



KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
WAR ACTIVITIES



Dear Bess:

Nov 1 1918

I have just finished putting 1800 shells over on the Germans in the last five hours. They don't seem to have had energy enough to come back yet. I don't think they will. One of their aviators fell right behind my battery yesterday and sprained his ankle, busted up the machine and got completely picked by the French and Americans in the neighborhood. They even tried to take their (there were two in the machine) coats. One of our officers I am ashamed to say took the boots off of the one with the sprained ankle and kept them.

The French and Americans too far that matter are souvenir crazy. If a

guard had not been placed over the machine I don't doubt that it would have been carried away bit by bit. What I started to say was that the German Lt. yelled *La guerre finis* as soon as he stepped from the machine. He then remarked that the war would be over in ten days. I don't know what he knew about it or what anyone else knows but I am sure that most Americans will be glad when it's over and they can get back to God's Country again. It is a great thing to swell your chest out and fight for a principle but it gets a mighty tiresome some times. I heard a Frenchman remark that Germany was fighting for territory, England for the sea France for patriotism and Americans for souvenirs. Yesterday



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made me think he was about right. 191

I got a letter of Commendation, capital C, from the Commanding General of the 35th Division. The Ordnance Repair Dept. made a report to him that I had the best conditioned guns after the dive that he had seen in France. The Gen. wrote me a letter about it. My chief mechanic is to blame not me. He knows more about guns than the French themselves. As usual in such cases the CO gets the credit. I think I shall put an endorsement on the letter stating the abilities of my chief mechanic, and stick it in the file anyway.

I am going to keep the original letter for my own personal and private use. It will be nice to have some day if some low haired north end politician tries to remark that I was in the war when I'm running for eastern judge or some thing. All have the papers and can shut him up. If ever I get home from this war whole (I shall) I am going to be perfectly happy to follow a mule down a corn jar the balance of my days - that is always providing such an arrangement is also of pleasure to you. I think the green pastures of Grand Old Missouri are the best looking of any that I have seen in this world yet and I've seen several hands. The outlook I have now is



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a rather dreary one. There are
Frenchmen buried in my front yard
and Huns in the back yard and folk
litter up the landscape as far as you
can see. Everytime a Boche shell
hits in a field over west of here it digs
up a piece of someone. It is well I'm
not troubled by spooks.

I walked out to the OP this morn'g
(yesterday) to pick an adjusting point
and I found two little flowers alongside
the trench blooming right in the rock.
I am enclosing them. The sisters
would say that they came from
the battle scared field of Verdun. They

were in sight and short range of mine
and were not far from the two most
famous parts of this line of defense.

You can keep them or throw them
away but I thought they'd be something.

One's a poppy the other is a pink and
something of the kind. A real solicitor
could write a volume about the struggle
of these pretty little flowers under the
frowning brows of Douaumont the un-
pregnable.

Please keep writing for I look
for letters eagerly even if I don't write
them as often as I should.

I love you

Harry Truman

Capt. 1295a

American EF.

Always

Harry