

Somewhere in France

Sept 15, 1918.

Dear Bess:-

I am well, happy and somewhat
rested up and very very busy this morning.
It has been raining almost continually for
a week and today is no exception. Two days
yesterday was a great surprise for me
I got a letter from you. I don't know how
it ever caught up with me because I have
been moving around some. It is the
great adventure and I am in it. We
haven't done anything but be in action
but I am hoping for a shot next week
day. My battery was examined by the
chief ordnance officer the other day and he
said it was in the best condition of
any in France and he has seen them all.
That referred to the guns. I was somewhat
swelled up but the chief mechanic deserves
the credit. His name is McKinley Woodson
and he is the straightest, stiffest soldier
I have. It almost hurts me when he
stands at attention to talk to me. I am
plain crazy about my battery. They sure
step when I ask them to. We had to get

ready for a night march a day or two

ago and my bunch beat the regiment by nearly a half hour. At Coetquedon we always have every competition there was to win and then the colonel gives me (excuse me) every chance he gets. He says that is what he is for and I guess it is. There is no other need of him that I can see. He likes me pretty well though and I get along fine with him.

I am having some very interesting experiences, some of which I will do to tell of at a later date. They gave me a new Lt. yesterday, a second from the school at Saumur. He's been in France a year, has two gold stripes is a fine looking and seems to have horse sense (a hard thing to get in Lts). I now have four two firsts and two seconds. They are all efficient and that is the reason I have such good luck. Lt Housholder is from Kansas and is also a training camp man. Lt Jordan is from the plains of Texas, has a southern drawl is tall and has brown eyes. He can ride anything that has a back to sit on and is my horse Lt. He makes the battery with skins and cripples when it has to be done that way. My other second Lt is named Eggleston He's from Okla. and has not as much training as the rest

but he's a good man and runs my kitchen
and supplies. My Saurim graduate is
from Chicago and is named Zerna. Is it
back and inform them (the Lt's) and my
sergeants what I want done and it is.
My non coms, now are whizes. I sorted
em over, busted a lot and made a lot
They've gotten so they don't know whether to
trust his smile or not because I smile
when I bust em. and then come when I
make em.

Arrowsmith is still along but I
hardly ever see him. He is regimental
telephone officer and is a very busy man
these days. I am also rather chasing around
and he don't often see me. I am sure
glad I'm here and I would not be anywhere
else for all there is except one of course
and you know where that is. We are doing
our best to finish the job and get home
but we can't leave until it's done. In fact
we don't want to leave until it's done. It is
the most fascinating game in the world
if you don't use a pen. I am hoping to hang
on to the finish. Remember me to everyone
especially your mother and keep on writing.
Yours always
Harry.

Harry Truman
Capt 10th 81st Air
American E.C.