

April 28, 1918

Dear Bess:-

The fourth Sunday after Easter and I am just now ready to go to a real Artillery School. Have had a splendid tour of the Atlantic Ocean and France. Have seen France as no civilian tour could possibly see it and now have a room with four of the most congenial first Lts in the regiment at an old Chateau with a beautiful garden a moat a fine park and a church with a chime clock and the most beautifully toned bell I ever heard. These hardships of this war are sure easy to bear so far.

Major G. and I took a walk yesterday afternoon and turned off on a road that said "Chemin Particulier". Neither of us knew what that was. Evidently it means private road, for we ran into another chateau. There was a man at the gate who invited us in and showed us a park with

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a pretty little stream running through
it. There was a swan on it and
some green + white ducks. The gardens
were things of beauty. There was an
old mill in the park where they made
flour, (before the war) their own ice plant
electric dynamo and many other conveniences.
There were six kinds of horse vehicles
(no horses, gone to war) three autos in a
garage that looked like pictures of Swiss
homes you've seen. The whole thing was
surrounded by a six foot wall. Take it
all together the major + I had a very
pleasant walk. It belongs to a French Col.

Have not gotten any letters yet
although I'm hoping to get some in
the next thirty days or so. Gee what
I would give for one teeny weeny
letter from you. I've read + reread
those I got at the port of embarkation
until they are nearly worn out.
The rest of the gang are in the same
fix. Everyone of em is writing his
sister or his ~~cousin~~ or his ~~about~~

right now. I think we'd give all our
next month's pay and a loan on the
next for a letter from home.

We couldn't be more comfortably
situated anywhere in the world. If we
don't learn our lessons it won't be
because our surroundings aren't right.
If I could only tell you all the
things we've seen and done since
arriving. We've got a hard boiled Col
in charge here but he's a fine man
and I think will put the fear of God
into some of us. Some of these kids
seem to think they are on a grand
picnic and it seems like we are but
we've got to work like thunder
from this out.

We got here Saturday night and
I couldn't go to sleep right away
because the church clock would strike
eleven and then the clock on the
Hotel de Ville would strike eleven five
minutes later and then five minutes
(It takes longer to address than to
write.)

later some clock that I have n't been
able to locate yet would strike eleven.
by that time the church clock had started
on eleven fifteen and it was one
continual round of pleasure all
night long. They've gotten them all
together today but I don't know how
long they'll stay that way.

Went to church this morning.
Catholic in French. Couldn't understand
a word but I reckon it was alright
because they took up a collection and
Major G. told me that the drift of the
Priest's little French talk was that
the ration should be adhered to and
that the girls shouldn't flirt with the
gay Americans. Like to freeze in the church
but it is nice + warm outside.

Be sure and write real often I hope
to get them some day. Will write as
often as I can.

Yours always
Harry S. Truman Harry.

1st Lt. 129 F.A.

(Later
Instructions)

~~_____~~
Amer. Ex. Force, France, Via New York.