

Sunday - Sept 16 1918

My dear Papa -

The Doughboys
should be given the credit for the
Victory. While the artillery
bombardment was the most
terrific of the war, the infantry
were the boys to push the
Huns back at the bayonet
point.

Our Cannons were
belated in a small village
a mile or so from the guns
with everything ready to fire,
waiting for the hour to
be named, which we expected
at any time. Late at night

Exploded. Hundreds of
Cannon had started at the
same second. It took us
a very short time to plough
and swim our way etc
our guns and to concentrate
our bit of steel and
gas to the inferno within
the Boche lines. These many
hours of firing and late that
day we limbered and started
up to find our Infantry
many kilometers ahead. We
reached our new position late
at night and found things as
quiet as a grave. The task

had been accomplished by
the infantry and we were
allowed to rest and lay down
that night in a wood stream
with Gorman dead. The trip
to the new position over the
ground gained from the
Germans, ^{was one never to be forgotten} that had been
German trenches were now
a mass of churned-up ground
which looked as if some
gigantic plough had been
at work. So intense was the
artillery preparation. Everywhere
were dead Germans and
helmets, rifles, clothing and
everything imaginable used in

The Captain phoned for us to come at once to the emplacement. They never got ready to move ^{more promptly} and then a driving rain with the mud up to our knees we plodded, hoping we would reach the guns in time to commence firing with the others. But we were disappointed. The order had not reached us in time and we were severae hundred yards from our battery when it seemed as if a bomb as large as the earth itself had

This terrible business of
war covered the ground.

The next morning we were told
that we would be called upon
for very little firing and as our
supply wagons had not been able
to keep up with the great
procession of men and guns
moving to the front, we cast
about to find something
to eat. A detail was sent
out and presently returned
on a German field kitchen
drawn by German horses. On the
kitchen was piled chickens
rabbits, ^{and} one pig that they had

Shot with German rifles.
One boy came in leading a
enormous cow, while another
had found a little wicker
cart drawn by one horse, and
the cart was piled high with cabbages
onions, turnips and potatoes. They
had found the brigade headquarters
where they found everything ^{of our}
wanted, even the garden. ^{One}
private who had lost his
helmet and had had ~~the~~ his
pants torn off during the
fight made an odd-looking
figure dressed in a German
private's uniform with a
German General's helmet and

Sever and shuning in the sun. We
frested and rested for two days
and now are some distance from
that place.

I have missed so very
much not having heard from you,
but I trust that severse letters
are on the way and will catch
up with me when we get
settled again. I have not heard
from you since I left Cortquidan
few weeks ago.

I have many times
thought of how you were getting
on Dunby the hot weather
and am quite sure that you
are glad to see the approach
of fall. It has begun to
get much cooler here and
thick winter clothes and many
blankets are necessary to be
comfortable at night.

With devoted love to all
affec
Richard

From
J. R. G. G. G.
By D. H. J. A.
A. G. J.

offered to

Judge M. T. D. G.
Edenton
NC

Approved by
J. R. G. G. G.
J. A.

U. S. A.



Recd Sept 28