

2 cts postage  
again.

Love to Aunt Polly.

Willow Springs, Mo.

July 20th, 1919.

My dear Sister & Hubert.

Your dear letter of June 1 did not reach me until the 24th. and I had a little set back and haven't been feeling as good as usual but am O.K. now, think I am gradually getting the best of these "spells". It is very hot & dry for our thing and one has to be careful even when they are well & strong. It has been 110° in shade around us but I have not noticed it get up to one hundred here yet. but close to that mark day after day. our crops are now suffering for want of rain. wheat is harvested and early Maize is nearly made but much of the crops are late on account of excessive & continuous rains when we ought to have been seeding. the wheat is a record breaker and there ought

to be a reduction in the price of flour.  
Soon. I saw where they had raised the  
price of Coal in England. it seems curious  
that the price of food is falling in Germany  
and rising here where we raise so much  
there must be a moral in the coincidence  
but for the life of me I can't see it  
only to account for it by profiteering,  
a farmer doesn't have to buy much but  
I'm thinking of the other fellow. and it  
isn't the farmer who is getting the big  
prices. Cattle have made quite a drop  
since Peace. — Peace, say! his o' mine I  
can't feel peace. and fear I never will  
again to Germany. I have no use for  
any of the ilk or for anything they  
have to sell. personally the war is  
still in full swing between me & them.  
and will be until they have a change of  
heart. and can a Leopard change his  
spots? I doubt the efficacy of the League  
of Nations but am willing to try it for  
we certainly shall not escape a still worse  
war unless it in some way can save us.

Harold reached home June 7th O.K. Lawrence took a snap of us just when we stepped out of the carriage under the flag the same place where 14 months before he bid us goodbye and saluted the flag for which he was going to fight and stepped in the Buggy and drove away. I tell you it was a happier bunch this time when he again stood at attention and saluted after doing his duty. He's just the same old boy after going thro' the mill, if anything, a bit quieter and he always was quiet. Can't get him to talk much. When we are all sitting and lying on the lawn after dark these hot nights he will tell us some new item of adventure that I should have told first off. we are still hearing of things that seem important to us but commonplace to him. He was 135 days actually fighting did not change his clothes from Sept 12 to Nov 11 and he said they were nearly dropping off him. They were in shreds. — they were half way across

the Meuse on a pontoon bridge with the Germans contending for every foot, when the signal "Cease firing" came Nov 11th. at 11 a.m. it looks foolish to me to sacrifice the men in hundreds up to the last minute when the Armistice was signed the night before. many a man got shot and bayoneted on that pontoon bridge I suspect just a few minutes before the end. I don't think that was necessary for he says all they did was to march back to their side of the river. but oh! it was so still. they didn't do any hurrah's much they were all nerved up and tense altho' the fight had suddenly ceased. they were almost speechless except for commonplace orders. and it took some time to relax and sleep that was what they all did. built camp fires for the first time and got warm - and then slept. since Nov 1 they had been fighting without rest only snatches in the rain - night & day they had been advancing in the Argonne-Meuse drive. ahead of Artillery and ahead of Kitchens, rifled dead Germans

Kills for something to eat, says when they never had a bite. you have heard the same story from your boys, but the English were better organized and could care for & feed the boys better we had a terrible transportation and artillery. Congressional investigations are the order of the day here now investigating the useless sacrificing of the boys for lack of support & supplies. but Harold never kicks. says it was out of question to expect the artillery and kitchens to keep up with them in such a rough wooded country. the way they pushed the Huns back. - One kitchen managed to reach them one night and they were all lined up, in his platoon, for mess when a gas shell fell right among them & killed & wounded 28. mostly killed he was missed. Then another time he was in the trenches standing on the firing step watching the shells explode in no mans land. one sent a piece of shrapnel casing and plowed in the ground just in

front of his face. Then another time  
going across no mans land to raid the  
Germ trenches in the night a bullet grazed  
across his forehead burning a streak they  
raided the trenches every night he said  
in order to take prisoners for information.

He speaks of the inefficiency of some  
of our officers. One night they were sneaking  
across no mans land to raid the German trenches,  
was getting pretty close to them when their  
Lieutenant got rattled and nervously called  
out "Platoon Halt!" - you may guess  
how the Germans mowed them down  
they crawled back the best they could  
at least some of them did and unfor-  
tunately the Lieutenant for one, but he  
was reduced to ranks. - They called for  
volunteers to go thro' the German lines &  
capture the town of Nouart about 3  
miles back of German lines one night. The  
Germans were fighting a rear guard action  
with machine guns to protect the troops  
retreating. They crawled thro between the  
machine guns & captured the town &  
held it until reinforcements came up.

next day. for this<sup>4</sup> the Captain & Lieutenant  
received Distinguished Service Medals  
but the Non Coms and privates didn't  
get anything. There were only 40 of them  
in the bunch when they started, but  
they surprised the gms left in the  
little town and only took one prisoner.  
These little things keep dribbling out in  
our conversations, and we prize them  
as our part of the war. as he says  
such things are or were of daily & hourly  
occurrence and just a part of the days  
work. but they seem important to us  
for if a fellow here accidentally fires  
off a gun it is sure to hit someone  
while those boys were exposed all the  
time and escaped. Harold was never  
sick a day or wounded, he told  
me of a bit of good shooting. he and his  
Squad of 7 men were detailed to flank a  
machine gun nest & take it. it was nearly  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  mile off. and he had only 3 men left  
when he saw the Mch gun crew running

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across a small open space. so he called  
out "there they go. Right 800 yds. fire at will  
and he fired too. There were 6 or 8 men  
running and afterwards when they  
fought up to that place they found the  
had killed 3. and another one was propped  
up against a tree nearly bled to death  
with a bullet thro' his thigh. Had his belt  
strapped around to stop the flow. but  
the boys couldnt stop to help him  
had to keep up the fight. —

But this is enough. just wanted to  
give you a glance of the war from  
the Fox angle. a very small part  
but ours. am trying to get you some  
pictures. but Lawrence is a busy man  
and Frances thinks she's busy and I  
cant get pictures from them. They have  
gone back to St Jo'. if they would send  
negatives I'd soon have some pictures but  
maybe I'll get 'em. — Good bye with best  
love + thanks H. for newspapers + Daisies  
& forgetmenots. Uncle Dan