

Somewhere in France

April 9

1918

Dear Mother Father Bros & Sisters

Just came down to the U. M.
to write you a few more lines.
It is nearly noon time and I have
been waiting all morning at the
barber chair to get a hair cut and
shave. Since I wrote you last
mama we have been moving
around a great deal. We are
located in a small village close
to the front. Since the war has
been going on it has left the
place almost deserted only for a
few old people who keep a few
cows & chickens for their living.
The town is in range of the
German Guns & Aeroplanes and
don't blame the people for leaving.
It has been raining the past
few days and made things awful
muddy and when I say muddy
believe me it is muddy mud!
The natives live in the same
place with the live stock only
for a petition that separates

them. They throw the manure out
 at the street, and the smell would
 remind you of the sweet essence
 of a farm yard. Once in a while
 a pig or hog will get loose and
 run in the wrong door and get
 into the house; here comes an
 old woman, chasing him out the
 front door with a stick, plodding
 along with wooden shoes, it would
 remind you of old Dutch cleanser.
 This has nothing to do with us
 and all goes with the war I guess.
 Our food is good and every body
 seems to make himself at home
 even in a farm surrounding
 this village is part of the old
 battle grounds and ^{part of} the trenches and
 barbed wire entanglement are still
 here. We have been under fire
 several times now and came
 out pretty lucky. I was up
 on the front yesterday although
 it was very quiet. Most all the
 fighting takes place at night
 and when the batteries open up

on a barrage fire or a bomb-ardment
you can almost read a newspaper
as far back as five miles from
the lines. The French are certainly
game fighters and experts with
their artillery as any one would
tell you who has fought along
with them, and the Germans are not
bad / giving the devil his dues /

The longer a fellow stays away
from the U. S. the better he likes
the States, but there is very few
fellows that would rather go home
than stay and finish the war, when
he finds out what is going on and
what he is really fighting for.

Well mama I hope this finds
you fairing well and healthy.

I know I am a slacker when it
comes to writing, for I believe you
have been writing more often.

I got Elizabeth's letter today and was
glad to hear Rick had received a
raise that will help matters along
a bit. Rick should be sure of a
machinist by now I hope.

It seems it is about time papa
was sitting in the garden if
he has not already built that
big brick house on the corner. ha!
no doubt it keeps him busy
making ends meet the way prices
are now. Well mama. I will have
to close for this time. I must excuse
this fancy paper and good scribbling.
my stationary is in my harrack-
bag in some other town, and the
y.m. has run out of paper so
that the reason. Give all the kids
my regards.

With love

Your son

George

P.S. I wish you would send a couple
of good towels and some violet
face powder for after shaving
These seem to be scarce.