

Oct - 31 - 1918 -

my dear Milton -

we moved

our position last night

and it was 4³⁰ am before

I got the guns in and

laid, so you may imagine

what a breeze your very

interesting letter, which

reached me at breakfast

today, was. I wish

that you all could

find time to write

me often. I have been
a very poor correspondent
since reaching the front,
but the chief trouble
is that we are never
allowed to remain at
any one position long
enough to get our bearings
and to settle down. Then
again the question of stationing
is another serious hindrance
to a lengthy lot of
letter-writing. We get in

a small lot of paper, write a letter or so, then orders come and off we go thru the rain and when we reach our next stop, the paper is ruined and we have to wait for the reliable old YMCA to come around again.

I have had a great and glorious experience since reaching the front, most of the details of which I have sent home from time to time. From the way things have been breaking against the Kaiser recently, however, I am of the opinion that he is going to accept any terms imposed upon him, rather than risk having his country overrun and his army routed, which-

will undoubtedly be
the case if he carries
the war over until
next Spring. It is
certainly aware of
the additional millions
of soldiers and the
additional thousands
of cannon and planes
that we will have
to use against
him by that time.

The game over here is
Simply one of chance
and so far we have
gotten the good part of
it. It is just a
question of being where
they don't think you are,
for if you are seen it
is either get out or be
shot out. No one gets
killed "accidentally" by the
Huns. If you are near

where they are shooting, you
will get yours, if you are not
you are safe. That's all there
is to it. The first day I
spent on the front taught
me that. We were to relieve
another battery and at the
last moment it was decided
to take another position just

100 or so metres from the
emplacement being vacated.
But the few days that they
had occupied their position was
enough - the Hun's balloons and
planes had spotted them and the
day after they moved out, a
battery of 6 in. proceeded to
amuse itself by knocking the
position to pieces. It was

great fun to sit all
day and watch the Boches
fire at an empty ^{the}
emplacement, but nevertheless
it taught us that we were
safe, since they were
not trying to hit us.

I do not know
what permanent effect
this bloody business is
going to have upon us
in after years. - but I
suppose we will be normal

again. - We try to keep
up with the Infantry after
an advance - the road is
filled with grey-clad
bodies, some with heads
on them - the artillery must
pass - we simply throw
these things into the ditch
and go on - we are to
to camp in a certain
wood at night - ten
feet from our tent lie
two dead Germans - one

with half of his face torn away
by a hand grenade - 3 American
planes press a German near
and near to the ground - he
does one loop - the loop - it is
not enough to allow him to
"get from under" them - he tries
another - there is not enough
room - he hits the earth and
becomes a mass of jellied
human-flesh - All this happens
at our battery position - and
we think nothing of these things.
Shall we be more natural when
it is all over? I hope so.

We have had experience
in most every kind of dog out
both French and German since
reaching the front. Of course
in some positions where the line

advanced 10 kilometers
that morning and
the word came down
that the Huns were
reaching and that
artillery must be
gotten forward so
the roads were temporarily
prohibited to everything
else. We had followed
up the dough boys for
5 kilometers when the
column stopped. I went
forward to the cross-
roads a few hundred

yards up the road, and
found ~~that~~ an American
M.P. and a French
Lieutenant was having
an argument. The M.P.
had halted the Frenchman
and his supply-train,
which wanted to cross
the road ~~that~~ we were
on. The M.P. could talk
just a little French &
the Frenchman just a
little American, and so
they finally understood
what each other wanted.

The Frenchman was
insistent however, and
finally said "Whose
country was this anyway?"

Truly American, the MP
replied. "I don't give
a damn who Country
is was, but who in hell
captured it this morning?"
and the Frenchman
did it pass.

You certainly
have my best wishes
in your work and
I hope you passed your

examination all right
and will get some
more active service
before long -

Please write me
as often as you can.
Your letter was very
interesting and kept
me late.

Yours
Rich'd