Howdy

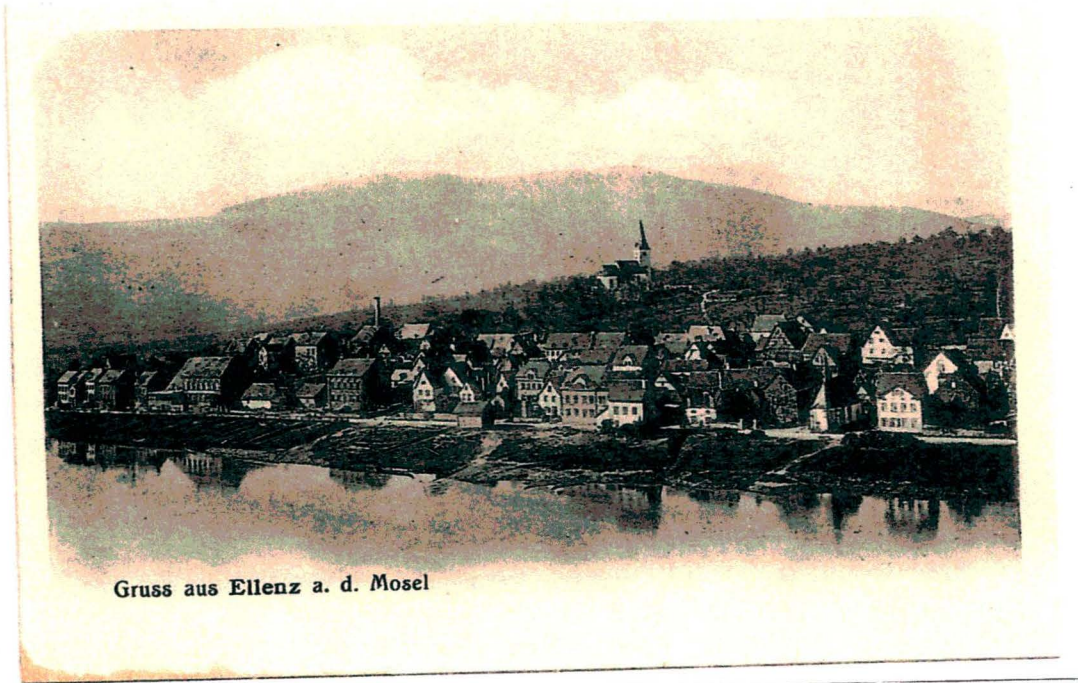
Two postcards included.

One - Gruss aus Ellenz a.d. Mosel Greetings from Ellenz on the Mosel

This is our town. Two companies billeted here. You can get an idea of my "hill-mountains". These line the river on both sides up and down.

Two - Gruss aus Beilstein Greetings from Beilstein

This is an old castle a mile up the river from here; I intend to look it over at close range some time in the near future.



Gruss aus Ellenz a. d. Mosel

This is our town. Two companies
billeted here. You can get an idea
of my "hill-mountains". These
line the river on both sides up
and down

12/18/1918

Verlag Wilhelm Deron, B. & K. 1863

GRUSS AUS BEILSTEIN.



This is an old castle a mile up
the river from here; I intend to
look it over at close range some
time in the near future.

12/18/1918

Verlag Buss & Kupfer, Bad Kreuznach, No. 1065.

Greimersburg, Germany
January 12, 1919

Dear Mam,

Must dash this letter off schnell, for I've got to beat it to headquarters from whence I am going to school for a week. The school's curriculum is: horse-shoeing, grooming, feeding, watering and every other darned thing of equines. I'll set up as a blacksmith when I get back.

I'm slowly learning to ride; can grip with my knees now. Yesterday I went down to Cochem and half way down the mountain, the horse guessed we had gone far enuff and whisked around. We traveled in a circle for about ten minutes until my temper went where the dead crabs go. I got off, got a stick, mounted, started the brute in the right direction and awaited developments. A few paces and he veered to the left; a sharp pull on the right rein, but he arched his neck, turned his head to the left and started around. That was the cue; I swung the stick full force onto his beak and dropped it. Zowie! At first I was an aviator; then we shot down the road like a blast from Hades. For a quarter of a mile, I was "with" the horse and lucky to be even that. When he finally tired down, he showed a general disposition to head Cochemward. I'm going to put a curb bit on him when I get back and teach him a little bit.

All I talk about in letters is that horse; but that's the only thing of interest here at present. An inch or two snowfall last night but none on the lowlands. Letters are drifting in every week now, but the postmark is as apt to be Aug 4 as Dec. 2 which by the way is the most recent one.

I got the letter from the church and I wish you would tell the responsible party how nice it was of them to think of those little things which mean so much to us in this desert.

Well, I must get a bite to eat before becoming a blacksmith. Give my love to Dad and Reg.

With lots of love,
Howdy

p.s. In case you didn't get the preceding letter, my address is:

Co G, 4th Ammunition Train
American E.F.

H.R.R

1919, January 4
Greimersburg, Germany

Hey Reg!

How goes the battle? I have been trying to write you at Attleboro since the early days of Ahab, but all sorts of diversions have occurred. Finally I have the bull by the horns, and you can see I'm throwing him lavishly.

I have been transferred to our divisional ammunition train, the horse battalion. As soon as I can locate a camera, I'll send you a picture of me on my horsie. If there are two men holding his head, think nothing of them; they are just necessary adjuncts to keep the horse in one place; he has a most awful tendency to shie and run away. I am in a little wop town about as big as Halifax, Mass. Here the people work their towns a bit different; all the houses are close together and the farms outlying. Par example. (see attached copy)

This is a fair illustration of Greimersburg which is typical of all farming communities. The farms are numbered and the houses are the petits squares. The farming people are not too clean as a rule either with their stables or in their homes. The women work to beat the cars; it is no uncommon sight to see a girl throwing turnips (this is the time for washing them) from a water vat into a wagon working alongside her father and a brother or two. You remember Florence Peterson in Halifax? These girls are just the same. In my billet the 17 yr. old girl is up at six o'clock milking the cows and doing odd chores.

Must close now to begin a letter to Mam.

With lots of love,

Howdy

P.S. New address is:

Co. G. 4th Ammunition Train

A.E.F.

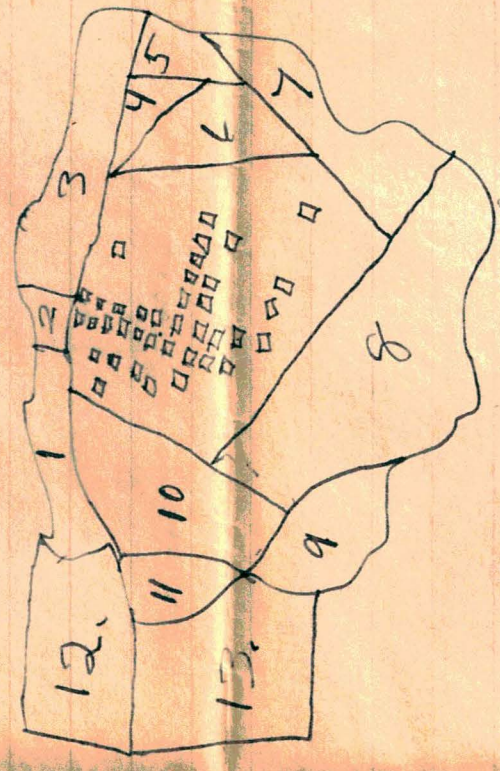
Germany

stables or in their homes.
 women work to heat the
 it is no uncommon sight
 a girl throwing turnips (is
 the time for washing them)
 a water vat into a
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 father and a brother or
 You remember Florence
 son in Happers? I have girls
 just the same. In my billet
 7 yr. old girl is up at
 o'clock milking the cows and
 odd chores.

must close now to begin
 her to Mam.
 Without love,
 Nobody.

New address is:
 Co. G, 4th Ammunition Train,
 AEF
 Germany.

I am in a little work
 town about as big as Halifax, N.S.
 Here the people work their towns
 a bit different; all the houses
 are close together and the farms
 outlying. Far example.



This is a fair illustration of
 Grainersburg which is typical of
 all farming communities. The
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 houses are the petits squares. Here
 farming people are not too
 clean as a rule either with



HOWARD RANDALL
IN CENTER
AMMUNITION TRAIN

Greimersburg, Germany
January 4, 1919

Dear Mam,

The A.E.F. has decided to give me a life of ease after the infantry grilling. For three days before Xmas, an order came out transferring three other officers with myself from our battalion to the divisional ammunition train. There was a slight error higher up, as we had excess officers and it was they whom the general wished to transfer. But here we are; I am with a horse battalion and have a mount for my own sweet self. At Camp Greene, it required much begging and argument to get a riding horse; now all it is, "Orderly, I shall be going out at 2:00 p.m." Two o'clock hears a clatter of hoofs beneath the window, and we are off.

I am still in the throes (throws) of learning, but find it much easier now than at first. True, the horse still runs away on occasion and falls down once in awhile, but I can manage usually to stay with him.

The work is very light; I give the company calisthenics in the morning, the other lieuts. takes them out for horse exercise; then I finish with a little close order drill. The afternoon sees us out riding somewhere. This is very pretty country and there are some wonderful rides. A road just above the town here swings to the edge of a precipice; from one spot there you can look down a winding canyon. The height and the distance to the further reaches give it a purple hue. It is not a narrow cut but nearly a kilometer wide. In the very distance looms up a picturesque feudal castle. Never in the U.S., England, or France have I seen such a sight. It seems almost a sacrilege to look at it, if you can understand that peculiar feeling.

I shall be a regular horseman after a month here; already I discuss relative merits of certain lead teams, wheel mules, and heavy artillery horses. Can tell the difference between G.S., escort, or fourgon wagons; whether an animal has been groomed well; when a harness was last cleaned etc. But: there are 4,563,298,316 ½ things I don't know and must learn.

Everything in quiet, and all we do is speculate on our time to go home. You can hear rumors which say all the way from 10 days to 2 years. I prefer the former, but have an awful apprehension that the latter is nearer the truth. Have any line troops come home yet?

Well, I must close now to go to RETREAT. Love to Dad and Reg.

With lots of love,
Howard

p.s. New addressl
Comp. G, 4th Ammunition train
American E.F.
Germany

Ellenz, Germany
December 23, 1918

Dear Mam,

Voila! Whoopee! I got a stack of mail that would stagger a truck. Can you beat that? Two days before Christmas, too. Zowie! I got 17 letters Thanksgiving; verify that the gods are good to me. Letters from everybody and their grandmothers. I got the pictures of the house, and it's a dandy. If you ever get to a tight corner in the instalments, don't hesitate to use my account.

I notice every letter mentions a label or an order. Let me elucidate, before you say "Pig headed as usual". All set, here goes. When I got my label, the war was yet in full swing and rather than encumber shipping which was all too slender for supplies, we tore them up. Other divisions got theirs since the armistice and ergo, sent them on. Such is life.

Now for necessities! You mention sox, gloves, sweaters, etc. Fear not; Uncle Sam takes care of his own, especially when his nephew, H.R R. assists him. I have plenty of sox, a pr.of gloves, and shoes. I am entitled to draw to a certain extent with my men and verily the privilege is used to the greatest advantage.

Dad and Mam look the same in the picture except Dad's girth is une petit peu plus petit. You have no idea what those snaps of home mean. All material wants are filled here, but you've said all then. There's that intangible something missing which makes the difference between home and house.

Reggie's Hoover story was a perfectly proper parlor story. Reminds me of something similar.

SHE SQUATS AMONG THE CABBAGES AND PEAS.

I'm getting fat as a horse. Our privations are finis; and all we do is eat our heads off, sleep 8-10 hrs a night, and do the nominal drill. At present I am 176 lbs, some change from the hospital which made me 138 lb.

As to getting home, Dieu ne sait que. I used to speculate on future destinations, time of departures, etc; but that was when I was a rookie.

I'll close now.

With lots of love,

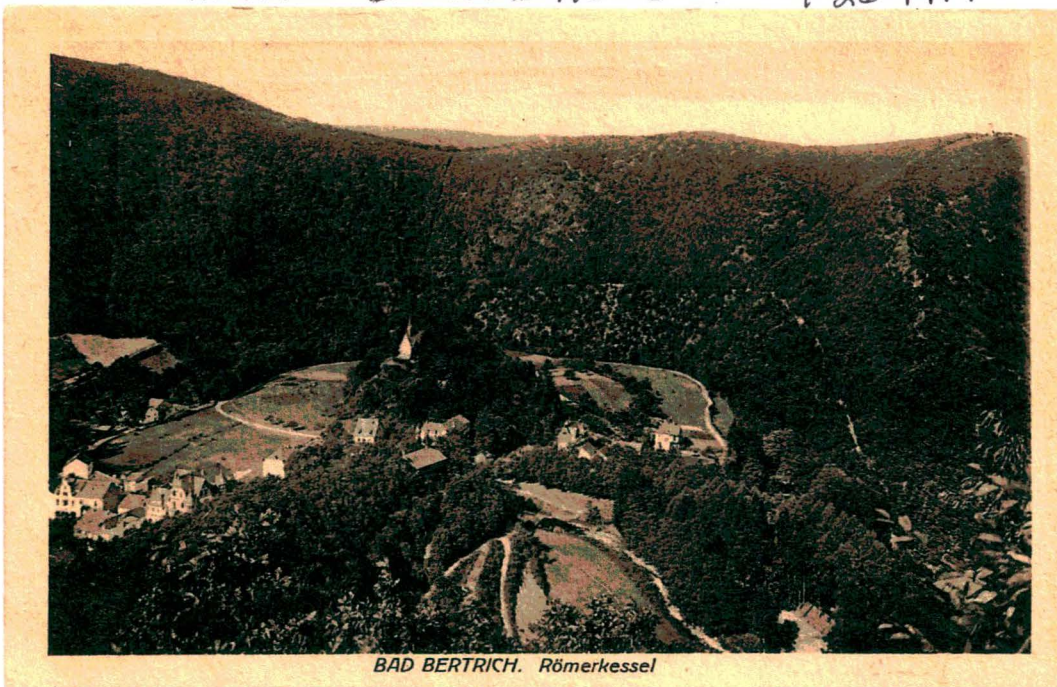
Howdy

BERTRICH SPA LOCATION - EAST OF OSTEN 1-26-1919



Bad Bertrich von Osten

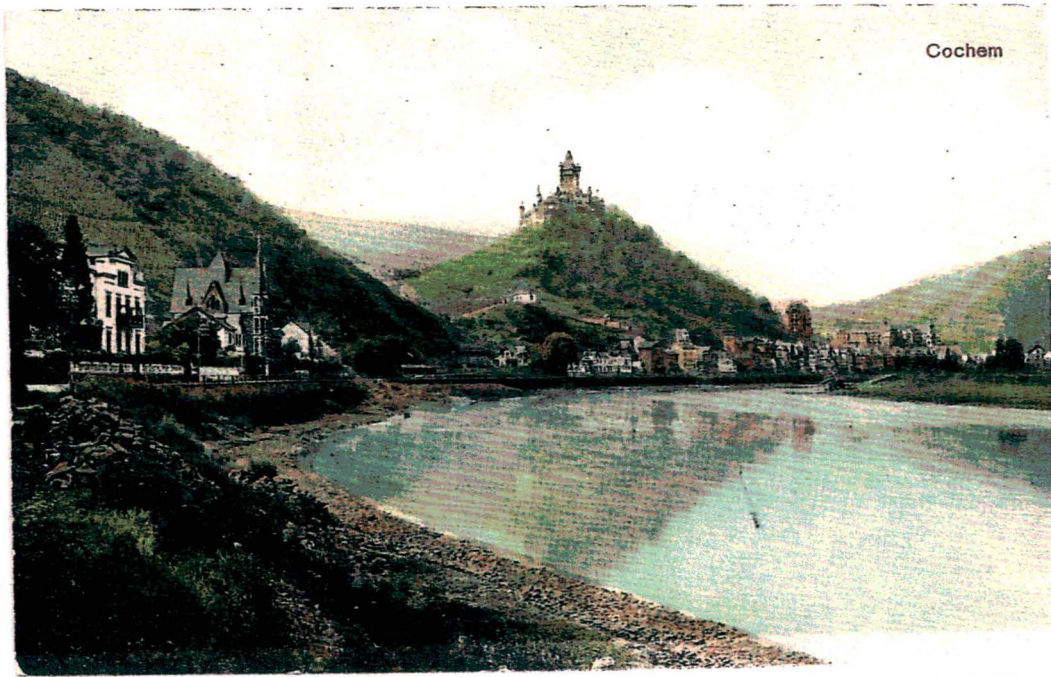
HEADQUARTERS LOCATED HERE 1-26-1919



BAD BERTRICH. Römerkessel



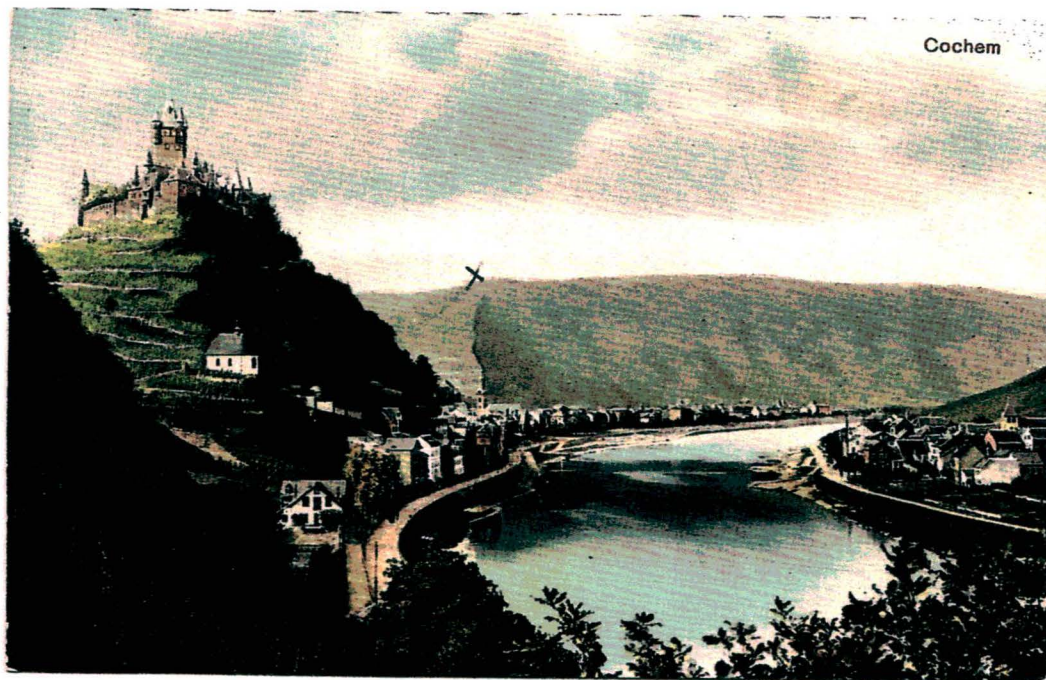
This is a town I attended a horse
school in, it is back by Treves
a 4th Divisional affair.



This is a fair sized town about
5 miles from us. We are up and
back in the general direction
of the castle. Of course, one or
twice a week, something necessitates
a trip down there. We spent
Christmas Eve, and part of the
day here.

1-26-1919

Howard



Cross marks general location
of our outfit. I guess this is
an antique picture, as the
river is much higher now
due to rains and a thaw, in
fact it is seriously threatening
the lower part of this town.

1-26-1989

Howard

Greimersburg, Germany
January 26, 1919

Dear Mam,

Finished the "horse" school at Division Hdqtrs. And had a pleasant time during the week. Had to report to the class room at 9:00A.M.; Pretty soft. Bertrich, the town in which Hdqtrs is located, is a pretty little dorf in the lowlands with old "he" mountains around as you can see from the postcards. There are some wonderful sulfur baths there and in normal times the people used to come during the summer in large numbers. I bathed every day I was there and once had the famous Licht Bad. This is a Turkish bath except instead of steam coils, there are large electric globes near the body which sweat one out.

I received your Xmas package O.K. and the candy was a treat. I gave a part of a cake to the people in my house and now they treat me like a mogul. As they say there is nichts in Deutschland jetzt.

I have received all the letters due me now and believe me I was glad to have them. At one time 37 came in a bunch; I put them in chronological order and spent a pleasant afternoon in the U.S. You mention me as being in the 26th Division. The 4th is my numeral. Let me elucidate a little of the army. Before the war our army consisted of the Regulars and the State Militias. When War broke out, the latter were called into activity and named the National Guard. Then the draft called to arms the National Army. So we have now the three classes in our army.

1. Regular Army
2. National Guard = State Militias
3. National Army = conscripts.

In the Reg. Army the divisions run from 1-25 inc.

In the National Guard from 26 inc. to 75 inc.

In the National Army from 76 inc. up.

So you see that being in the R.A. I could not be in the 26th. This latter is an N.J. outfit from New England and has a very enviable record in the War.

Regiment numbers run as follows:

Reg Army 1 - 100

N. G. 100 - 200

N.. A. 200 up.

However, the U.S. Regulars only have about sixty odd regiments, so don't let anyone tell about their charge while in the 92nd Regiment as I heard in Paris. (There ain't no such animal).

I heard a rumor yesterday that an order was coming thru tomorrow transferring me to the 3rd Div. This wouldn't surprise me any, for the officers are being juggled around pretty rapidly lately.

With lots of love,

Howdy

P.S. Don't set any hopes on my coming home soon; it will be remarkable if I am home by Christmas this year. H.R.R.

Cobern – Gorndorf
Germany
Feb. 9, 1919

Dear Mam,

I am now with the 3rd Am. Train in the Horse Battalion; Believe me, I saw the country while changing divisions. I had to laugh because I got Dad's advice to see the country right after my trip.

My route lay thru Coblenz and there I stopped off a few days to explore the city. I took an all day trip up the Rhine and will send you the folder I bought to assist me in picking out famous castles, etc. I saw the Lorelei which has always been interesting since I read the poem on it.

After leaving Coblenz, my destination was in the direction of Cologne and so I went thru and spent a day in that city which is held by the British. I nearly got pinched coming back thru. I figured it was time to report in then so did that and got assigned to this outfit.

Gondorf is a little town on the Moselle River 15 kilometres from Coblenz. It has electric lights and the people are well to do for the most part. I am enclosing a card of my billet. The lady is very nice to me and can talk quite a bit of English.

The patch I am enclosing is the insignia for the 4th division; it is worn on the left arm at the shoulder, point up. Each division has a distinctive design. This is an ivy (IV) leaf.

I was laid up a couple of days last week when my horse threw me. He started bucking and juggled me up and down on the pommel about a minute then whoop he was out from under me giving me a boot in the chest as he went. This all happened on a road which winds around a mountain where, as the Captain says, if you ever fell off you'd drop for two days. Gee! I was scared; this is worse than infantry under shell fire.

I got a letter from Wesley and now I reckon we can keep in communication. He is a captain but has the same chance of getting to the Rhine as I have of getting to London.

Well, I guess this is all the news. Have put in for a leave, but that's something I'll see in a month or two. Don't expect to get back home for several more months. Love to Dad and Reg.

With lots of love,
Howdy

p.s. Address now,

Comp. "F", 3rd Amm. Train
Horse Battalion
American E.F.

p.s. Weather is a bit cold now and about ½ in. snow on ground. H.R.R.



Haus Vollmering

Cobern - Gondorf a. d. Mosel

Pension Vollmering
Cobern - Gondorf a. d. Mosel.

M. Rupfich, Fotograf., Coblenz.

where I hang my hat.

H. R. R.

Festung Ehrenbreitstein u. Kaiser Wilhelm-Denkmal



Rhein-Ehrenbreitstein



Kaiser Wilhelm-Denkmal



Ehrenbreitstein is considered one of the most powerful fortresses in the world. It has capacity for something like 150,000 men and all kinds of tunnels. (

I got up on the Kaiser Wilhelm I statue and paraded around where you see the crosses. This monument is right at the juncture of the Moselle & Rhine. Howdy,

Verlagsgesellschaft Komros, Halberstadt. Nr. 9387

1919, February 16
Gondorf, Germany

Dear Reg,

Still in Gondorf. My leave for Italy got knocked in the head so I've put in for Corsica. You see that's a French island and I may get by; if so there's going to be a push for Italy. As I told Dad, I'll see lots of this country, if I'm not pinched.

We are going to be motorized next week. Lose our chevaux and get tractors in their place; I think that will be more interesting for these horses make beaucoup work. Groom, water, feed, exercise every day regardless of holidays or weather.

The snow is practically gone under a mild spell we are enjoying at present. The squareheads say the winter is broken, and I hope for once they are telling the truth.

I had some fun yesterday. I was passing thru a nearby town on foot when a ram came bounding out of a farmyard. He stood in the road stock still for a moment, then made a dash like an express train for my knees; I pulled my pistol and whether it was the click of the cocking piece or the fact that I didn't run, he sheared off and trotted away. We sure would have had mutton if he had come at me.

Everything is quiet here. The squareheads treat us well, because they realize we hold the territory. The Captain has fined a few for some misdemeanor or other so they are properly cowed. Then again, they have their families to think of, and they don't want hostilities right in their homes.

I haven't received the Blue Owl of which you spoke but am looking forward to it. Probably being a bundle, it got held up a bit.

Gee! it's hard to write when you know the letter won't arrive for three weeks or so, and you'll get an answer in a couple of months. It's like looking forward to the joys of Heaven; pleasant but tres loin.

I wish there was more news but wait until I get a leave. Don't whale the kids too much.

With lots of love,
Howdy

P.S. New address

Co. F. 3rd Ammunition Train
American E.F.
A.P.O. 740

1919, February 16
Gondorf, Germany

Dear Mam,

Just a line to let you know everything is o.k. I forgot to ask in the last letter how Dad was now, but as I got a letter from him a couple of weeks later telling about a bull dog episode, I supposed he was better. I hope he is o.k. by this time. Tell him I had a similar experience with a ram.

We are being motorized next week; this means turn in the animals and draw tractors. When you hear a chuff-chug-grrr-whang under your window some morning you'll know I'm breezing home at about 1 mile per hour.

The captain of this outfit is Dineen. He is a Brockton man, and is related to the Dineens in North Easton. He is married & lives down on Forest Avenue. Irish of course but a peach of an officer. Saw lots of action with the 3rd Division at Chateau-Thierry. We know lots of mutual friends and shoot a lot of bull evenings.

I must beat it down to chow now. More anon.

With lots of love,
Howdy

Gondorf, Germany
February 22, 1919

Dear Mam,

Still in Gondorf. Some excitement of yore, nights. We have turned in our horses, wagons, harnesses etc. but have not yet received our tractors. We have a light delivery truck coming to us to-morrow for ration transportation.

My leave for Corsica has not come back disapproved yet, so I guess it "took" this time. March 25th is the D day and zero hour will be as early one as possible.

Probably you have wondered about the money system and how it worked. It is so simple that one minute will be enuff to pick up both systems. In France, the francs are the standard. These are worth about the rate of \$1.00 for 5.45 francs. 1 fr = 100 centimes.

Then there are 5 and 10 centime pieces; A five centime piece is about the size of a quarter in U.S. money and a 10 centime piece (Commonly called a "clacker") is about the size of an English penny.

The German standard coin is the mark.

1 mark = 100 pfennings.

Like the French, there are 5 and 10 pfennig pieces but they are smaller. Here's a sample. The value of the mark is variable now; once it corresponded to our two-bit pieces, but this week the exchange is 1 fr = 2 marks.

The chief occupation on the banks of the Moselle is grape growing. Farther back the people have farms where turnips and spuds are the chief products. A little sheep raising is done also. I saw a flock to-day guarded by one man and a dog. The latter seemd half asleep when the shepherd spoke. Instantly the dog started down the line of sheep, glancing back now and then until assured by a whistle or two that he was doing what was wanted; at the end of the line, the shepherd shouted something and the hund chased the sheep in a bunch down to the shepherd. This type of dog is the most intelligent I have ever seen.

Things are pretty monotonous here so I have started plans for a little entertainment next Saturday evening: One stunt is a little minstrel affair; I've nearly sprained my brain thinking up jokes for it.

I received a couple of letters from home this week dated Jan. 6. To-day is Feb. 22. Such is life! I feel like I was writing a diary or something to which I never expected an answer when I write a letter. Do you feel the same too?

I believe that Spring has arrived here. The weather is milk, snow all gone, and will rain; Moreover most of the letters I've censored lately have been tender, loving affairs. "In the spring a young man's fancy".....

Well I guess I've written enuff bunk, so will finis.

With lots of love,

Howdy

P.S. Pardon pencil, fountain pen is ansgespillt.

P.S. address is Co.F. 3rd Amm Tr.

A.P.O. 740 A.E.F.

Gondorf, Germany
3/2/1919

Dear Mam,

I took a trip to Coblenz and Andermach yesterday to get a pair of shoes. The captain gave me a pass to go to Andermach swearing I'd be pinched, but I not only went to Coblenz, I got in the commissary and bought candy for the officers and then went on to Andermach and back. If I'm not pinched, I'll be well supplied in a little while.

We received our tractors Monday, seven or eight of them. I have been learning to drive one. The captain has too. The other day we went out for a "spin" (6 miles an hour; remember Mr. Holmes) clanking thru the town in great shape. Not without danger to the town for these are 5 ton affairs and have a terrific engine 58 H.P. I had visions of backing into a front parlor and saying, "Pardon me; if I can slide this junk into low speed ahead, I'll be out directly".

We have also been learning to run our Dodge light delivery truck. The captain has busted one fence already and scared the life out of the driver, whom he insists must ride with him. Nobody else would ride with him for a million marks. I was driving past an ox-cart one afternoon and wanted to slow down, so put my foot in the direction of the brake. You know my gunboats. The accelerator was the recipient of my frantic kick and whee! we flashed by at about 60 miles an hour much to the surprise of the squarehead on the wagon.

I got a letter from Miss Chase and Miss Condit. Not "Conduit", as you wrote; were you thinking of the gas mains, Mam. I'm glad Dad is getting along so well with the Insurance. When I get back I'm going to convert my \$10,000 policy into an endowment policy with some civil concern, and Dad can give me dope on the best move to make.

Well, everything is o.k. A schedule of divisions to leave for U.S. came out recently and the 3rd Div. wasn't on it. This schedule went thru June, so you can draw your conclusions as to when we get back. Sometime next Christmas, I guess. We'll celebrate, though, when we arrive.

Well, I guess that's all for this time. Love to Dad and Reg and lots for yourself.

Howdy

1919, March 11
Beaume, France

Dear Mam,

In school once more. An order came out recently taking applications for an A.E.F. University and as I was only marking time in Germany, applied and was successful.

To-day was spent in registering. I am taking Automobile Engineering, Advanced French (classes conducted in French) and Argumentation. On account of the late arrival of instructors and materiel, it will be impossible to begin for a week. A three months course is contemplated.

Beaume is a fair-sized town a few miles south of Dijon which is a big affair. The Camp is about a kilometer from the railroad. We will have something like 10,000 students, enlisted men and officers. This was a hospital, and we have the cots and bedding, complete.

Coming down on the train, we saw an interesting sight. The track is laid across the original no-man's land, and there were German prisoners working to beat the deuce unstringing wire, filling shell holes, and collecting "duds". We also passed thru the city of Metz where we saw the remains of the old Roman aqueduct.

I am enclosing the key to my trunk which I shipped home about a year ago. Gee! I'd like to get home. No grapenuts for a year!

Well, I must close, love to Dad and Reg.

With lots of love,

Howdy

p.s. Tell Dad I know who my father is. He always signs

Dad

A.E. Randall

Perhaps he thinks it's a wise son that knows his father and I haven't hatched my wisdom teeth yet.

p.s. My new address is

Co.C, 9th Prov. Regt.

A.E.F. University

A.P.O. 909



Hölscher u. Pöhl.

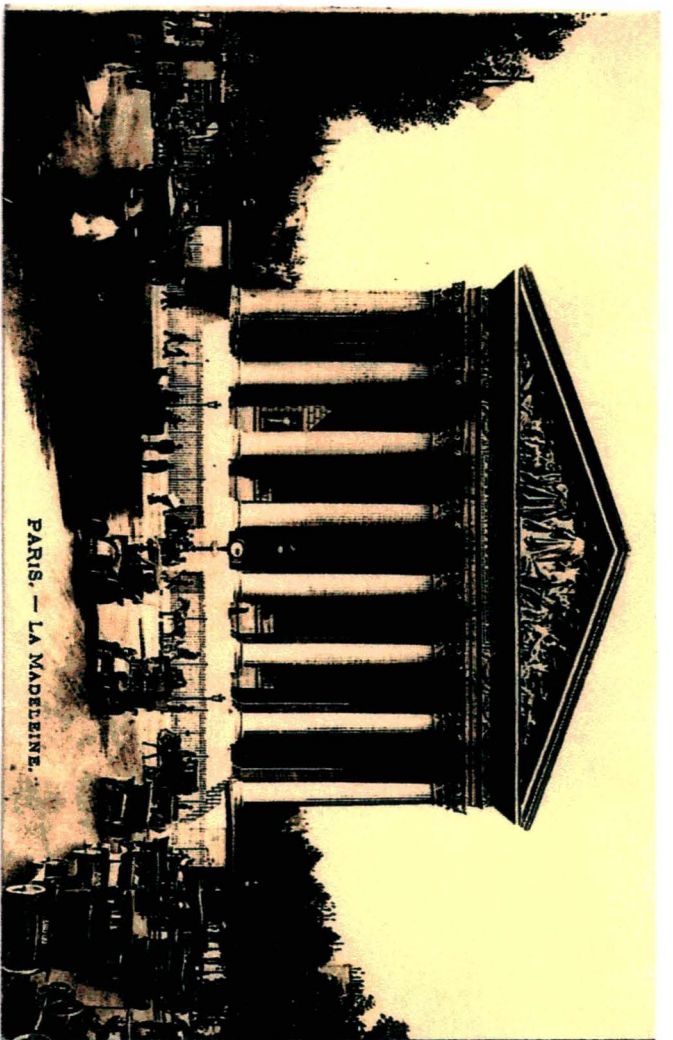
Dom, Südseite.

This is the Dom Cathedral in
 Cologne. I wandered around inside
 until a priest put me out.

Echte
 Kupferdruck-
 Karte

Nr. 3603a. Kunstverlagsanstalt 700, Harmann, Cassel.

H.R.R.



PARIS. — LA MADEIRAINE.

CARTE POSTALE

Partie réservée à la Correspondance

A French lieutenant
whom I met on the
Ipswich shore showed
me a small, clean
hotel and certainly
located, so that it
was very easy to visit
the wonders.

Adresse du destinataire

M

I did not see this
place

CARTE POSTALE

Partie réservée à la Correspondance

Adresse du destinataire

I had a chance to
visit Paris a couple
of days before returning
to duty so took
it. I have now
seen the three largest
cities of the world.

M



PARIS. — VUE SUR LA SEINE PRISE DU PAVILLON DE FLORE.



CARTE POSTALE

Partie réservée à la Correspondance

Adresse du destinataire

The Seine is the
key ~~of~~ of Paris.
You can always find
it, and from it
your hotel.

M



CARTE POSTALE

Partie réservée à la Correspondance

Adresse du destinataire

This is the street
down which we
will march some
day soon after passing
thru the Arc of Triumph
You see in the back-ground.

M



CARTE POSTALE

Partie réservée à la Correspondance

Adresse du destinataire

This is the real
Arc of Triumph.
Victorious troops
march thru here at
the end of a war. None
have been thru since
Napoleon's time. Watch
us tramp thru.

M



CARTE POSTALE

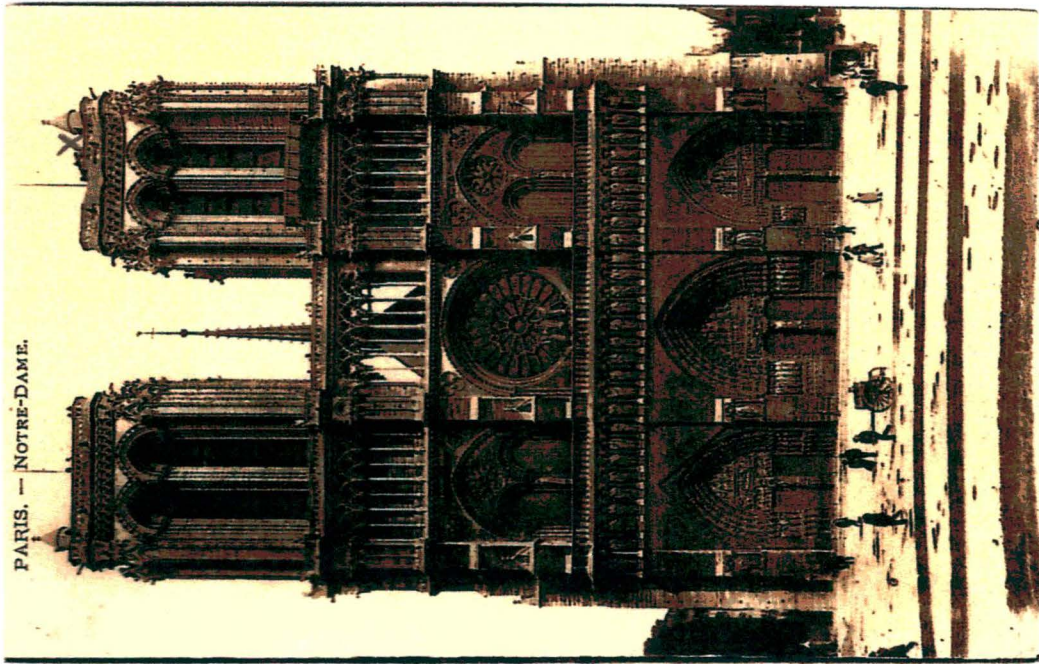
Partie réservée à la Correspondance

Adresse du destinataire

This is a smaller
Arc of Triumph and
is down by the
Louvre toward
the Tuileries.

M

PARIS. — NOTRE-DAME.



CARTE POSTALE

Partie réservée à la Correspondance

Adresse du destinataire

I spent the night
walking thru the church
It was doubly interesting
because I had read
Victor Hugo's note some
X marks the spot
where I was enabled
to get a wonderful
view of Paris

M

CARTE POSTALE

Partie réservée à la Correspondance

I found this to be the
most impressive hall
of Paris. The actual
tomb in the center
was covered with
sand bags for
protection against the
Boche avions.

Adresse du destinataire

M



PARIS. — LE TOMBEAU DE L'EMPEREUR AUX INVALIDES.



PARIS. — LE SACRÉ-CŒUR.

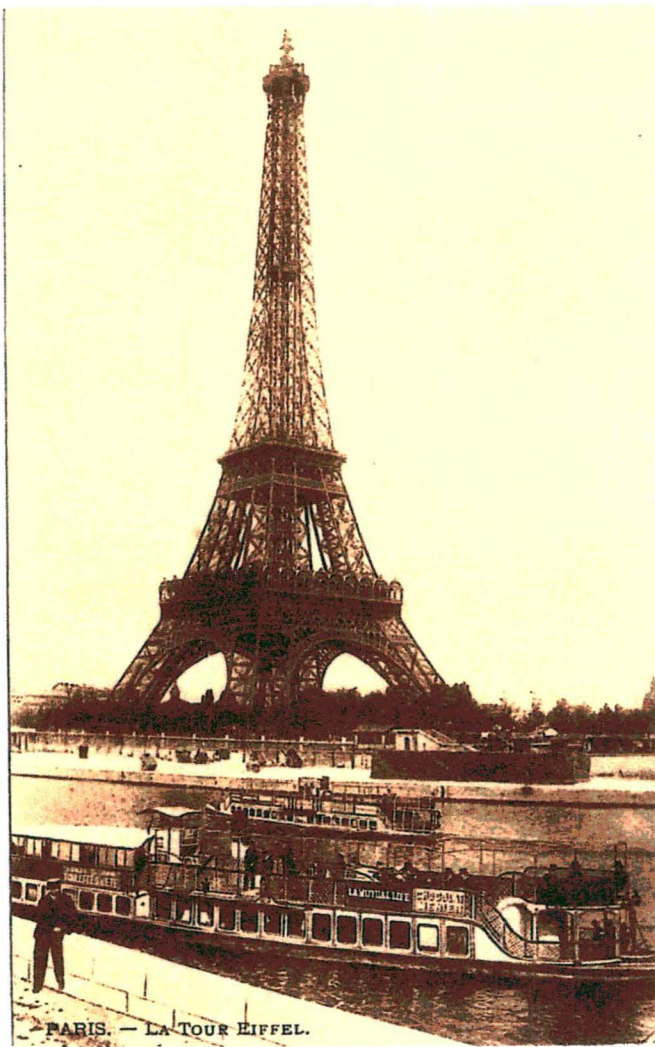
CARTE POSTALE

Partie réservée à la Correspondance

*I saw his in the
distance from Notre
Dame.*

Adresse du destinataire

M



CARTE POSTALE

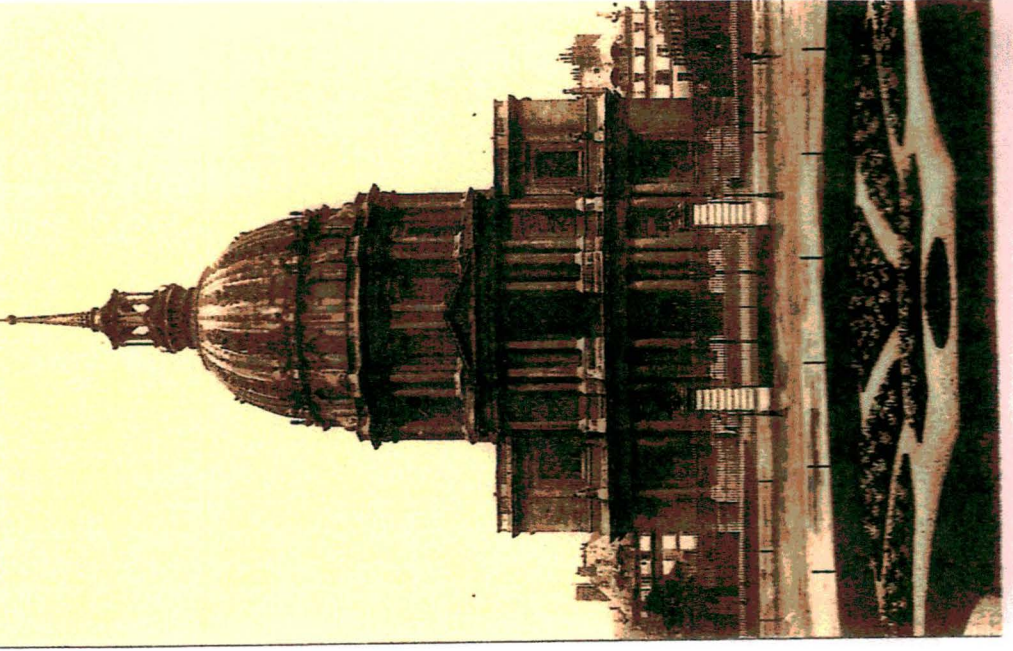
Partie réservée à la Correspondance

This is all steel
structure with
the skeleton formation
you can see.

Adresse du destinataire

M _____

PARIS. — LE DÔME DES INVALIDES.



CARTE POSTALE

Partie réservée à la Correspondance

Ilus no where

Napoleon is Antimbedy

Adresse du destinataire

M

Address lines with dotted lines for postal routing.



CARTE POSTALE

Partie réservée à la Correspondance

Adresse du destinataire

*Who has just
opposite Eiffel
tower*

M



CARTE POSTALE

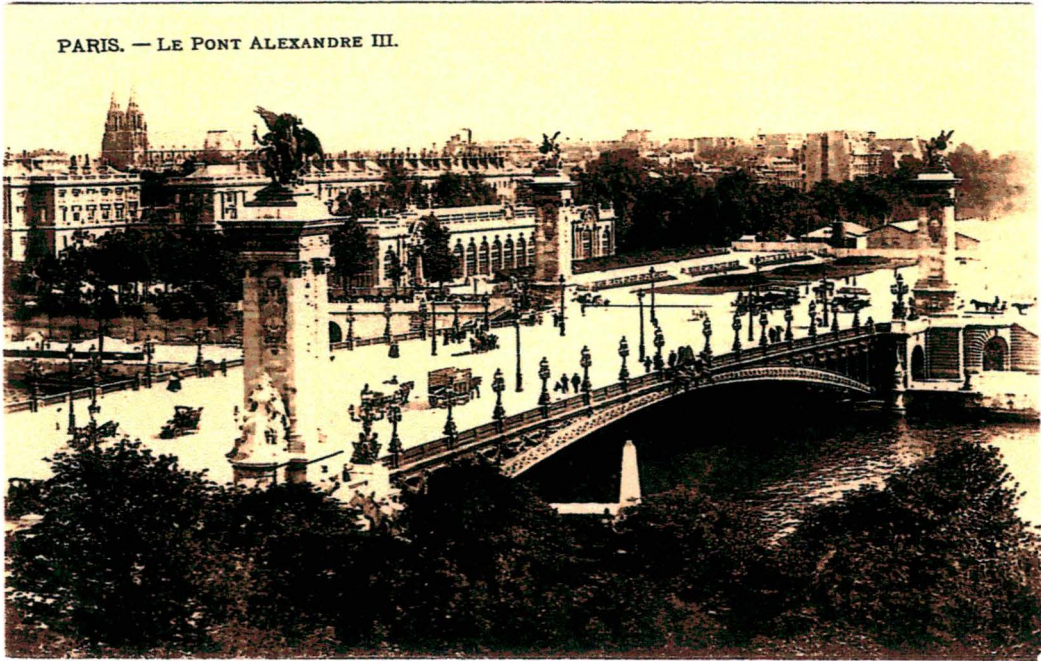
Partie réservée à la Correspondance

*A marble Egyptian
obelisk, at each
corner of the square
or "place" de la Concorde
are two statues*

Adresse du destinataire

M

PARIS. — LE PONT ALEXANDRE III.



CARTE POSTALE

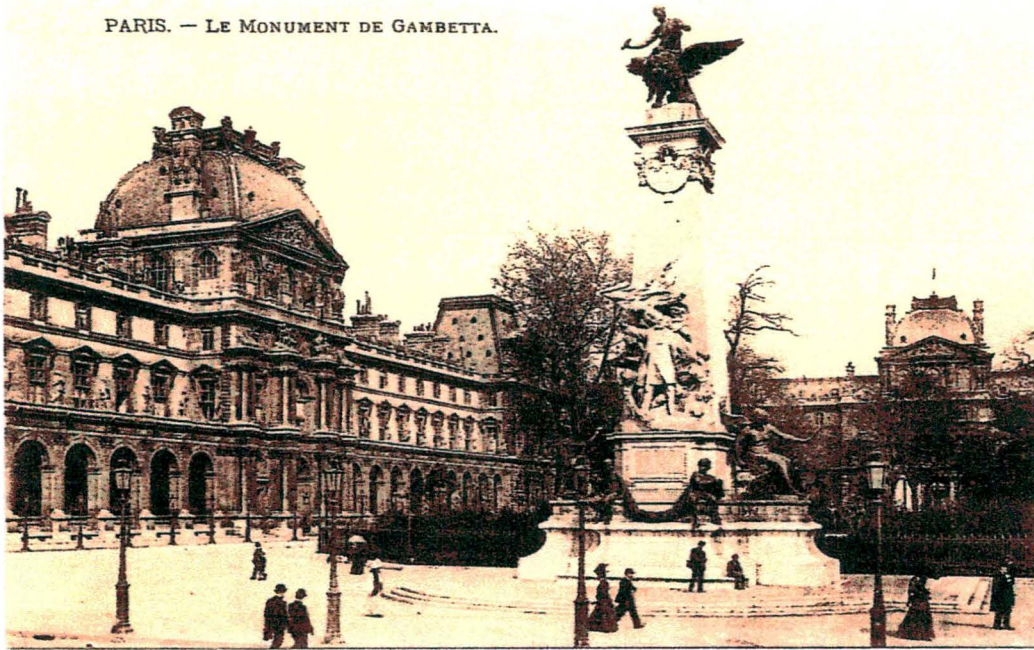
Partie réservée à la Correspondance

Adresse du destinataire

The card gives
little idea of the
splendor of this
bridge. The white
statues are marble,
and those appearing black
are gold-leafed.

M

PARIS. — LE MONUMENT DE GAMBETTA.



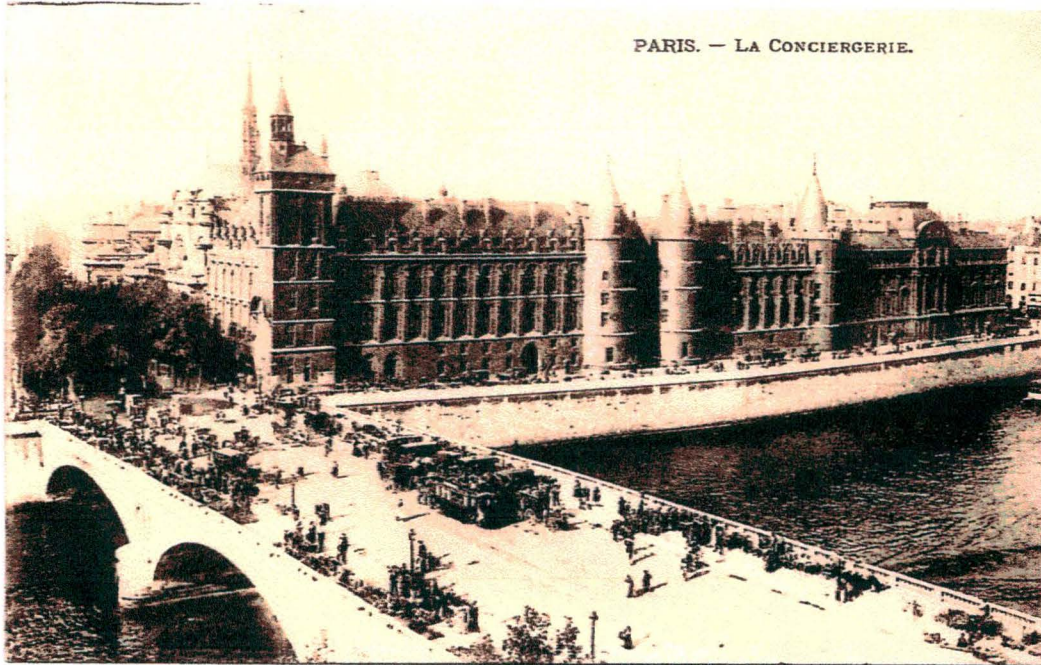
CARTE POSTALE

Partie réservée à la Correspondance

Adresse du destinataire

This is in the
courtyard of the
Louvre which
you see on the left.

M



PARIS. — LA CONCIERGERIE.

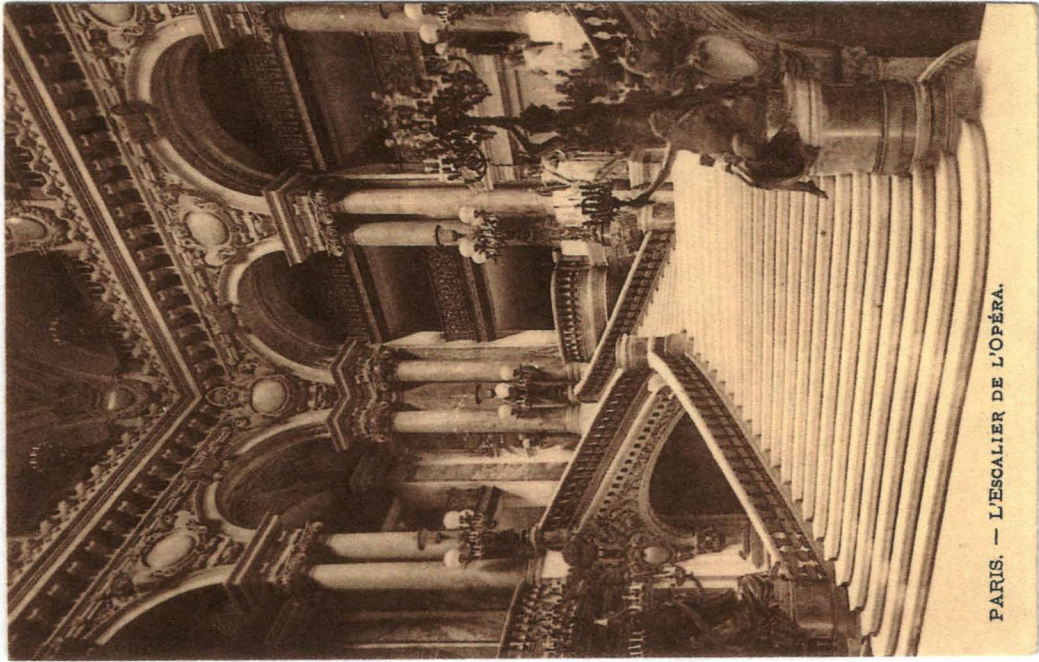
CARTE POSTALE

Partie réservée à la Correspondance

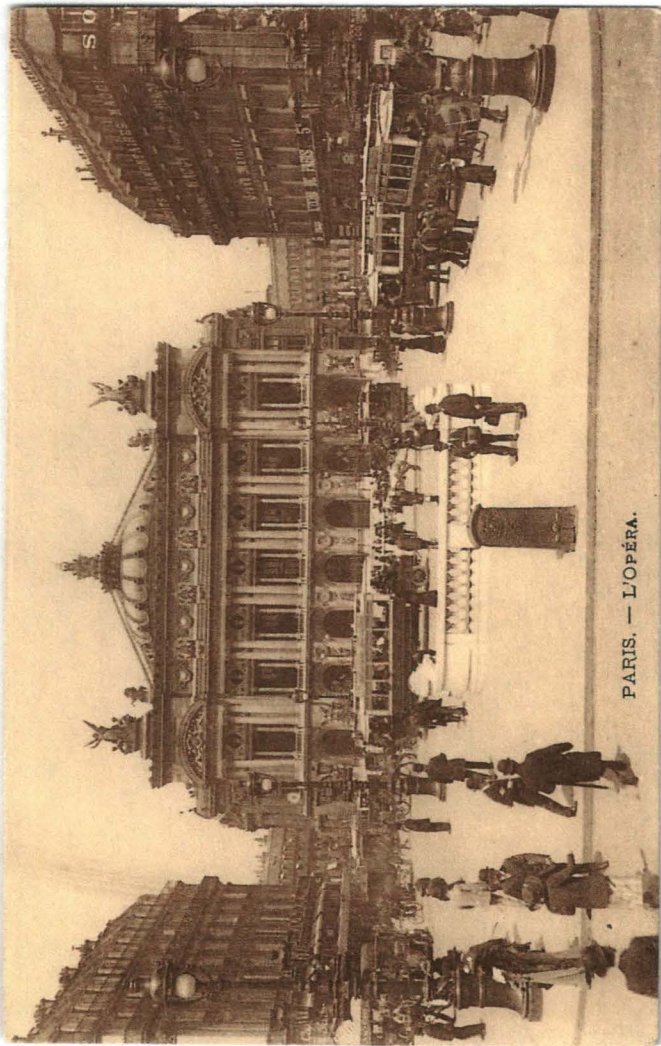
I went around
here in a taxi at
60 m. per hour, and
my memory was
little hazy.

Adresse du destinataire

M



PARIS. — L'ESCALIER DE L'OPÉRA.



PARIS. — L'OPÉRA.



PARIS. — LE MOULIN ROUGE.

CARTE POSTALE

Partie réservée à la Correspondance

Adresse du destinataire

*I didn't see this
as it meant nothing
to me.*

M



CARTE POSTALE

Partie réservée à la Correspondance

Adresse du destinataire

*Mostly buses
in this picture*

M

Beaume, France
March 23, 1919

Dear Mam,

Did I tell you I have transferred down to the A.E.F. college at Beaume (cote D'or) France. I am taking French, argumentation and automobile Engineering (for my tractors). The college has not got started yet on account of non-arrival of supplies. I took The bull by the horns, got a three day leave and visited Vichy via Paris. That is why I didn't write last week. The only mar on my vacation was a broken finger (ring finger, left hand). I helped a French officer with a heavy trunk, but never again. It will have to stay in splints about 20 days.

I received my leave 3/13/'19. Nice B.D.P. wasn't it? Hope some stroke of luck came on your birthdays. Sorry I couldn't send you something, but wait until next year.

Mail is arriving in great style now. The 21st of this month I received your letter of the 3rd, which is going some.

We are having gorgeous weather now; rain every day. As I write, the gentle patter of rain on the roof mingles with the pen scratches.

My leave for Corsica is knocked in the head, but I figured the college (three month term) was worth more than a tour among the wops.

I got a letter from Mabel H. to-day. She has moved over to Ash Street. I wonder why that was, as I thought their home very pretty on Weston St. Also got a letter from "Abe" Lincoln.

As to getting home, I am counting on about September.

I am glad you got by the 'Flu epidemic so well. Gee! I didn't realize how serious it was until lately when I was talking to a surgeon who had been stationed at Devens during the crucial period. The Germans also suffered heavily from it.

Well, I must close now to hit the feathers. Don't work too hard. Tell Dad he's some insurist.

With lots of love,
Howdy

P.S. new address is:

Comp. "C", 9th Prov. Regt.
A.E.F. University,
Beaume, France.
A.P.O. 909

AEF University
April 4, 1919

Dear Mam,

I haven't written for ten days or so, and so here goes. Everything is proceeding in a quiet fashion here.

The General (Pershing) was out to give us the once-over yesterday, and by a stroke of luck I found myself only a few feet from his stand when he addressed the soldiers. He congratulated us on the successes of the army and told us we had a fine school. Altogether he talked about twenty minutes.

My finger is still in splints, but the soreness is pretty well gone. The Doc says a few more days ought to make it.

I told you I was taking Advanced French, didn't I. Probably I'll absorb so much that I'll forget most of my English. Wouldn't it be funny if I came bursting into 9 Patterson, yelling "Ou est mon maman; oh zere you ees, oh nice eet ees to be chez moi encore."

Well, I guess that's all the news. Am well, happy, and assez d'argent..
Cependant I don't expect to get home until September. Such is life!

Avec beaucoup d'amour,
Howard

p.s. En cas que vous avez mon oublie addressee:

Comp "C", 9th Prov. Regt.
A.E.F. University,
A.P.O. 909

A.E.F. University
April 17, 1919

Dearest Mam,

Did you think your Howdy was finis? Studies are on in deadly earnest and I find my three innocent subjects mighty exacting.

Here is an average day of work.

8.20A.M. – 9.10 Lecture in engineering.

9.20 – 12.10 Labratory work in shop.

1.20 – 2.10 French

2.20 – 3.10 Argumentation

N.B. Beaucoup study after supper.

It's a case of nothing to do until to-morrow. I wish you could see me in overalls with a wrench in one hand, a hammer in the other and a smear on my face. We are some mechanics; last class was to remove an auto body. One guy went to work to unbolt the seat or cab as it is called. A case of "Percy the mechanical man, but brains he has nix."

I got your magazines O.K. and you bet they were welcome; I got them quite a while ago, but I'm still your old lazy, forgetful boy and didn't mention them.

We are taking logic at present in argumentation, where you learn all kinds of funny stuff like this:

Black is a color,
White is a color,
: Black is white.
Or
Some men are fat.
Dad is fat.
: Dad is some man

On fatigue the other day, I had a streak of conscientiousness and made my detail work to beat the deuce on cleaning up a certain area. Later, I found the name of the area was Harvard Court. You see all the streets are named after colleges like: Oxford, Brown, Amherst, Sorbonne, etc.

Well, I guess dieses ist genug.

Aufwiedersehen,
Your lieber Sonn,
Howard

On Active Service with American Expeditionary Forces
APO 909
May 7, 1919

Dear Mam,

Pardon the paper, it's all I could find. I suppose you thought I got shunted back to Germany from my silence. Au contraire. I got a touch of flu and have been confined to the hospital. It went pretty hard with me for a couple of days but I'm off the D.L. now and hope to get out in a few days.

I got all your magazines, Blue Owl etc. and you can bet I was glad to see them. Letters are arriving right quickly now.

Before I got the flu I had a run-in with a major. He ordered me off the camp bus because it was too full. I weakly got off, copped the names of a couple of witnesses, nailed down two other similar instances and shot it all to our commandant. He turned it over to the Inspector General, so I guess Mr. Major will check up a bit.

Will close to write later. Love all around,

Howdy

1919, May 12
A.E.F. University
Army of Occupation
Beaume, France

Dear Mam,

Yesterday was Mothers' Day and was celebrated by exercises in town, etc. Every "doughboy" wrote home, as this one is now doing. I got out of the hospital, but am a little weak on my jambes yet. The weather is glorious; finis rain, so it won't take long to put me back to my original health.

Nothing much has happened. There was a field day Saturday between different universities, and of course Beaume walked away with it.

I heard a queer rumor last week; it was to the effect that propaganda had been started in the U.S. saying Beaume University was a camouflaged venereal hospital. Is this true? It hardly seems possible that anyone could believe it.

We are all watching the papers to see what the Dutch are going to do with the treaty and how soon. I suppose there will be a couple of months delay. Enclosed you will find a ditty to the tune of "Silver Threads Among the Gold". I heard it sung one night by some Y.M.C.A. entertainers. They sure scored a hit with the homesick gang.

I received your magazines o.k. and my room has become a sort of circulating library. I found some good dope in the Literary Digests for my argument, which I am writing in English.

My auto course is not quite what you think it is. Instead of driving around corners on two wheels, etc. you would more than likely find me with a wrench underneath the machine trying to disembowel it.

I got an interesting letter from Dineen, Capt. of my company in Germany. He said the other lieut. had left the company and he was all alone. He went on to say he'd be on K.P. next, if I didn't hurry and get back.

Well school-call has blown and I must beat it to French. Love to Dad, Reg, and lots for yourself.

Howdy

P.S. Glad to see that Dad is convinced I know who is my Dad. H.R.R.

1919, May 20
A.E.F. University
Beaume, France

Dear Mam,

One year ago today found me in Calais working to beat the dickens to reduce the company equipment "C" to "full field". A year ago the 17th found us in Liverpool, from where we went direct to Dover. Yaws, Ah've been spending a yeah abroahd; quite interesting dontcha know. From present indications, I'll be home in a month or two; although nothing is certain in the army until it has actually arrived.

Yesterday, Lt. Cook (my Bunkie) and I with an instructor went out in a Dodge. I was at the wheel, and about 3 miles into the country ran over a dog. It didn't kill him, but he yelped like time. They say you aren't a driver until you run over something, so here goes.

Last night, Cook and I took some of the men over to the gym and did flip flops, hand stands, etc. at which Cook is very good. I learned some new stunts, but oh, I'm lame to-day. I finished up by wrestling with one of the men, and although not yet back to my pre-flu strength, had the satisfaction of throwing him.

Had I mentioned the weather? We had about 8 weeks of nearly continuous rain but now it is glorious. Warm clear days that make life worth living. There are some sulfur baths downtown which I haven't sampled yet; if things break right this P.M. I may run down.

I found some dandy material in the magazines you sent; helps out the argument I am writing in great shape. I read "Sun-ripe", the story you recommended, and found it great. Too bad things don't happen that way in real life.

Well, I must feed the animals as I am officer of the day to-day & chow call has just blown. Love to Reg and Dad.

With lots of love,
Howdy

Grenoble, France
May 25, 1919

Dear Mam,

As we may pull freight pretty soon, I thought it would be a good hunch to see the Alps. So, Friday night, I got leave (French variety) and went to Lyon, which by the way is second largest city in France. In the morning I continued my journey to Grenoble situated in the Alps. In the afternoon, I got a train for St. Georges, changing there to an electric railroad which winds around and in and out of the mountains. It was a wonderful trip and to get the full advantage of the view we (2 other lieuts.) sat on an open flat car. This was all right for the view, but the tunnels were wet and cold, water dropping like a river on you in places. It seems funny as the deuce to be sweltering in the heat and look up at snow on the mountains. As the electric climbed the mountain, the air got less "gummy"; then it felt like Boston, when an east wind comes off the bay; then it was chilly. There wasn't any snow on the mountain we went up but the snowy summits of some of the other mountains looked mighty close. I tried to get to Briencon from Grenoble by omnibus; but the patron said the trips didn't begin until July 1st, when it was possible to pull thru the snow, and me wet thru and thru with sweat as he spoke.

These mountains are in all shapes and sizes; some are symmetrical, others thrown together in all kinds of shapes. One mountain, a small one, was shaped like this. The summit ran along for about 100 yds and looked to be as sharp as a razor. At the foot was a stream. The electric railway went over bridges where you could look down a deuce of a ways.. Then about half way up the mountain, there were places where the solid rock had been blasted away for the tracks and you felt like an aviator when you looked down. My description is pas bon but I'll send you a couple of cards to illustrate. La Mure was the name of the town the electric finally landed in.

I am writing from Grenoble where I stayed last night; my train leaves for Lyon in half an hour so I guess I'll be traveling.

With lots of love,
Howdy

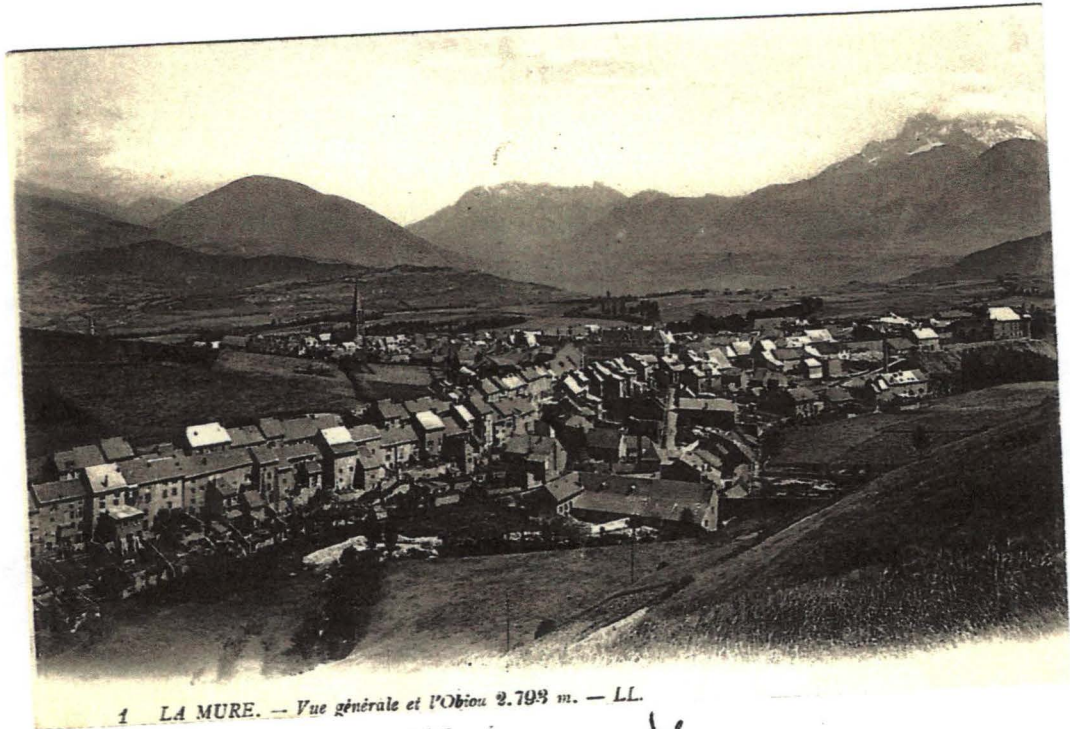
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and sizes. Some are symmetrical, others
thrown together in all kinds of shapes. One
mountain, a small one, was shaped like this.
The summit ran along for about 100 yds and
looked to be ^{summit} as sharp as a razor.
At the foot ^{was a stream.} The electric
railway went over bridges where
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blasted away for the tracks and you felt
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you a couple of cards to illustrate. La Mure
was the name of the town the electric finally
ended in.

I am writing from Grenoble where I
stayed last night; my train leaves for Lyon in
half an hour so I guess I'll be travelling.

With lots of Love,
Howdy.

5/25/1919



1 LA MURE. — Vue générale et l'Obiou 2.793 m. — LL.

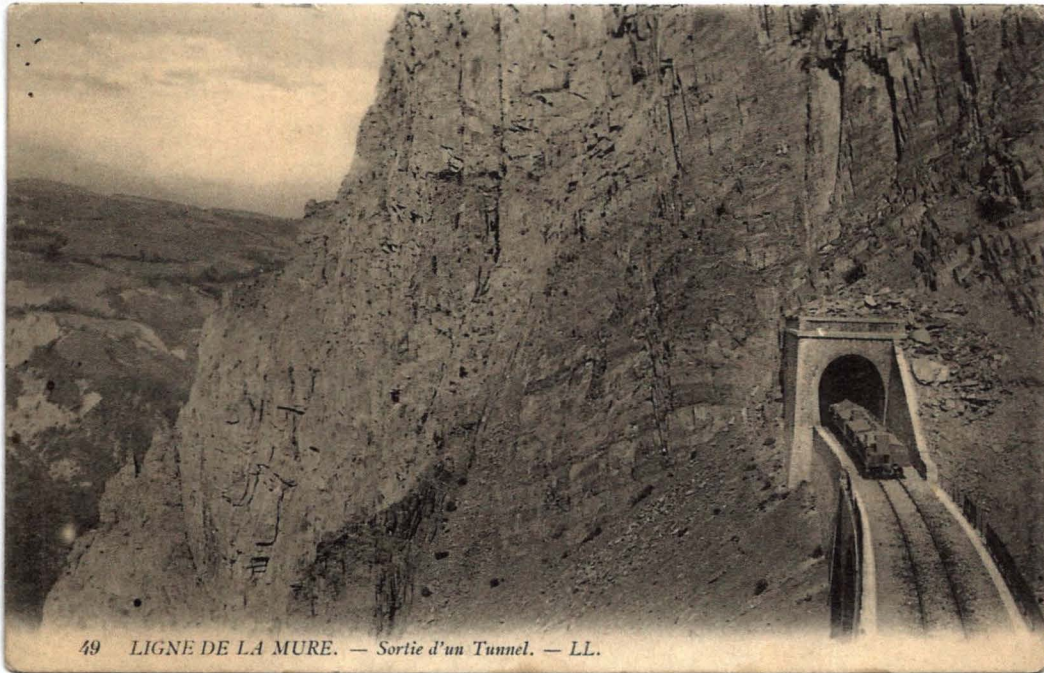
Town of La Mure, France



40 LE DAUPHINÉ. — Ligue de la Mure.
La Motte d'Aveillans — LL.

Town of Dauphiné France on the La Mure
rail line

5-25-1919



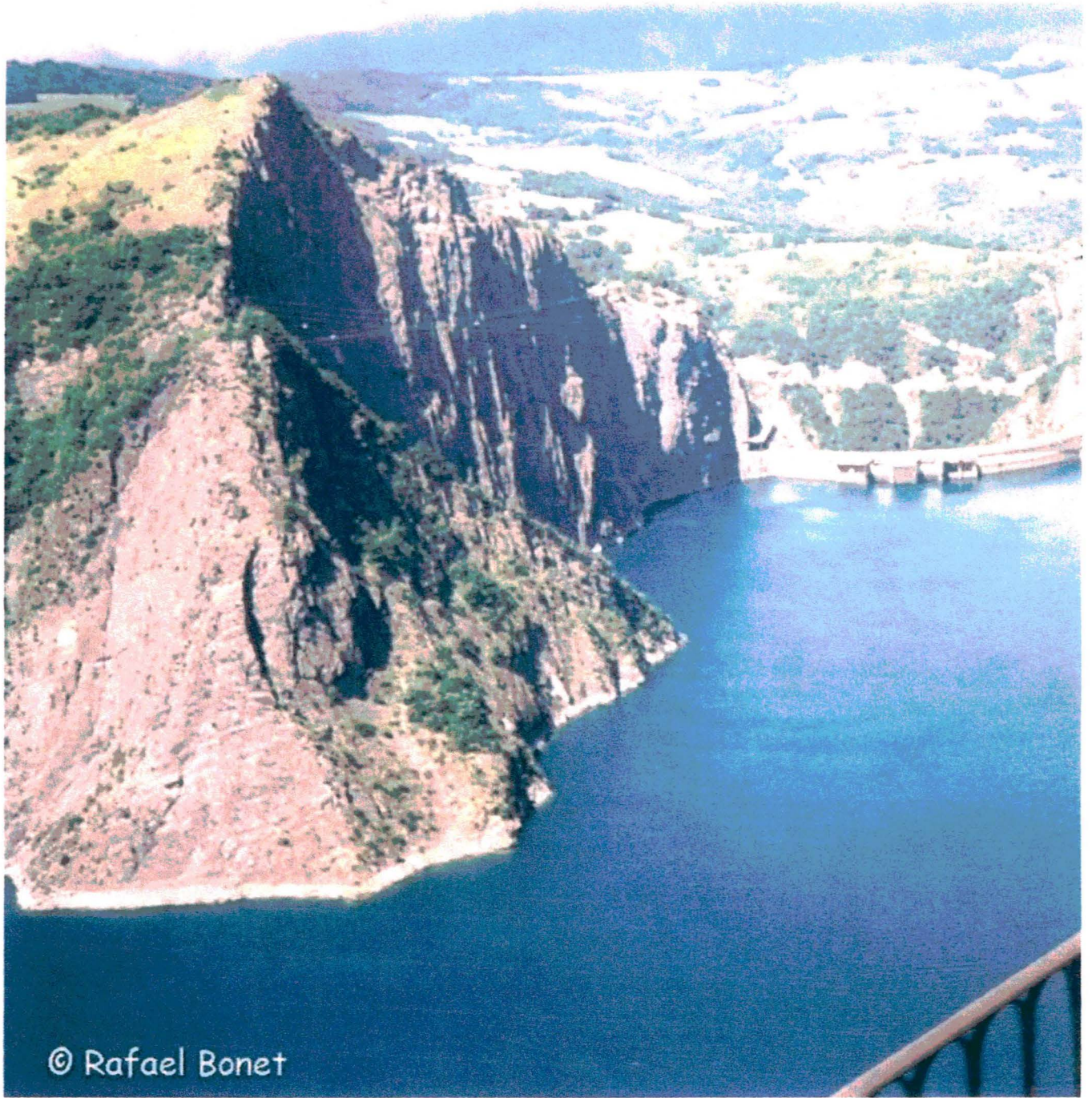
49 *LIGNE DE LA MURE. — Sortie d'un Tunnel. — LL.*



2 *LA MURE. — Vue générale — L.*







© Rafael Bonet



CARTE POSTALE

Arrived at St. Nazaire &
was given a 14 days leave.
Expect to be home to middle
of July.

Howard



CASINO - MONTE CARLO

Quin 7, 1919.

Dear Mam,

I'm just sending this to you to show you the stationery that the Casino boasts.

The Casino is a regular palace, and the gardens outside are wonderful. I asked the guard about that suicide cemetery I had always heard about, and he nearly threw a fit laughing; it's all a rumor.

I expect to pull freight to America next week.

With lots of love,
Howdy!

6-17-19

PARTIE RÉSERVÉE A LA CORRESPONDANCE
(Afranchir dans ce cas 0.10 pour la France et 0.25 pour l'étranger)

Dear Mami,

At last I have seen
the Mediterranean! This A.M.
I took a plunge in it &
it interminables from where I
dropped you a card. It is a
great place, like Monponsett
only more so. I am writing
this in the Casino, the big gambling
joint. Don't be afraid, they
won't let "militaires" play.
I will write you at greater
length later.

With lots of love,

Hardy.



Les Terrasses du Casino

Monaco & Monte-Carlo

LA PRINCIPAUTÉ DE MONACO peut être considérée, a juste titre, comme la Perle de la Côte d'Azur. Son site incomparable, son climat doux et tempéré, durant les douze mois de l'année, en font le séjour préféré de l'élite internationale qui la fréquente en toute saison et, particulièrement en hiver.

Les trois communes dont se compose ce petit Etat — Monaco, La Condamine et Monte-Carlo — ont chacune leur cachet spécial et leurs multiples attractions.

LE ROCHER DE MONACO, coupé à pic, est couronné





Le Palais du Prince de Monaco

de remparts qui le font ressembler à une forteresse du Moyen-Age. Son sommet, formant plateau, est occupé par l'ancienne cité, le Palais du Souverain, le Musée



Vue Générale de MONACO



La Place du Casino et l'Hôtel de Paris

Océanographique, la Cathédrale, le Lycée et les Jardins de St-Martin.

LA CONDAMINE, située entre Monaco et Monte-Carlo, possède le Stand célèbre qui baigne la baie d'Hercule, et où ont lieu les Expositions et les Meetings des Canots Automobiles, depuis 1904, les Tournois internationaux de Tennis et les Concours d'Aviation dont les sensationnelles épreuves des Aéroplanes et des Hydro-Aéroplanes stupéfièrent, dès le début, la foule des sportsmen.

MONTE-CARLO est le centre mondain de ce pays enchanter ! Là, au milieu d'une végétation luxuriante rappelant les féeriques jardins des Mille et une Nuits, à l'abri des vents du Nord et dominant une mer éternellement calme et bleue, s'étale une ceinture toujours s'élargissant de villas élégantes et de somptueux hôtels,

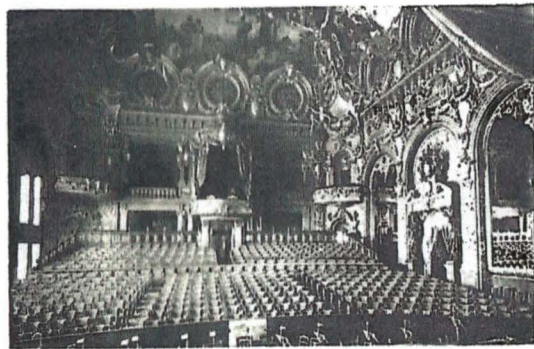


Le Musée Océanographique

autour de ce temple des plaisirs qu'on nomme le *Casino*, œuvre de l'architecte Garnier.

Le *CASINO* s'élève, au Nord, en face d'un prestigieux jardin bordé, à droite et à gauche, par l'*Hôtel de Paris* et le *Café de Paris*, tandis que la façade du Midi donne sur les somptueuses *Terrasses* d'où la vue s'étend au loin sur la Grande Bleue.

Tout ce que l'imagination a pu concevoir pour l'amusement et le

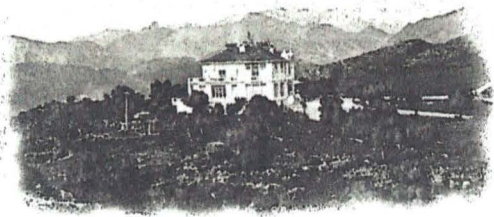


La Salle de Théâtre du Casino



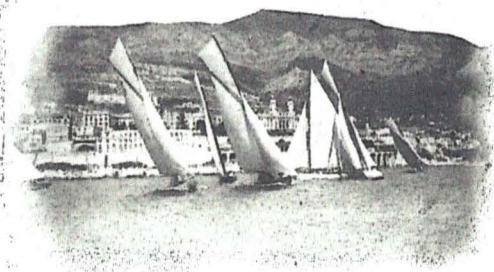
Le Casino et les Jardins

bien-être des Etrangers, a été réuni au-dedans et autour de ce splendide Casino. Les grandes représentations lyriques, dramatiques, chorégraphiques et autres, par les premiers artistes du monde entier; les Concerts classiques, exécutés par le célèbre orchestre de Monte-Carlo; les Concerts Ganne, avec le concours des plus grands virtuoses; le Palais des Beaux-Arts, avec son annuelle Exposition Internationale et ses Matinées si goûtées de l'aristocratie cosmopolite; les fêtes de toutes sortes; les batailles de fleurs; le Tir aux pigeons, où les meilleurs fusils du monde se disputent les nombreux et importants prix du concours; les tournois; le Rallye Automobile; tous les genres de sport, y compris l'Automobilisme sous ses diverses manifestations, terrestre, nautique, aérienne, y sont pratiqués et suivis avec un rare succès. Sous le patronage de l'*International Sporting Club*

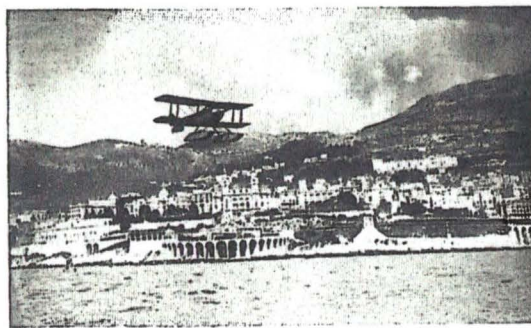


Le Pavillon du Golf à Mont-Agel

que préside avec une activité incessante M. Camille Blanc, l'Autonautisme a pris un essor qui fait la gloire et la fortune de l'Industrie française, présageant ainsi



Les Régates de Monaco



Le Meeting d'Hydro-Aviation

le succès final obtenu par l'initiative du zélé Président en faveur de l'Aviation.



Le Meeting des Canots Automobiles

105
A.





Une Joueuse de Tennis

Chaque année apporte un embellissement nouveau dans ce pays de rêve où accourent, en toute saison, les privilégiés de la fortune. Après le *Nouvel Etablissement Thermal*, véritable palais de l'hygiène et de la santé, au sein des Terrasses ensoleillées, la Société des Bains de Mer a tout récemment établi, sur le Plateau du Mont-Agel, non loin du Casino, à 800 mètres d'altitude, un *Golf-Club* dont les links s'étendent sur un espace de 80 hectares, et qui obtint dès le premier jour la plus grande vogue. En même temps était inauguré, dans

la baie d'Hercule, le *Meeting des Hydro-Aéroplanes* qui fit l'admiration et l'étonnement du monde entier. Enfin, sur le même plateau du Mont-Agel, ont lieu les épreuves très suivies du *Tir de chasse* du Mont-Agel.

Station idéale, véritable Paradis terrestre de l'Europe, la Principauté de Monaco est recherchée par tous les Etrangers qui viennent pour y vivre dans un perpétuel printemps.

MONTE-CARLO

Le climat le plus sain



Le séjour le plus agréable

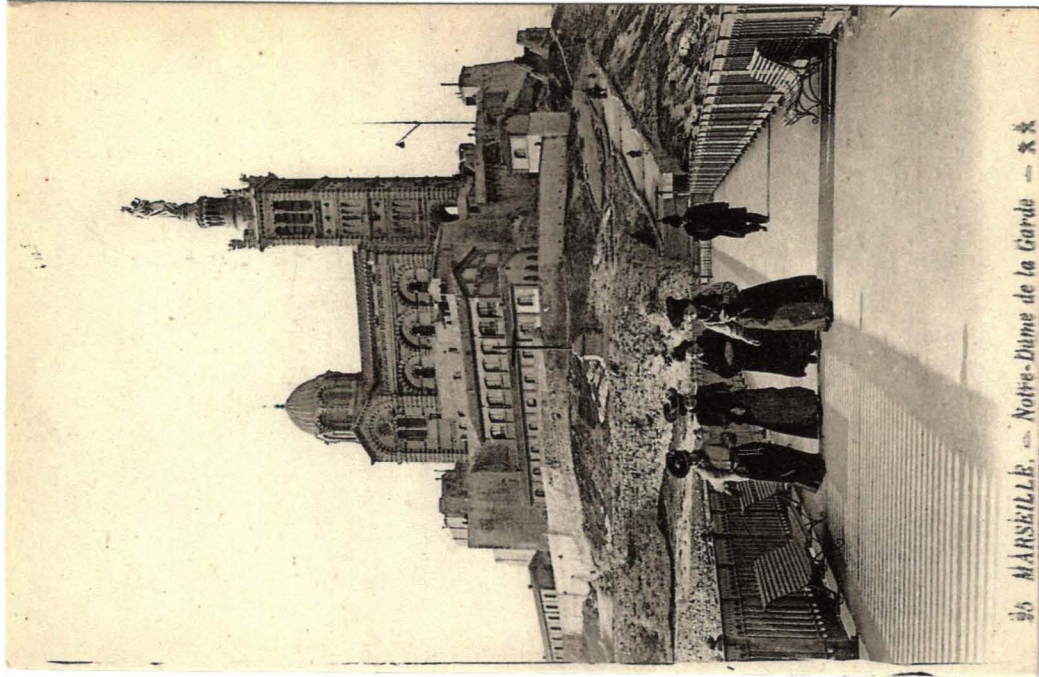


Tous les Sports

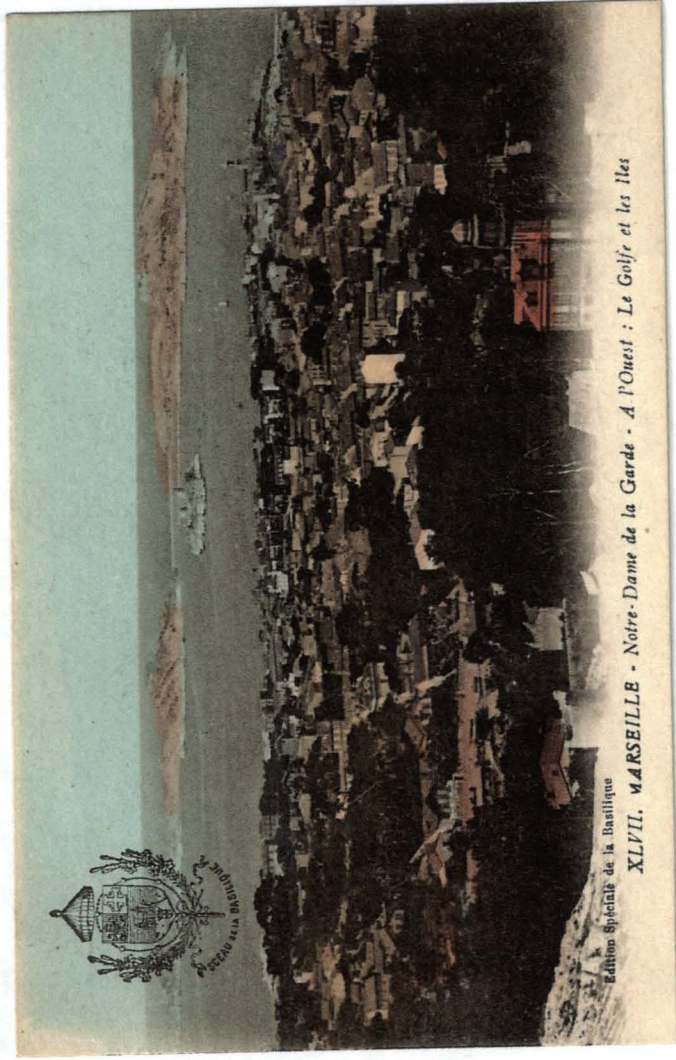


Toutes les manifestations artistiques

MONTE-CARLO

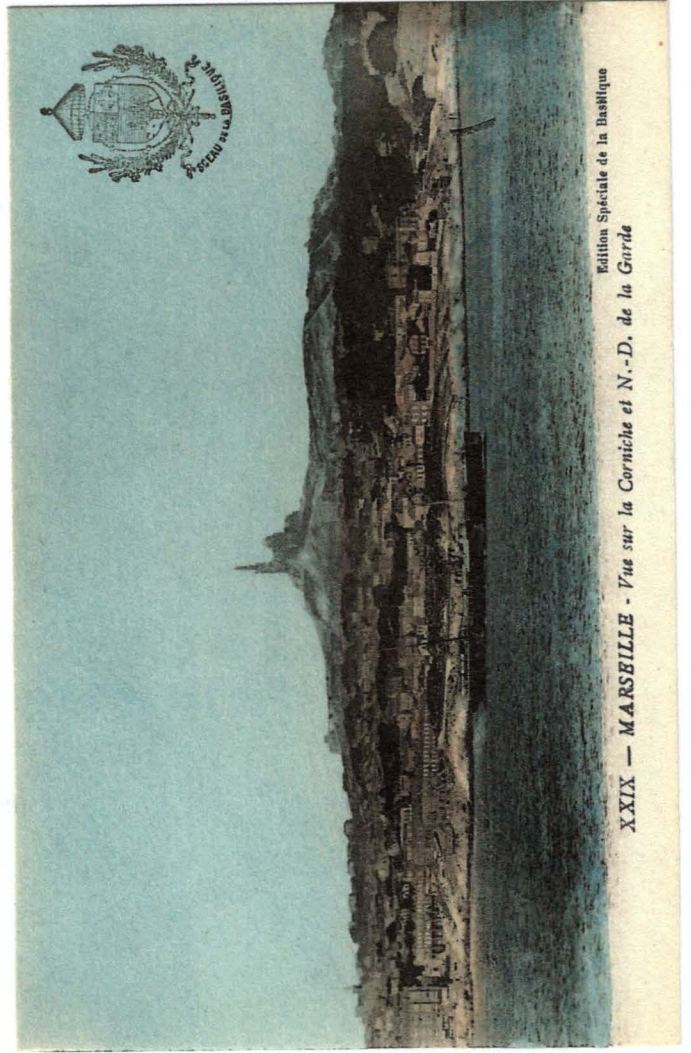


26 MARSEILLE. Notre-Dame de la Garde — 88



Édition Spéciale de la Basilique

XLVII. MARSEILLE - Notre-Dame de la Garde - A l'Ouest : Le Golfe et les Iles

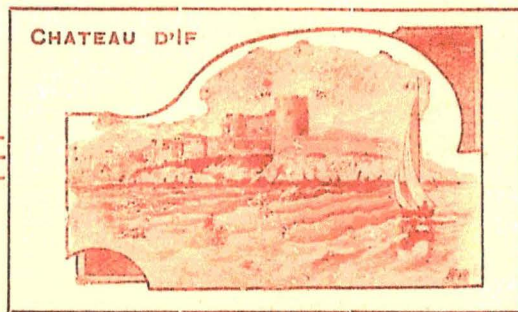


Édition Spéciale de la Basilique

XXIX — MARSEILLE - Vue sur la Corniche et N.-D. de la Garde

Visited this place, yesterday

4. **Notre-Dame de la Garde.** — Trams 57, 58, 59, 83 or any tram marked "Notre-Dame". Conductor will direct you to the ascenseurs. If you must miss one of the points of interest do not let that point be Notre-Dame.
5. **Palais Longchamp & Jardin Zoologique.** — Take tram 43, 80, or 81 or any tram marked Longchamp. Go to door of concierge, ring bell and you will be admitted. If possible take all trips with "Y" party as they always look for us at hours previously arranged.
6. **Cathedrale (Ste-Marie-Majeure) Old Cathedrale (St-Lazare).** — Take tram 48 which goes direct or tram 51 which passes near the cathedrale. "Y" man can give you some very interesting information concerning the last days of Lazarus, Mary, Martha and Mary Magdelene.
7. **Château d'If.** — Take private launch, fare about 2 francs, or excursion steamer, fare only 1 franc, at head of Vieux-Port. Time required for trip, one hour.



This castle described by Dumas in his *« Monte Cristo »* is a prison built in 1529. Made famous as the prison of the count in *« The Count of Monte Cristo »*.

BRIEF HISTORY OF MARSEILLE

Being the first far-western outpost of ancient Greece, Marseille, the chief seaport and second largest city in France, naturally has a bit of romantic legend mixed with its history. Mas-Salia, a small Salyan village above what is now the Vieux Port, is said to have been the dowry of Glyptis, daughter of King Nannos, who at a feast offered the cup of wine indicating her choice of a husband to Protis, one of the two young leaders of the Greeks who had, after consulting the oracles of Delphi, decided to establish a colony in the west. The hill-ringed bay with its rocky peninsula and three islands could not help but appeal to the Phocaeans, those adventurous mariners of olden days, for it seemed like another Phocaea under different skies.

Massalia, as the Greeks called their colony, was founded about 600 B. C. Its people soon became masters of the sea and established a number of colonies including Nicaea (Nice) and Obia (near Hyeres). It sent explorers into northern Africa and northern Europe. Pythias, one of its natives, gave the world its first authentic account of the island of Britian nearly four years before Christ. It was the unquestioned Greek capital of Gaul.

Massalia maintained its authority until the imperial period of Rome. So gallant was its defense that when Julius Caesar captured it in 49 B. C., he spared all lives.

Culture had its place in Massalia as testified by Tacitus, who states that his father-in-law found in the time of Claudius adequate facilities for completing his education in the approved Greek manner, for which purpose Athens was usually chosen. Temples were built to Diana (the site of the old cathedral, two pillars being still shown), to Neptune (on the coast), to Apollo, and to other Greek deities. It is said that Christianity was introduced in the third century by St. Victor, but tradition gives the credit to Lazarus, the brother of Mary and Martha.

It was not until 1218 that Marseille became independent, having in the meantime fallen under the domination successively of the Visigoths, the Franks, the Arelate, the Saracens, who destroyed it, and the Viscounts of Marseille. Charles of Anjou did not permit its independence to continue but a short time. While it united with France in 1481, it retained its ancient privileges until the reign of Louis XIV, 1660. A terrible plague in 1721 caused the death of nearly one-half of the inhabitants of the city. Throughout it Bishop Belsunce worked among the dying and helped save the city from destruction.

The Revolution did not arouse any class residents of Marseille, but great from the lowest types of the city man in the attack on the Tuileries. They were later as a war song what is now recognized as a battle hymn, "The Marseillaise". It was written by Rouget de l'Isle in 1792, but gained its name from the "Bataillon des Marseillais".

Marseille has from its beginning had maritime interests. Its importance was increased by the Suez canal and the development of its harbors. In its harbors can be seen trading vessels to accomodate this great maritime activity. The Vieux Port has consisted only of the Vieux Port a basin about 1000 yards (70 acres) in length. About eleven million tons of shipping pass through which is importation. Second in importance is manufacturing in which soap production is famous throughout the world.

Being the gateway to the Orient, Marseille claims the distinction of being the largest city in Europe, if not in the world. Sure (from the Greek "Gambeli", hemp, a rope-walk) is the most cosmopolitan city in France. Its chief boast of the city. "Si Paris avoit un petit Marseille". (If Paris had a small Marseille).

At the foot of the Cannebière on the celebrated Chateau d'If, made famous by "The Count of Monte Cristo". It was a castle that Edmund Dantes, the hero of the novel, was supposed to have escaped by throwing himself for a dead prisoner. He was thrown into the sea, but was able to reach the mainland. The keep was built in the 15th century until the recent war when it was destroyed. It has now reverted to its former form.

Marseille's most conspicuous point of interest is the Notre-Dame de la-Garde, a church perched on the hill, just south of the harbor. From its summit it can be forgotten. It has been a place of interest for many days. Over the old chapel with its simple modern church the interior of which is a museum of ships and other curious votive offerings.

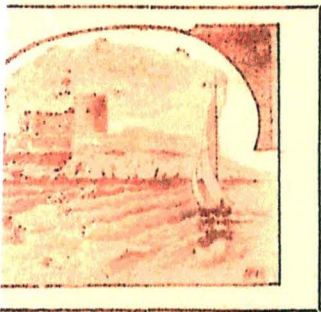
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The Revolution did not arouse any enthusiasm among the better-class residents of Marseille, but great bloodthirsty gangs recruited from the lowest types of the city marched to Paris and took part in the attack on the Tuileries. They used as a marching song and later as a war song what is now recognized as the French national battle hymn, "The Marseillaise". It was composed in Strasbourg by Rouget de l'Isle in 1792, but gained its title from the notorious "Bataillon des Marseillais".

Marseille has from its beginning been chiefly concerned with maritime interests. Its importance was increased by the opening of the Suez canal and the development of South American trade. In its harbors can be seen trading vessels of every nation. To accommodate this great maritime activity the harbor, which up to 1850 had consisted only of the Vieux Port at the foot of the Cannebière, a basin about 1000 yards (70 acres) wide, has been quintupled. About eleven million tons of shipping are handled, two-thirds of which is importation. Second in importance to the shipping is manufacturing in which soap production figures largely, Marseille soap being famous throughout the world.

Being the gateway to the Orient, Africa, and South America, Marseille claims the distinction of being the most cosmopolitan city in Europe, if not in the world. Surely the famous "Cannebière" (from the Greek "Canebi", hemp, this street being originally a rope-walk) is the most cosmopolitan street in the world. It is the chief boast of the city. "Si Paris avait une Cannebière, ce serait un petit Marseille". (If Paris had a Cannebière, it would be a small Marseille).

At the foot of the Cannebière out from the Vieux Port is the celebrated Chateau d'If, made famous by Alexander Dumas in "The Count of Monte Cristo". It was from the dungeon of this castle that Edmund Dantes, the hero of the well-known story, was supposed to have escaped by the subterfuge of substituting himself for a dead prisoner. He was sewed up in a sack and thrown into the sea, but was able to cut his way out and swim to the mainland. The keep was built in 1529 and was used as a state-prison until the recent war when German officers were confined there. It has now reverted to its former use.

Marseille's most conspicuous point of interest is Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde, a church perched on the bare and fortified summit of a hill, just south of the harbor. From it one views a panorama never to be forgotten. It has been a place of pilgrimage from medieval days. Over the old chapel with its silver figure of the virgin, is a modern church the interior of which is adorned with small carved ships and other curious votive offerings brought from foreign

lands by Marseilles' sailors. Surmounting the 150-foot belfry is a colossal gilded statue of the virgin by Lequesne. It is the last sight of the sailor as he leaves the port and gives a touch of romance to the busy commercial city.

The oldest church in the city is St. Victor, whose battlemented towers date back to 1350 and whose crypt was built in the 11th century. In it are shown the "Grotto of St. Lazare", a blackened virgin of the 4th century, a cross on which St. Andrew is said to have suffered martyrdom, and some old tombs.

The Cathedral Ste. Marie Majeure, near the beginning of the new harbor, is the largest built in the nineteenth century, seating 12,000 persons. Its architecture is Romanesque-Byzantine. The structure is of green and white stone, 460 feet long, with a dome 200 feet high. It was built in 1852-93 at a cost of 16,000,000 francs, but six million more francs will be necessary to complete the rich interior decoration of varied marbles and mosaics. Near it is the statue by Ramus of Bishop Belsunce, the hero of the 1721 plague, and the remains of the old Cathedral built on the ruins of the Temple of Diana.

Marseilles' Arc de Triomphe is in the center of the Place d'Aix. It was built in 1852-32, commemorating the victory of the Duke of Angouleme near Cadiz (1823).

Marseilles' numerous restaurants make a specialty of fish, the most noted dish being "bouillabaisse", of which Thackeray sings praises. It is somewhat in the nature of a thick soup made of fish boiled in oil and white wine and seasoned with saffron, onions, bay, garlic, orange-juice, parsley, and cloves.

If the visitor has more than one day to spend in this vicinity he should go to Aix (tram leaves on the hour from Cour St. Louis) Its quaint medieval character together with its interesting old Cathedral, its university, where American soldiers are now studying, its museum, its library, and its cemetery, offers opportunity for rare sight-seeing pleasure.

There are numerous other interesting side-trips from Marseille. One of the most attractive motor trips is to Martigues, a quaint, picturesque fishing village, which annually attracts many artists. Nimes, Arles, Avignon and Tarascon are all rich in their heritage from the days of the Greeks and Romans, possessing the best preserved monuments of the skill of these people in building great amphitheatres, arenas, and aqueducts. These towns can be covered easily in a two-day trip. This entire section is the richest of any in its classic and medieval history, and it offers rare opportunities to the intelligent sight-seer.

He had some parsley

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

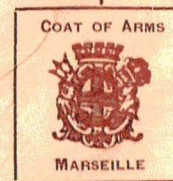
There are many good hotels here but some are very undesirable. In order to be located as pleasantly as possible we recommend that you see the "Y" man at the station or go to the Red Cross Barracks or Red Cross Hotel.

Here is a list of good hotels and approximate prices for rooms without bath :

- Terminus and Grand. — 6 francs up
- Du Louvre et de la Paix and Splendide. — 10 francs up.
- Regina. — 7 francs up.
- De Rome et de St-Pierre, De Paris De la Poste, De Meilhan and Victoria. — 5 francs up.
- Petit Louvre. — 7 francs up.
- Grand Hotel de Genève. — Pension plan only, 18 fr. per day.
- Lafayette and Wilson. — 3 francs up.
- Red Cross Hotel. — 4 francs up. Red Cross Barracks. — Free of charge.

We recommend that you do not order a meal in a restaurant about which you know nothing unless you are thoroughly conversant with the French language, as you may order very expensive dishes without realizing it.

- Restaurants Basso and Mistral. — Noted for fish dinners, 15 fr.
- Grand Restaurant Haxo. — 3 fr. 75.
- Brasserie Colbert. — 5 francs, also à la carte.
- La Ménagère. — 4 fr. 25.
- Rosbif and Cremerie. - A la carte. Ham and Eggs at Cremerie
- Red Cross canteen. - Breakfast 75 ; Dinner 1 ; Supper 1 fr. 50.
- Y. M. C. A. — Wet canteen, Chocolate, sandwiches and cakes at canteen hours. Tea and cakes no charge, every Sunday 3.30 to 4.30 P. M.



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What to see and ho

*For "Y" sight-seeing
Y. M. C. A. headqu
Hugo barracks.*

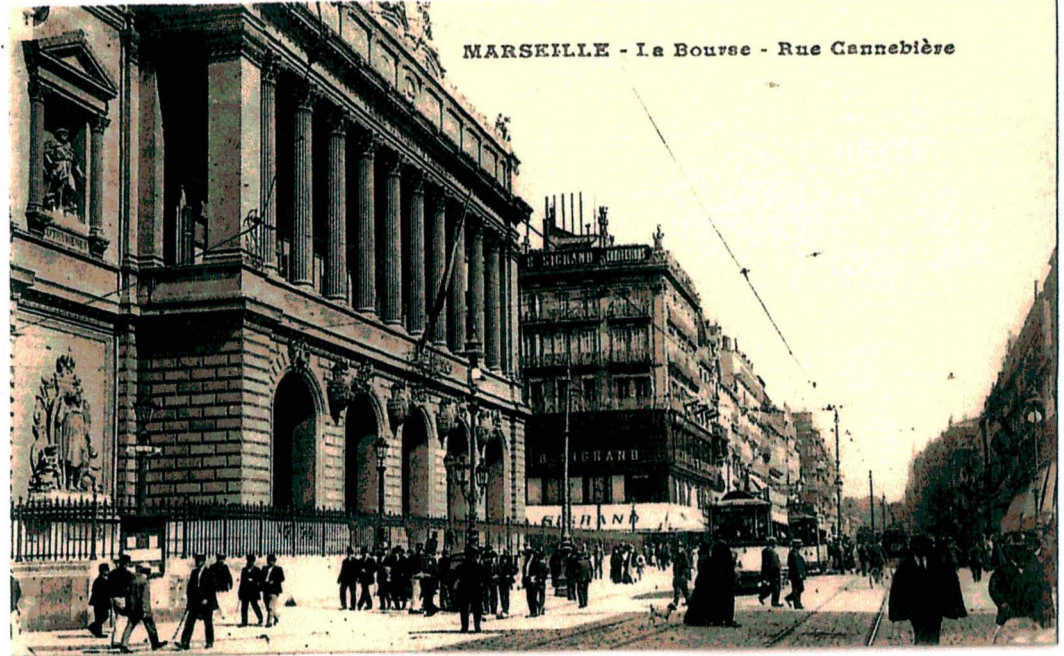
*The Y. M. C. A.
are located at Regi
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distant from the R
with Library open*

1. Promenade de la C
No. 82 or 83, ma
Cours St-Louis. F
2. Château Borely and
as above. Fare on
3. Abbaye St-Victor.
Tram 83 or any tra
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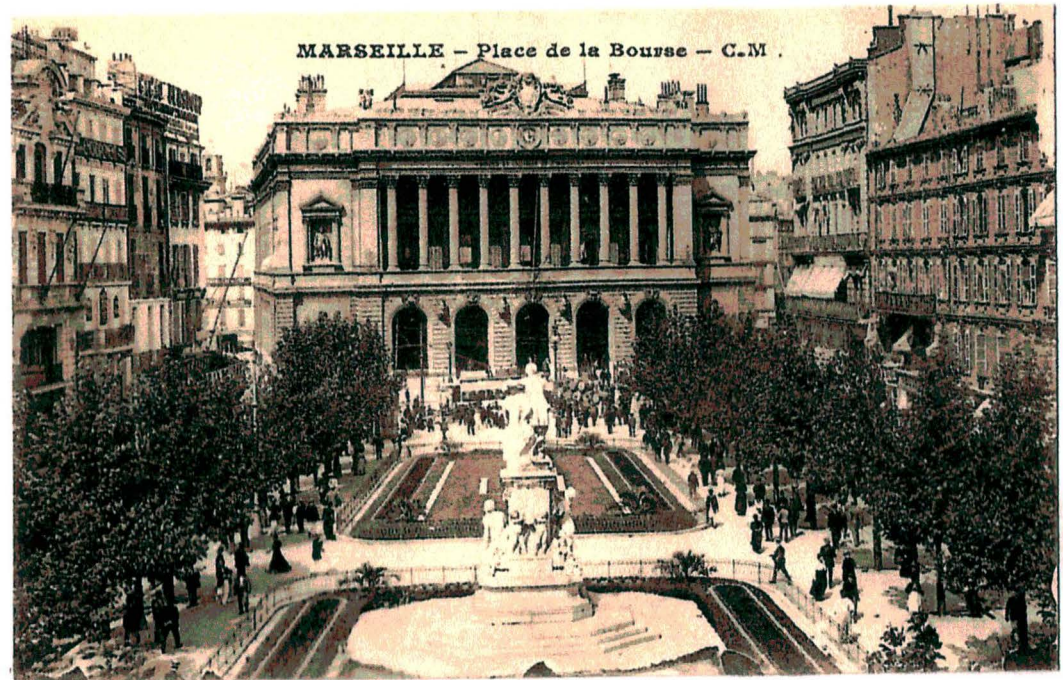
MARSEILLE - Palais Longchamp (motif principal)

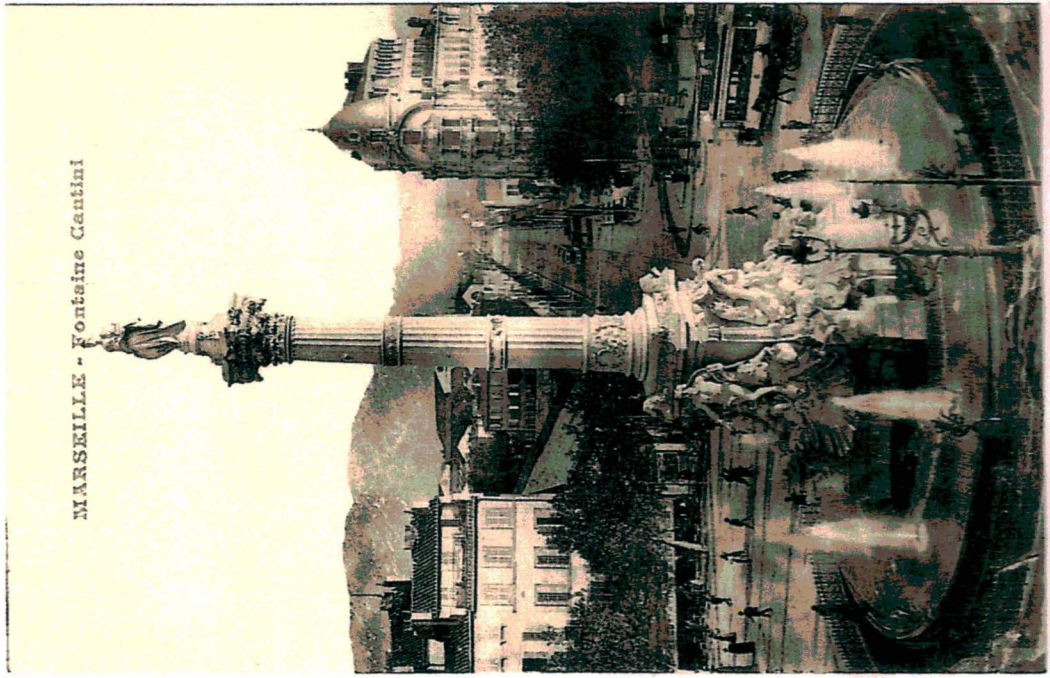


MARSEILLE - La Bourse - Rue Cannebière

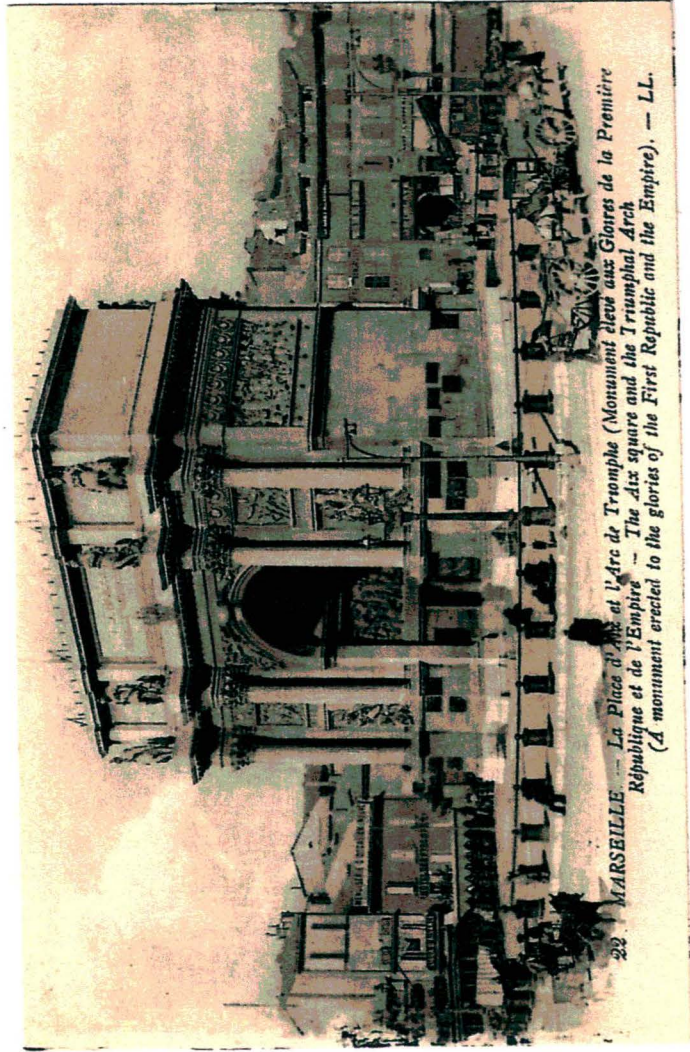


MARSEILLE - Place de la Bourse - C.M.





MARSEILLE - Fontaine Centini



22. MARSEILLE - La Place d'Arx et l'Arc de Triomphe (Monument élevé aux Glories de la Première République et de l'Empire - The Aix square and the Triumphal Arch (A monument erected to the glories of the First Republic and the Empire). - LL.

A.E.F. University

June 10. 1919

Dear Mam,

You are probably wondering at the flood of post cards I am deluging you with. It is only that I'm doing a bit of sight-seeing and sending you the souvenirs. The University finished the 3rd and student officers were forbidden leaves, while instructors got them. This peeved us and many leaked away including H.R. I went to Marseilles, Nice, Monaco, Monte Carlo and Vintimiglia, Italy.) The latter is just over the border and it was by sheer luck that I got by the customs officers.

All courses are finished. I pulled an A in all three. By the way I'm sending you the junk from Argumentation; you'll find an editorial marked "Very Good". I wish for the fun of it you'd compare it with that of Mr. Hearst which you sent me. The latter was based on persuasion alone and the fallacies in it would stand out a mile away; not that mine is any gem but it does have a little logic.

Day after to-morrow, we pull freight for the boat; I haven't any idea when it leaves. Well, I guess I'll quit as my eyes are two coals; returned from the stolen leave at 1.45 this A.M. Will write to you again when I have gathered some sleep.

With lots of love,

Howdy

St. Nazaire, France
June 17, 1919

Dear Mam,

Here we are at St. Nazaire awaiting shipment home, which bids fair to be a long while yet, since we are given 14 day leaves. I expect mine to go into effect tomorrow but just where I'll spend my time, I'm not sure.

Tell Dad to hurry the planting, etc. as he knows how much I enjoy farm work (any kind of work for that matter).

For nearly a year and a half I have been sporting a nude upper lip, but now I'm going to give Ma Nature a chance, so if nothing untoward happens you will again see your son's lip even as when it departed. Enclosed is a picture taken by the Signal Corps, don't blame me. They stuck me facing the camera and also a 10,000,000 candlepower sun. All the officers look like criminals in these pictures. I stuck in a halo to counteract the effect.

The camp here is gigantic, since this is one of our base ports. Our quarters remind me of Plattsburg. Long wooden barracks with wooden bunks in two tiers. I am in an upper. It is next to impossible to sleep before 11 p.m. as humor and the would be variety flows thick and fast from 10 p.m. on. You'll be just sliding away into slumberland when you hear a voice across the aisle in very formal tones say, "Captain, could I request you to roll over; your bald spot reflects the light in my eyes and keeps me awake."

The weather here is great. The rainy season is broken for good, I guess.

Well, I have nothing of importance so will fermer.

With lots of love,

Howdy

P.S. You wil not doubt be pleased to learn (yes you will not) that I have acquired the detestable habit of smoking. H.R.

1919, July 15
Brest
Camp Pontanezana

Post card with picture of man and woman dressed in traditional Breton wedding outfits.
Printing on card states Maries of Saint Pol de Leon.

Writing on back of card states "Some get outs."
Am at Brest from where I expect to sail to-morrow on the S.S. Zeppelin.
Howard



1919, August 2
Camp Dix
Washington visit

Dear Mam,

Reached the U.S. Tuesday on the good ship Zeppelin; proceeded to Camp Dix where I received a 15 day leave at the end of which I will be "demobbed". Ran down to Washington to look over our capital and to-morrow am going to New York to get in touch with my baggage. Will get home around the 12th of the month.

Lt. Cook, my Bunkie, is with me but we separate to-morrow when he goes to Indiana. Am enclosing a couple of cards which I thought might be interesting. Love to Reg and Dad and lots for yourself.

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Here we are at St. Nazaire awaiting shipment home, which bids fair to be a long while yet, since we are given 14 day leaves. I expect mine to go into effect tomorrow but just where I'll spend my time, I'm not sure.

Tell Dad to hurry the planting, etc. as he knows how much I enjoy farm work (any kind of work for that matter).

For nearly a year and a half I have been sporting a nude upper lip, but now I'm going to give Ma Nature a chance, so if nothing untoward happens you will again see your son's lip even as when it departed. Enclosed is a picture taken by the Signal Corps, don't blame me. They stuck me facing the camera and also a 10,000,000 candlepower sun. All the officers look like criminals in these pictures. I stuck in a halo to counteract the effect.

The camp here is gigantic, since this is one of our base ports. Our quarters remind me of Plattsburg. Long wooden barracks with wooden bunks in two tiers. I am in an upper. It is next to impossible to sleep before 11 p.m. as humor and the would be variety flows thick and fast from 10 p.m. on. You'll be just sliding away into slumberland when you hear a voice across the aisle in very formal tones say, "Captain, could I request you to roll over; your bald spot reflects the light in my eyes and keeps me awake."

The weather here is great. The rainy season is broken for good, I guess.

Well, I have nothing of importance so will fermer.

With lots of love,

Howdy

P.S. You wil not doubt be pleased to learn (yes you will not) that I have acquired the detestable habit of smoking. H.R.

Siv

Silver threads among the black
Darling I am coming back
Now that peace in Europe is near
I'll be home in seven years.

I'll drop in on you some night
With my whiskers long and white
Yes, the war is over my dear
And we are coming home I hear
Back home again with you once more
Say by nineteen twenty-four.

Once I thought by now I'd be
Sailing back across the sea
Back to where you sit and pine
But I'm stuck here on the Rhine.

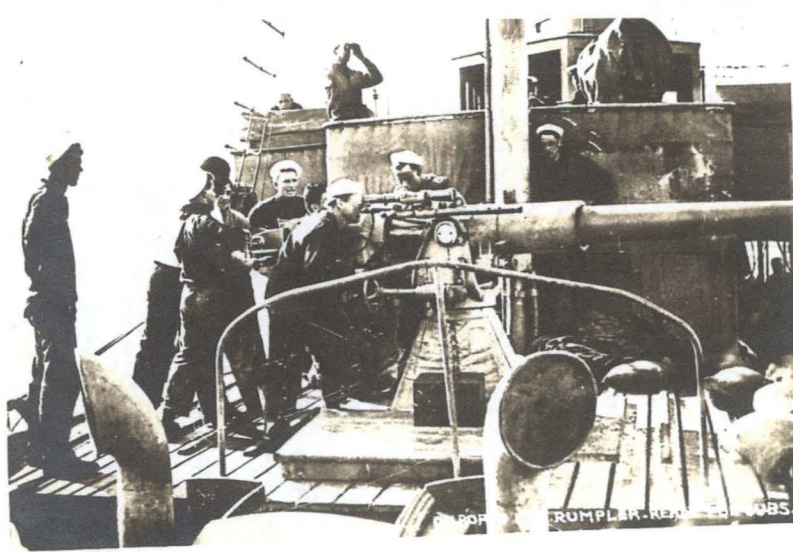
You can hear the guns all day
War is hell but peace is worse
When the next war comes around
In the front rank I'll be found
I'll rush in again pell mell
Yes I will, I will, like Hell.



FRENCH SOLDIERS ADVANCING THRU COMMUNICATION TRENCH



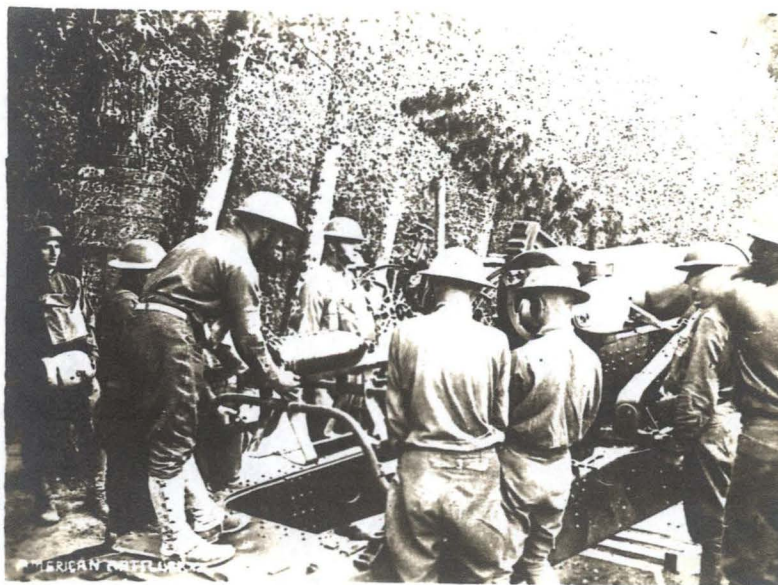
FRENCH ARTILLERY OBSERVATION POST



RUMPLER READY FOR SUBS



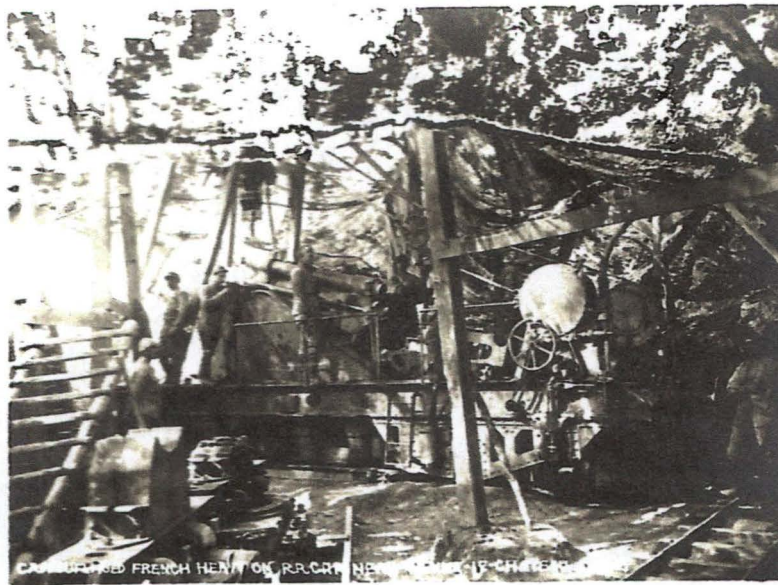
MESS AT U.S. CAMP AT LAKE LONGEMER



AMERICAN ARTILLERY



DESTROYED BOCHE STRONGHOLD (SOMME)



CAMOUFLAGED FRENCH HEAVY ON RR CAR NEAR VIENNE LE CHATEAU



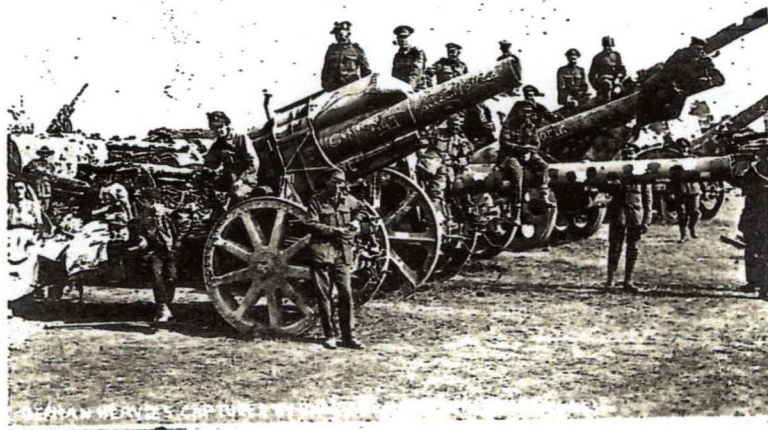
NEAR SOISSONS GERMAN MACHINE GUNS AFTER THE FIGHT



FRENCH TANKS GOING INTO LINE



BOCHE SOLDIERS NEAR ROYE (OISE)



GERMAN HEAVIES CAPTURED BY ENGLISH NEAR AMIENS (SOMME)



CAPTION ILLEGIBLE



MARSHALL FOCH AND GENERAL PERSHING AT G. HQ.



FRENCH TRENCH MORTARS (120) IN ACTION



RHEIMS



EXPLOSION OF GERMAN TIMED MINE IN CAMBRIA



DEAD BOCHE



GERMANS



WIRING (BARBED) COMMUNICATION TRENCH (OISE)



TRAINING FRENCH RED CROSS DOGS IN THE TRENCHES

RANDALL GOES TO CAMP GREENE

Young Lieutenant Just Passed 21st Birthday.

Lieut. Howard R. Randall, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Randall, 26 Somerset place, who recently received his commission as second lieutenant in the



LIEUT HOWARD R. RANDALL

regular army, has received appointment to a position at Camp Greene, N. C.

Lieut. Randall, who has been visiting at his home here, received orders to report before Wednesday, and left for the south Sunday. The young officer, who recently passed his 21st birthday, is a graduate of the local high school.

He joined the Harvard reserve officers' training camp last February and was in training at the time of his graduation from Harvard last June. In August he entered the Ft. Leavenworth officers training camp, where he remained until Nov. 27, receiving his commission as second lieutenant in the regular army. Congressman Richard Olney was among those who has tendered the young man congratulations. Rated as one of Harvard's band of 20 strong men was an honor which came to young Randall last year.

June 27, 1918
70

FINE DISCIPLINE IN DANGER ZONE

Lieut. Randall Commends the
Courage of Troops on
Trip Across.

SERGT. MURPHY'S LETTER

Boche U-Boat, One of Two to
Attack, Destroyed.

About "2500 miles out" on the long journey "over there" was Lieut. Howard R. Randall, Company D, 59th United States Infantry, when he began a letter to his mother, Mrs. A. E. Randall of 9 Patterson avenue, this city. Lieut. Randall, who is now in France, was graduated from Harvard in June, 1917. He trained in the Harvard Reserve Officers' Training Corps, then went to Plattsburg, where he was commissioned, later being transferred to Camp Greene, N. C., thence overseas.

"I started to write a letter which should be a chronicle for each day's events, but lost it after the third day, so here I am starting again," he writes. "The trip has been very smooth; only one day did we have choppy weather, but that was enough to make most of us ill. You see the boat feels like an elevator which rises a little, then goes down a little, besides the rolling motion.

"We have entered the 'danger zone' now and everyone is required to wear a life preserver. We have boat drill every day and I command one. I was pleased two days ago when we had a 'scare' that my men were standing quietly in their places with no signs of disorder. If that discipline can be maintained in an emergency everything will be O. K. I am sorry to have had to camouflage my departure, but trusted that when you received my 'overseas' card it would be too late to worry about submarines, etc. I know you must be wondering what the Atlantic looks like, so when we were plumb in the middle of it I took a stroll on deck to look it over. Here is what I saw from the port deck. Water as far as the skyline, just the way it is at Brant Rock or Plymouth where you look straight out to sea. Nearer, the ocean was cut up by waves about the size of those at Monponsett after a heavy storm. Starboard deck, ditto,

"The rough day I happened to be near some enlisted men and heard them wailing a new version to 'Over There,' which ran somewhat as follows:

Give me air,
Give me air,
For the lunch is coming,
The lunch is coming,
The stomachs are rolling everywhere.

"A good many lunches did come, too, but fortunately mine staid put.

"We have an officers' school at night and many interesting features develop. The other evening one of the men, a southerner, didn't know what 'a collective sheaf' of fire was. Asked what a sheaf was anyway, he said he didn't know but thought it was an implement for cutting grain."

Driven From Bathtub.

Under date of May 29, in France, Lieut. Randall wrote:

"I have not written before as it seems a rather hopeless task; you won't receive this for several weeks and my reply will be some weeks later in arriving. But here's hoping. As my cablegram announced I arrived O. K. in La Belle France.

"Fritz was not on the dock to meet us, but the following night he sent us a few souvenirs via a plane. Our aunties (anti-aircraft guns) expressed thanks for us, whereupon Fritz left. The call came while I was in a bathtub, and I beat a rather inglorious retreat to shelter—sans everything but an overcoat.

"One other evening while there did the boche send his compliments, but auntie sent him on his way very promptly. We are now in a little village so far back of the lines that the boche finds it inconvenient to call, but not so far back but what we can hear the little argument our 'heavies' are engaging in.

"It is very nice. We don't have to read the war news at all, but by keeping our ears open we can tell whether 'all was quiet on the western front' or vice versa. I am billeted in a very comfortable house and my room has a bed. It has been several months since I slept in a bed and you can bet it was a treat. The householder, a widow, treats me like a son because of my youth and because I play with her three grandchildren at times.

"These small French towns sure are funny. Narrow, crooked streets with sidewalks which often taper into nothingness. A couple of days in the week are market days and then everybody dresses up in their best bib and tucker and drive their pigs, cows, etc., to town, there to sell them. It seems quite droll to us to see a man with a straw lid, vivid tie and glad rags guiding a huge porker, or a lady, dressed in her best, showing an unwilling 'bossie' which she has just purchased. What struck me the funniest was the sight of a dog under a wagon. I saw this lady pushing a heavy cart which seemed almost impossible for a man. A closer inspection showed a dog under the cart and harnessed so that he did all the work, the woman merely guiding.

"Our attempts at French are sometimes successful, oftentimes otherwise. I have learned to know my platoon very well, for I censor all their mail."

enemies are rapidly... drives, eastward from Val-

BULLETS DRILLED HOLES IN CLOTHES

Tonsillitis and Exhaustion Sent Lieut. Randall to Hospital.

FOR THE SECOND TIME

Recent Fighting Warmest He Experienced.

"Hospital again," writes Lieut. Howard R. Randall, now overseas with the Yankee troops, in a letter to his mother, Mrs. A. E. Randall of 9 Patterson avenue, this city. It was received Saturday. She had not heard from him since Sept. 10. At about that time he received his release papers from the hospital at Vichy, France.

"This time for general exhaustion and tonsillitis," his letter continues. "I can't tell you the sector we held down, but she was a warm one. The first few days we caught artillery fire, mostly whizz bangs (Austrian 88's or three-inch shells.)

"After one shelling I paced off a couple of holes and found that one

11-5-11

"This time for general exhaustion and tonsillitis," his letter continues. "I can't tell you the sector we held down, but she was a warm one. The first few days we caught artillery fire, mostly whizz bangs (Austrian 88's or three-inch shells.)

"After one shelling I paced off a couple of holes and found that one was 12 paces in front of my section of trench, the other 14 behind it. Gee! That's too close.

Hat and Pants Punctured.

"After one shell had passed over and exploded, I stuck my head up to see what was doing, when 'Klong!' came the wallop of a hunk of lead on my tin hat. I saved it for a souvenir, but finally lost it. When we got into action, we encountered machine guns.

"One enterprising sniper up a tree very neatly put a hole through the seat of my pants. In the last fracas I have experienced two new sensations. A machine gun barrage and a Hun aviator alternately dropping a bomb and using his automatic rifle. It's a weird feeling to have a bunch of them start sputtering away overhead with now and then a chorus of whistles as a burst comes in your direction.

"I was at the front of the front during the worst of our tour and a few hours before being relieved the Dutchmen sent over a flock of three-inchers. This was the 'straw' added to exhaustion and tonsillitis and our battalion surgeon sent me back to recuperate.

Weak as a Baby.

"I did not feel any ill effects and begged to stay, but now after all the excitement has died out and the reaction set in, I'm as weak as a baby. A couple of weeks of rest will put me back to normal again, unless they operate.

"I have enclosed a shoulder strap nicked off a dead boche's overcoat. He was in the 66th Artillery as you can see. The button was removed from a prisoner's cap. Well, I reckon that's all I can write. Hope to be back at the front before this letter reaches you. All I want for Christmas is a letter from home."

SUFFERING FROM SHELL SHOCK

Parents of Lieut. Howard R. Randall Receive Cable.

HAS BEEN NEAR FIRING LINE SINCE LANDING

Letter from Brockton Officer Reaches Mother Monday.

Second Lieut. Howard R. Randall, one of Brockton's well known young men across the water in active service, is suffering from shell shock, according to a cablegram received Tuesday by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Randall.

Apparently Lieut. Randall has been near or on the firing line practically



LIEUT. HOWARD R. RANDALL

ever since landing across, for his very first letter home was written near the scene of active service.

The cablegram bringing the news of shell shock came the day after a letter written by the young man himself.

Lieut. Randall in this letter, which was received Monday, gave a message which showed that he must be on the firing line, and his parents think that shell shock must have resulted from engagements of the present drive either on Friday or Saturday of last week.

In his letter, Randall said: "Wish I could tell you all the experiences our outfit has had, but I can't tell even where I am located.

"One night I slept on a flat car, slowly pounding its way through France. The anti-aircraft gun has been talking to Fritz all the morning, I think he intends to pull off a raid

—Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Randall, 9 Patterson avenue, have received a cable message that their son, Lieut. Howard R. Randall, Company D, 59th Infantry, has arrived safely overseas. Lieut. Randall is a graduate of Harvard, trained at Plattsburg and received his commission some time ago. He had been stationed at Camp Greene, N. C., and his parents were unaware of his departure for France until the cable message arrived.

...Lieut. Randall's narrative of the trip across was uncommonly readable. He is an observing young man, who sees the bright side of life amid the drab and serious trappings of war.

...A letter received by Mrs. A. E. Randall of this city from two ladies in Paris, telling of courtesies extended her son, Lieut. Howard R. Randall, while he was convalescing from a wound in a hospital, interested Brockton because it is typical of the spirit the French are evincing. Attorney Fortier, now a sergeant in France, also commented on this spirit in a letter. The French appreciate what America has done and is doing; and to the least of America's soldier boys they are showing a gratitude that cements the friendship between the nations.

new times, but nothing serious. Unfortunately, I cannot state the locality."

In warning of possible danger, Lieut. Randall gave the following message to the home folks: "If you get no letter, remember that no news is good news. But I have made arrangements that, if anything does happen, you will be cabled within 24 hours."

On account of this statement it is thought young Randall must have suffered injuries either Friday or Saturday. He is a member of Co. D of the 59th Infantry of the regular army and went across in May.

Lieut. Randall is a graduate of the Harvard Reserve Officers' Training corps, later training at Plattsburg, where he received his appointment as second lieutenant on Sept. 15.

The young man, who is 22, was one of Harvard's band of 20 strong men in 1916, winning 1030 points in the strength test, 30 more than the necessary number to become a member of that band.

Lieut. Randall is a graduate of the Brockton High school and of Harvard university. He is a member of the Porter Congregational church of this city and was active in local circles.

CULINARY ALLIANCE

Against National Prohibition Meeting

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8-17-1918
Brockton Enterprise

BURIED BY SHELL WHEN TRENCH WAS BLOWN IN

Lieut. Randall Writes of Being in Hospital Which is Paradise
After Hell—Went Through Terrific Fire Unscathed and
Got One German—Letter Written With Ink Taken From
Dead Frenchman—Sampson Quotes Gen. Pershing.

Writing from Base Hospital 23 in France, under date of July 22, Lieut. Howard R. Randall, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Randall of 9 Patterson avenue, former "strong man" at Harvard, tells them how he was buried by a shell after going through terrific fire unscathed.

A cable two weeks ago said that his son was shell shocked and the letter gives the details. He writes:

"Went into action a few days ago and although I wasn't any hero I did the work lined up for my platoon. I went through shells, machine gun bullets, shrapnel and rifle fire absolutely untouched. After reaching our objective the Boches laid down a barrage on us and one shell buried me by blowing in the parapet.

"I came to in the aid station and was O. K., but they rushed me right off to the hospital. Here, the surgeon says, he will keep me a couple of days to rest up and then return me, as I am absolutely untouched. It's a regular miracle I came through safely.

"It is sure paradise here. Quite a change from the hell we came from. I found a patient here whom I knew at Harvard; he ate at Foxcroft Hall when I was president of the dining council. We had a great time. Have tried to write before, but have moved around so much it was impossible.

"Well, that's all I can write because of Kid Censor, so will close with lots of love."

And then in a postscript he says: "We whaled' hades out of the Germans."

In a letter to his cousin, Miss Annie F. Randall, 180 Spring street, he asks: "Are you superstitious? The ink on this missive was purloined from a dead Frenchie. Poor cuss, he didn't need it, and while grabbing his reserve rations I also copped his ink."

Has Seen Germans' Worst.

"I have seen the worst which Fritz can show—gas, shrapnel, high explosive shells, machine gun and rifle bullets and my only hurt was a slight suffocation when my trench was blown in.

"This is a wonderful place. It is like a sudden transition from hell to heaven. Whatever the future holds I am ever with the game, for I have personally killed one boche with a bullet through the head. When I get back to the outfit I intend to get some more.

"Have inquired for Wesley forty-seven times, but nothing doing. After my sojourn here I shall spend a couple of days in Paris and then I may be able to get a track on him. Tell Uncle Orvis that I longed for his height when the machine guns opened on us."

"Have inquired for Wesley forty-seven times, but nothing doing. After my sojourn here I shall spend a couple of days in Paris and then I may be able to get a track on him. Tell Uncle Orvis that I longed for his height when the machine guns opened on us."

Lieut. Randall is six feet, two inches tall and his uncle is five feet, five inches in height.

OCTOBER 1, 1918

the tithing box.
Under the direction of Mrs. Tinkham and a large corps of women workers of the city, Brockton women will be urged to come forward in this nation-wide campaign to raise more funds for Uncle Sam.

Mrs. Tinkham is working directly with the Woman's Liberty loan committee for New England. During the Third Liberty loan, as well as those preceding, Brockton women responded in the way which makes for success.

The women workers are being "lined up," and many of those who helped in preceding drives are again coming to the fore with enthusiasm. The women are preparing to show "the fighting spirit of their ancestors" in putting the Fighting Fourth where it should go.

The tithing box is a patriotic little bit of pasteboard, which will tell its own message in the homes where it is received. "Saving the mickle" will not seem a hardship when a little red, white and blue box stands ready to receive it.

RANDALL BURIED BY HUN SHELL

Suffering from Shell Shock but Wants Action.

Although he was buried for more than three hours by a big German shell and for several months has been in hospitals recovering from a severe case of shell shock, Lieut. Howard B. Randall, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Randall of 9 Patterson avenue, officially reported wounded today by the government, in a letter to his mother writes he has refused an offer of a position on the officers' staff in order that he return to his command and see some more real action.

July 17 in the fighting about the famous Marne salient which was later wiped out by the Americans, Lieut. Randall went ahead with his men and reached his objective despite a terrific fire. A short time afterwards the Germans opened with a terrific barrage of gas, shrapnel, machine guns and rifles and during the thick of it a German high explosive shell burst on top of the parapet and buried Lieut. Randall and some of his men.

Rescued, he was rushed back to a clearing station and was sent back to Paris where he remained for several weeks in base hospital No. 23. After three weeks of treatment the neurologists reported his condition improved sufficiently to allow his transfer elsewhere. Whether he started to return to his command is not known, but he had not recovered entirely and was then dispatched to the Vichy mineral springs where he has been convalescent for several weeks.

In interesting letters to his mother, one in particular, dated Sept. 10, he writes he has had a captain for a companion who is an artist and who has

Massachusetts who are devoting themselves to the care of the sick in this emergency are all heroes and heroines, and all of them have paid the penalty. Not one of them of whom I know has shirked in any way; they are overworked, they are without sleep, yet still they go on. Massachusetts can never repay its debt to this noble band of men and women. We are using every effort, both through the government and outside the states, to get additional help for these people. In this connection the Red Cross is doing splendid work and using every effort to increase the number of nurses within our borders.

"When I speak of carrying on the war the action of the Liberty loan committee points out to us all the way our duty lies. The Liberty loan committee realizes the seriousness of the situation; they had laid out their entire plans for the coming campaign for months, and all these plans they have changed to save the people of Massachusetts, believing that by so doing they are contributing to the success of the war. They have sacrificed more in making this change than any other organization, public or private, possibly can.

"The cancellation of all Liberty loan meetings places upon the people of Massachusetts a responsibility for individual effort greater than that which the citizens of any other state are called upon to bear. It is comparatively easy to subscribe generously when the emotions are stirred by the appeal of a soldier fresh from overseas, or by the thrill of patriotic music, or by the sight of a neighbor's response. Massachusetts will have the benefit of none of these rallying forces to arouse the generosity of her subscribers. The very absence of parades and oratory, however, makes the duty of each man and woman clearer than ever before. Subscriptions which heretofore have been made in the excitement of public gatherings must be offset by the appeal to each man's own conscience. It will never be said of Massachusetts that she was so immersed in her own private troubles that she for one moment failed to heed the nation's call to practical service. Massachusetts must and will do her part."

SWEET—MURPHY

Brockton Girl is to Wed Government Employee.

The marriage of Miss Mae Loretto Murphy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Murphy, 138 Belmont street, and George L. Sweet of Worcester will take place at 7.30 tonight at the rectory of St. Patrick's church.

The bride will be attended by her cousin, Miss Madeline Hayes as maid of honor and the groom will be attended by W. Frank McCarthy as best man. The couple will leave to night en route for Delaware, Md where they will make their home.

Miss Murphy was formerly cashier and adjuster in the manager's office of the Brockton exchange of the New England Telephone and Telegraph office. Mr. Sweet is employed in government work in Pennsylvania.

MANY A MICKLE MAKES A MUCKLE

Tithing Boxes of Fourth Liberty Loan Issued.

BOY SCOUTS TO DISTRIBUTE BOXES

Brockton Women Begin Campaign Against Kaiser.

"Many a mickle mankes a muckle, bonds will make the kaiser knuckle"—thus reads one of the timely inscriptions which appear on the attractive little "tithing" boxes, which are being issued today by the Brockton women, who, under the direction of Mrs. Herbert L. Tinkham, are preparing to work for the Fighting Fourth Liberty Loan.

Boy Scouts gathered at the armory this morning, with Charles A. Jenney as commander-in-chief, and undertook the task of distributing the thousands of boxes, which the women hope will prove a feature of the campaign.

"First a nickle, then a dime; save the pennies every time: First you know 'twill be a dollar—help us make the kaiser holler"—that's another of the inscriptions which the little boxes bring to the attention of the public.

In red, white and blue, these tithing boxes, with clever slots to convert it into a bank, will surely prove an inducement to "save the pennies that the dollars may care for themselves."

That's what the boxes are for—to hold the nickles, the pennies and the dimes towards the first payment of a Fighting Fourth Liberty bond. With one of these little boxes "cocked and primed," waiting on the mantle, the dresser, the writing desk or even the pantry shelf will surely prove an inducement to "cut short somewhere" and place the savings in the box.

"Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust," advises the tithing box.

Then again: "Take care of the pence, for the pounds will take care of themselves."

That's all the tithing box wishes its owner to do—just save the nickles and the dimes so that the Fighting Fourth can be sent hurdling over the topmost bar of Uncle Sam's expectations.

The tithing box displays a Priscilla in a Colonial chair, busy with her distaff and spinning wheel. The wheel

made Lieut. Randall a subject for a crayon drawing. Mrs. Randall, in writing to her son, inquired whether or not the drawing is to be titled "American Manhood," or "The Kaiser's Enemy," and is looking forward to seeing the sketch with much interest.

Lieut. Randall was assigned to Co. D, 59th Infantry, of the regular army, and went across last May. He is a graduate of the Harvard Officers' Training corps and later went to Plattsburg, where he received his appointment as a second lieutenant Sept. 15, 1917. Lieut. Randall, who is but 22, was one of Harvard's band of 20 strong men in 1916, winning 1030 points in a strength test, 30 more than is necessary to become a member of the band. He is a graduate of the Brockton High school and of Harvard university, specializing in chemistry. He is a member of the Porter Congregational church and was prominent in local circles.

LAUDS NURSES AND PHYSICIANS

Endicott Explains the Public Safety Order.

The following statement has been issued by Henry B. Endicott, executive manager of the Massachusetts committee on public safety, regarding the attitude of the committee toward the holding of public gatherings during the president epidemic period:

"I have been asked to explain more comprehensively than was possible in the brief notice already published in the papers the attitude of the public safety committee in regard to holding public meetings during the influenza epidemic period.

"It is the general opinion of the physicians that influenza germs are transmitted directly, not only by the sick, but by those who are afflicted although not yet ill, to persons in close proximity to them; therefore, the danger of infection is always present when people are gathered together. Accordingly, no unnecessary gathering should be held at present in Massachusetts.

"Unnecessary gatherings include theaters, moving picture shows, churches wherever possible, and all outdoor meetings and parades. Unnecessary meeting places, therefore, should be closed at once and remain closed until the authorities tell us the danger is over. The observance of ordinary health precautions is part of the duty owed by every citizen, not only to himself, but to his neighbors, and no one should feel at this time that he is a moral coward because he takes care of himself if he realizes that his own health may mean the life or health of those with whom he

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LIEUT. RANDALL PUTS ON WEIGHT

Billet in Germany a Palace and
Former Corporal is
His Host.

From her son, Lieut. Howard R. Randall, one time champion strong man at Harvard, who has been overseas many months and whose name has appeared in the official casualty lists, Mrs. A. E. Randall has received letters under date of Dec. 18

PRIVATIONS ARE ENDED.

"All material wants are filled here, but you've said it all then. There's that intangible something missing which makes the difference between home and house. I'm getting fat. Our privations are finis. I weigh 176 pounds; some change from the hospital, which made me 130 pounds."—Lieut. Howard R. Randall.

and 23 telling of his experiences with the American army of occupation in Germany. In the first letter he writes: "The last letter I sent was from Garsh, I believe. Since then we have

done 'beaucoup' hiking. We started north and plunged into the southeast tip of Luxembourg. We then took an easterly course straight into Germany, stopping at Hirmeskiel, a rather large town. Then our course went northeast and then northwest until we struck the Moselle again at Zell. (The river is full of fish, but the natives catch them with a seine; no sporting blood at all.)

"Continuing down the Moselle valley we finally located in this town (Ellenz) which is on the river and about 55 kilometers (35 miles) southeast of Coblenz air line. The Rhine is about the same distance east of us. We are located in swell billets, about two men to a house and nearly everyone has a bed. My room is a palace. The householder was a German corporal and there is nothing he won't do for me. The first day I found apples in my room, an acetylene lamp and a fire going in the stove. The

scenery is wonderful. Back at Garsch the Moselle flows between level banks, stretching away into larger fields. Here, there is about 100 yards level and then a sharp rise ending finally in high, beautiful mountains. Not quite mountains either but a cross between a high hill and a mountain. The river is about 200 yards wide and the current is about three miles per hour. Steep as the hill-mountains are, they are under cultivation; vineyards are everywhere. These vineyards on such, very steep slopes aroused my curiosity as to the manner in which the grapes were harvested. I believe the farmers must be professional steeple-jacks."

Did This Ever Happen to You?
Man (meeting another he can't quite place)—Well, I'm certainly glad to see you again. Er—what are you doing now?
The Other—I'm still a doctor.

HARVARD STRONG MAN

WOUNDED

BROCKTON, Oct 1—Lieut Howard R. Randall, whose name appears in today's list of severely wounded, was graduated from Harvard in 1916 and was widely known as the Harvard strong man of that year. He was active in athletics of all kinds.

He was wounded on July 17, the day which witnessed the whipping out of the Marine sector practically. Lieut Randall led his platoon, never wavering until they had accomplished their objective. Just as they had accomplished this the Germans opened a barrage fire which tore up the ground from beneath their feet. Lieut Randall was buried under tons of earth, remaining three hours of vigorous labor before he was finally dug out and suffering severely from shell shock.

He is a son of Mr and Mrs A. E. Randall of 9 Patterson av and in a letter to his mother under date of Sept 10 wrote that he was practically recovered. He further stated that he had been offered a position on the officers' staff at headquarters, but refused, insisting that he be allowed to return to his command.

Lieut Randall was graduated at Harvard in 1916 and joined the Harvard Officers' Training School. Later he went to Plattsburg where early in January of 1917 he was commissioned a second lieutenant. About a year ago he crossed to France as a lieutenant in Co D, 56th Infantry.

LIEUT. RANDALL IN OFFICIAL LIST

Total casualties announced to-day by the war department were 598, 304 through morning papers and 294 through afternoon papers. The following New England names appear in the afternoon list

KILLED IN ACTION.

Corp. Max Hirschowitz, Boston.
Priv. William E. Brophy, Waterbury, Conn.

WOUNDED SEVERELY.

Lieut. William M. Fay, Cambridge; HOWARD R. RANDALL, BROCKTON (previously reported through letters home and notification of parents); Archie D. McGee, New Bedford; Carranough, Bridgeport, Conn.; privs. Euel Grant, Westcliffe, Conn.; Warren Louis Moore, Cheshire, Conn.; Franklin M. Lapham, Greenfield; Theodore M. N. Sullivan, Canton; Louis Warner, New London, Conn.

BRIDGE WATER

LIEUT. RANDALL WRITES

Returns to Front After Treatment in Hospital.

Not having received word from Lieut. Howard R. Randall since Oct. 18, at which date he was being dismissed from a hospital and leaving again for active service at the front, a letter bringing the welcome news of his safety has been received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Randall of Patterson avenue.

He is at present on guard duty and does not know how long a period will elapse before he is sent home. Telling of the great joy of the French people over the signing of the armistice, he describes a scene in a French village when many of the older men and women were so overcome with emotion that they fell to the streets, face downward, and that many in demonstration of their great joy kissed the hands of the soldiers.

Lieut. Randall has been in the hospital several times after duty at the front. The last time was for tonsillitis and exhaustion. He was dismissed and again returned to the trenches. En route he visited a replacement camp, where he met a lieutenant who had seen no active service.

This young man, typical of the spirit shown by the Americans, expressed his great desire to be going to the front in Lieut. Randall's place. This despite the fact that he was surrounded with every comfort.

—Lieut. Howard R. Randall, who has been in Germany since the signing of the armistice, has written to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Randall, recently from France, stating that he has been enrolled in the A. E. F. university, recently opened in Deaume, France, where 10,000 students will take a three months course in automobile engineering, advanced French and argumentation. Recently Lieut. Randall crossed by railroad the original No Man's Land through which a track has been laid. He saw German prisoners along the way, "working like the deuce," filling up shell holes and otherwise repairing damages done by battle in that section.

H. R. RANDALL TO INSTRUCT

To Direct Course in
Public Speaking.



HOWARD R. RANDALL

Howard Randall was a fine teacher and a man of high principle. One of his favorite bits of poetry used to be: "When the Great Scorer comes to write against your name, He writes not that you won or lost, but how you played the game."

DIED

RANDALL—In West Roxbury, Jan. 19. Howard R., of 55 Columbus avenue, Stoughton. Private memorial services will be held at a later date. Past president of Norfolk County Teachers' Association, and South Shore Principals' Club. Family has asked that memorial contributions to the Heart Fund be made in lieu of flowers.

SHARKEY, To Hollywood, Florida

Obituaries

Howard Randall, Stoughton, Dies; Was Schoolman



HOWARD R. RANDALL

STOUGHTON. — Howard R. Randall of 55 Columbus avenue, teacher and former principal of the Stoughton High school, died Friday at West Roxbury VA Hospital.

Mr. Randall was born in Brockton, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Randall. He graduated from Harvard College in 1917 and received his master of education degree from Harvard Graduate school in 1932. He also attended Babson Institute, from which he graduated in 1922.

Mr. Randall received his commission as a second lieutenant at Plattsburgh Officer's Training Camp in 1917. He participated with Co. D. 59th Infantry in the Aisne-Marne offensive and the Meuse Argonne offensive, being wounded during the latter campaign. He was with the Army of Occupation in Germany until 1919.

He began his career of teaching at the Brockton High school in 1921. He was also principal of the Evening school and gave courses in adult public speaking under the University Extension Plan.

In 1929 Mr. Randall became principal of Stoughton High school, a position he held for 25 years. Illness required that he return to teaching in the mathematics department in 1952.

While at college, Mr. Randall was selected as one of Harvard's band of 20 Strong Men. He was a charter member of Coventry Lodge, AF & AM, Akron, Ohio, a member of Stoughton Post, AL and a longtime member of the Brockton YMCA. In addition, Mr. Randall served as president of Norfolk County Teachers' Association and president of the South Shore Principals' Club. He also belonged to the Quintipped Club of Boston. Mr. Randall was a town meeting representative for Stoughton for 10 years.

In the interest of scientific research, Mr. Randall has willed his body to Harvard Medical school of anatomy. Private memorial service will be held at a later date.

He leaves his wife, Adelaide, a son, Philip R. Randall of New York City, and a daughter, Mrs. Rodney Johnson of Pittsburgh, Pa.; a sister, Miss Regina Randall of Brockton, also four grandchildren, Christine, Karen, Mark and Bruce Johnson of Pittsburgh.

Randall Memorial Is Given Approval

STOUGHTON. — At a special meeting of Stoughton school committee Tuesday, it was voted unanimously to approve the establishment of a Howard R. Randall Memorial at Stoughton High school, and that the superintendent of schools be authorized to appoint Thomas J. Whalen, principal of Stoughton High school as chairman and Arthur L. Penardi, assistant principal, treasurer of the Memorial Fund.

Authorization was granted for the solicitation of funds from school department employes, students, former students and citizens of Stoughton.

Mr. Randall, who died last Friday, was associated with Stoughton public schools since September, 1929, when he became principal of Stoughton High school. He served as principal until June, 1953. At that time, because of ill health, Mr. Randall assumed responsibilities as a mathematics teacher at the High school.

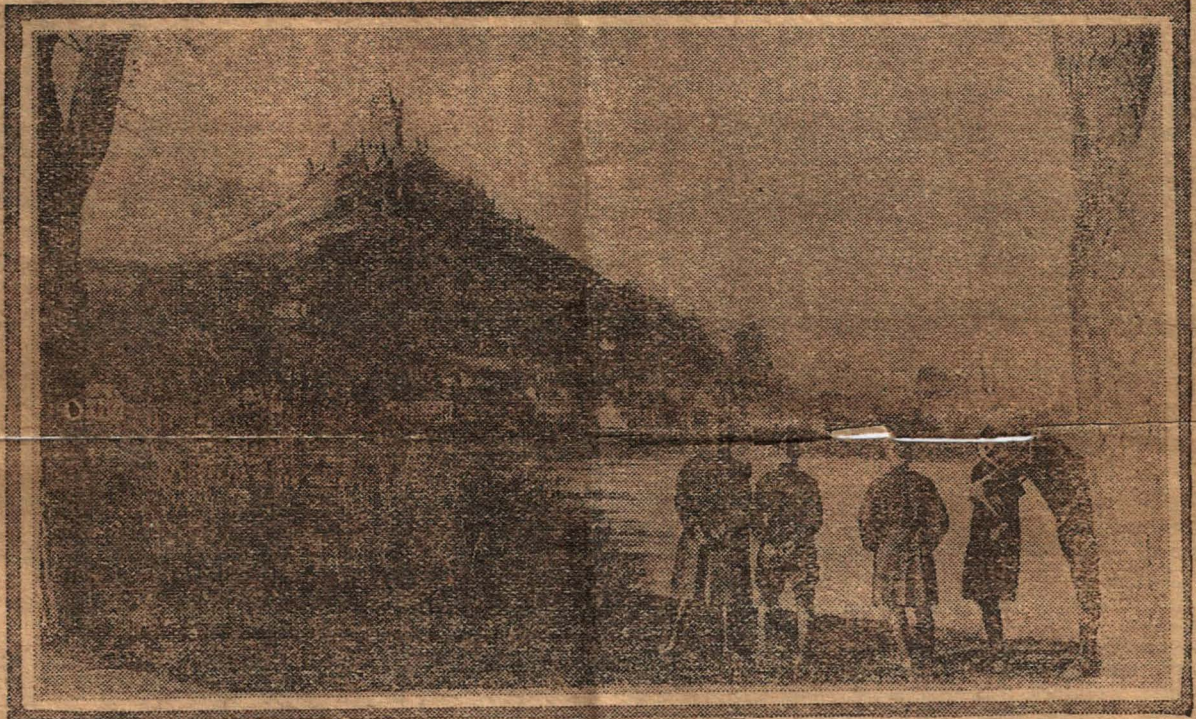
Anyone interested in contributing to the Howard R. Randall Memorial may send his contribution to Arthur L. Penardi, assistant principal, 232 Pearl street, Stoughton.



HOWARD RIDGEWAY RANDALL

Cochem, Germany

American Soldiers Viewing the Beautiful Scenery of Germany



VIEWING THE SCENERY OF OLD GERMANY

© INTL

Officers of the American Army of Occupation viewing the old castle on the hill of Chochem, Germany, from across the waters of the River Moselle. The ancient castle is at present being used as the headquarters of an American general.



The Commonwealth of Massachusetts
MILITARY DIVISION
 THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, WAR RECORDS SECTION
 184 STATE HOUSE, BOSTON 33

January 22, 1962

1. This is to certify that according to the records of this office:

..... HOWARD RIDGEWAY RANDALL, Service No. - - - - - , whose
 residence at time of call....., was 26 Somerset Place, Brockton, Mass......,
, was called in the service of the United States
, November 27, 1917....., at - - -, and began active duty as
, 2nd Lieutenant....., in the..... United States ARMY.....
 on..... November 27, 1917.....

2. Active service terminated as 2nd Lieut. 3rd Amm. Tn......,
 on, August 11, 1919....., at - - -,
 by reason of "Having been honorably discharged".....

REMARKS:

The Adjutant General