

Some where in France.

July 14 1918

Dear Bess:-

I wrote you several letters from the last town I was in and told you how I came back to the regiment, am a Captain and a lot of things like that. Now some other cuss has decided that we should not have mentioned places and I am much afraid all that mail is destroyed. Some day they will get the things all straightened out.

Your letters of the 14th and 19th of June were here at camp when I arrived and you may be sure I am most happy to get them.

You couldn't possibly write me a silly letter. I am disappointed that you should think of fearing up one. They are so very rambatic. We work like thunder and cuss the things we have to do, sometimes especially when some chappie whose been to school since the war began and has

never seen a man nor a horse
tries to make things clear and easy
for us, when along comes a letter
from home saying we are heroes
and puffing us all up until we
don't know a man in the world but
to make good and win the war.

We moved from our billets at
the beautiful old French town I told
you of and are now at a large
Castillon camp with the whole bri-
gade. We are going to shoot every
day for a while and then we hope
to shoot some Huns.

You've no idea how sorry I am
to hear of your mother's illness and
I most sincerely hope you have suc-
ceeded in making her well again.
I should certainly like to see Fred
washing dishes. But he can't do it
any better than I can. Your corn
bread I know would be the finest
to be had as would anything else
you'd make. I wish I could only
have a hunk of it. We get plenty

to eat but of course it's not like yours and mother's cooking. I hope your grandfather is much better now and that by the time you read this letter that you won't have a thing to worry about but how quickly I'll be home to march down the aisle with you.

I am a Battery Commander now. They made me Captain of Battery & after letting me serve as a lieutenant of the 2nd Battalion for thirty days and try to teach the other officers what I'd learned at Artillery School. No, the school you mentioned was not the one I went to. That one was an officers training camp like Fort Cox. Ours was a High School for Artillery officers. Tell George that little Higgenbotham is in my Battery. I heard the Irish Catholic Battery but they seem to like me pretty well and I am satisfied if I don't blow up with too many worries that I'll have a good Betty. I hope the best in the Brigade. The one that does the best work here gets to fire the first shot of the Brigade at the Gun. I shall do my very best to win the honor although I may fail to get it as there is hot competition.

You're no idea the experience I'm getting. I've seen most everything and done most everything in this man's army since August 5 and now I have attained my one ambition, to be a Battery Commander. If I can only make good at it I can hold my head up any way the rest of my days.

I'd give most anything to see you. I hope also that Binks' prophecy is true. But of course we can't come home just if we do a thorough job over here. Please keep writing and remember I love you always.

Harry
Capt. Harry Truman
1st Lt. 119 FA
American E. F.