

Angus Kance

June, 19 1918

Dear Bess:

This is the grandest afternoon I've spent since I've been in France. I received seven, count 'em, seven letters from you, five from Mary one from Barclay one from Blain and a card from Miss Maggie. I got them at noon today at regimental headquarters and then I had to come back to Battalion HQs and have a school for two hours and then read letters from home. I saved yours until last because I wanted the most possible enjoyment and worked things on a climax basis. You're no idea what a grand and glorious feeling it is to have seven letters from the only girl in the world poked at you by a mail orderly. The latest possible date too, May 20. was one of them. I wrote you

yesterday but I couldn't possibly
fail to write again today even
if something pops in the Battalion.
For fear you won't get the other
letter I'll have to tell you that
I'm a real Captain in Uncle
Sam's Army. Didn't know it un-
til I got back to the regiment.
I am Adjutant of the second Battalion
Some job; I have to teach school
and do a lot of things I never
thought I could.

I haven't heard of any of the
129th Field Artillery running away
with French girls. Most of us have
too much work to do to think of French
girls and besides, speaking personally,
when I'm not working my mind is
occupied with a girl in USA of
a kind they don't make in France
or anywhere else. Gee I wish I
could see you but our work is
cut out for us and the sooner we
accomplish our task the better.

for all the world and the sooner we'll get home.
Americans are sure well thought of in France
now and always will be I hope.

It's sure good to hear of your going to the
Shubert, driving down the country roads east of the
world's capital (Independence) and doing other things like
that. How I wish I could have been along.

I sure want that shirt but under present orders
I guess I can't have it. No packages whatever will
be shipped according to present instructions. Maybe
they'll loosen up later and send us some. If
they do be sure and send it. I still have the
sweater you knitted for me and it is as good as new
although I've worn it a lot and certainly did appreciate
it on the voyage over and will use it a lot about
two months from now.

I think I told you I almost saw Bill Post, a
He was at the Machine Gun School right close to our
school. He was in the G. M. C. A. just a short time
after before I came in but left before I saw him.
I saw in the paper where he was in Paris a short
time afterward.

I just barely sneaked through at the school and
now they've got me teaching trig. & Logarithms
and surveying and engineering and a lot of other
high brow stuff that nearly cracks my head open
to learn just before class and then if some in-
quisitive nut asks me a question I'm up the creek
and usually answer him by telling him he's ahead
of the schedule and I'll tell him tomorrow. Then
I'm safe to look it up and still have my prestige
Some system I claim.

You wanted to know if I get plenty to eat.

I should say I do. Though I would give six months pay (and I get about 2 bushels of francs every month) for one Sunday dinner at your house. When we were at school we knew exactly what we were going to get every meal before it was served. For breakfast we had omelette, (the French say om e lette? just like they are asking you something. They say choc e lette? the same way) oatmeal coffee and jam with hown head, for dinner we had roast horse (it was beef really) very thin gray jam and head with fromage and butter and hown head. The head is sure good I wish I could get that kind now. You can eat a peck of it and not get tired of it. We'd have soup and the same at supper. There was always a sufficiency but I got so tired of that same old French

flavor to every thing that when
I got back to the regiment and
went down to the Supply Co mess,
and they gave me steamed to-
matoes, parmesan rice and some
real honest to goodness Amer-
ican coffee. I thought it was
the best meal I'd ever eaten.

If I could come in to your
house for dinner - you'd pro-
bably have to send for a doctor
when I got done doing justice
to pie and cake and vanilla cream.
I am getting fat over here though
and walking about fifteen
miles a day so I guess the
food certainly agrees with me.
I never felt better in my life.

I'm going to have my likeness
struck off on one of these trench
cameras if we stay here long
enough, captains bars, go to -
cap, Samuel Brown belt and
everything. It's just like har-
nessing a horse now when

I go to dress, ~~and~~ I look ~~like~~ like Simon's
King on a drunk when I get that little cockeyed
cap stuck over one ear, a riding crop in my left
hand a whipcord suit and a strut that
knocks 'em dead. (except that there's no one to fall for
it). Therefore like every good American soldier
I have an insane desire to let the folks at home
know how I look.

Please keep writing. You can see what a
hilarious and perfectly happy state seven letters
have put me into. Why if it had been fourteen
I believe I'd have given a banquet to my-
self had after dinner speeches and gotten
uproariously drunk on pink wine. It would
take about seven kegs of it to make a preacher
drunk and it tastes like the dickens and
smells like vinegar.

I am writing you at every opportunity
and telling you all the news and let me tell
I'm thinking of you always.

Yours,
Harry.
Henry Sturman
Captain Adj 2nd Btn 124th
American E F.

I'm not learning any French. I have to
study artillery to Land. Jean tell em I don't
understand and ask for des occup sur la plat and
that's about all. I pronounce fromage, frummaij
and say Angers like shis spelled but the French
insist on saying fro maaj and On jay. I'll
never comprehend it.